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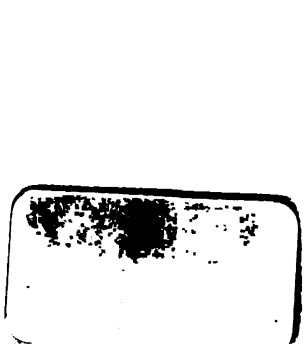

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INDEX.

Page

Advertisements and Advertisers, . . 384
Affghanistan, The War with, ... 730
Agriculture, . 67, 136, 204, 272, 408, 476, 544, 748
Aird's Othuriel, and other Poems, . . 318
Alias, The; or, Mr St James, . . . 15
Alison, (Dr) on Scottish Pauperism, . 681, 749
America, De Tocqueville on, ... 506
America, Captain Marryat's Diary in, . 95
Ango, the Merchant Prince of Dieppe, . 85, 153
Annuals, The, for 1841, *reviewed*, . 808
Apostolic Succession, Lay Patronage, &c., . 69
Arms! A Search for, ... 435
Army, Administration of the, . . . 745
Artigas, the Rob Roy of La Plata, . 302
Art of Needlework, from the Earliest Ages, 715
Austrian Railroads and Steam Navigation, . 234
Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater, 32, 159, 346, 525, 629, 765
Autobiography of Thomas Platter, . . 103
Bell's Residence in Circassia, *reviewed*, . 737
Bentham, Memoirs of; by Dr Bowring, 21, 169, 217, 357, 449, 561, 697
Blind Beggar, The, of Cleveland Row, . 325
Bothwell's (Earl) Share in the Murder of Darnley, 618
Bowood, Sayings and Doings at, . . 563, 697
Bowring's Report on Syria, Egypt, &c., 793
British Association, The, at Glasgow, . 731
Burschen Melodies, with Music, . 258, 409, 666
Buxton's Remedy for the Slave Trade. . 331
Camden, Lord, Bentham's Account of, . 568
Cardigan, Lord, his Escapades, . . 745
Carlyle's Chartism; *reviewed*, . . . 115
Chartists, The, ... 115, 811
China, War with, . . . 135, 202, 474, 730
Chronicles of the Place Vendome, . . 519
Church of England, Mr De Quincey on the, 765
Church of Scotland, Mr De Quincey on the, 775
Church of Scotland and the Veto Question, 69, 138, 475
Circassia, Bell's Residence in, . . . 737
Civil Defence Force, ... 542
Claims of the Melbourne Administration to the Support of Reformers, considered, . . 1, 611
Clare, the Peasant-Poet; by Mr De Quincey, 771
Clarke, (Chamberlain) Bentham's Account of, 454
Cobden (Richard) on Keeping in the Whigs, . 747
Coleridge, The English Opium-Eater on, . 634
Comic Almanac, The, *reviewed*, . . . 60
Communion Sabbath among the Ochils, . 538
Condition of the Labouring Poor, and the Management of Paupers in Scotland, . . 681, 749
Corn-Law Agitation, . 135, 202, 270, 273, 680
Crichton's (Dr) M'Crie's Life of Knox, . 337
Cullen, Daughters of Dr, at the Lakes, . . 35
Culloden, a True Tale of, ... 328
Cunningham, Allan; by Mr De Quincey, . 772
Danish Tradition, A Fearful, . . . 28
Defence of Modern Poetry; by Ebenezer Elliott, 309
Democracy, Influence of, on Society, . . 506
Dempster of Skibo, Letter from Mr . . 812
De Tocqueville on the Influence of Democracy, 506
Edinburgh, a Satiric Poem, *reviewed*, . . 403
Edinburgh Water, Projection of a new Company, 203
Edwards on the Fine Arts in England, . 602
Eglinton Tournament, The, ... 539
Egypt, Dr Bowring's Report on, *reviewed*, 793
Elizabeth's (Queen) Plot for the Murder of Mary, 625
Elliott's (Ebenezer) Defence of Modern Poetry, 309
Ellis' Mrs, Sons of the Soil, *reviewed*, . . 146
Englishman's Fireside, The, by Toby Allspy, 25
English Opium-Eater, Papers by the, 32, 159, 346, 525, 629, 745
Faulkner's Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 675
Feast of the Poets for September, 1840, . 582
Feats and Fortunes of Richard the Reiver; commonly called Double-Ribbed Dick, . 777
Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, *reviewed*, 196

Page

France, Threatened War with, . 677*, 678, 743
Francis, Sir Philip, the author of Junius, . 767
Green Lane, The; by Peter Paul Palette, 341, 513
Highland Destitution, ... 270
Hill on the Management of Lunatic Asylums, 314
Hints for Historians, ... 323
Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, 111
Honeymoons of To-Day, and of Former Days, 705
House of Commons, The, and its Committees, 406, 540
Howie's (Dr) My Home, my Country, my Church, 537
Howitt's Nooks of the World, No. III., . 425
Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, . . 328
Hunting a Foumard; by Sam Pogson, . 11
Hunt's (Leigh) edition of Sheridan's Works, 801
——— edition of Wycherley, Congreve, &c., 801
Ingliston, a Tale; by Grace Webster, *reviewed*, 278
International Law, Principles of, . . 726, 743
Ireland, Tee-Total Societies in, . . . 205
Irving, (Rev. Edward) The Opium-Eater on, 631
Is it a Revolt or a Revolution? by Mazzini, 385
Italy, Catherine Taylor's Letters from, . . 734
James' Henry of Guise, *reviewed*, . . 59
Junius proved to be Sir Philip Francis, . . 767
K. Mr of the Lakes; by Mr De Quincey, . 354
Kirk in Danger, The 65, 475
Kirk of Scotland, The, and St Stephen's; a Farce, 787
Knox's foreknowledge of the Murder of Rizzio, 616
Koerner, a Niche for, ... 666
Lakes, Society of the, . . . 34, 159, 346, 525
Lang's Religion and Education in America, 673
Law Reform, ... 66, 202
Lawrence (Sir James) on the British Gentry, 535
Lawrance's Memoirs of the Queens of England, 111
Lays of a New Era, ... 595
Leeds Reform Association, ... 679
Legendary Poetry, a Selection of, . . . 709
Legislation of the Past Session, . . . 810
Life-Boat, The; a Sketch, ... 40
Literary Register, 56, 131, 196, 264, 335, 399, 468, 533, 597, 673, 734, 793
Lloyd, (Charles) by the English Opium-Eater, 159
Lloyd and Gerard's Tours in the Himalayas, 227
Local Legislatures, ... 136
Local Religions, A Glimpse of our, . . 425
London Magazine; De Quincey's Account of the, 771
Luetzow's Wild Chase; with the Music, . . 669
Lunatic Asylums, Management of, . . . 314
M'Crie's Life; by his Son, *reviewed*, . . 468
Macgillivray's British Birds, *reviewed*, . . 600
Management of Lunatic Asylums, . . . 314
Manchester Canvas for Milner Gibson, . 747
Mansfield, (Lord) Bentham's Account of, . 568
Marryat's Diary in America, ... 95
Mary Queen of Scots, her History; by Tytler, 613
Massie's Continental India, *reviewed*, . . 335
Matthew, Miracles of Father, ... 205
Mehemet Ali, Dr Bowring's Character of, . 793
——— Whig War with, . 678, 677,* 728
Melbourne Administration, Claims of the, . 1
Memoirs of James Joseph Oudet, ... 289
Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, ... 367
Montgomery on the Cotton Manufacture, *reviewed*, 604
Montrose, Life and Times of; by M. Napier, 760
Moore's (T.) Works, collected by himself, *reviewed*, 504
More, Mrs Hannah; by the English Opium-Eater, 531
Morgan's (Lady) Woman and her Master, *reviewed*, 390
No House; a Farce in one Act, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, St Stephen's, . . 787
Non-Interference with Foreign Nations inculcated, 726, 743, 744, 745
Nooks of the World; by W. Howitt; No. III., 425
Norway, Two Summers in, *reviewed*, . . 798
Oakleigh (Tom) on the Gun, ... 477
Opie's Mrs, Recollections of Days in Belgium, 177, 293
Othuriel, and other Poems, by Thomas Aird, . 318
Oudet, James Joseph, Memoir of, . . 289

	Page
Owen, (Robert) and Socialism,	545
Palmerston, Lord, his War Policy,	677,* 678, 728
Parvenus,	167
Patterson's Camp and Quarters, *reviewed*,	606
Pauperism in Scotland,	681, 749
Peace Meetings in England and Scotland,	809, 812
Philip's Life of Dr Wm. Milne, *reviewed*,	264
Picture Dealer, The, A Sketch,	17
Platter, Thomas, Autobiography of,	103
Political Register,	65, 135, 201, 269, 405, 473, 540, 678, 743
Postscript Political, August, 1840	611
Preferment; or, My Uncle the Earl,	41
Presentation, A, of Colours; by Toby Allspy,	519
Queen's Party, Report of a,	678
Railroads and Steam Navigation in Austria,	234
Random Thoughts, &c., by the Corn Law Rhymer,	422
Recollections of Days in Belgium,	177, 293
Richard the Reiver; or Double-Ribbed Dick,	777
Rights and Duties of Nations, with Reference to Passing Events,	726
Rights of the Christian People,	69, 138, 397
Rizzio, David; Murder of; new particulars,	616
Rod and the Gun, The; by Wilson and Oakleigh,	477
Romilly, Memoirs of, *reviewed*,	367
Rustic Tales, by Samuel Pogson, Innkeeper,	11
Salomons on the Persecution of the Jews,	601
Scenes Abroad and Thoughts at Home,	490, 661
Scotland and Scotsmen, Mr De Quincey on,	773
Sewell, Sir Thomas, and Jeremy Bentham,	218
Shelburne, Earl; Bentham's Account of,	563, 697
Shelley's Poetical Works, *reviewed*,	56
Sheriffs Substitute, their Duties and Pay,	543
Shoberl's Summer's Day at Greenwich,	741
Siddons, Mrs; by the English Opium-Eater,	530
Simond, M. by the English Opium-Eater,	37
Sketches of Life and Manners; by the English Opium-Eater,	32, 159, 346, 525, 629, 765
Slade's Travels in Germany and Russia, *reviewed*,	597
Slave Emancipation and its Price,	680
Slave Trade, Buxton's Remedy for the,	331
Slave Trade, Turnbull on the, *reviewed*,	211
Sleigh on the Trading Marine and Royal Navy,	741
Slow Coach, A; by Thomas Trotcosey, Esq.,	107
Smith, Miss Elizabeth; by Mr De Quincey,	347
Socialism, Robert Owen and,	545
Southey on Sheep, *reviewed*,	533
Southgate's Travels in the East,	569, 637
St Stephens and the Kirk; a Farce,	787
Sully judged by a Contemporary,	323
Switzerland, Account of; by J. C. Symons,	490, 661
Sword Song, The; with the Music,	672
Symons' Scenes abroad, &c.,	490, 661
Sympsons, The; by the English Opium-Eater,	352
Syria, Attack of Britain, on	678, 677,* 728, 743
Syria, Dr Bowring's Report on, *reviewed*,	793
Talfourd, Serjeant; the English Opium-Eater on,	765
Taylor and Hessey, and the London Magazine,	765
Taylor's Letters from Italy, *reviewed*,	734
Taylor, Dr, on the Origin of Human Improvement,	804
Taylor's Sir Philip Francis the author of Junius,	767
Tee-Totalism and French Wines,	272
Tee-Total Societies in Ireland and Father Matthew,	205
The Wen; by a Templar,	723
Thorogood, John; Case of,	68
Timon, but not of Athens, *reviewed*,	437
Tourney at Eglinton; Chronique of,	539
Trade and Manufactures,	67, 136, 204, 272, 408, 476, 544, 747
Travels in the East; by Southgate,	569, 637
Turnbull on the Slave Trade, *reviewed*,	211
Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. VII.,	613
Veto, The; Lay Patronage, &c.,	69, 138, 397
Violet Hamilton; or, The Talented Family,	45, 121, 184, 239, 458, 493, 553, 647
Voluntary Principle, The, in America,	673
Voting, Attempt to limit the Right of,	542
Walking Stewart, the English Opium-Eater on,	629, 636
Walpole, Sir Robert, Machiavellian Letter of,	453
War with France,	743, 677,* 678
Webster's (Grace) Tale of Ingliston,	278
Westmoreland and the Dalesmen, by De Quincey,	32
Whig and Tory Veto Measures,	397
Whig Ministry; its Claims for Support,	1, 611
Whigs, The, and War,	677*
Willis' Loiterings of Travel, *reviewed*,	199
Wilson (James) on Angling,	477
Wilson, Professor; The Opium-Eater on,	525
Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan,	390
Wordsworth, by the English Opium-Eater,	527, 632
Wrangell's Narrative, *reviewed*,	471

POETRY.

	Page
A Fable,	524
A Picture; The Wayside Inn,	593
A Royal Deathbed,	587
A Song of Tee-Totallers,	383
Aspirations,	786
Auld Langsyne,	590
Burns and his Country,	84
Burschen Melodies,	258, 409, 666
Change,	776
Corn Law Rhymes,	264
Demosthenes on the Death of his Daughter,	587
Donald Gracme,	709
Dirge; The Sailor Boy,	301
Epithalamium on Queen Victoria; by Elliott,	137
Evening,	592
Fragment of a Highland Story,	711
George Augustus Stumps,	595
Home Revisited; J. Walker Ord,	226
Homeward Bound,	233
Hymn of the Breadtaxed; by Ebenezer Elliott,	39
Ich Dien,	710
Jeanie Baird,	592
Kenmuir Bank,	591
Lines on Foulshiels and M. Park,	588
Lines on Leaving Edinburgh,	696
Lines Written in Dunfermline Churchyard,	366
Mammonism,	597
Marius amidst the Ruins of C.	584
My Loves,	583
Night,	583
Oh! who would be a King?	210
Poetry for the People; by R. M. Milnes, M.P.,	111, 120*, 604
Reflections of Napoleon at St Helena,	587
Shelley,	594
Song of a Poor Spinner,	518
Song of the North Wind,	594
Sonnet; by Ebenezer Elliott,	382
Sonnet; by Calder Campbell,	665
Sonnet; On My Old Hat,	436
Sonnets to Idleness,	436
Sonnets written in Exile; by D. L. Richardson,	356
Stanzas to the French Nation,	764
Stanzas to Shakspeare,	593
The Astronomer malgre lui,	176
The Boy by the Stream,	586
The Broken Violin; Beranger,	366
The Cloak; a Ministerial Ditty,	31
The Deathbed of Queen Caroline,	587
The Dissenters' Rallying Cry,	183
The Evening Bells,	586
The Flower o' the Ewes,	591
The Fray of Glengarry,	714
The Gloamin' Star,	591
The Infant's Dream,	44
The Land of Freedom,	596
The Legend of the Lambton Worm,	446
The Madman's Rant,	596
The Man of Worth,	596
The Manchester Athenæum,	593
The Martyr's Cairn,	145
The Maslin Kettle,	468
The Milkmaid Queen,	595
The Mill; a Fable,	434
The Movement,	585
The Pilgrim,	586
The Poor Man's Day; by Elliott,	390
The Poor of the City,	210
The Scottish Fatherland,	233
The Tenth Plague of Egypt,	593
The Tricksy Eye,	592
The Wanderer's Return,	591
The Words of Trust,	585
The Young Widow,	590
Thou shalt not Eat,	597
Three Treasures,	594
To an Old Castle,	518
To a Robin,	114
To-day and To-morrow,	94
To the Ivy,	593
To the Spirit of Love,	594
To the Violet,	10
Tribute from a Son to his Mother in Heaven,	589
Wail of an Idol,	583
Woman; from the German of Schiller,	176
Yarrow's Lament for the Ettrick Shepherd,	588

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1840.

THE CLAIMS OF THE MELBOURNE ADMINISTRATION TO THE SUPPORT OF REFORMERS, CONSIDERED.

WHAT a brave, united, hopeful party we Reformers were about this time five years, when, from his Grace the Duke of Bedford to Dick the Dustman, we stood, shoulder to shoulder, shouting at our gatherings, and volleying through our journals—"Down with the Tories!" "Out with Peel!"—Down he went; and from that day the Tories may fairly date the sure if gradual rise of their party from the shock and recoil of the Reform Bill which, it had been imagined, had for ever extinguished them as a ruling faction. Blessed Ministers have Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell been to them. We had previously got rid of Earl Grey. He had done his work, and was praised and honoured; but he was not The Man for the Time; and the Radicals wished him all happiness, under his laurels. We had also lost of Lord Althorpe: and, as for Lord Brougham, he was not lost; he was only under a cloud for a season, to please the Court: we should see him in office again; and, at all events, he was at his post, though in a private station; and we had obtained "The Best Government this country ever had!" It surely must be so—for those who, all along, carped at Earl Grey's Administration, first began in April, 1835, in the month of the cuckoo's appearance, to swear it, and are still repeating the cuckoo note. If not the very best imaginable Government, then, it was the best obtainable, or for which the country was ripe. We had got, in place of an honourable and upright, though highly aristocratic Premier, a fast-and-loose slipshod disciple of the Canning school, Lord Melbourne namely, who, as an anti-reformer, had made whatever reputation for statesmanship he had to recommend him to the Radicals or to any other party. We cannot charge the Radicals, as a party, with ever entertaining any firm or well-defined expectations of improvement from the government of Lord Melbourne beyond that of Earl Grey; and when it became evident that Lord Brougham was to be for ever excluded—that he had been perfidiously betrayed, and, through him, the popular cause, there could be little doubt of the course which Melbourne and Russell were to follow. Their *barkers* gave out Lord Melbourne as a most liberal and enlightened man: and had he not, for a colleague, Lord John Russell; a Whig of the purest breed, whose pedigree might be traced up to the reign of Harry VIII., and who was putative father of the Bill, though it turned out that he was only one of the assistant accoucheurs; and had, moreover, attempted to strangle the hopeful infant, or at least to pinch and mutilate it in the birth.

The most sceptical, and the least sanguine, still fancied that something might be gained for the people in the strife of the two factions; and, at the very worst, if the Melbourne Cabinet were found opposed to Radical principles, they might surely be relied upon for fidelity to their own measures. There were, at least, the *Appropriation* principle; equal Justice to Ireland; Church Reform; the Improvement of the Reform Bill; and, instead of Finality, then carefully concealed, moderate Progression. Public spirit would be kept alive and fostered by a Liberal Government, and we should witness the speedy redress of many practical grievances—such as tithes, pensions, jobbing in all departments, and the enormous revenues of the bishops. But, above all, the Appropriation principle! was not that of itself something worth contending for? It is idle to dwell upon the vague, illusive, or deceptive fancies which the People were incited to indulge at that period, when crumbs of promise fell in every quarter, from Whig noblemen's tables, for their refreshment; and when Radical Lords pampered them with "lion's marrow." If the Ministers did not directly commit themselves to a great deal, was not their hostility to the Tories a pledge in itself of their liberality? It was not then considered that their hostility was not to Tory principles, but to Tory placemen. Sir Robert Peel had, shortly before, declared at Tamworth, when speaking of the public confidence which he deemed requisite for the support of his government:—"I have the firmest conviction that that confi-

dence cannot be secured by any other course than that of *frank* and *explicit* declarations of principles; that vague and unmeaning professions of popular opinions may quiet distrust for a time, may influence this or that election, but that such professions must ultimately and signally fail, if, being made, they are not adhered to." If a Tory saw thus clearly, what were we not to expect from Liberal Lord Melbourne, who read the spirit of the times so much better! Not more than we found honourably and courageously realized, when, as his faithful *Examiner* proudly said, "he had nailed his colours to the mast," in the following declarations which we find recorded, as they merit, in capital letters in that print:—"TO THE PRINCIPLE OF APPROPRIATION I AM PLEDGED, AND TO IT I AM DETERMINED TO ADHERE," and so forth; for we shall neither tire the reader's patience, nor exhaust our printer's types, upon a thing so utterly worthless as this honourable Premier's pledges.

From his accession to office, we went on from one session to another, hope waxing fainter, where it had been the most sanguinely entertained, and delusion becoming more difficult.

The belief that the Administration would adhere to their own principles, however they might dexterously manage to give the go-by to our's, was not merely a hope, but an absolute assurance. The people of England were not then prepared, even by their experience of the worst Tory governments the country had ever seen, for the dishonourable course into which the sheer love of place sunk "the best Ministry this country ever had." As the hopes of the Reformers waxed fainter, the promises of the mouth-pieces of the Government became more vehement. Little might have been done in this, and that, and the other session; but were there not combined against the Administration the factious Tories, the hostile Peers, and the unfavourable Court. There was no whisper of cowardice or disinclination. The Whig oracles and their newspapers knew the private opinions of our Liberal rulers much better than they did themselves. They might be speaking as if they meant to check public spirit, and to discredit Reform: but this was all make-believe. The straightforward Radicals—they were not yet Tory-Radicals—could no longer conceal their fears and suspicions:—they became like Justice Shallow, when alarmed about the thousand pounds out of which Falstaff had cozened him:—"Fear not," said "the enormous liar;" "they must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; these be the men that yet shall make you great—what you heard was but a colour."

The letter of Lord John Russell to Stroud against the Ballot, and his Finality speeches, reiterated till his oratory was thrown away, as no true Reformer longer doubted his sincerity on that head, were something more than a colour; but there was grace and pardon for these rash and ill-timed declarations; there was indulgence for bad faith, principles abandoned, pledges broken, utter contempt poured upon the People, and the meanest submission shown to those they had been taught to believe their deadly enemies:—for what would not wise Radicals sacrifice rather than injure the popular cause by withdrawing their support from a Government which, with all its faults, was still "the best the country had ever seen." It was now allowed that the Ministry might have erred; but the evil was in their position, not in their nature. Upon this the Radicals differed among themselves, and then Tory-Radicals were first heard of in the land. The leading distinction of this numerous section of the Radicals, represented in Parliament by, among others, such members as Mr Hume, Mr Warburton, Mr Grote, Sir William Molesworth, is the tenet, that there is little essential difference of principle between the two great factions which have hitherto alternately ruled this country for the general benefit of a privileged class, and the particular advantage of the party that chanced to be in place; the main distinction being the broad and well-defined one of *ins* and *outs*. Had Bentham been alive at this day, he would have been what is nicknamed a Tory-Radical. We could have augured as much of some of his professing disciples; but there is no calculating upon the possibilities of journalism.

The plain truth is, that, to a man holding purely Radical principles, there never could have been much perceptible difference in principle between a Whig of the old school and the modernized Tory or Conservative. Both alike see in the Constitution the very perfection of civil polity,—the Whigs admiring it the most, as their party were its improvers at the Revolution. The creed of both includes the same House of hereditary legislators, with all its irrational privileges; the same endowed State Church, the same privileged landed order; from which three great blessings with which this country is blessed, flow nearly all those abuses which the Radicals wish to extirpate. Looking back into the history of parties, little distinction is visible to the Radical, save the choice of the stimulants needed to rouse and animate the People to take part in the struggle of the Whigs or Tories for place; and to the position of the Whigs, as *outs*, during the reigns of George III. and his immediate successor. To Whig Opposition the People owe much more of the little obtained, than to the principles of the Whigs, or to their enlightened and disinterested love of freedom. We may be uncharitable; and the fact does not, in the instance of Whigs in Opposition, admit of the proof which becomes glaring and incontrovertible in the case of the Melbourne Whigs; for they have held power for three Parliaments, and demonstrated to every man's satisfaction the use they wish to make of it.

The Whigs, as a party, have one marked characteristic—the adoption and exaggeration of everything, when in power, that they had railed against the most violently when in opposition. But when in opposition, their railings were generally upon the right side, and kept the People

awake, for which, among other reasons, we wish to see them railing again.

To the Whigs, the pure, old, Revolution Whigs, we owe the Septennial Act; but, in place, the Whigs are strenuous opposers of Triennial Parliaments; not all of them now, indeed—it is not convenient. *Mr Macaulay is quinquennial.*

There have been often seen, in the Whig party, men of fine intellect and generous feelings, whose sentiments as well as position made them, if not enlightened lovers of freedom, not Benthamites, not Radicals, yet haters of bigotry and tyranny. There have also been among the Whigs many men useful in their generation; your proud, obstinate, partisan, aristocratic Whigs, who, chiefly because Canning and Wellington said the country should have no Reform, swore that it should have Reform. We have respect for both these orders of Whig patriots. Compared with the most laggard, aristocratic, and conservative Whig statesmen of former periods—the great advance of public opinion taken into account—our precious Whig Ministers are not to be named, even although they had been found energetic and honest so far as their declarations went. But if there never was in principle any very mighty difference between the two factions into which the privileged class has been divided, when the cause of the People alone, unmixed with their own party interests, put them to the proof, there is now none worth contending about. By their shuffling practices and actual perfidy, they have now forfeited all they possessed in the alleged liberality of their creed. An open foe is ever to be preferred to a traitorous friend.

A great majority of the principles, feelings, and practices, for which Radicals condemn the Tories, are, thus, seen in full vigour among the Whigs, and especially in the Members of the present Cabinet. The nearly perfect assimilation of the parties, both in principle and practice, it is easy to discover,—the difficulty being to ascertain such nice and subtle points as those in which they differ. Their creed is one—"Church and State, and their ineffable Union"—"The Constitution and its Balances." If there be any difference, the Whigs, as we remarked, are more worshipful of that perfection of wisdom, the glorious British Constitution, in the abstract; while the Tories, caring less about its parchment and black-letter, and statute-book perfection, were, in their day, enraptured with the smoothness with which the thing worked for their advantage. If the Whig Ministers of Queen Victoria were to remain in place but half as long as the Tories of George III., the British world would witness an entire revolution and reconstruction of parties. The Tories would become intense admirers of the Constitution of 1688, and be discontented with its workings in Whig hands.—Which of the parties differs the farthest from the Radicals it is difficult to say; but we may affirm that Sir Robert Peel, the conforming Conservative, is, at least, as Liberal in principle as Lord John Russell, the Finality Whig. We could bring forward many facts to prove that, in the matters which we have, almost at random, selected, the Whigs have equalled, if not outdone the worst Tories of the worst times, since the Revolution; and that they differ as widely from the Radicals, and more inveterately. They cannot forgive us, because we will not consent to be tamely cheated by them. It is so natural for some men to hate those they have betrayed and injured!—We come to the points of agreement between Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell.

I. The Whigs, as a party, denounce the Ballot quite as determinedly as the Tories do; among whom Ballot has already one or two distinguished converts. Ballot, as Lord John Russell well knows, is a slippery, two-edged weapon. It might serve him for one election, but might be turned against him in the next. It is not the instrument of party, but of good government; and hence Whigs and Tories dread and hate it alike.

II. The Whig Ministers maintain the privileges of the house of hereditary wisdom, with all its glaring abuses, as strenuously as do the Tories, and of late more fulsomely. Down to their lowest ranks they do this; Mr Macaulay and Mr Sheil as warmly as Lord John Russell. When the Peers, for a second time, ignominiously threw out the bill for giving his countrymen the same municipal rights as Englishmen and Scotchmen, Mr Sheil magnanimously embraced the opportunity to exclaim—"I want no organic change." That is quite true, and neither do the Tories.*

III. The Whigs, save in a few trivial and secondary points—small and peddling twopenny-farthing matters—are as devoted to the Established Church of England, and the enormity which goes by the same name in Ireland, as the Peel and Wellington Tories. Witness their whole course of policy, which, in Church Reform, has been nearly a juggle,—and their vilest juggle. Look at their Irish Tithe Bill; at their delicate treatment of the Bishops' revenues, about which our Liberal, but orthodox and pious Premier, Lord Melbourne, made one of the most pathetic speeches he ever delivered in Parliament. We must, on this point, give even the high-flying Tories infinite credit for superior honesty: they may be bigots; but they generally, as a party, believe what they say.

IV. The real improvement of the Reform Bill, by the extension of the Suffrage and the Ballot—the great measures of the Radicals—is as decidedly opposed by the Whigs as the Tories, and, from their being in office, much more effectually. The late accession of Mr Macaulay, and personages of his weight, to the Cabinet, we deem a very small advantage. They are kittens that dare not cry "mew," if their chiefs disapprove. Mr Macaulay is now favourable, it is thought, to the Ballot; but it was known and believed ten years since, from his own declarations, corroborated by his subsequent declarations at the

* The *Examiner* newspaper, in an unhappy but probably repented joke, suggested that Mr Shiel might hope to be called to the Upper House by the title of Baron Ballinacrazy.

Grey dinner, that a man of more weight, Sir John Hobhouse, was a convert to Ballot. Young converts are proverbially zealous; but Sir John Hobhouse, the *Radical*, as he then professed to be, has proved an exception to the rule. He is a sample of the effects of converting a patriot into a placeman. The Ministry have not only damped the spirit of improvement among the People, but they have lowered and destroyed all confidence in Liberal men in office. One by one, they are nipping away the young Statesmen of the Liberal party, to convert them into tools or scourges.

V. But, on the Ballot question, there is this small gain: there is a loophole left for young Members of the Cabinet, who may have tender consciences and Radical constituencies to please. Lord Howick blabbed about this compact. We like blabbers; they permit warning facts to escape; and, though guilty of the black and unpardonable crime of being found out, they are generally honester men than their confederates. Lord John Russell never blabs till he seems to have weighed the prudence of hazarding indiscreet declarations. He has then the further advantage of killing two dogs with one stone; of affirming his opinions, and fishing up the praise of "candid and manly* conduct." We are profound admirers of Lord John's *candour*. It is only surpassed by his courage.

VI. The Whig Ministry are as profligate in the needless expenditure, and absolute waste of the public money—as subservient to the pleasure of the Court, and those supposed wishes of the Sovereign, which are to be gratified at the expense of a tax-ridden impoverished people, as the most sycophantic Ministry of the most extravagant of the Georges. Look to the Civil List of the young Queen—to the lavish provision for the connexions and favourites of the Crown—the delicate handling of aristocratic pensions, which, when Mr Harvey forced on the discussion, it was such vast merit to entertain in any shape.—On all financial affairs, the future will be as the past. The Peers are comparatively guiltless of those things which the Whig Ministers propose, and which the Reformed Commons sanction.

VII. The Whig Ministry, their position and their professions considered, have been more meanly submissive to the Upper House than the Tories would have been. What good measures a Tory Ministry did prepare, it would neither have pared, compromised, nor abandoned at the pleasure of the Peers. Whig pusillanimity has taught the wanton Lords to find amusement in kicking out their measures.

VIII. As to the improvement of the Reform Bill, by the abolition of Lord Chandos' clause, and the extinction of the rate-paying clause, which, of itself, would practically have widened the Liberal constituencies—"No," said Sir Robert Peel, from the opposition benches, and "No, no!" rejoined the Finality Lord, emphatically, from the Treasury benches; "it is a principle of the Constitution that voters should pay rates." It was a principle of the Constitution, Lord John, that voters should pay taxes; and happy were England were its taxes still all direct taxes, and confined to rates. It is a principle of the Constitution, though never yet a practice of it, that taxation and representation are inseparable qualities. It was a principle affirmed by Earl Grey, that the Reform Bill was meant to supplant Nomination by Representation. But our Finality ruler fancies, and does not scruple to say, (with the genuine old Tories,) that lordly and landed Nomination is only a proper and needful qualifier of that popular, self-willed Rogue, Representation, who might otherwise run riot, even in the fetters of the Bill, and obstruct the legitimate influence of property in the national assemblies. As to the *legitimate* influence of property, Whigs and Tories are at one. Their *legitimate* means *illegitimate*.

IX. The Whigs, in their limited reign, have been as arrant jobbers of the patronage of the Crown, and of all sorts of patronage, on which they could lay their hands, for the mere purpose of strengthening themselves in place, as ever were the Tories. If some of their clamorous adherents are discontented on this score, and grumble to see even a farthing roll or a minnow go past themselves, we would beg their patience. Such things are rare; and it is all for the best. The sop is not thrown to Cerberus without a purpose pointing homeward. The era of *rank* jobs was past before the Whigs came into place. The Duke of Wellington was the first of Reformers in this department. He might be liberal in the pay and rations of his regular troops; but he was disposed to be searching and severe with the chaplains and the commissariat. That we should have had less *jobbing*, less nepotism, and less abuse of patronage, for party purposes, under the Tories, for these last seven years, is our belief.—It is hardly denied by the Treasury organs, when they are pressed, that the Tories, as they had the power, might have had the wisdom or policy to bribe the Reformers, and to win golden opinions by a few popular measures of a practical and administrative kind. But as to "great measures," "sweeping organic changes," when would the Tories yield these? Have the Whigs done so? Have they shewn any disinterested inclination in that direction? Have they not, on the contrary, trifled with, until they have almost quenched public spirit among the existing race of calm and rational Reformers, and prepared the People for Tory sway? They can neither extinguish Truth nor arrest Thought. But they have tried, whether directly or indirectly we do not now inquire, to put down the spirit of Reform. They have divided the Reformers, so cordially united during the Reform-Bill crisis, that, under wise and enlightened direction, they had strength to accomplish all that was necessary to work out the salvation of the country:—divided them into conflicting or hostile sections. They have taught the once cowed Tories

* We begin to think, though we have never seen the original, that, not Mrs Austin's, but the *Quarterly* Reviewer's translation of a celebrated passage in Von Raumer was the true one; and that "a cunning-looking little man," applied to Lord John, must be the honest German's real meaning.

to laugh at the hundred thousands of Birmingham, who, if formidable at all, are the most formidable to their old friends the Whigs. The masses they have converted into violent Chartists; the moderate independent Whigs of the middle class, into Conservatives; some flaming Reformers they have corrupted into party hacks, hirelings, and expectants; whilst many honest Liberals have become either sullen or apathetic, as their temperament led. So foully cheated, they have lost all faith in public men, and almost in public virtue.

There are Radicals of another description, who, indifferent alike to party signs and watchwords, to Whigs or Tories as they exist, hoping nothing from imbecility and trickery added to principles directly opposed to whatever they hold most precious, keep aloof from both—waiting the formation of a national party on a new basis, and looking for the nucleus of such a party to a liberal Parliamentary Opposition.—So completely has the conduct of the Whigs ripened the nation for Tory sway, that we are sometimes afraid the safe season for Whig opposition may be past, and that King Log, with his stupid cunning, may now be safer than King Stork, with beak fresh-whetted, and the pared claws again grown. The latent spirit of the People rebukes this fear. The timidity of the Tory party, or their ultra caution, gives us courage. Let us have them for their brief day, while tolerably prudent and modest. The Whigs have already done much to make them rampant; and that the Tories are still somewhat reluctant to take office, affords a reason for desiring to see them in the places which the Whigs retain at the price of all that even venal statesmen have hitherto affected to prize—of honour, consistency, principle, solemn pledges. What have those self-convicted, self-condemned Ministers done to redeem themselves with the Reformers, since they themselves advised the Queen to send for Sir Robert Peel?

The lamentable divisions of the Liberal party, the violence of the Chartists, the bitter hate and jealousy which have taken place of the cordial and harmonious sentiments prevalent among Reformers of the middle and the working classes only four years back, their distrust of each other, and of all public men, we owe entirely to the course followed by the Government,—to Melbourne swagger, which did not conceal a double-meaning,—and to Russell trickery. There were no Chartists, even in name, for months after the accession of the Queen: they are the immediate growth of Lord John Russell's anti-reform declarations at different times, and the concurrent tergiversation of our "great leaders" at the beginning of the reign. The Whig organs, and Mr Macaulay's Certificate to character, boast that the Government have laid Swing; which happens to be a mistake: but were it true, they have conjured up a spirit that, unless we are deceived, they will find far more difficult to lay. That the Radicals who are physical-force Chartists have been made such by the conduct of the Government, and, in particular, by the tricky policy of the "candid" Lord John, is proved by their own oracles; though it required no oracle to foresee Chartist violence as the natural result of Whig deception. Until the accession of Queen Victoria gave the Whigs the Court, and enabled them openly to spurn the ladder by which they had climbed to power, Lord John Russell occasionally coquetted behind the flimsy veil which he then threw fairly aside, telling the people, in as many words, that they had been deluded, cheated, mocked, by him, and his colleagues, and party. Neither the assertions of "Tory-Radicals," nor yet those of Tories, will be received as evidence of this fact by the Attorney-General and by Mr Macaulay. We, however, commend to their attention, the opinion of an humbler, though equally zealous fellow-labourer in the Ministerial cause. In the *Examiner* newspaper of 4th November, 1838, they will find these true, if ill-advised words—"*The Chartist agitation in England, is evidence of the working of the doctrine of the finality of the Reform Bill.* The Universal-Suffrage agitation rose, in almost instant reply to Lord John Russell's argument, that the Ballot must be refused lest Universal Suffrage be demanded." The hasty, foolish, and peremptory, if conscientious declarations of the Duke of Wellington against all Reform, lent, beyond a doubt, great additional force to the Reform movement; and it is as unquestionable that the arrogant, irritating, and, everything considered, insulting declarations of those in whom the People had placed confidence, led, step by step, from the sudden and peremptory demand of their elective rights by the unfranchised, to the Chartist tumults. They may have had foolish and wicked leaders; self-seeking men, very much like other place-and-power hunters; but *The Examiner* states the true original cause of the late fierce outbreak of popular discontent. For a series of years the People had been deluded and amused with words—words. The tub was thrown out to the whale by the mercenaries of the crew; and the honourable captains chuckled in their sleeves to see how the poor bewildered monster foolishly sported with the bait. The multitude had been cajoled, flattered, fed, and pampered on that "lion's marrow," which, if sweet in the mouth, became bitter in the belly. About a year before the period we have alluded to, when there was only the famous epistle to Stroud upon which to found a specific charge, we find the same advocate and admirer of "The best Ministry the country ever had," allowing another morsel of truth to escape—probably after some lost election:—"Lord John Russell has now had time to see the working of his declaration against every further change in the electoral system; and has he found that it has damped the spirit of the Radicals, or lowered their demands? *On the contrary, it has given a violent impulse to Radicalism*, and provoked some men, before moderate, into extreme principles." *The Examiner* and Lord Lyndhurst do not then materially differ about the causes of Radical discontent and Chartist violence. The latter attributes them to the encouragement—the former

to the unwise check—the "Vandal declarations," the "mean and mischievous" speeches, of the Ministers. Mr Macaulay, as we have incidentally noticed, taunts the Tories with the free reign of Captain Swing in their time:—indeed it is a common topic with the Ministerial advocates. But is it then certain, though General Fergus was unexpectedly born an Herculean infant, that Swing is dead and buried, and that he will not rise again to scare both Whigs and Tories? We hear of his ghost appearing every now and then, seen by the fitful glimpses of flaming ricks in Sussex and Essex. So perfectly does Lord Melbourne believe in the possible resurrection of Swing, that he brought in a bill, renewing the abolished monstrosity of man-traps and spring-guns, for the protection of rick-yards.

Sincere Reformers, lovers of their country—inflexible in their principles, and in spirit peaceful, though diligent in using every possible means to advance their principles—can more easily forgive the iniquities to which *The Examiner* points, than that worse consequence, the internal divisions and dissensions sown among the Radicals, by the shuffling conduct of the Government. They have estranged the People from their best friends, and brought suspicion on those who were the most worthy of the popular confidence. They have lessened and injured every Liberal man who has compromised himself by supporting them. The Earl of Durham is one flagrant instance, and the Marquis of Normanby another, of this being done, as it would appear, systematically. But aristocratic instances are of less moment. They have lowered the useful influence of O'Connell, even in his own country; and Mr Hume, among others, in too long attempting to support them for the sake of the popular cause, has, for the moment, injured his own hard-earned and well-deserved reputation.

We have been led away from the points of Whig and Tory agreement in principle, and, when in office, sameness of practice. The Whigs are supposed to be less bigoted to the Church. This would be more easily settled if we knew which party enjoys most Church patronage, and draws most tithe. Lord Stanley is a vehement friend of the Church, and he will speedily enjoy the £15,000 a-year of patronage which his family hold in connexion with the Establishment. If Lord John Russell has one atom of sterling liberality of opinion in his composition, it is on Church questions; and his family originally derived their princely estates and revenues from confiscated Church property—the property of the Roman Catholic Church—which, with all Church property whatsoever, Lord John professes to consider public property. Even trifles of this sublunary sort may give a bias to the opinions of statesmen not yet altogether sublimated, though already canonised by their party. To the Whig party, then the dominant one, the Irish Catholics owed nearly all their cruel penal laws, which the Tories opposed. But, in process of time, the Whigs, long excluded from office, became the strenuous advocates of Catholic Emancipation, which then the Tories opposed in turn. And it so chanced, that the Tories at last carried Emancipation in the face of King, Lords, Orangemen, and many of the high-flying of their own party. It also happened that from Sir Robert Peel the Dissenters' Marriage Bill was obtained; and the Dissenters professed to be contented with it. We do not wonder and adore at such measures being granted by either of the parties, but rather at the insolent injustice by which they are withheld; and only remark, that Whigs and Tories, the more closely we view them, appear the more alike. Catholic Emancipation was nominally carried by Sir Robert Peel; but, in reality, forced by the union of the Irish Catholics,—as was the Reform Bill by the union of the British Reformers; accidental party circumstances, connected with their party interests, making Sir Robert Peel the unwilling agent in the one case, and Earl Grey the noble boon-bestower in the other. Let each take the praise of his party, while we draw the true inference,—namely, that nothing will be obtained gratuitously from either. Let us now inquire what the Melbourne Ministers have carried. What can Mr Macaulay* add to Lord Brougham's bead-roll of 1834, when the Whigs could point back to some noble measures. What have they since sincerely desired to accomplish? The Irish Tithe Bill perhaps. Can it be named in decent company? Is it not slurred over in the Macaulay testimonial? It might have been accurately described as a bounty on future disturbances in Ireland, given with a million of the people of England's money, to make it more palatable. The Irish Municipal Bill then;—Where is it? The patched, and spurned, and worthless thing, which its great progenitor O'Connell at last disowned! The Appropriation Clause, Lord Melbourne's principle, his flag "nailed to the mast!"—Where is it?

To come at once to the present hour, and the most cogent temporary question.

X. The Whig Ministers are as decidedly opposed to the abolition of the Corn-Laws, "the infamous and tyrannical mouth tax," as the Tories could be, for their souls.† In the face of the

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* Mr Macaulay has overstated his case. Among his other grounds of laudation, is the duty taken off flint glass and printed paper hangings. If we recollect aright, the Tories took fifty per cent off the duty on glass, and the whole duty off printed calicoes. From Mr Macaulay's statement, one might fancy that every cabin in Ireland, and cottage in England, was now hung with paper, besides the appropriate decorations, too often wanting, of gammons and flitches.

† In a late Number of the *Manchester Anti-Corn-Law Circular*—the organ of the League—we notice a favourable opinion of Sir Robert Peel's squeezibility on this important question. It is one, the bearings of which, and its impending results upon the industry and prosperity of the country, Sir Robert Peel is likely to understand. It is stated in the *Anti-Corn-Law Circular* that he has never declared against the principle of Abolition: and this is no party question; it lies between the few whom a grasping selfishness blinds to their true interests and the nation. It is not like the Ballot, or Household Suffrage. It is neutral ground, on which Radicals can honestly, and will warmly, support Tories, if they become Abolitionists. There are said to be converts to abolition

Tory precedent, in the memorable case of the Orders in Council, Ministers, backed indeed by the house of landowners, refused even to hear evidence as to the operation and consequences to commerce and manufactures of the landlords' short-sighted impost. The truth might have come out had evidence been led; and the truth makes free. More:—the Reform Bill was, as Lord John Russell has advisedly declared, concocted and adjusted for the benefit of the landed interest, so unduly depressed in the House of Commons by the growth of the towns. We have some doubts on this head, notwithstanding "cunning little Isaac's" assurance; but the merit of devising the conversion of the bill to that purpose, is probably due to him, and is equal to the design of having framed a bill for the specific purpose.

Having ascertained the difference between Whig and Tory, in their principles and creed, to be of no moment in the eyes of Radicals—merely things of mint and cummin—let us look closer to the practices which have entitled the Whigs to the support of Radical Reformers, especially since they were favoured by the Court. Hopes, and fears that kindle hope, with a large infusion of doubt, alternated among the great body of the Reformers, up to the accession of the Queen; when hope became, for a brief season, triumphant assurance. Those who doubted, affected to believe, to be in the fashion:—a Reform Ministry, a Reform Queen, and an exulting People, on the eve of seeing the accomplishment of their dearest hopes, and of reaping the reward of their struggles for Liberty, and sacrifices for the support of the blessed Administration! The leaders of it had snubbed their vivacity occasionally,—but that was only from policy; and their perfidy to Lord Brougham was neither forgotten nor forgiven,—but that had been to please the King, Queen Adelaide, and the Court ladies; and now we should see a change! Great joy in London then! Lion's-Marrow had been summoned with all speed, from Russia, to head the national movement. It was a Queen's press, "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they that have been my friends,—and wo be to my Lord ex-Chancellor!"

Many intelligent Reformers, against their better sense, were eager to cheat themselves into the belief that Lord Durham, publicly and repeatedly pledged to the Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and Household Suffrage, was sincere in his professions, which he may have been; and also earnest and energetic in working out his principles, which he was not. The Radicals had extravagant hopes of their "noble champion." One can hardly look back upon such seasons of gross popular delusion without disgust, and an unwise scorn of their kind. Where is all this now? But it is not worthy of consideration. The wave may recoil, bearing back the froth and weeds on its crest, but the Tide is advancing.

Now, at last, a favourable crisis had arrived, and was to be seized and improved. The Tories, were quite chopfallen; the Sovereign a young Reform Queen! the Radicals of all ranks and shades of opinions again ready to unite, and panting to renew the combat with the common foe. But the chiefs were traitors; and, instead of a bold and timely demonstration for those principles which he had gratuitously professed, as if to reproach more laggard Reformers, the Radical Lord—almost the only Radical Lord we could boast of—read the senseless impatient wretches what the admiring *Examiner*, as we remember, called "a timely, wise, and statemanlike lesson." "I still retain my principles," said his Lordship, in substance. The Earl of Durham retained the Radical principles of Mr Lambton; but Heaven forbid he should "press them peremptorily or dogmatically on the Parliament or the Government." This was, indeed, timely; for it was quite in unison with the Ministerial policy of the time, though hardly what we should call wise,—truth and courage being ever essential to true wisdom, political or moral. Our opinion of the want of wisdom is proved by the fact, that Lord Durham fell somewhat ignominiously between two stools—missed his high seat in the Queen's councils, and lost his influence with the People. This was affording a grave warning, as well as a good lesson, to those patriots whose principles resemble the guinea which the Vicar of Wakefield's wife gave her daughters, to be kept in their pockets, as it was creditable to have money about one, but which was, on no account, to be put into circulation.

Frothy spouters of Radicalism, among the higher orders, degenerating into mean recanters, are another growth of Ministerial Whiggery. We have such men, indeed, of all ranks and stations, from Lord Durham and Sir John Hobhouse, down to the paid canvassing attorneys and whippers-in of the party. It is impossible to go lower than these last admirers of Ballot and Household Suffrage, *in the abstract*. Were they not, one and all of them, advocates of these principles from 1830 to 1837? Then they were Radicals vociferously and *practically*; but, in the new reign, when, if there had even been an atom of sincerity in their professions, there was evident ground of hope to the popular cause, it was found best to be cautious, and say nothing, till our "noble champions" had been strengthened by a large majority in the new Parliament. It was accordingly elected, to the party tune of the "Queen and Reform!" a singular war-cry for Whigs. There had been no Chartist party, no physical-force men, up to this blighting, withering period. Then first the indignant masses, the unrepresented and deceived, broke away from their middle-class coadjutors, disgusted by the previous declarations of Russell and Melbourne, and utterly and for ever estranged by that crowning mercy of Toryism, the conduct of Lord Durham. This disunion, and the very

in Manchester among the wealthier Tories. Sir George Murray is not unfavourable; but Sir George is nearly as slippery as a hustings Whig, and as candid as Lord John Russell.

narrow majority which, with all aids and arts to boot, fair or foul, was obtained for the support of the Queen's favourite Whig Ministers, were attempted to be accounted for by many causes; though Tory bribes and Tory intimidation were alleged as the principal cause. In Tory intimidation we believe as fully as we do in Whig inclination to gain votes by not the nicest or most scrupulous means, and in Whig denial of the only protection for voters. By "Constitutional Whigs," the name of the Sovereign had been somewhat freely employed to influence the results of the election; and a useful and timely lesson was given to both Prince and People, in the small effects of the influence of the Crown, when given in support of men who had acted on Lord Melbourne's slippery principles, and employed Lord John Russell's arts of finesse. The results of that election, strange to say, took every one by surprise. The Tories were agreeably surprised, and again took heart. The unrepresented Radicals were too indifferent to care much about the matter. Whether Whigs or Tories obtained the majority, the event was alike to them. Their petitions for justice were sure to be spurned by the one and the other; and insult from once pretended friends, whom they had striven to serve, was more galling, and harder to be forgiven, than the hostility of those who had always been open enemies. With the mass of the People of England and Scotland the Tories are at this moment more popular than the Whigs, where any preference is felt between them. If there be a doubt on this head, the next general election will prove our opinion to be correct. The Chartists have few votes to bestow; but already, where only a mere Whig is opposed to a Tory, and no Liberal in the field —however the poll may issue, the Tory member is elected by acclamation at the hustings. It was not so even three years since. "The intelligent artisans" of Earl Grey's days, and of Lord Melbourne's first and second Administrations, have now been universally changed into "an ignorant mob," a "brutal rabble," unwashen, without any property save their "shocking bad hats;" such supporters as gentlemanly Whigs would scorn to recognise. The late Municipal elections more directly demonstrate the fact of reaction—not against Reform, but against delusive Whiggery and sham Liberalism, as opposed to Toryism.

Four years since,—what crowing there was then! —scarce a Tory town-council or a Tory mayor in the whole kingdom. Year by year the Tories have been creeping back, precisely because no one, save local Ministerial hacks, and those under their influence, had sufficient motive to keep them out.

How far has the Ministry contributed to this complete revolution in public feeling? In answering this query we have been fain to take a proof from *The Examiner* who, the most violent of the Radical carpers during Earl Grey's Administration, has ever since been the most ingenious and successful of the advocates and apologists of the Melbourne government. "The country is becoming Conservative," said Lord John Russell. Who has made it so? "The best Government the country ever saw!"

We have spent too much time in examining the claims of the Whig government to Radical support, gratefully yielded, whatever Whigs may do or declare. How comes it that these same Whigs are found, by the Duke of Wellington, equally deserving of Tory support, and sure, when in peril, of receiving it? In 1834, the rashness of the King, and his foolish, irresponsible household advisers, thrust Sir Robert Peel prematurely into office, against the wishes and judgment of himself and the Tory leaders; and still Radicals naturally ask—"Why does Sir Robert Peel shun office, and the Duke of Wellington never see the Whig Ministry in peril but he rushes to its rescue?" Is his Grace a Radical at heart? —or can the Whigs serve both God and Mammon? can they, in good policy, merit the support of the Reformers while they receive that of the Tories? There may be great outcry among the bigoted ultra-Tories, and the understrappers an-hungered, after being for nine years cut off from access to the loaves and fishes; but the Umpire Duke sees little to grumble at in Whig sway, and prefers the existing stop-gaps to reform, to the probable malaprops of a Tory government, for which the country seems to him not yet quite ripe, though the Whigs have been assiduously preparing it. The Duke may also be flattered by his anomalous station of irresponsible adviser of the Crown, and dictator-protector of the Cabinet. Without the weakling Whigs, his new vocation would be gone. Perhaps, on a similar principle, Sir Robert Peel may hereafter crave the support of Earl Grey or Lord Brougham for his Cabinet. But the novel part which the Duke assumes, compromises no principle of Toryism; for in what, to the eye of reason, do the Melbourne Whigs differ from his own party? No man is better aware than he and Sir Robert Peel that it is now the first object of a British Minister to keep Ireland tranquil, upon almost any terms. To attain that great end, they came to an open rupture with the Orange party—the Churchmen and the ultra-Tories. They tried to conciliate Ireland by a grand measure of justice—and failed; because that one was not enough; and they now find it necessary to let the Whigs exhaust, first a policy of coercion, and next one of favour and corruption, before they assume sway, on the principle of conciliating the middle party in Ireland, and administering justice equally, so far as the fetters of faction will permit of equal justice. In the meantime, the practical language of the wary Duke to his protegés, the Whigs, is—"Go on, gentlemen, yet a while, in your hopeful course, and you may be assured of my patronage. You do our business much more effectually, in the present state of parties, than Sir Robert could do. You, and not the Tories, could first have gulled the Radicals, and then have set them to cutting each other's throats; you alone could have broken up their formidable unions; set the master against the working man, and the

working man against the master, and brought suspicion and disgrace upon their objects. In keeping you in power a little longer, we Tories hit two birds with one stone: we fight the Reformers, late so powerful and threatening to us, through your means, and "by their own weapons." Such is the practical language of the Umpire Duke. Nay, he has of late taken to encouraging and praising the Whigs. In May last the Duke could see no cause for their resigning, even when they acknowledged that they had lost the confidence of Parliament; and he lent a vigorous helping hand to bring those "constitutional Whigs" back into power, by the potency of prerogative, and by arts and manœuvres which Whigs of former periods affected to view with so much jealousy. Their cant of loyalty has of late become almost as fulsome as their flattery of the Peers. As if to allow of no mistake about the quarter whence they looked for the salvation of the State, when the Cabinet broke up, instead of advising the Queen to send for Lord Durham or for Earl Grey, —who, though, like the Duke, he might have declined office, was surely as fit and apt to give counsel to "a Reform Queen" upon any great emergency as the leader of the Tories,— "The best Ministry the country ever saw" at once handed Queen and country over to the Tories. Instead of advising her to consult those noble and liberal persons, or permitting "the saviour of Ireland," to try his skill in forming a Liberal Administration, that should have at least the confidence of the Irish, they, without hesitation, declared the Tories alone fit to be their political heirs and executors, without a thought of Ireland. Lord John and Lord Melbourne cannot, therefore—participate in the terrors of their followers at Orange ascendancy. Next to their beloved selves, they rely on Sir Robert Peel. If the peace of Ireland be the great desideratum, the fear of disturbances in that country, the obstacle to a change of Ministry, how comes it, we repeat, that Durham and Normanby were not preferred to Wellington and Peel, when change seemed imminent? The ministers at least do not believe in the Irish bugaboo with which their followers seek, at the present time, to scare the British nation out of its senses, or they never would have recommended Sir Robert Peel to the Queen. Ireland, it follows, can be no such insurmountable barrier to the last hope of the Reform party, which we believe to be placed in the annihilation of those Ministers who have played the Tory game more effectually than the Tories could have done themselves. While they remain in power, confidence and unanimity can never be restored among the Reformers. Bad principles, and worse influences, are still too powerful in the country to admit of a vigorous and straightforward Liberal Government; and the next best thing is a liberal, vigorous, and, probably, an united Opposition; weak at first—thanks to the Whigs—weak, when compared with that which forced the Reform Bill, but certain to increase, and in every view more desirable than that Government of shuffling and compromise, which is all that even the hopeful Mr Macaulay can promise us. If it be Tory policy, as we think it is, and as the course of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel points, to hold off yet a while, until Tory power be again consolidated, it would be strange, indeed, that Radical policy coincided with it; and we do not pretend to be admirers of strong and vigorous Administrations, unless we were sure to what good purpose their strength and vigour were to be directed. The Tories are already strong enough for us; and we can see no immediate prospect of a more Liberal Ministry than many Reformers were sanguine enough to imagine that of Lord Melbourne would become, when, to the country, it added the court. Of this pestilent because dishonest, shuffling, tricky, and temporizing Ministry, one of its most strenuous advocates* said, on its accession, —"Their destiny is in their intentions. The Ministry will stand or fall, as it is true or false to the People. It has had ample experience of friends and foes; and, if it seek aid where it last found destruction, it will suffer again the same fate; but with this difference, that, instead of the generous sympathy and succour of the People, *it will have their contempt and execration.*" —It has both.

The prediction has long been fully accomplished. But a very remarkable revolution was worked, if not in the opinions, then in the tactics of *The Examiner*, in the same month in which the above was written. So sudden and extraordinary, that Mr De Quincey, in an article upon Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, in this Magazine,† published at the close of the same year, was constrained to notice the critical and memorable period when the assiduous and virulent exposer of the Grey and Brougham Ministry was converted into the skilful advocate or apologist of the Whigs, headed by Lord Melbourne. The Radical editor of *The Examiner* angrily replied to the accusation of seeming more Whiggish, or rather of being more *Ministerial* than he had formerly been, when his pen was directed against the Whigs, by inquiring what a Melbourne, Ministry could be to him more than a Grey's, save as it advanced the popular cause,—Reform, the Ballot, and all the other Radical objects, for which alone any man of the Reform party could consistently support Lord Melbourne more than Earl Grey? As consistent Radicals, we would wish to find the editor of *The Examiner*, and all those who have come to see by his new lights, explaining their present opinions, so as to reconcile them with

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* *Examiner*, April 1835.

† Two things I used to admire in that Journal, (*The Examiner:*) its extraordinary talent, and its integrity. This latter quality I am now compelled to doubt; or, at least, I see that it is capable of descending to political tricks, and to what is commonly felt to be a mode of intriguing; when I find him affecting a confidence in Whigs, and an exultation in their restoration to power, which his whole public existence proves that he cannot really entertain. It is convenient to dissemble at this moment; and he does so.—*Tait's Magazine for December*, 1835, p. 771.

those they held in the first months of Melbourne ascendancy. To Mr De Quincey it was replied four years ago—during which four years the Whigs have surely had a pretty full trial—"*We will frankly avow that, if we had believed that the Melbourne Government would be a mere continuation of the trimming truckling policy of the Grey Administration, we should have seen, with indifference, the accession of the Tories to power, and should have preferred a struggle with the Tories themselves in office, to a contest, not so clearly understood by the public, with Anti-Reformers under Liberal colours.*" This *The Examiner* would have done four years ago; before Finality was heard of—before the Appropriation principle had been abandoned at the expense of consistency and of honour—before the Peers, by the truckling and pitiful flattery of the Government, had been again raised in the public esteem, and had gained, at least, the laughers to their side, as baffling the Whigs:—before those acts of deception had been practised, and these insulting declarations made, against every principle which Radicals hold dear—before gross jobbing, abuse of patronage, profuse waste of the public resources to gratify the Court—*The Examiner* would, in 1835, have seen the Whigs go down unmourned, and the Tories succeed them, save for this, that they were, after all, "so much in advance of Earl Grey's Ministry." And now the *tried* Reform Government—the *proved* Reform Government—what traitors to Radical principles, or what foolish and wicked Tory-Radicals they must be, who do not recognise the wisdom and public virtue of going all lengths to support it—"the best Government ever the country saw"—"the most liberal Government"—"the most honest, and able, and *candid* Ministry"—who cannot go so far as they desired only because the People will not *agitate*, nor the electors sufficiently support them! Such is the daily language of its adherents and its journals. It is the fault of the People, no doubt of it, that Lord John Russell made his memorable declarations; and that the Melbourne Cabinet has, one by one, abandoned, clipped, pared, every one of those liberal measures by which it was pledged to stand or fall!

Intrigue and perfidy within itself has been another remarkable distinction of this Administration. Lord Brougham, too liberal, far too much identified with the People, was betrayed by it;—him they could not sacrifice—he stood in his own inherent strength. Lord Durham was sacrificed by it—his own vanity forming the bait. Lord Glenelg was meanly betrayed and abandoned by his deceitful colleagues, who had shared and sanctioned every important act of his policy; and we have no doubt that the Marquis of Normanby is another marked victim, though his ambition or vanity may have been consenting. Why was he dragged from the land which they say he had saved? Why exhibited in the odious position of assuming an important office for which he was unfit, and tricking an abler minister out of his place? Not satisfied with this, the unfortunate nobleman must be thrust into the Home Office, exactly when its duties had become doubly difficult, and when the gloomiest and most perilous juncture had arisen which the country has experienced since the days of Castlereagh.

It is pouring water on a drowned rat, to waste more words about these Ministers or their claims to the support of the friends of improvement. Yet how is it possible for any man of Liberal principles and generous feelings to look back on the bright promise which their base temporizing policy has blighted without the expression of indignant contempt!

Had there been good faith, integrity, or honour in their hearts, how different might their position now have been, even in those minor respects which all statesmen value more or less—emolument and power? In the early summer of 1836, they could, on the defeat of one of their best and most popular measures, have resigned with dignity and honour, and have carried with them the confidence and good wishes of the People. The Tories must have come into place, and perhaps have remained in office until the death of the King in the following summer; for we assume that the King must, in the course of nature, have died whoever were his Ministers. Supposing the Whigs sincere in their professions, of even a limited liberality, the dissolution of Parliament, by the demise of the Crown, and a new election animated by the party, senseless cry of the QUEEN AND REFORM, would have shewn very different results from those which have left the miserable and despised Whigs in the most pitiful majority by which any drowning Ministry ever clung to office. They are not even wise in their generation. They want judgment, probity, and courage. One of these qualities would have saved them; but wanting all, of what worth are the Melbourne Whigs to any party or individual, save for what they have to give?—who but their mercenaries can now say one word in their behalf? For our own parts, we may frankly avow that, with *The Examiner* of four years back, before the Melbourne Ministry had convicted itself, "WE PREFER A STRUGGLE WITH THE TORIES IN OFFICE, TO A CONTEST, NOT SO CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD BY THE PUBLIC, WITH ANTI-REFORMERS UNDER LIBERAL COLOURS."

TO THE VIOLET.

Like thee, fair flow'ret of the spring,
That bloom'st unheeded in the shade,
Yet wilt sweet odour round thee fling,
E'en when thy brightest beauties fade,

Are those dear hopes the youthful breast
Doth oft in secret fondly cherish,
Ere, like of human things the rest,
Time's harsh hand crush them, and they perish.

M. M.

RUSTIC TALES.

BY SAMUEL POGSON, INNKEEPER.

HUNTING A FUMMARD.

Surrounded by an extensive and admiring rural audience, with his liquor on the hob at his elbow, his pipe in hand, and using the fire as a spittoon, the landlord was in all his glory. The conversation turned upon rats, mice, owls, and weasels; when Sam Pogson very energetically observed—

"Well, of all th' varmint as iver was a pest to onybody, we'd an old fummard in ar yard the very worst. He used to kill the chickens, and suck th' eggs, till my missis at last couldn't get a single one to mak' a puddin' on. It was no use her watchin', you know—she watch'd and watch'd her eyes out of her head, an' was just as for'ard as afore. And as to lookin' sharp about her, it wasn't of no manner of use whativer, for though she used to run as fast as a divil down to th' nests as soon as iver she heard a hen cackle, it was ten to one, and more nor that, if *he* had n't bin afore her and suck'd th' egg. I set lots of traps for him myself, and poison wi'out end, all about th' stables and henroost; but, instead of doing ony good, they only catched some o' th' fowls theirselves, and snapped their legs off, so that we had to kill 'em; and th' poison put a end to iver so many more. Mony and mony a time I got into a gret passion about it, and determined I'd have him by hook or by crook; but, somehow or other, he was always too sharp for me, and at last I gied it in for a bad job.

"Howiver, one mornin' after we'd had ar breakfast, my missis comes out o' th' pantry wi' a gret jorum of old milk in her hand, and, says she, 'I'll tell you what, Sam, we'd have a puddin' to-day—for this milk's going sour, if it wasn't for that divil of a fummard;—I don't think there's sich a thing as a egg to be got, though, good lack, we've hens enough to mak' five hundred puddins. Raelly, Sam,' says she, 'if you can't contrive summut or another for getting rid on him afore long, I'll set to an' try what I can do myself.' I laughed at that, you know, as well I might, and, says I, 'Why, Kitty, do you think *yo'* can do onythink?'—'Do or not do,' says she, 'I not go on this way no longer, that I'm sartin on. I have n't got a egg for nobody nor noat. We might just as well keep niver a single hen at all, as have ivery egg sucked as soon as it's laid. We've bore it a good while, now,' says she; 'and I'll put up wi' it no longer; for, if we've lived to be betten out by a fummard at last, it 's about time to gie it up, I think.'—'Well, well, missis,' says I, 'here's no occasion to put yourself into iver sich a gret stew about it, cos that's not get rid on him, I'm sure.'—'I'm in no stew,' says she, interrupting me; 'only I don't like to see all th' eggs go i' that manner, and have a gret lot of milk like this spoiled, for want of using, in at th' bargain.'—'Then,' says I, 'you should have managed better, an' used it afore.' That set her pot a-boiling directly; for, says she—'Raelly, Sam'—— And she scrubbed past me at th' time, as if I was a post too narrow for her to get by—'Raelly,' says she, 'I think sometimes you go and say things for noat in the world but aggravation's sake.' And then she banged th' basin o' milk down on to th' dresser wi' sich a whack, it cracked, and all th' stuff run onto th' floor. I walked off into th' bar to laugh by myself; for I seed if I stopped behind, it would soon get too hot to hold us boath; and, after that, I went into th' yard and fed th' pigs, wi' th' contention of passing it off that way; but she wouldn't speak another word to me agen of all that day after."

Mr Pogson ceased, as though his tale was finished.

"But what comed o' th' fummard after all?" asked one.

"Did you catch him i' the end?" asked another, in the same breath.

"Oh, sartinly, sartinly!" cried Sam, starting bolt upright, as if from a resurrection. "We catched him about a three weeks after, though sich a hunt as we had to do it, I'll be boun' yo' niver heard th' like to."

"It *was* a rum un, for sure," observed Mr F. Skinner the blacksmith.

"Stop a bit," said Sam; "I can tell it better than yo' can, ony day. Sukey, ax missis to put me a sup more gin in here."

This order executed, Samuel wetted his whistle, and resumed:—

"I think I said it was about a three week or so after that dust between mae and my missis, when we catched that dom'd fummard at last. The way it comed about was this. One day, about dinner time, I was down i' th' coal-hole breaking some big lumps as was too much for Sukey, when my missis comes to th' top o' th' steps, and calls me, as I thought, to go to my dinner. 'Stop a bit,' says I, 'till I've smashed this lump, and then I'll come.' But she didn't hear me, and stood shouting and bawling till I went up th' steps. When I got there, 'Sam,' says she, 'you mun come into th' kitchen directly; for here's a man comed in an' ordered sixpen'orth of gin and watter, an' I'm afraid wi'out your presence, we shall niver get pead for it.'—'Oh,' says I, 'that's it, is it? But he'll sing a different song when he sees *mae*, or else I shall tak' th' liberty of shewing him to th' right about wi' my foot under his coart laps.' When missis heard that, and sees me buttoning my jacket o'er, to be ready, says she, 'I wouldn't be rough wi' him, Sam, wi'out I couldn't help it; for he's an old man, poor old feller; and, besides,

he seems to me like a varment catcher, by the dogs he's got. We might set him a job, I think, to catch that nasty fummard, if you don't go and quarrel with him.' 'Well,' says I, 'if that's all, where's th' use of fetching me up out o' th' coal-hole, an' hindering my time o' that how, just to tell me you don't want me to do noat when I come?' 'Well, go along wi' you,' says she, 'and do as you like, or else, I reckon, you'll be kicking *me* next.' That word went down to th' bottom of my heart in a minnit, so I looked straight at her wi' a face of bestonishment, and says I, 'Kitty,' says I—for I meant to cut her up a bit—says I, 'Kitty, do you know *who* you're talking to?' and, at the same time, to mak' a bigger compression on her feelings, I set boarth my eyes on her like a pike. 'Then you should'nt go, Sam,' says she, wi' her head hung o' one side for modesty—'you should'nt go an' mak' me say sich crewel things.' 'There's no making i' th' case,' says I; 'for its my drift to unmak' 'em instead of mak' 'em; come,' says I, 'say noat no more o' that sort niver agen, especially to me; and then here's summut to mak' it all up': so, wi' that, I gied her one o' my kisses as I used to do when we was courting, besides squeezing her a bit in at th' bargain; and then I went for'ard into the kitchen.

I f'un' th' old man to be just sich as my missis had said—wi' a' gray beard about a week long, completely all over his face but his eyelids, an' three rough badgering little dogs chained together, along wi' him, sitting up afore th' fire. I gied him one o' my sharp looks, to begin wi'—just to mak' him cowardly—and then I popped my eye on to his gin and watter; but said noat. Howiver, I needn't have tried to frighten him so much, for th' old man was as meek as a lamb, an' he drunk his gin and watter i' sich a private way as if he know'd he'd no right to it whativer. In a bit, while I stood wi' my back to th' fire till the calves of my legs was as hot as divils, he lifts up his eyes, and drops 'em agen, and then says he—'Lan'lo'd,' says he, 'you haven't got a little bizziness i' my way, have you, for me this mo'ning?' N—o,' says I, 'mester, I don't know of onythink partikler, for we ar'n't so much pestered wi' rots here as you might think, to look at us.'— 'Cos', he observed, 'if you had iver sich a little job, I should feel thankful, as I hav'n't had noat to do these two deys. That little dog there,' said he, pointing to one on 'em about th' colour of a dirty shirt, and wi' hair on his nose as long as grass—'that little dog 'll kill me sixty or seventy rots in five minnits after he's once got 'em out o' th' hole; a better bit of dogsmeat,' said he, 'niver went on four legs than him;' and then he called him up and let him lick his face from top to bottom, which, I fancy, by th' looks on him, was his way of weshing it ivery morning. After some more conservation of that sort, he went on to tell me, as he hadn't always bin so poor as he was now; 'for,' says he, 'when I was a young man in my prime, I could stir about in a way as I can't at this dey; for my limbs has got old and stiff, and almost more trouble to me than they're worth. At one time,' said he, 'I was rot-catcher to th' Duke of Devonshire, for he was reg'larly infested and eaten up by 'em; and them was my best deys; for as sure as iver I went to that house, no sooner was my job done, than the sarvants—as was all as good as gentlemen—had me down into th' kitchen, and there stuffed me up wi' meat and puddin, till I could but just walk away agen; besides paying me a penny a head for all I catched, which, sometimes, sent me home wi' almost as much money i' my pocket as th' Duke his-self.'

"If yo' call this telling th' fummard hunt better than *me*," cried Mr Skinner the blacksmith, "I can only tell you, Pogson, as you've a blessed deal better opinion of yourself than ony body else has on you."

Sam turned round very ferociously; and, fixing his eyes, "like a pike," on the countenance of his guest, observed—"Dom it, what's amiss now? I'll tell a tale agen sich a chap as yo', or ony body like you, for ony money, as soon as look at you."

"Well, go on, Pogson," replied the blacksmith, "and we shall soon see what sort of a consarn you 'll mak' on 't."

"Consarn mak' on 't?" exclaimed the landlord; "why sich a consarn as yo' couldn't, that's sartin. I *will* go on, and more nor that, I'll go on i' my own wey an'all, so yo' might as well save your breath to talk to your wife wi', when you go home."

Samuel swallowed down the remainder of his ire in a deep draught of gin and water. Then, turning his back plump upon Mr Skinner, he resumed his tale after this manner:—

"When th' old man had toud me as much as he liked about his-self, I poked in a queshton edgeways; and, says I, 'As yo've said so much about this dog of your'n, just let me ax one thing—What sort of a hand is he at a fummard?'—'Why,' says he, 'if you know onythink of what a dog should be, you'll say he is th' best in all Ingland. He likes a fummard above all other varment agen. Have you ony on 'em hereabout?' said he.—'We have,' said I. 'We've a old fummard i' ar yard, that has bin th' plague o' my life, and my missis's an' all, these three year. We hav'n't tasted a puddin hardly these months together.'—'Well, lan'lo'd,' says he, 'that's better than me, for I hav'n't tasted a puddin sin I was a young man at th' Duke's.'—'Come then,' was my reply to that, 'if yo' can catch this fummard, we'll treat you to a puddin agen o'er it.'—'And yo'll say noat about this gin and watter?' said he.—'What,' said I, 'I 'spose you can't pay for't?'—'As God's i' heaven, we mun speak th' truth,' said he, 'and so I'll tell you plainly I have but twopence ha'penny i' th' world.'—'Well, well,' said I, 'tak' no heed, old chap—yo' kill th' fummard, and we'll settle th' rest straight enough, I've no doubt.' He rubbed his hands over that, an' clapped his dog on th' ribs; but, poor feller, he sounded as hollow as a empty barrel.

"'Sit there,' said I, 'till I come back;' and then I went into th' bar to my dinner. Missis wanted to know directly if I'd turned him out

o' th' house. 'No,' says I, 'he's by th' fireside now; and as that fummard's bin sich a sore to you so long, I've gone an' ingaged him to hunt him out this afternoon.'—'That's right, Sam,' says she; 'yo' *can* be as good as onybody when you try.' And then she carved me as nice a bit of meat as man's eye could wish to see on a plate. 'So can yo', Kitty,' says I, 'yo're a good wench when you ar'n't in a passion.'—'Well, niver mind, Sam,' says she to that; 'we've stuck together pritty well i' spite of all passions.'—'Sartinly we have,' was my reply; 'and we'll stick together a bit more, Kitty.' So I lean'd all o'er th' dinner things, and gied her another of my kisses, cos I know'd she liked 'em better than ony other sauce on th' table.

"In the afternoon, when th' old man had tucked in a piece of bread and cheese as missis gied him extra, besides a pint of ale wi' a sup of beer in it, as I let him hae, just to moisten t'other, he unbuckled th' straps off'n his dogs' necks, and then says he—'Now, lan'lo'd, we're all ready; where's th' hole?' I clapped on my old britches, and a fustin jacket as was my faither's, and wi' as good a heart as iver I had in my life, I took him through th' cowshed into th' henroost, and shew'd him th' hole. But afore I'd got hafe wey there, I turn'd back agen into th' bar, and says I, 'Missis, let's hae a sup o' gin, just afore we set about it, and then I shall have a bit of sperit to go on when I've once got my nose in.'—'I'll tell you what, Sam,' says she, 'yo' can hae it wheniver yo' like, but I wish you'd get into a wey of doin' things wi'out it.'—'Ay,' says I, 'if I was to do that, I should soon get into a wey of doin' noat at all.' And then I tem it down, and walked awey.

"It didn't tak' us long to prog him out, which was done by th' old man's little dog—Crab by name; and as I happen'd to be t'other side th' wall, I seed th' fummard run like a cake of lightning under a old hencoop of arn, up th' pig-trough, across th' mukheap, down the channel, top o' the pigsty eaving, and frum there into th' hedge as goes along down th' back of that dusthole of arn. At th' same minnit Crab comes out like a racehorse after him in a way that made mae very much bemire his game and sperit. But while I stood i' contemplation on him, dom his little carcase! just for sake of going straightest road, he comes bang betwixt my legs, and flings me right doun on my posterity, into a sartin dirt, as ar cow had brought there i' th' morning. Howiver, thinks I, if th' fummard is to be took, it 's no use to stick to trifles, so I jumps onto my legs agen, and goes after Crab wi' all th' eagerness of a child.

"It happened to be Monday, when almost every body's downright idle; and as th' fummard took up along th' road side through th' village, we'd soon about thirty or forty chaps, beside myself, after him; which sartinly was plenty to catch sich a little thing as a fummard, if quantity could do it. From there he took up th' hill towards Squire Elkalands, where we all followed him wi' Crab at th' head on us, till we lost 'em boarth in a little spinney as th' Squire had planted some time ago to harbour game. There I thought we should have lost him for iver; but, in about ten minutes, out they boarth comes agen, and runs down i' the direction of Mester Wild's, ar parson's, you know. That was across th' Squire's land, so there was only me and two more as durst follow 'em; but that sup of gin yo' see had clapped a rowel under my teal as pricked me on to catch th' fummard this time i' spite of onythink. Though if I'd seed afore-hand what would have comed on it, I should have hizzitated a bit afore goin' ony farder.

"Yo' see when we got down agen th' parsonage garden, I seed th' fummard run between th' pales, and Crab jump bang over after him. That struck me all on a heap at first; cos I was dumbfoundered what to do about it. But in a bit I gethers my sperits up, just wipes my mouth, to mak' it fit to be seen by th' parson, and then goes up wi' a good face, and raps at th' door. Now, I raither fancy Mr Wild seed it was me frum his window, and knowing my way of going straight into folkses houses sometimes, comed out his-self, cos he had company i' th' parlor, to hinder me. When he oppened the door, I fetches him a beggarly look i' the face, and says I, 'Good afternoon, Mester Wild. I hope yo' and Missis Wild, and th' children, is all very well;' but he stopped me there, and says he; 'Ah! Mr Pogson, is it you?' says he; 'I can't mak' out no warrands just now: call to-morrow morning, as I'm particularly bizzy at this moment;' though as I'd shined th' bottles through th' window, I knowed he was bizzy i' noat but drinking his wine. Howiver, thinks I, to my own mind, that's no consarn of your'n Sam, so ax him your queshton and have done wi' it. So, says I, 'Mr Wild, I not retain yo' hafe a minnit, just while I ax if you'll let me pop into your garden to catch a fummard. Oh, here he's,' said I; for at that very time th' fummard comes along th' house wall, Crab close after him; and afore Mr Wild could shut th' door, they boarth on 'em run slap in—round th' passage; and then, as Mr Wild had left the parlour door oppen, while he comed out to speak to me, bang they went in there among all th' company. I turn'd as blew as yesterday's milk wi' bestonishment; but as noat else could be done now, I runs straight in after 'em, and exerts myself all as lay in my power to put a end to th' fummard. Though afore that was done, th' wimmin had screamed theirselves into fits, and th' men had knocked the table clean down and spilt ivery think on it wi' trying to kill both dog and fummard. 'Nay, nay, gentlemen,' says I, 'keep your prokers off'n that dog, or else yo'll kill th' best man among us.' That made some on 'em laugh; but they soon changed their notes when all on a sudden there comes up a smell sich as sartinly niver the like to went up my nose afore nor since; as I suppose you know—some on you at least—how a fummard isn't provided by natur' wi' ony other weapon to defend itself wi' but a great thick stink as it

remits at them as meddles wi' it, just at th' last gasp, when it can't do nost else whativer to keep 'em off. In this consarn I know, by my own eyes, it soon cleared th' room of iverybody, and me in at th' bargain, but Crab. Though I stood wi' my ear to th' key-hole, and soon found out by th' noise being over, when he'd killed him. I then goes in and finds th' fummard dead in a corner, and Crab lying down agen him, panting and blowing enough to oppen his ribs, like a unhooped barrel. I tak's th' fummard by the teal i' one hand, and my nose fast i' th' other, and slings him clean out o' th' window; and then I was getting out myself same wey o' purpose to 'void Mester Wild, when he stood on th' grass i' th' front, and there catched me just as I'd got straddle legs across th' window sill. That made mae so cowardly, I hadn't resolution to go neither one wey nor t'other; so he comes up to me in sich a rage as I thought no parson niver could be in, and, wi' his fists doubled, says he, 'Mr Pogson!' says he, 'what in the name of * * * have yo' bin about? Go out of my sight this minnit, and niver let me see your face nigh this place on no account agen. Bless my soul!' says he, 'yo' act more like a madman than a rationable being; and, after all, not contented wi' making my house worse than a common necessary, yo've finished off by flinging your varmint raight into my friend Mester Doubleday's face!'

"I could hardly help laughing to hear that; but I knowed it would not do; so I screwed my mouth into another shape, and says I—'Well, raelly, Mr Wild, I do assure you I'd no contention of flinging th' fummard into nobody's face whativer; and I'm very sorry, very, indeed, to hear it; but I hope yo'll mak' my bequests to Mester Doubleday, and gie him my compliments, and say'——and then I got into th' mud for want of words; but, in a bit, says I, 'and tell him he's very welcome to onythink I can do for him.' That was what I said, cos, yo' see, I thought it was best to soothe it up that away, and try to satisfy Mester Doubleday that I had good notions towards him i' spite o' th' fummard, or onythink else. But Mester Wild was in a very great passion indeed, and his reply was—'Don't Doubleday me, Mr Pogson. Dom and sink it'—for he couldn't help swearing, at last, though he was one o' th' gospel—'Sink it,' says he, 'what did yo' come here at all for? Hasn't yo' nowhere to catch your varmint but in sich a place as this? But go along, go along,' says he, 'directly, or else I shall be tempted to do what I don't like.' To which says I—'Why, as to that, Mr Wild, I don't know onythink about it; ony more than what yo' may be well insured on, that I sha'n't tak' no thumps from nobody wi' compunity,' says I. 'I have a sartin inspect for yo' i' mony ways, but I don't carry it so far as to submit to have myself leathered wi'out turning agen. Only, afore yo' recede to ony violence, if yo've th' least bit of reason in you—and your head's big enough to houd summut, by th' looks on 't—if yo've,' said I, 'just hear this answer afore yo' do it, and then, p'rhaps, yo'll find a bit of a text somewhere as 'll reduce you to look on it wi' a more Chrishtian eye than yo've got in your head at present,' says I. 'It can't be no secret to yo' among th' rest—for iverybody knowed on't long ago—that mae and my missis has bin bothered wi' this same fummard in ar yard these three year, or more; and I've done to th' best of my stability to get rid on him, but to no purpos; so, this mornin' there comes an old man'—— 'Ay, ay,' says he, wi' his interruptions, 'this is no consequence to me, Mester Pogson; *I* don't want a long rigmarole about it.' 'Well, dom it!' says I, interrupting him agen, 'if yo' not hear all on't, do just let me clear myself about th' stink,' says I; 'yo' can't stick at that ony how.' And then I went on agen, just where I'd left off, till I broat th' fummard down th' hill to his garden, and then says I—'Now, yo' mun be well aware, Mester Wild, as yo' often say yourself from th' pulpit, that we none on us can tell what th' next minnit may bring foarth, or else it's sartin if I could have foreseed this great smell as was going to happen, it's sartin, sure*ly*,' says I, 'that I'd sooner have gone and knocked my own head off'n my shoulders, than iver that smell should have come to pass. But as it *is* so now, Mester Wild, there 's no helping on't,' says I. 'Yo' can't blame *me*—I hav'n't made th' stink—that, I hope, you're sartin on; or else I should be very well satisfied—if it was mine—to tak' th' results on it onto my own head.'

"That seemed to soften him a bit down to reason; for says he, 'Well, well, Mester Pogson, I've heared all yo've to say about it.—It 's a bad job to say th' best on't.—I don't know what to say to my company hardly; but yo'd better go away, and niver let sich a thing as this happen no more.' So wi' that I drawed my other leg through th' window, and jumped down wi' a greet bow to Mester Wild, and went back wi' Crab under my arm.

"When I got down to ar house, I found th' old rot-catcher in a big quandary for fear his dog should be lost; but I flung him down into th' middle o' th' floor afore his eyes: and that settled his stummick at once. But when I come to sit down aside on him, he gied me a good blowing-up for letting th' fummard get out o' th' henroost at all; cos yo' see, by rights, we ought to have stopped all the holes up afore th' dog was let loose. Howiver I toud him it was more his bizziness than mine, and so we settled it.

"When I toud my missis all about it, says she, 'Well, Sam—I'm very glad it didn't happen in *ar* house, or else I don't know what we should have done if it had spoiled all th' ale.' 'Truly,' says I, 'and as to th' parson, he mun put up wi' it as well as he can, for as he tak's sich a big tithe on iverythink else, I don't see why he shouldn't tak' a tithe, for once in his life, on fummards as well. And if all was trew as comed to ar ears afterward, sartinly he did; for it was said, all o'er Stragglethorpe, that they couldn't becustom theirselves to inhabit that parlor of five or six weeks after.'"

THE ALIAS; OR, MR ST JAMES.

"I ALWAYS *walk* my horse into a town or up to a hotel door," said Jack, as we descended the last hill to the famous watering town of B——, and passed leisurely the spring.

He sat on the *left* side, driving; a peculiarity of his own, adopted, like most of his other whims, from a horror of being like other people; his eccentric palm leaf sombrero, inclined, at the nearest possible angle, to his left eye, and his rein-hand held up, as if for a graceful gesture, at about the second button.

It was just evening, and the great piazza was crowded with promenaders. I was a stranger to the gay crowd myself: but as our curricle stopped, couple after couple recognised Jack, and we were surrounded, before we could set foot upon the ground, by beaux and belles, all, in that atmosphere of free manners, ready to throw off the metropolitan reserve, and give an uproarious welcome to one of the most agreeable men on the pavé. With some difficulty we reached our rooms, and were about preparing for a toilet, when the bell rang for tea. I felt the summons sensitively; for Jack had refused to dine on the road, because the "Half Moon" smelt of herrings; and I looked forward to the bathing, and brushing, and cravating that was before me, with a melancholy foreboding of appetite. My resolution was soon made.

"Jack!" shouted I, talking at the top of my voice, through the lattice over the door, "I think I'll go to tea before dressing."

"You'll be sent to Coventry if you do," answered the dandy, in a tone of deliberate conviction.

It sounded like a knell; but appetite is imperative. I knew I was sun-burnt and flushed: I knew my travelling coat was excessively unbecoming: I knew I was grimed beyond the redemption of anything but a two hours' lavation in rose water and cream, by the dust of the worst of roads: I knew I looked more like a blacksmith's 'prentice (I was never handsome; but I can *dress*) than a gentleman scholar; but, in the hope of getting a seat unobserved at the bottom of the table, and coming back to pursue my toilet leisurely and philosophically, (an impossible thing, let me say, with an appetite,) I ventured.

I had come to B——, by the way, with an object. One of the most admired women there, was a sister of an old college friend, who, with a brother's fondness on one side, and a friend's on the other, had praised me to his sister, and his sister to me, till between descriptions, and postcripts, and the thousand indefinite modes of mystifying one another, we were mutually curious to meet. With this explanation I go on.

The two immense tables stretched down in long and busy perspective through the hall, crowded with the five hundred fashionables and would-be-so's; and the knives, and spoons, and the women's voices (*men* never talk till the meal is over) were mingled in bewildering confusion. With some difficulty I found a seat, just vacated by an invalid; and, hoping that I had stepped in unobserved, I sent for a cold bird, and plyed my knife and fork in busy silence.

Birds, berries, and bread and butter, gave me courage. I had finished my meal, but I sat looking up the long line of faces on the opposite side, speculating on one physiogomy and another, and selecting future acquaintances from the pretty and the piquant. All at once my eye caught upon a side face I had seen before; and a sudden turn, and a mutual recognition, left me no hope of escape. There sat my old friend; and I knew instantly, by the resemblance, that the tall magnificent creature at his side was his sister! I felt the blood rush into my face like a broken sluice. You never saw *me* blush—(thank Heaven, I never do, except upon surprise.) 'Tis horrible! My eyes, nose, forehead were purple. I knew it! —I could see every vein in my mind's spectrum! I saw Harry speak to his sister. Her eyes were on me in an instant; and, as I turned half away, and almost burst a bloodvessel in trying to look unconscious, I could see by my eye that her glass was raised, and I felt it to go down to my dress, and up to my red forehead, and my flattened hair, and about my slovenly cravat. What did I not suffer? I had no power to move, and I had forgotten, in my confusion, the commonest *ruse* by which I might have avoided her. I was seen and scrutinized; and, as I edged out of the hall in agony, I debated whether I had better insult my old friend, and so avoid an introduction, or drown myself in the bath: either seemed paradise to my present feelings.

Harry was in my room before I could get the door closed.

"What could tempt you to come to the table, looking so like the devil?"

"Why, in the name of all the saints, did you point me out to your sister?"

In a long four years of intimacy, we had never come so near quarrelling. He told me frankly that his sister was disagreeably surprised at my appearance; and I sat down on the bed and cursed my stars till I was tired.

Well, I bathed and dressed; and, at nine o'clock, Harry was in my room again.

"Gertrude will never recognise you," said he, measuring me from head to foot. "You are exquisitely dressed, and look as little like the blushing youth at the table as I like Hyperion."

A thought struck me. I was always impudent by candlelight, and I determined on my course instantly. I remembered that, though very tall, I was rather short-*bodied*, and looked like a small man at table; and, trusting to the metamorphose of a studied toilet, I proposed to

Harry to introduce me by another name. It was agreed upon as soon as mentioned.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the band playing a march. The ball had not commenced. Fifty or sixty couples, however, were promenading round the room, and among them Harry, with his sister upon his arm. I settled my cravat, and, with an assurance that would have astonished myself by daylight, lounged coolly and alone up the middle of the splendid hall, my head slightly inclined in a collected modesty, and my glass passing leisurely over the feet only of the gaily dressed promenaders. I felt that every eye in the room was upon me; but I was sure of my self-possession. As Harry came round, I caught, once more, with a side glance, the glitter of a glass levelled full upon my figure; and my hopes sprang like mercury at the sound of the low, silver-toned—"Who is he?"

"A college acquaintance of mine, Mr St James," said Harry.

"Does he talk as well as he dresses?"

I did not hear the answer; but, a moment after, the manager clapped his hands for cotillons; and Harry came to present me.

I cannot, of course, speak otherwise than in general terms of my progress in my partner's favour. I had the advantage of having read her letters for four years; and I knew every trait and taste she possessed, both natural and acquired; and my knowledge of her character must have seemed like intuition. I could quote all her favourite authors; and I remembered her own quotations, and did not fail, of course, to introduce them; and the similarity of taste seemed wonderful. We went out upon the piazza after the first dance, and paced its dim-lighted length till the ball was over—four glorious hours! And we parted at two—very good friends, certainly!

I had my name entered upon the books as Mr St James. I gave Jack the cue (he was very near betraying me twenty times a-day,) and no one else knew me. The veritable Mr R—— (Harry made his regrets to his sister) was supposed to be sick in his room, overheated with travel. Gertrude said in my ear, she was not sorry—for she "had seen him, and, spite of Harry's eulogies, he was the ugliest man she ever saw." I pulled up my gills and hemmed instinctively at the assertion.

. . . . . .

Some six weeks after this, I was standing behind a sofa, on which sat the lady of whom I have spoken. It was a fine October day, clear, and of a delicious coolness; and she had stopped at the end of a canto, to look out through the low long windows upon the beautiful lawn; indulging, apparently, some unbidden thought. I stood silently looking down upon her polished forehead, and musing with a trembling pleasure on her excessive beauty, and her noble mind, unwilling to break the charm either of her thoughts or my own. Harry entered with a letter, and, without looking at the superscription, she thanked him, and was quietly slipping it under her belt to be read at leisure, when he laid his finger upon her hand, and begged her with an equivocal smile to attend to it immediately. I had stepped back to the extreme corner of the room as she broke the seal, and, while she read it, stood pulling to pieces a splendid exotic which had just been brought out from the green-house—the most valued flower she had.

"How could he presume"——

"But, my dear Gertrude"——

It was only by fragments that I caught the earnest conversation between them. For ten or fifteen minutes I stood in agony. At last, they seemed to agree, and Harry called to me.

"St James! you shall decide! Gertrude refers it to you. Here is my old friend Mr R——, a man whom I have known like a brother for years, and whose character and good qualities I thoroughly know. He wrote to Gertrude when we were at College together, and she to him, like brother and sister; and though they have never been FAIRLY introduced, they are as well acquainted with each others characters as she and yourself.

On the strength of my interest and this acquaintance, he romantically enough offers himself to her here in this letter. He is rich, of a leading family, and my best friend; and yet she calls his generous offer impertinence, and will not even answer the letter unless you decide against her.

An indignant tear stood in her dark eye that appealed to me, as he stopped.

"Is it left to me, quite;" I asked, "and will you abide by my decision?"

Harry left the room abruptly. As the door closed, I walked round the sofa, and, with a trembling voice and a doubting heart, pled my own cause against the presuming stranger, offering my poverty and my love, instead of the wealth and consequence of my rival. I *presume* I was eloquent—I *know* I was earnest.

Harry's voice in the entry raised me from my knee, and, in a moment, he came laughing in, and called for the decision.

"You promise," said I, rising, and looking at the beautiful girl, as she quelled her emotion; "you promise, solemnly, to marry your brother's friend, Mr R——, if I say it is my wish."

She looked playfully into my face, and answered—"I do!" She little expected my reply—

"Then marry him," said I, solemnly; "and may God bless you!"

For an instant she fixed her eyes upon me, as if she doubted whether she had heard rightly. The colour fled from her cheek, and her hands dropped at her side; and, for a moment, I repented bitterly the idle trick I had practised. It was explained as soon as she recovered sufficiently, and my repentance vanished with my pardon; for I had won her when she believed me poor, with a dazzling rival and a pleading brother against me; and the "ugliest man she ever saw" is Mr R—— (*alias* Mr St James) and her husband.

A. A. W.

THE PICTURE-DEALER.—A SKETCH.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

The Picture-Dealer—I speak, of course, *professionally*, and of the *aggregate*—is a sharp, shrewd, long-headed, wide-awake, kind of personage, whose business it is to supply lovers of the fine arts—persons of taste and fortune—with the "choice productions" of *deceased* painters chiefly; and who has the very unenviable reputation of not being always honest in his dealings. Not unfrequently, he is a man of gentlemanly deportment and good address; conversable, and full of anecdote; attired in fashionable style; a ring upon his finger, and that bit of foppery, an eye-glass, ostentatiously dangling from two yards of gold chain; with a cast of countenance perhaps rather *Jewish*, but whether inherited from his parents, or derived from the nature of his occupation, and the character formed by it, is oftentimes a matter of doubt. Honour and respectability are words frequently on the lip of the Picture-Dealer. He hesitates not to pledge his "honour" at all times—to remove suspicion, or strengthen belief in his judgment and integrity. He fails not to assert his "respectability," whenever he has an opportunity so to do. He boasts of his aristocratic connexion, and speaks proudly of the large sums he has obtained for some of the very finest pictures that grace the galleries of the great. Lord Longpurse and the Marquis of Broadlands have been two of his best customers:—he has sold them many "brilliant gems," by the best masters, which may be seen at their residences—pictures which came into his hands by the merest accident, in the most fortunate manner, sometimes at great cost; and he falls into raptures, as he tells of the "wonderfully fine" Claude, and the "wonderfully fine" Leonardo—magnificent pictures—that he disposed of to the Marquis for 2,500 guineas each. He talks of thousands as familiarly as a stock-broker, as though he disdained to make the acquaintance of a five pound note, till you begin to think him rich, though you cannot very well reconcile that conjecture with certain equivocal appearances. In confidence, however, he will perhaps inform you of several heavy losses he has sustained, in consequence of assisting friends in distress, or trusting men of straw with valuable pictures, for which they had no means of paying. Two thousand pounds he lost at once, by one individual, thought to be a very respectable man, partner in a large banking concern; turned out a most arrant rogue; cheated everybody; sailed for America; ship went down in a storm; all on board perished; household effects made the best of; creditors sixpence in the pound. Perhaps, with a troubled countenance, he will hint at the extravagance of a son (he never had;) declare he has often been on the verge of ruin through that son's misconduct; but, notwithstanding all he has suffered, and all he has lost, through the kindness of Providence, (and here he will draw out his handkerchief and blow his nose with much pathos,) he has been enabled to pay every man his own, to hold up his head before the world, and earn his subsistence in an *honest and honourable* way. If you are a benevolent man, you feel sorry for the worthy dealer—you think fortune has *dealt hardly with him*—and are half inclined, if you can afford it, to purchase something—a "genuine Teniers," may be—in spite of some new paint on the sky, and your firm conviction that the "gem" has been pretty well "doctored" from bottom to top; but you are assured *that* is not the fact—the picture is, he believes, "quite pure"—just as it came from the easel of the painter, (no doubt!) and, though he asks you only the very low sum of fifty guineas for it, he assures you, on *his honour*, it is scarcely inferior to the splendid Teniers he sold Lord Greenhead for £350.

The picture-dealer is a man of the world; he has studied human nature closely and intimately; he can detect its weak points with great quickness, and often turn this knowledge to his own personal account. He is a nice observer of manner, of physiognomy, and is seldom deceived in the inferences he draws from them. He is not long in discovering which is the favourite picture with a visiter, even though that visiter regard it with affected indifference: the anxiety to possess it is detected through the disguise, however cleverly it be worn; and the price, when carelessly asked, is, in consequence, whipped up; the merits of the "gem" pointed out and eulogized in the most extravagant terms; the rank and excellence of the master expatiated upon; the small number (perhaps) of his productions; the difficulty in obtaining them "pure;" the *spotless purity* of the one most fortunately in *his* possession; and then *the small sum demanded for it!*

To give our Picture-Dealer a name, we will christen him Mr John Philip Smok'embrown. We will suppose him to rent a decent house in London, somewhere towards the West End; the spare rooms of which house are let off, at remunerating sums, to young gentlemen studying medicine or the law, or studying how to obtain a living, in some way or other, in the great metropolis, where there are so many wants to be supplied, and so many hands to supply them. The best part of the house, of course, Mr Smok-'embrown reserves to himself; and, in a respectably furnished apartment, on the second floor, decorated with a few paintings of an inferior order, and an engraving or two from pictures which he says have passed through his hands in the way of business, we will suppose him to be sitting at breakfast alone, and speculating as to the possibility of making "both ends meet." A

cup of hot coffee is steaming on the table before him; a plate of buttered toast, browned to a shade, temptingly invites him to eat; while the *Times* newspaper, over which his keen eye has just glanced, lies expanded with its crowded columns on the snowy cloth beside him: the cat purrs on the rug; and the kettle merrily sings away, with a determination to make the very utmost of its monotonous voice. "Umph!—another picture sale at Christie's," soliloquises Mr S.; "Titians, Berghems, Cuyps, Paul Potters, Vandykes, Guidos, Poussins, Ostades, Vernets, and all the glorious fraternity—no shams, but the real things; at least so sets forth the advertisement. Who knows but one might pick up something good?—a Coreggio or two for a ten-pound note—sell 'em again for a thousand, and no bad profit! But it can't be. The money—the money; ay, there's the rub! My last accompt unsettled; my purse getting deucedly light; my ways and means at this present not very obvious. Lord Leapditch promised to call and see my Murillo; but he is now down at Greenfield, racing after those d——d foxes, and heaven only knows when he will return to town. It is of no use waiting for him. I wish a second Sampson would tie all the foxes by their tails, and drive them into the sea! For my part, I cannot understand what sport there is in hunting a worthless beast like a fox; in running all sorts of risks, endangering limb and life, to what end?—to catch a villanous thing that can't be cooked when it is caught! Gods above! what fools men are! how irrational! how lost to common sense!—and idiots, like Lord Leapditch, are as the sands on the seashore! I will not wait for my Lord, that is certain; and as for any chance customers, why, I might wait in vain. The wind must be raised. My purse, like some old picture, must be *lined* afresh; but how? Suppose I take a trip into the country, and call at A——, and B——, and C——. Le Fudge, I hear, has made a pretty good thing of his last expedition; brought home plenty of cash, and a glorious Both, that he took in exchange for an old head, *warranted* Rembrandt, *painted by* ——. Ha! ha! ha! But what does that matter? Le Fudge is a good fellow; a gentlemanly fellow; a clever fellow at a bargain. He is a —— *most respectable dealer*! There are some few buyers in A——, men with well-filled purses, and heads not over loaded with brains. The trade of B—— is tolerably good just now, and, consequently, the *picture fever* rages contagiously. Mr Stitchem, the tailor of that place, though till lately his ideas have never soared above the elegances of 'West of England,' and 'Super-Saxony,' having realized a little superfluous cash, by dint of indefatigable industry, and much pinching and screwing, is now lusting, (to use a coarse but expressive term,) for a collection of pictures, equal to Mr Yardstick's, the linen draper's. He sets up for a man of taste—discourses learnedly of the 'old masters' (he has a sublime contempt for all 'moderns;' thinks they are ignorant of the 'great principles' of their art; unacquainted with the proper method of 'mixing their colours' &c., &c.;) talks familiarly of the profundities of 'chiaro scuro,' 'contour,' 'carnations,' 'tints and demi-tints,' 'perspective,' 'drawing,' and the 'line of beauty;' has got by heart the entire story of Apelles, and his notable hieroglyphic; quotes Pilkington, as a clergyman does Scripture; becomes eloquent when he dilates on the 'expression' of Raffael, the 'energy' of Michael Angelo, the 'grace and delicacy' of Guido, the 'harmony' of Coreggio, the 'chiaro scuro' of Rembrandt; not unfrequently, glorifies an ancient for the very excellences he did *not* possess; thinks he has a keen eye for 'copies,' and 'doctoring,' (can see a patch of new paint the size of half-a-crown:) in short, is profoundly ignorant of the merits of pictures, notwithstanding his conceit, and his 'acuteness,' and his having 'seen the National Gallery three times.' *Very fair game*, say I. Will drop him a note, and see if I cannot let him have *something good*. He spends his hard-earned money freely; in this way, doesn't mind a fifty pounds, or so, for a 'fine original,' '*if it be* an original;' 'knowing chap' though; 'wide awake;' 'has seen a few pictures in his time,' (of the '*fashions*,' undoubtedly;) 'isn't to be imposed upon by rascally dealers'—buys with his eyes open, and is *very fair game*, say I.

"As to calling at C——," continues Mr S., "perhaps it would be well to avoid that place altogether, for certain sufficient reasons known to myself. I am fearful that unlucky Salvator Rosa business is not yet forgotten there, and might materially operate against me on another visit to the town; so, like the Levite in the New Testament, I will pass by on the other side. Honesty is the best policy, after all. I will try D——, instead; a thriving place; plenty of money there; *men of taste* there; may drop a few old masters in that market, and form a profitable connexion. So let it be then: and now to prepare for my tour. About a dozen pictures will be enough to start with—not more; too much choice is a bad thing, and does harm, conveying the impression of *plenty;* one or two *decent* among 'em, to give a respectability to the whole. What have I? Oh, there are the Landscape and Cattle by Berghem, and the ditto by Both; both of a size; make a very nice pair. (The Murillo is too large—besides, will be better at home; may catch Lord Leapditch with that.) There 's the forest-scene by somebody, *very like* Hobbima; it would require no very great stretch of conscience to call it Hobbima; 'tis very old, and very dark, and has a mark in the corner that might easily *be converted into H——;* it *shall* be Hobbima. Three.—Patchemup has a few under hand, *improving*, that will do admirably well; must look after him; he is an idle rascal;—and the Rembrandt*ish* Head—I gave half-a-guinea for t'other day at the broker's—and Landscape *from* Wilson, when touched up, &c.—will, I expect, turn out better than common. Ah! that Head I hope to make money by; as Shakspeare says,

there 's 'speculation' in it. The Landscape, too, is a most excellent copy; badly damaged though; but, with proper treatment, may be restored, and made *very like a Wilson*. We'll see what can be done with them, but Patchemup is hardly the man for this job. He drinks, and his hand is unsteady. I must find out some one else. Well I perceive I shall do; these, nicely framed and boxed, will *appear* a respectable cargo, and a vast deal better than *they are*. So now for my artist."

Mr Smok'embrown recollects a card that was recently put into his hand by a shabby-genteel young man, soliciting employment as a picture restorer, and rejoicing in the euphonious name of Peter Augustus Buggins. "'Mr Peter Augustus Buggins,"' reads Mr S., "'Artist, No. 42, —— Street, Drury Lane, London.' — Not a very fashionable locality for a gentleman with so grandiloquent a cognomen, certainly; never heard anything of him—'unknown to fame;' still, he may answer my purpose much better than a person of greater celebrity. I will endeavour to find out his whereabouts." And away marches Mr Smok'embrown in the direction of Drury Lane, intently occupied in calculating the probable proceeds of his projected trip.

Leaving the worthy dealer to pursue his way and his meditations undisturbed for a few moments, I will proceed to give a brief account of the life and fortunes of Mr Peter Augustus Buggins. This personage was emphatically a *poor artist*. I do not mean poor as to professional ability, but as regards "circumstances," and the possession of the good things of life. He was born in a provincial town, somewhere in the north of England; and, early in life, began to cultivate a taste for painting; but, owing to discouragement from friends, and other untoward occurrences, it was not till after he had attained his majority, that he made any particular progress in the art, or looked forward to it as the occupation by which he was ultimately to earn his subsistence. Possessed of something of a poetic temperament, and a mind keenly alive to the beauties of nature, landscape was that branch of the art of which he was most fond; though to portrait painting he, in a little while, turned his attention, as the employment likely to become most lucrative. With assiduity, he toiled at his profession for several months, and painted, more for practice than for pay, the faces of many of his friends—those of them who could be induced to give him a sitting; made a few good hits; and spoiled some good canvass; till, at length, an event took place, which determined what he was to be, and marked out the course of his future life. This event was his marriage. He became acquainted with a young and beautiful girl, of humble parentage, and without fortune; but the very realization of all his dreams of female grace and loveliness—to his apprehension far more fascinating and divine than the boasted Medicean Venus—

"The statue that enchants the world!"

The matchless productions of Greek and Roman art, were to him as nothing, when compared with this fair damsel, this bewitching queen of beauty. She was the great luminary before whose effulgence their lights paled; in whose full blaze of glory their poor radiance was swallowed up. Suffice it to say, he besought her to sit for her likeness; fell deeply in love with her ere the task was completed; married her (the old story) without any prospect of permanent support; and soon became one of the most wretched of miserable men. A sigh for the sorrows of poor Buggins!

After his wedding, he stayed not long in his native town. Persuaded that London was the place where a man of genius might distinguish himself, and rise to affluence, he disposed of his few household effects for a trifling sum, and raised what little money he could, to enable him to effect his object. With but a few pounds in his pocket, a letter of introduction to a person not able to assist him, and no knowledge of the wilderness to which he was going, on a cold frosty night in December, he and the young wife of his bosom started outside the heavy stage for the vast metropolis. London, it is said, is the grave of *great* reputations; and of *small* ones what is it? The ambitious and hopeful painter was no sooner arrived in the mighty Babel than he found himself completely lost; no friend to advise with; no connexion to depend on for employment and support; his bit of money daily becoming less and less; his towering hopes and vast expectations humbled to the dust; he abandoned himself to despair, and, in a little while, was plunged in the lowest depths of poverty and distress. How he contrived to exist from day to day, and keep a poor roof over the head of his loving partner in penury, was a puzzle even to himself. He had been living in London about eighteen months, when our friend Mr Smok'embrown first made his acquaintance; domiciliated, for the greater part of the time, in a squalid abode in the locality of Drury Lane. He had one child, a girl, that could scarcely stand without assistance; and his wife was soon to present him with a second. Of household furniture he had little or none—*that* had vanished to supply the pressing wants of life; so that the internal appearance of his miserable home was the most wretched and comfortless possible. When our friend, the dealer, arrived at his abode, the scene that met the eye of Mr S. was of the most heartrending description. An execution had been put on the house for rent. A surly coarse-looking man was seated in the chimney corner, keeping watch over the little property Buggins possessed. The artist was vainly endeavouring to administer consolation to his heart-broken and weeping wife, while big tears of agony rolled down his own care-worn cheeks, in spite of all his attempts to check their flowing. The little one, though perfectly ignorant of the cause of its parents' grief, was, nevertheless, in profoundest trouble, making the most doleful lamentations on its mother's lap, and adding its small wo to the sorrow of the scene. A few words

from Buggins served to make our friend acquainted with the particulars of his sad case. Smok'embrown was a man of little kindly sympathetic feeling: he delighted not to soothe the afflictions of the wretched, or comfort the wounded in heart; he felt not for the disconsolate wife or broken-spirited artist; but, requesting Buggins to accompany him home, hurried from the scene of sorrow as fast as his legs could carry him. In the course of their walk he made known the object of his visit. The poor artist leapt for joy at the prospect of enployment, however small might be the remuneration for his labour, and readily undertook the contemptible task assigned him. He was certain he could restore the pictures to Mr S.'s satisfaction, would that gentleman give him a trial; and would pledge himself that, when finished, they should not be told from *genuine* paintings by Rembrandt and Wilson. He was well acquainted with the styles of those masters, and could imitate them with the greatest exactness; had methods of "*toning*" and varnishing, so as to produce the appearance of *age*, which he flattered himself were not to be surpassed: in short, he so satisfied the dealer of his skill and competency, that he was at length engaged to perform the work. Smok'embrown, however, was too crafty not to fix his own price. He knew very well that Buggins was in no condition to make terms; that the poor wretch would not refuse the most paltry wage offered him for his labour; and, ungenerous, iron-hearted monster, as he was, took advantage of the artist's miserable situation, proposing a *few shillings* per week till the task should be completed. It was in vain for Buggins to remonstrate. His heart sunk within him at the prospect of so many hours of toil to be so ill rewarded; but what could he do? He could not suffer his wife and child to starve before his eyes; he was too happy to think he could procure them bread, if it were only half a loaf; indeed, he felt almost grateful to the man for affording him a few of the coarse necessaries of life, though, at the same time, he knew that man was taking ungenerous advantage of his desperate situation: in short, he was compelled to agree to the terms offered him. The work was to be done in the dealer's own house, and, Buggins was pledged to reveal to no one the nature of his engagement. On the following morning he was to commence his task; and, on wishing his kind-hearted patron good-day, was recommended by him to let the law *take its course*, as respected the rent of his house; and as soon as possible, to look out for a small room somewhere in the neighbourhood of his, Smok'embrown's, habitation, that no time might be lost in coming and going. He was quite certain that a good enough sort of place might be easily obtained for a *shilling per week!* Alas! alas! for the sorrows of poor Buggins.

"You are just the thing, young man," said our worthy friend to himself, as soon as the poor artist had departed; "just the kind of person I wanted. I have you nicely under my thumb; for, as long as it pleaseth me to keep you there—and it will be odd if I do not make some money by you before I let you go. I will keep you to your work, I warrant me; and it shall not be my fault if you idle over your task. Providence seems to have thrown you in my way for the especial benefit of myself; and blest be the goodness of God!"

Imagine a few weeks to elapse, and the Picture-Dealer, with his "gems," to have arrived in the large and important town of B——. Apartments have been taken in the principal street, at the rate of thirty shillings or two guineas per week. Notes have been sent to the chief collectors of the place, requesting the favour of an early call. Everything is in readiness to receive the lover and purchaser of the "fine old masters." Around the room, in boxes of various sizes, under lock and key, and with a carefully drawn silk curtain before each, are ranged the pictures. Mr Smok'embrown is seated at a small table, on which are strewn half-a-score of *old* letters, (which his visiters are expected to suppose he has received by that morning's post from home or elsewhere,) apparently in the act of replying to his correspondents. He is anxiously waiting for some sagacious connoisseur to come and inspect the "gems." At length and at last a tap is heard at the door, and Mr Stitchem is announced.

Stitch.—I received your note last evening, and have taken an early opportunity of calling upon you.

Smok'em.—Glad to see you, sir—I feel proud.

Stitch.—Well, what have you got?—anything good?

Smok'em.—Sir, I flatter myself you have rarely seen such pictures as I shall have the pleasure of exhibiting to your notice.

Stitch.—Don't know that—have a few *beauties* myself."

Smok'em.—(*Unlocking a box, and drawing the curtain slowly.*)—There, sir; what do you think of that? Do you know that master, sir?

Stitch.—Bless me, that's fine!—that's a real thing!—there's no mistaking a first-class picture. It's Hobbima.

Smok'em.—You're right, sir; it *is* Hobbima; there is his initial, H, in the left-hand corner. Very rarely do we find his name or initial letters upon any but his finest pictures. I esteem myself fortunate in having this gem in my possession; a splendid picture; a magnificent picture; quite a jewel! Good heavens! you may see into the very depths of that wood; and the travellers seem really to be in motion—to be impressed with the solemn gloom of the forest—to be ——; and the peep of bright blue sky through the branches—how exquisite! how poetical! Upon my honour that picture is a treasure—it is worth its weight in gold.

Stitch.—Very fine!—what is the price?

Smok'em.—Well, it ought to bring me a hundred guineas.

Stitch.—A hundred! that is a great deal of money.

SMOK'EM.—What, for a genuine Hobbima, of such quality? I pledge you my word, I have seldom had a finer picture of the master. The Earl of Longacre has a Hobbima I sold him for a *thousand* guineas, not much better than this, I can assure you. And the picture is so pure—not a touch been put upon it; I do not think it has ever been cleaned.

STITCH.—I think it is genuine, and should like to call it mine; the price is my only objection. Cannot you take something less for it?

SMOK'EM.—Less than a hundred?—no!—I should lose money by the transaction.

Mr Smok'embrown exhibits a few more "gems," dilating on their great excellences, and their very moderate price, till at length he comes to the exquisite Rembrandt, the production of poor Buggins' ill-paid labours.

SMOK'EM.—Now, sir, you have seen the whole of my collection, with the exception of *one* picture, which, I expect, will astonish you. There, sir, (*exhibiting the painting*)—what do you think of this?—a genuine Rembrandt.

STITCH.—Ah! dear me! that *is* a picture! Well, I never *saw* such light and shade; such effect; such depth and breadth of colour; such great knobs of paint put on with so much judgment. When I stand here, (*retiring a few paces,*) and look through my hand, the effect is magical; the head seems to stand out from the canvass, as though one could walk round it. Well, well, that *is* a picture! There is no mistaking Rembrandt. How I should like to see it hanging in *my* house! But the price, I suppose, is very great.

SMOK'EM.—No, considering its merits. That picture, sir, I have had the greatest difficulty to obtain. It has not been imported from the Continent more than three weeks; and my agent in Amsterdam has had no end of trouble about it. It has been in the possession of an old family there ever since it was painted; handed down from father to son as a most valuable treasure; and, I can assure you, *no* money would have purchased it till very recently. I have kept my eye upon it for a long time, and instructed my agent to buy it, at any price, if he should ever have the opportunity. Lately, in consequence of unfortunate mercantile speculations, the family became reduced, and their property was sold in order to pay their creditors; of course, the picture, among the rest of their effects, came to the hammer. There was great competition for it—bidding ran very high; but it was purchased for me by my agent, and I now offer it you for the extremely low sum of *fifty guineas.*

STITCH.—The picture 's mine. I would not be without it for *twice* fifty! Send it home to my house, and I will give you a check for the money. Yardstick never had such a picture as this in the whole course of his life. I suppose you *warrant* it.

SMOK'EM.—I have no objection to warrant it, sir, *what you see it,* (*aside.*) Look at it closely; examine it for yourself; you cannot be deceived in a genuine Rembrandt. Your knowledge of the Old Masters is quite sufficient to enable you to decide for yourself. Did you ever see in a copy such free pencilling; such masterly touches; such bold execution? Believe me, sir, no one but Rembrandt could have produced a gem of such surpassing excellence as the one of which you can now proudly call yourself the possessor.

STITCH.—I see—I see. I have no doubt it is *genuine,* and, I suppose, *pure,* (*inquiringly.*)

SMOK'EM.—Quite pure, sir—not a touch upon it, on my honour. Good morning, sir. (*Bows Stitchem out.*)

"That will do," said Mr Smok'embrown, rubbing his hands, and chuckling with delight. "I have gained a trifle by that job. Clever man is Stitchem. Knows more of tailoring than pictures, though: said I'd let him have *something good!* Now, then, who is next? Who will give fifty guineas for *the Wilson?*"

Reader!—so much for the *Picture-Dealer.*

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

SELDOM has a man exercised a more permanent influence on his race than Jeremy Bentham. His mind led the leading minds of his age. Of him, Madam de Staël said—"He will give his name to the era." Happy, indeed, will it be for the world when *his* era is arrived—the era in which *the greatest happiness principle* shall be the ground-work of the laws, and the guide of the morals of mankind.

Once conversing with Talleyrand, he thus expressed himself to me:—"I have known many great warriors—many great statesmen—many great authors—but only one great *genius,* and that genius is Jeremy Bentham."

Talleyrand induced Napoleon to read Bentham's Theory of Morals and Legislation. The Emperor's remark upon it was—"*That* is a book which will enlighten many libraries." It was saying more than if he had said—It will instruct many philosophers.

Bentham's great-grandfather, Brian, was a prosperous pawnbroker in the city of London, and a relation of that Sir Jeremy Snow who was one of the bankers cheated by Charles II. when he closed the Exchequer. In those days the profession of a pawnbroker was far more elevated than now. Brian Bentham had connection with the founder of the Aldgate Charity, Sir John Cass, and with many other distinguished people. He died possessed of some thousands

of pounds. His son, Jeremy Bentham's ancestor, was a Jacobite Lawyer, "neither better nor worse," as his distinguished descendant used to say of him, "than the average rate of attorneys." He bore his father's name, and had a partner, one Mr Avis, whose brother shocked the prejudices of the times by marrying a rich Jewess. The Avises were people of no small importance in the city. In their family was a literary lady, an unmarried maiden—Miss Barbara Avis—who was even a Latin scholar. One of the most awful events of Jeremy Bentham's life, was his introduction to the erudite Miss Barbara. He was then not seven years old, and his father compelled him to learn by rote one of Horace's satires, that he might repeat it when the lady arrived to pay the family a visit. Such visits were talked of long before they came, and long after they were over: they were events in the family history. This learned lady seems to have been less terrible than the trembling timid boy anticipated; and he got through his "Qui fit Mecænas," with due honour.

But before introducing Jeremy Bentham on the stage, I should have mentioned the time and place of his birth. He was born in Red Lion Street, Houndsditch, on the 6-15 February, 1749. I found in his own handwriting, on one of his school-books—"E Libris Jeremiæ Bentham, Junioris: 6° Die Januarii, Anno Domini 1753. annoque Ætatis suæ Quinto, hoc Scriptum fuit."

His grandfather, who, though no Papist, was a great devotee of the Stuarts, had the habit of hoarding and hiding large quantities of money in various parts of the house. Considerable sums, concealed from the knowledge of his family, were found, at his death and at subsequent periods, in foreign and domestic gold coin; and when Jeremy was a boy of about ten years old, twenty or thirty guineas fell out of a place which he had been using as a receptacle for his toys. Strong aversion to the reigning family—doubts of the stability of the funds—apprehensions of danger—and the desire of having some immediate tangible resources—induced many Jacobites to do what Brian Bentham did. It was said that Pope or his father came into possession of a hidden treasure of £20,000 in gold, which was kept in a closet, and drawn upon according to need—the interest being sacrificed. But, withal, the old lawyer managed to invest in land a large amount of money, the result of his savings, and added to the fortune his father had bequeathed. Bentham's father was in the habit of telling him that his grandfather's affairs had been "disordered," and that he had "extricated them from confusion;" but the confusion or disorder were not intelligible to our jurist, who saw only small responsibilities and large assets.

Of late years, some light has been thrown upon the extent of Jacobitism which pervaded the higher classes, where it was deeply rooted and widely spread; and among the people of the metropolis, at least, it was far more prevalent a century ago than is generally supposed. Bentham has assured me, not only that multitudes of the citizens of London were friendly to the Stuarts, but that even in the corporation there were aldermen waiting to bring about the restoration of the exiled family, whenever a fit occasion could be found. In the year 1745, the addresses of the Pretender had a wide circulation; and many papers, shewing the zeal and interest which his forefathers felt in the success of the Stuarts, fell into Bentham's hands. Bentham's grandfather had struggled hard for the clerkship of the Cordwainers' Company. He attributed his failure to his political sincerity—to his devotion to the legitimate race.

Some of the Bentham family, notwithstanding, made their way, under the auspices of the dominant authorities. The chief clerk of the Navy Board was the first cousin of Bentham's father. He lived a life of jollity on Tower Hill—was a member of the Beef-Steak Club—a warm-hearted man, who was disposed to shew all sorts of kindness to his young kinsman. Bentham thus spoke of him:—"I longed for a more intimate acquaintance with him; but a coldness existed between him and my father; and, I am bound to say, my father was not the injured party. Now and then I did obtain the privilege of visiting him. My visits were mostly confined to those nights of beatitude on which the annual fire-works were displayed on Tower Hill, and which I looked at, in a state of ecstasy, from his windows."

Bentham often talked pleasantly and playfully of what he called his *Patronimics*. "A son of a first cousin of my father was Captain Cook's purser when he went his first voyage to the Sandwich Islands. I wanted him to talk to me of his travels; but I never got one fact out of him except this, that on one occasion, at the Sandwich Islands, they were greatly disturbed by the terrible noise with which the King made love to one of his lieges. Another second cousin was a banker at Sheerness; another was a gentleman farmer; and another was guilty of some crime for which he was hanged."

Of his female ancestors—of the relations on his mother's side, and of his mother especially, Bentham always spoke with the most affectionate tenderness. His grandmother, on his father's side, was named Tabor,* believed to be of the same family as the Doctor Tabor who was

* She was the daughter of Randolph Croxall, vicar of Salisbury. From a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon I extract what follows:—

"The author of this book was my neighbour and very good friend, by whose means I was settled at Tollesbunt Knight, in Essex, and afterwards I left that living and removed to Tollesbury. Mr Dugdale was knighted by King Charles II., and made Quarter-King-at-Arms, decidedly for his great industry and abilities. I, Randolph Croxall, was born at Shustock, in Warwickshire, where the chiefest in the town, except Mr Dugdale's posterity, are of my name and are my near relations. . . . God gave me by my wife four children, that lived to be men and women." The eldest he speaks of was Samuel, born 1655. (He was probably the father of Dr Samuel Croxall, who was Arch-deacon of Salop, and wrote "The Fair Circassian," "The Vision," "Scripture Politics," &c.) "My daughter, Dorothy," the MS. goes on to re-

made a Knight of the Bath in the time of Charles II., in consequence of his successful treatment of various royal and noble persons, by the use of the medicine then called Jesuits' (but now Peruvian) bark. One member of his grandmother's family, Mr Ray, a relation of the botanist, had educated Bentham's father, and was an object to him of so much respect and affection, that he sought him, on the death of his first wife, (whom he fondly loved,) hoping to find from him solace in his affliction. This Mr Ray had several brothers: one, a traveller, though he died when Bentham was only six years old, was to him an object of extreme interest and admiration. "Well do I remember," said Bentham, in his old age, "his good-natured, playful humour—his kindness during his visits to my grandmother—his letters which were sent by his father to mine. Deep was the affliction which I felt at his death; and, when the news came, there was nobody to keep up my spirits but my grandmother. When he was gone, his letters made him present. They interested me so much, that I should know his signature now, after three-fourths of a century, though it was a sad scrawl. I recollect his writing about the Polygars; so the scene of his adventures must have been Southern India, somewhat near Travancore. He used to sing me songs whose music even now vibrates in my ears. Among them was "My Highland Laddie."

"May heaven still guard, and love reward,
My Highland Laddie!"

The maiden name of Bentham's mother was Alicia Grove. Her father was the younger son of a younger son; and, though belonging to a family of some consequence, his condition was not higher than that of a shopkeeper at Andover. His early life was one of marked vicissitudes. His later years were progressively prosperous. On his death the business was disposed of, and the family withdrew to Browning Hill, near Reading; a spot, the recollection of which was to Bentham, throughout the whole of his existence, like a thought of paradise. One great-uncle had been a publisher—(a brother of Bentham's grandmother)—his name was Woodward. He brought out Tindal's "Christianity, as Old as the Creation." He used to talk to Bentham of books and booksellers—of "Honest Tom Payne," whose shop was then contiguous to the Mewsgate, and was a sort of gathering place for the lettered aristocracy of the times. Woodward retired from business—was crippled and rich. Such part of his stock as was unsold and unsaleable, formed a large portion of the library at Browning Hill, and served for young Bentham's intellectual pabulum.

Three sisters—Bentham's grandmother, Grove; a widow Mulford; an unmarried great-aunt, Deborah; and, occasionally, Bentham's mother—habitually lived at Browning Hill. They were all kind to, as they were all fond of, the studious boy. "But my aunt Deborah was too prone to talk of the people of quality whom she knew; for she knew the Ridleys and Colbornes, and divers other great families. I cared nothing about such topics. I wished she would talk of Vortigern and the Anglo-Saxons; but I wished in vain."

Bentham made, throughout his life, open war upon the maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum;* and as he frequently spoke of his father in terms of strong disapprobation, and sketched his character with unsparing truth, he was in the habit of justifying the course he pursued, by something like the following reasoning:—"Why should a Latin or an English* proverb screen the character of our ancestors from investigation? The suppression of truth may be as baneful as the utterance of untruth. By one as well as by the other, and often equally by either, may wrong obtain a triumph, or right be visited by defeat. In the abstract and intrinsic nature of the dogma, there is mendacity—in its application inevitable mischief. Take the case of flattery bestowed upon dead tyrants. What does it serve but to encourage a continuance or a repetition of tyrannical acts? The other day, a journalist, who wrote in terms of deserved reprobation on the character of a deceased monarch, was severely punished. Had he uttered any quantity of laudatory lying, reward would probably have been his lot;—a small portion of criminatory truth subjected him to heavy inflictions. And thus is veracity polluted and persecuted! No anathema, then, whether in English or Latin, will prevent me from speaking truth, even though to speak truth may be to speak ill of my father. Has he suffered, can he suffer, how should he suffer by it? And will my speaking sincerely of his character redound to the disadvantage of mine? While he lived, from my birth to his death, I never gave him any ground to complain of me. Often and often have I heard from him spontaneous and heartfelt assurances of the contrary. My conduct may indeed have sometimes been a cause of regret and dissatisfaction to him; but on what ground? My 'weakness and imprudence' in keeping wrapt up in a napkin the talents which it had pleased God to confer on me—in rendering useless, as he averred, my powers of raising myself to the pinnacle of prosperity. The seals were mine, would I but muster up confidence and resolution enough to seize them. He was continually telling me that everything was to be done by 'pushing;' but all his arguments failed to prevail on me to assume the requisite energy. 'Pushing,' would he repeat—'pushing' was the one thing needful; but 'pushing' was not congenial to my character. He taught it successfully to his second wife's children, (the Abbotts,) but he could not teach it to me. If I dissect my father's character, it is in the same spirit in which I direct the dissection of my own body—it is in the wish to be useful to my spe-

card, "Was born the 16th of February, 1658, and is married to Mr John Tabor, tutor of South Hanningfield, nigh to Chelmsford, in Essex, where she liveth virtuously and comfortably."

* "'Tis an ill bird that harries its own nest."

cies—useful in one way by one operation, useful in another way by the other. I claim no merit—I make no sacrifice—I shall do both at no cost. Yet good may be done to mankind beyond the individual case. My example may influence others, to whom, by my deed, I say, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

"In what I may say of my father, there is not a particle of malice. I was always on good terms with my father. Had I not been, I should not dare to speak freely, lest the value of my testimony should be diminished. How often, down to the last hours of our intercourse, when we were sitting on contiguous chairs, has my father taken up my hand and kissed it!

"His second wife exhibited the character of a mother-in-law as painted on every sign-post. My father has often said to me—'I'll do you the justice to say, that neither of you has ever spoken a word to me against the other.' To his lady, this forbearance was not a task of any great difficulty; for though at every step she stood in my way, at no step did I ever stand in her's. Her situation was that of empress—mine, that of a poor relation kept in a state of continual suffering, by privations, and serious and unprovoked insults. When I presented an humble petition, that my father's visits to my chambers should rather be in an evening than in a morning, as in the latter case, the thread of my studies was broken, and the remainder of the day, together with those ideas suggested by continuous thought, irrevocably lost, she has more than once told me that 'It should not be—she would not suffer it.' I had then no means of knowing what was passing in the world but by the newspaper which I sometimes took up from my father's table. It was not unusual for her to snatch it violently out of my hand. The table, whatever was the provision for others, was always scantily spread when I was honoured with an invitation. Necessity sometimes forced me to sit there; but during twenty or five-and-twenty years, of the small apple pie which was ordinarily provided, it was never my good fortune to get half of what I should have been glad to have."

Mrs Bentham was a great devotee of the Church of England, and tormented Bentham by perpetually introducing religious discussions, which he as invariably sought to avoid. "She frequently upbraided me with opinions which it was her good pleasure to attribute to me, and liked to talk to me, whom she called Mr Jerry of Hume's impiety." But even to his father he never opened his lips on a topic which he knew would be painful to him. A short time before his father's death, when they were seated together in the study, the old man took his son's hand, which he kissed, and said—"Jerry! you have made a philosopher of me!" But even to this remark Bentham made no reply, lest it might embroil him with his mother-in-law, whose opinions were intolerant Church-of-Englandism. Bentham's sketch of her character may serve as a portrait of a whole genus, too numerous and too influential, alas! in the world. "She had an exalted idea of the *credenda* of the Church, and the temporal rewards attached to them. They were connected with a sentiment of power and dignity, of which a portion belonged to herself as member of that church. Interest, in a sort of technical sense, was the grand object of her admiration. 'What an interest, what a powerful interest such a man has! see what things are to be done by interest!' was the observation and the teaching of her worldly wisdom; and what she meant by 'interest' was the facility of acquiring, by any means, for the purposes of self-advancement, the services of the givers of good gifts. By religion she never understood *piety*; for which she had no panegyrics, neither for the substance nor the semblance: piety weighed for little in her scales. Of abstract merit—of service done to mankind as a claim to recompense—she seldom spoke; and if she spoke, it was in terms of scorn and jealousy. Her manners were dreadfully oppressive; and I was sometimes glad to have the shield of protection thrown over me by one of my brothers-in-law, who was nine years younger than I—he a boy and I a man."

In the mind of Bentham's father, selfishness would seem to have been the unchecked sovereign. Affection, benevolence, he had none. He considered every service done to others as so much lost to himself—that he was so much the poorer for the kindnesses he rendered to any one else. He had not learned that, by every benefit done to another by his agency, he was, in fact, so much the richer in proportion to the extent of the benefit. Bentham mentioned that, once being in a boat with his father, mother-in-law, and, probably, one of her sons, his father made an observation, with a chuckle of satisfaction, in which Mrs Bentham joined: "Now, should it so happen that a leak were sprung, and that we all went to the bottom, is there a creature upon earth that would feel any concern at the thoughts of it?" "The reflection," said Bentham, "filled me with gloom. I made no observation. I did not agree with my father as to the fact. Whether his conception was right or wrong, my thoughts were always of a contrary kind. I believed that there were in this world some to whom my death would not be wholly indifferent; not many, indeed—many they could not be—for I had obtained admission to the society of the few alone, yet could not but indulge the hope that, among these few, there were those who felt some concern in my existence, and even interest in my usefulness."

At an early period of life, Bentham took a dislike to lawyers and to the profession of the law; yet to law studies he was forced to direct his attention. He perceived very soon, or fancied he perceived, that it was a part of the craft of the profession to engage the malevolent passions in the multifarious forms of litigation—to use a man's self-love as the instrument for robbing him of his money—to complicate questions on the pretence of a regard to the rights of the client—to sow doubts and difficulties in the minds of others, in order to reap a harvest of emo-

lument to him who suggests them; and all this, as it appeared to the ingenuousness of his youth, coloured the convictions, and perhaps strengthened some of the prejudices of his riper years.

Though Bentham's father had the reputation in the city of "a very learned" and a "very clever man," that reputation seems rather to have been founded on airs of dignity, and assumptions of superiority, which too often pass current in the world as representations of true wisdom. He had, like his illustrious son, a phraseology of his own. If a person neglected to visit him, he would call the absence "self-sequestration." If a client left him, he shook his head and said—"Ah! he has taken himself into his own hands." He had two ways of accounting for all conduct which was opposed to his standard. If the party were of such rank as that, without presumption, he might sit in judgment, he called the deed he disapproved of, "infatuation;" but when he was afraid to attribute anything like blame, he always said it was "a mystery." And these two words—"infatuation" and "mystery"—were the talismans with which he explained whatever was otherwise unexplainable, and dealt out a sort of oracular decision to his hearers. But Bentham did not perceive either wisdom or eloquence in the manner or the matter of his father's law-giving; and he often left the room in silent abashment when his father, after uttering the solemn words "mystery" or "infatuation," considered he had both instructed and delighted his auditors, and sat down in evident self-satisfaction.

His mind was a confused one; and he could not get out of the entanglements which his want of precise ideas created. He adopted for the family motto—*Tam bene quam benigne;* and, when Bentham was very young, he was called on to translate the phrase, the application of which his father considered a most lucky hit, for it was meant to convey a recondite meaning—*Tam bene*, read backwards, was to designate *Ben-tham*. The lad neither valued the wit nor preserved the motto, though he once observed to me—"My father's reasons were as good as those which justify nine-tenths of the mottos in use."

Bentham's father had, in truth, not the slightest comprehension of the delicacy and diffidence of his son's nature. He pressed harshly upon all his susceptibilities. In speaking of him at so much length, I have been developing the biography of Bentham himself—unveiling the secrets of his mind, while shewing the difficulties of his position. He whose maturer and later life flowed in one stream of continued happiness—the most gay and joyous of men—had of his boyhood few recollections of pleasure, except, indeed, when he escaped from his father's influence to some Eden in the country, or some solitude in town.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

It is an inconvenient thing for an indolent fellow like myself, whose inertness is willing to follow the example of the cameleon, and take the colour of the nearest object, to be surrounded by persons extreme in their opinions, or exaggerated in their qualities. I am unfortunate in having two intimate friends of natures so opposite, that, unless I were to vary the tenor of my principles five hundred times a day, it would be impossible to harmonize with their alternate vagaries. Sir Josiah Crabbe (unlike the amiable poet who once rejoiced in the same surname) is a gentleman grievously disposed to look upon the dark side of the things of this world. The spectacles through which he scrutinizes mankind and their doings are of a dingy blue; and his axiom of *nil admirari* is so absolute, that I doubt whether the word "Good" ever issued, in an approbative sense, from his lips.

My friend Joe Ramble, on the other hand, is one of those provokingly good-humoured rattles, whose high spirits put them in conceit with even things that ought to challenge criticism. The eye of poor Joe is neither disposed to gloomily viewing the world through an unnatural medium, nor of that "curious" kind which delights to "note deformity." He has an intuitive faculty for walking on the sunny side of the highways and byways of life. Everything seems to smile upon him, or rather *he* seems to smile upon everything he approaches. He cannot be made to believe that matters, public or private, ever go amiss. The throne, the government, the country—all are unexceptionable. He will not even have the weather abused in his hearing—the weather, that chartered scapegoat of English ill-humour! If the harvest be a bad one, so much the better for the farmers; if a good one, so much the better for the public. When Ireland is reported to be in a state of tranquillity, he thanks God that her prospects are mending; when in a state of rebellion, he is delighted—for what chance of recovering her rights without a little stir? On Queen Victoria's accession, he threw up his hat some five feet higher than other people—"A female reign!—a reign rivalling the glories of the days of Queen Bess and Queen Anne," was all that had been wanting to complete the civilization of the kingdom, and the foreign triumphs of the British empire; and now that the Queen's marriage is on the eve of accomplishment, he cannot sufficiently rejoice that the sceptre should be held, partnerwise, by one of the firmer sex. Ramble is, in short, the most contented man

alive. National, even to bigotry, he is persuaded that England is not only the greatest country in the world, but that, were all other countries in league against her, as against Napoleon, they would be losing their time and trouble: unconquerable, unsubmergeable, she would still remain

> "Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

Now, I can encounter these two friends of mine singly, whether as friends or antagonists. By humouring their vagaries, (which, after all, regard only their renown as rational beings,) I keep them on good terms with themselves, and, consequently, with me. But when any unlucky circumstance brings them into collision within the limits of my Diogenic tub, or attic, then comes the tug of war—and such a tug! Crabbe is loud and fractious; Ramble persevering and aggravating; and, as the bleat of a lamb will provoke an irritable dog to keep up his barking, Ramble's slight monosyllables have often the effect of worrying his adversary out of all Christian patience.

The other morning, Sir Jos. was sitting with me in one of his ultra-acrimonious dispositions. He had been railing against everything in the material or immaterial world—the affairs of the East, the affairs of the West—the cabinet, the army, the navy, and all other professional and corporate bodies whose healths are drunk at public dinners; and I had tacitly allowed the storm to roar itself dry. Since it pleased him to assert that the times were out of joint, and since I felt unconscious of any power to mend them, I put on a look of sympathy, and was mum. It is incomprehensible to me how people can agitate their minds about the East or the West, so long as matters are going on quietly within the nearest degree of longitude; and when Crabbe inquired, with a grave face, on entering the room, "How matters were going on in Egypt?" I would fain have answered, (had he not looked so plaguy cross,) that I understood "the pyramids were as well as could be expected."

I kept silence, however—yea, even from the foolish words that tempted me—and submitted to be assured that England was on the point of losing her most important alliances; her most valuable colonies; her financial reputation: that Britannia was becoming a lady of anything but unsullied reputation; that America had ceased to visit her, and Europe was cutting her acquaintance: and tried to preserve a becoming elongation of countenance, when every minute, like the toll of a funeral-bell, Sir Josiah emitted some new and dolorous announcement. When, lo! just as I was beginning to feel as though a parish pall hung heavy upon my shoulders, in bounced my friend Ramble, his mettled cheeks distended by a smile, and his white teeth glistening like those of a hungry pointer.

"Just arrived in England, my dear boy!" cried he; "only three hours landed at the Tower stairs!"

And my friend Crabbe (who seemed to resent his intrusion in such towering spirits, as a personal offence) looked as if he longed to inquire whether poor Joe had travelled on the broad grin all the way from France.

"*Here's* comfort!" resumed Ramble, pressing forward towards the fireside the arm-chair in which he ensconced himself, to the utter discomposure of my previous guest. "Here's what enables one to defy winter, death, or the doctors! A good sea-coal fire—a glorious English fireside!"

"I have always understood, sir," replied Crabbe—to whom he seemed to be addressing himself for confirmation—"that there was nothing more unwholesome on earth than a sea-coal fire. To say nothing of the cursed sulphur which turns everything black in the room, (even one's temper;) to say nothing of the filthy gases emitted, of which, not being a chemist, I am incompetent to speak, (and I wish I were also incompetent to smell,) there can be no doubt innumerable lives are annually sacrificed in England to our mad habit of roasting ourselves half the morning before the bars of a grate, as a preparative for confronting the severity of the most infernal climate on the face of the habitable globe."

"Climate, my dear sir!" cried Ramble—"Climate! Don't talk to me about the merit of foreign climates. I've just come from Nice, where I was shrivelled up like a dead leaf with the bise. I spent the spring in Constantinople, where it snowed half the time and rained t'other; and I am now enabled to assert from experience, what I have often heard advanced by travelled men, that England has the best—that is, the most enjoyable climate in the universal world. You are neither scorched and dried up, as in the south, nor mildewed as in the north—nor"——

Crabbe, who had been shrugging his shoulders impatiently for some moments, now burst out with—"There is some difference between being roasted to rags, sir, and not warmed through! The question of the English climate is sufficiently set at rest by the masses of green fruit one sees piled in our markets, in our streets, at our very tables—an effectual check against undue increase of population. It sets one's teeth on edge to think of it!"

"Well, well; so long as our harvests are abundant we may dispense with a few apples and pears," cried Ramble. "And nature has, at least, provided us with the means of bidding defiance to the weather. Look at this admirable fire," cried he, starting up, and placing himself before it, in precisely such an attitude as to prevent our complying with his request. "I look upon an Englishman's hearth as the palladium of national glory; I look upon our firesides as the instigants of our domestic happiness—as the reward of our domestic virtues!"

"And I," cried Crabbe, whose temper, albeit the glowing grate was in eclipse, was rising to fever heat—"I look upon an English fireside as the bane of all national prosperity, as the clog upon all national progress; as the screen of our inertness; the pretext for our incapacity; the hot-bed of our selfishness, vulgarity, and pride.

The pretended comfort of the fireside is the motive of our closing ourselves up, evening after evening, within our own doors, to the extinction of all social intercourse; and, consequently, to the suppression of all the more expansive impulses of the human soul. While other civilized nations delight in the intercommunication which forwards the interests of the arts, the sciences, the public weal; an Englishman holds it a certificate of merit that, after muddling his brains with heady port, he can potter away his evening over the fire, muddling his affections with the twaddle of his wife and daughters, as they yawn over their carpet work or sewing. What effort does such a man make, sir, to improve their understanding or his own?"

"I don't see why he should not make an effort," remonstrated Ramble. "He might read aloud instructive books."

"Ay, and put them to sleep before bed-time," interrupted Crabbe, crabbedly.

"He might direct the conversation to subjects of popular interest."

"Which the misses would cut short by talking of cruets, lambswool, and a new stitch. Whereas, were it not for the attraction of that accursed fireside, over which he has coddled himself from his boyhood till he has secured a rheumatism from every casual encounter of the night air, he would take his young people into the society of those of their own age, to the improvement of their spirits and intellects, and the encouragement of those friendships and connections which are to cheer their after progress through life. An Englishman does little or nothing for the cultivation of acquaintanceships. He thinks it enough, for the happiness of his family, that he cherishes one or two old bores of friends, who entertain, word for word, and blunder for blunder, the same opinions as himself. It is his favourite boast that he don't care about the world. He swears, on every fresh visitation, that he hates large parties; which, being interpreted, means that he is snugger in his own home, where he can engross the whole fireside, and lay down the law, than in a more extended circle, where he must share with other people his consequence and right of shin-broiling."

"Well, I must still confess myself, on that point, a John Bull," cried Ramble, shaking up his feathers, and looking as if he had said a fine thing, and was proud of himself.

"Nobody doubts you, sir; and you are in the majority—you are decidedly in the majority!" cried Sir Jos. "For my part, I wish to interfere with no man's pleasures or pursuits; I only permit myself to despise them!"

"I fancy I shall have most people on my side, when I say, that a good fire on a winter's evening is not so very despicable!" cried Ramble, rubbing his hands, with a chuckle. "With a commodious drawing-room, having an Axminster carpet, well-lined curtains, closely drawn in the rear; on one side a smoking notable, on the other a handsome sprightly woman, and in front a fine, clear, bright, glowing fire, of Newcastle coal; I challenge life to produce anything tending more completely to the promotion of human happiness!"

Poor Joe now looked so provokingly triumphant, that Sir Josiah could scarcely contain himself.

"Ay, ay!" cried he, "If John Bull were to put forth a new reading of the Scriptures, such would be the modern substitute for the Garden of Eden! All this humdrum humbug is the paradise of northern imaginations! Instead of seeking the interchange of mind enjoyable in a large assemblage of rational beings, the Englishman makes it an article of religion to sink himself in inglorious sensuality of this de-spiritualising description! An Englishman of genius, for instance, must consent to pass for a libertine, unless he will submit to become a mere vulgar voluptuous egotist, (for one need not be the less an egotist because one's hobby is warranted to carry double.) Selfishness may be amplified into a partnership concern; and I look upon what is called the domestic happiness of England, as only a more refined system of double-bodied egotism."

"Every country has its customs," argued Ramble, undiscouraged. "The English are not a gregarious people. In Italy, society is held together by the bond of music—an orchestra or a chorus being a pretext for association; but I don't know that either the minds or morals of the Italians are the more indebted to the opera. In France, politics and the theatres tend also to the creation of masses. People meet at cafés to read the newspapers, or seek excitement in the throng of theatres; but, in every instance, my dear sir, this results from the absence of domestic affections, from the want of domestic comforts. The marriage of a foreigner has been the effect of a family engagement, not of preference, not of attachment; and, as to his home, with draughts of air streaming through every door and window, and a couple of smouldering logs substituted for a fine glowing mass of ignited matter that sends warmth into the depths of one's heart, and evokes all the kindlier feelings of humanity, what has it to boast that need detain him from the chattering mob of assemblies, or the false glare of a theatre?"

"Nothing, certainly! And the consequence is, that he has become more intelligent, more refined, more independent, than ourselves. Which capital, pray, is progressing most rapidly? London, Edinburgh, Dublin, or Paris? Which nation has effected most in self-enfranchisement within the last ten years? The English or the French? Where are the arts most cultivated? Where are the sciences most encouraged? Whence do we borrow our elegant inventions—our lessons of taste—the tone of our public amusements—the mode of all we eat, wear, sing, dance, or assume in the way of personal or social embellishments? From the Continent, sir!—From the Continent, which is not too much engrossed in warming its shins to neglect its power of invention. From the Continent, which, as it does not station itself with its coat-flaps in its

hands before the fireplace, in the most indecent attitude ever imagined by the sensuality of mankind, is not brutalized out of all refinement of soul or elegance of manners! Now, sir! because we have accustomed our cuticles to this unnatural vitrification, are the great bonds of society to be loosed? Is there to be none of that expanded fellowship of intellect, from whence arises the great regeneration of the species—the grand elevation of national motives—the cheering prospect of national glory? Rather than witness such degeneration, I pray that the wisdom of Parliament would buy up the infernal reserves of Staffordshire and Newcastle, and freeze us into the necessity of congregating together for the sake of bodily warmth!"

"Upon my life, I can't conceive what we want more in the way of association than we now enjoy!" cried Ramble. "Those who are engaged in professions pass their whole mornings in social communication."

"As for the despatch of business, an Englishman will do anything for the good of the shop."

"Then, of an evening, Parliament brings together nightly, eight months of the year, a vast proportion of the most intelligent of the community."

"Still for what they pretend to call despatch of business—that is, for the purpose of talking about despatching it."

"Well, the Clubs?—look at the Clubs of London! Every fashionable street has its Club; and the West End, a whole street of them, where the society you advocate may be obtained on the easiest terms."

"The Clubs?" cried the pessimist. "The Clubs!—talk of the Clubs in the way of social intercourse! For what were they instituted, pray, but that the Englishman's fireside might be permanently ex-domesticated, in a spot where the claims of civilization are altogether abolished?—a spot where the fireside is secure from petticoat participation; where hundreds of coat-flaps may be uplifted instead of a pair; a special mart of social egotism; an association for the encouragement of selfishness, for the promotion of unchristian sensuality. Since the establishment of Clubs, which, instead of affording cheerful intercommunication with his fellow-creatures, a man, of what is called good company, affects to frequent, for the enjoyment of his newspaper, his cigar, or his solitary meal; the theatres, the concert-rooms, the coteries, and all other places of public entertainment have been deserted, or, rather, bequeathed to the exclusive use of the weaker moiety of the human race. And why? Because, sir, these Clubs are an institution founded upon the same confounded system of fireside enjoyments—an enlarged edition of the Englishman's fireside—the Englishman's *confounded* fireside!"

"Still," persisted Ramble, (in the provoking little "*filet de voix*" which Molière ascribes to "*la raison*,") "you must admit that, however it may deteriorate John Bull's intelligence, the domestic fireside constitutes the cradle of his virtues."

"Curse on his virtues!—they've undone his country!" cried Sir Jos, in the phrase applied by Addison to Cato, and by a modern moralist to George III. "Because King George chose to dine on a shoulder of mutton, (at the hour when his roué son was breakfasting on a devilled fowl,) he was allowed to fling away America without reproof, and to hang thirty forgers of one-pound notes and ace of spades, per month, without scruple of conscience! So is it with that arch-humbug of humbugs, John Bull; who allows himself to revel in oceans of gin and bitters—to gamble away his inheritance, from the pea and thimble-rig to Crockford's or the Stock Exchange—to render our public thoroughfares a school of the filthiest immorality—to do everything that is vile and vicious in a fifty-fold more glaring and offensive manner than his neighbours, because he pays his taxes, toasts Church and State, and proses to any one who will listen to him, about the charms of an Englishman's fireside."

"Nevertheless, I think I could prove to you," persisted Ramble, with undisturbed equanimity, "that much of what you have advanced"——

He was interrupted by a violent slam of the door. While the optimist was caressing his legs, and admiring the set of his boots, the pessimist had shaken hands with me and departed, leaving the smiling Joe in undisturbed possession of the hearthrug, in that characteristic and unceremonious attitude of self-indulgence which has become typical, from one end of Europe to the other, of THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

A DANISH TRADITION.

THE island of Zealand is joined, on the north-west, by a narrow sandy strip of land, to a beautiful and fertile peninsula, thickly dotted with cottages, and forming a little district in itself. It boasts of one small town, beyond which the peninsula extends in a bold headland, far out into the wild and stormy Cattegat, forming a landscape of the most bleak and desolate description. The shifting sand has destroyed all traces of vegetation; moving sand hills—the play of the tempests which, unchecked, sweep over the land from the stormy sea—are constantly changing their position, and arise and disappear in ever-varying succession. While travelling through the island, I, on one occasion, spent an hour in this place; and it has left on my mind a picture of horror which I shall never forget. I was riding alone over the desert and sandy flat, when there arose from the north, on the side nearest the sea, a storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning. The waves ran high, the clouds chased each other through the firmament, the

skies became dark and lowering, the sand began to give way in masses under the feet of my horse, and at last rose in whirlwinds and filled the air. The path could no longer be discerned, the horse sank deeper and deeper in the loose sand; heaven, earth, and sea, seemed all mingled together in one wild tumult; and every object was enveloped in a cloud of sand and dust. There was no trace of life or vegetation; the tempest whistled through the air; the waves of the ocean lashed the shore; the thunder rolled in the distance; and the dull lurid lightning seemed as though it could scarcely penetrate the air, thick with particles of the flying soil. The danger was imminent; when suddenly a heavy thunder shower began to fall, and effectually laid the shifting sand; enabling me, though thoroughly drenched, to find my way to the little town.

It was on this desolate track of country, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, that the village of Nörwig was situated. The sand has long since destroyed all traces of human dwellings; and the inhabitants, principally sailors and fishermen, have long since removed to another quarter; the church alone remains, standing solitary upon a little eminence, and surrounded, on all sides, by the melancholy and constantly shifting desert. It is the scene of the following most mysterious occurrence:—

It was during the early part of the last century, that the old and venerable pastor of the village sat in his lonely apartment, sunk in deep meditation. It was midnight; the house lay at the extremity of the village; and, as the simple manners of the inhabitants rendered it unnecessary to employ bolt or bar, the doors all remained open. The lamp was burning dimly, and the solemn silence was unbroken, save by the rippling of the sea, in which the pale moon beheld her own reflection. Suddenly the old man heard the doors beneath opening, and recognised the heavy footsteps of men upon the staircase; he now looked up, expecting to receive a summons, in all probability, to attend a dying person, and administer spiritual consolation. Two strange-looking men now entered the apartment, clad in white mantles, and approached him in the most courteous manner. "Pastor of Nörwig," said the first of the intruders, "we request you to follow us; there is a wedding to be solemnized, and the bridal pair are already awaiting you in the church." He then shewed the old man a heavy purse of gold, which he promised should be his, as a recompense for the trouble and annoyance such an ill-timed summons might occasion him. The pastor stared in astonishment at the stranger; for there was something in his appearance which seemed to him awful and almost spectral; but the latter only repeated his words, and that in a more threatening and commanding tone. When the old man began to collect himself, he represented to the stranger that his sacred office did not permit him to perform the marriage-service without some previous knowledge of the individuals, besides going through the formalities which the law required. The second stranger now stepped forward. "You have the choice," said he, "of following us and receiving the proffered sum of money, or of remaining here and having a bullet sent through your head." So saying, he held a pistol to the pastor's forehead, and awaited his answer. The old clergyman turned pale, and having silently and hastily risen up, and put on a sort of upper garment, replied, "I am ready." The strangers, meanwhile, had spoken Danish, but in such a manner that it was impossible to doubt they were foreigners. They now proceeded in silence through the village, and the pastor followed.

It was a completely dark autumn night, for the moon had already gone down; but, as they left the village, the old man perceived, to his surprise, that the church was brilliantly illuminated. Onwards, however, in silence strode his two companions, wrapped in their white mantles, and leaving the sandy plain behind them; while he, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in keeping pace with them.

On reaching the church, they bound a handkerchief over his eyes; immediately afterwards, he heard the well-known side doors open with a jarring noise, and he was forcibly thrown in among a dense crowd of men. There was a murmur of many voices pervading the church; and in his immediate neighbourhood he could distinguish words of a language totally unknown to him. It was Russian, as he suspected at the time. Whilst he was yet standing, with bandaged eyes, pressed on every side, helpless, and in the greatest terror and confusion, he felt his hand suddenly seized, and he was hurried through the midst of the throng, which appeared to give way. At last the bandage was loosened, he recognised one of his first companions near him, and found himself standing before the altar. It was decorated with a row of enormous wax candles, in massive silver candlesticks; and the church itself was so brilliantly illuminated, that the most distant object was distinctly perceptible. During the time that his eyes were bandaged, the noise of the crowd had appeared to him tremendous; but now the solemn stillness of the multitude had, if possible, on his timid soul, a still more appalling effect. Although the seats and side passages were crowded with men, yet the middle aisle was completely empty, and the pastor distinguished, in the midst of it, a newly dug grave; the pavement stone which had covered the spot, now lying against the side of a neighbouring seat. Men only were to be seen, with the exception of a solitary female, whom the old man fancied he could discern in the most distant corner of the church.

The silence lasted for some minutes; not even the least movement being heard; meantime arose in the soul of the pastor a dark and heavy misgiving that some deed of horror was about to be performed.

At last a man rose up, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from the rest, and

shewed him to be of higher rank. He strode hastily along the empty aisle, while the multitude gazed upon him, and his steps resounded through the church. He was of middle stature, broad shouldered, and strongly built; his mien was haughty; his countenance bronsed with exposure to the weather; his hair like the raven; his features strongly marked; and his lips compressed with angry determination;—a high aquiline nose increased the hauteur of his aspect, and long bushy eyebrows overshadowed the small and fierce black eyes which gleamed beneath them. He wore a green surcoat, richly ornamented with gold; and on his bosom glittered a star.

The bride, who now kneeled beside him, was also splendidly dressed: a blue robe, embroidered with silver, enveloped her slender form, and fell in thick folds over her graceful limbs; while a diadem, resplendent with jewels, decorated her long fair hair. Notwithstanding the change which it was evident had lately passed over her features, beauty and loveliness could still plainly be discerned. Her cheeks now looked as cold and inanimate as those of a marble statue; not a muscle of her countenance moved, her pale lips seemed dead, her eyes were fixed and glazed as those of a corpse, and her arms hung powerless by her sides. Thus she kneeled—a picture of death; and the by-standers might well be in doubt whether her overpowering terror had deprived her of consciousness, or if nature were merely striving to recruit her shattered frame by a deep and almost preternatural slumber.

Now, for the first time, the pastor observed an old and ugly female, attired in a fantastic oriental-looking costume, with a blue and red turban on her head; who, with a malicious, nay, almost mocking expression, watched the kneeling bride. Behind the bridegroom, stood a dark gigantic man, who seemed to gaze immoveably on vacancy.

The pastor, whose senses had almost forsaken him from terror, remained some time silent, until a stern glance from the bridegroom reminded him of the duty he had to perform. But what put him into new confusion was the uncertainty whether the bridal pair would understand his language. It was indeed improbable; nevertheless, he composed himself, and demanded their names.

"Neander! Feodora!" replied the bridegroom, in a hoarse voice.

The old man now began the marriage service; but his voice quivered; he constantly went wrong, and repeated the same words twice. The kneeling pair, however, took no notice of his confusion, which confirmed him in his previous conjecture that they were either unacquainted with his language, or understood it but imperfectly. When he asked the question, "Neander, wilt thou receive Feodora, who now kneels beside thee, for thy wedded wife?" he was doubtful if the bridegroom would understand him so as to reply; but, to his astonishment, the latter pronounced "Yes," so loudly and distinctly, as to ring through the church. Deep groans issuing on every side from the multitude, accompanied this terrible "Yes;" and a silent shudder, for the first time, set in motion the corpse-like features of the bride. The pastor now turned himself to the latter, and, speaking more loudly, as though he would fain awake her from her death-like slumber, thus addressed her—"Feodora, if thou wilt acknowledged Neander, now kneeling beside thee, for thy husband, then answer "Yes!" Upon this, the inanimate bride seemed to awake, an expression of overpowering terror passed over her countenance, her pale lips quivered, a transient brilliancy gleamed from her eyes, and her bosom heaved. The "Yes" now sounded like the shriek of anguish from the mouth of a dying person, and seemed to find an echo in the involuntary murmur of pity which escaped from the crowd.

The bride sank insensible into the arms of the malicious old crone behind her, and some minutes passed in the most appalling silence. At last she resumed her place, more dead than alive, and the pastor concluded the service. The bridegroom now arose and led the tottering bride towards her former seat, while the old woman and the tall man followed behind. The first companions of the clergyman than reappeared, and having once more tied a bandage over his eyes, led him with some difficulty through the crowd. When they reached the door, he was pushed out with violence, and left to his solitary meditations, while they barred and bolted it from within.

For a few minutes he stood confused, and uncertain whether the late scene of terror, with all the extraordinary circumstances accompanying it, might not be a painful dream; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and beheld the church brilliantly illuminated before him, and heard the voices of the multitude within, he could no longer doubt the reality of what had happened. In order to learn the sequel, as far as was in his power, he now concealed himself in a niche on the opposite side of the church; and, while listening here, heard the noise within becoming louder and louder, as though a violent contest had arisen. He could distinguish the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence in an authoritative manner—then a long pause ensued—a shot was fired—and a shriek from a woman's voice was heard! There was silence for a few moments, which was at last interrupted by the sounds of labour and the noise of spades and other implements, which lasted perhaps about a quarter of an hour. The lights were now extinguished, the murmur of many voices was heard, and the whole multitude rushed out of the church and hastened noisily towards the sea.

The old pastor, upon this, hastened back towards his village. He awakened his friends and neighbours, and related to them the strange and incredible things which had just happened. But so silent and peaceful had been the previous course of their lives, that those simple men, instead of believing their clergyman, were seized with a different kind of terror; for they fancied

that his intellect had given way. It was, therefore, with the utmost difficulty, and more because they were willing to gratify him by humouring his supposed caprices, that he at last persuaded them to accompany him to the church, and to provide themselves with shovels and pickaxes.

Night had by this time disappeared, and the sun had already arisen, when the pastor and his flock ascended the hill towards the church.

They now perceived a ship-of-war, in full sail, rapidly distancing the shore, and steering for the north. A sight so unexpected rendered the inhabitants of the village a little dubious; and they were quite prepared to believe in the old man's words, when they found the side doors of their church forcibly broken open. In breathless expectation, therefore, they entered; the pastor pointed out to them the site of the grave which he had seen open the night before, and they could plainly perceive that the stone had been rolled away, and afterwards replaced. They, therefore, set to work with pickaxes, and on re-opening the grave, found a new and richly-ornamented coffin.

The old man jumped down, the others followed his example, and the lid was speedily removed. Alas! the worthy pastor found his worst fears realized; the coffin contained the corpse of the murdered bride, and the splendid diadem alone was awanting! She must have died instantaneously, for the ball had passed right through her heart. The expression of terror and anguish formerly observable on her countenance had disappeared, and in its place a heavenly peace illumed her features; she lay in her coffin placid and calm as an angel. The old man knelt over her, lamenting bitterly; while silent astonishment and horror seized the beholders.

The pastor thought it his duty to announce the circumstance, without delay, to the Bishop of Zealand, as being his ecclesiastical superior; and, meanwhile, until he should receive an answer from Copenhagen, made his simple parishioners take an oath of secrecy. The grave was once more closed up, and no one ventured to allude to the circumstance. Suddenly there appeared in the little village a man of distinction from the capital; he made the inhabitants state minutely all that had taken place, examined the grave, praised the silence hitherto observed, and strictly enjoined them to continue their secrecy, on pain of being visited with the most severe punishments.

After the death of the old pastor, a manuscript, giving a detailed account of the whole transaction, was found, written by his own hand, appended to the church books. Many believed that they could trace some connection between the facts there stated and the mysterious events which took place in Russia after the deaths of Peter the Great and his Empress Catherine. But to explain the whole mystery attending the atrocious act would be difficult, if not impossible.

THE CLOAK.

'Twas all for popularity—
The Devil knows 'tis true—
I've played the statesman thirty years,
In Orange and in Blue;
But soon I fear the cloak must go—
The wretches laugh so at Jim Crow.

Hypocrisy! and must I soon
Untie thy golden band?
Thou'st made a little man like me
Look big like Talleyrand.
Dear Cloak, without thy frowning screen,
How must I look—how small and mean!

For place and pelf I fain would try
The yellow patch once more;
But lest the rogues should sneer and bah,
I feel confounded sore;
And sooth, so much I've dealt in bam,
I'm devilish sheepish as I am.

What am I? Pshaw!—What nature meant,
Herself the best can tell;
But that 'twas none of nature's lords,
My conscience knows too well.
Perhaps a lord by royal grace—
A something good enough for place.

And yet, good conscience, here I am
A prime Whig Legislator;
A minister, a patriot too,
Law-maker, lord-creator—
I know myself too well, no doubt,
But yet *they've* hardly found me out.

Good Cloak, I thank thee for the tongue
That thrill'd a grateful nation,
And vowed, most patriot-like to fall
With curs'd Appropriation.
I didn't—Did the gulled ones scout me?
No! What could England do without me?

I am the *juste milieu*—for so
My pensioned patriots say;
And hence a little principle
Must now and then give way.
If not, Joe Hume, or else his Grace
Would strip the Whigs of pelf and place.

Dread consequence! no royal smile,
No Palace chat for me;
If Cupid falls, then England's lost—
If England, Liberty.
The fate of England—hear, ye stupid!—
The fate of Freedom, hangs on Cupid.

Dread consequence!—Where we have ate,
The Radicals may eat;
Or Tory dogs, in pride of place,
May grub the children's meat.
Good right my hacks should howl "Pollution!
Anarchy!—Bloodshed!—Revolution!"

Dread consequence!—My good old Cloak,
I'll hug thee closer still;
Still cram with words the simple gull,
The knave with pudding fill;
Still smile and kiss a fair *bas bleu*:
For am not I the *juste milieu*?

CYRUS.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS, FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our December No.)

WESTMORELAND AND THE DALESMEN.

In February, as I have said, of 1809, I quitted Allan Bank; and, from that time until the depth of summer, Miss Wordsworth was employed in the task she had volunteered, of renewing and furnishing the little cottage in which I was to succeed the illustrious tenant who had, in my mind, hallowed the rooms by a seven years' occupation, during, perhaps, the happiest period of his life—the early years of his marriage, and of his first acquaintance with parental affections. Cottage, immortal in my remembrance! as well it might be; for this cottage I retained through just seven and twenty years: this was the scene of struggles the most tempestuous and bitter within my own mind: this the scene of my despondency and unhappiness: this the scene of my happiness—a happiness which justified the faith of man's *earthly* lot, as, upon the whole, a dowry from Heaven. It was, in its exterior, not so much a picturesque cottage—for its outline and proportions, its windows and its chimneys, were not sufficiently marked and effective for the picturesque *—as it was lovely: one gable end was, indeed, most gorgeously appareled in ivy, and so far picturesque; but the principal side, or what might be called front, as it presented itself to the road, and was most illuminated by windows, was embossed—nay, it might be said, smothered—in roses of different species, amongst which the moss and the damask prevailed. These, together with as much jessamine and honeysuckle as could find room to flourish, were not only in themselves a most interesting garniture for a humble cottage wall, but they also performed the acceptable service of breaking the unpleasant glare that would else have wounded the eye, from the whitewash; a glare which, having been renewed amongst the general preparations against my coming to inhabit the house, could not be sufficiently subdued in tone for the artist's eye until the storm of several winters had weather-stained and tamed down its brilliancy. The Westmoreland cottages, as a class, have long been celebrated for their picturesque forms, and very justly so: in no part of the world are cottages to be found more strikingly interesting to the eye by their general outlines, by the sheltered porches of their entrances, by their exquisite chimneys, by their rustic windows, and by the distribution of the parts. These parts are on a larger scale, both as to number and size, than a stranger would expect to find as dependencies and outhouses attached to dwellinghouses so modest; chiefly from the necessity of making provision, both in fuel for themselves, and in hay, straw, and brackens for the cattle against the long winter. But, in praising the Westmoreland dwellings, it must be understood that only those of the native Dalesmen are contemplated; for as to those raised by the alien intruders—"the lakers," or "foreigners" as they are sometimes called by the old indigenous possessors of the soil—these being designed to exhibit "a taste" and an eye for the picturesque, are pretty often mere models of deformity, as vulgar and as silly as it is well possible for any object to be, in a case where, after all, the workman, and obedience to custom, and the necessities of the ground, &c., will often step in to compel the architects into common sense and propriety. The main defect in Scottish scenery, the eye-

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* The idea of the picturesque is one which did not exist at all until the post-Christian ages; neither amongst the Grecians nor amongst the Romans; and *therefore*, as respects one reason, it was, that the art of landscape painting did not exist (except in a Chinese infancy, and as a mere trick of inventive ingenuity) amongst the finest artists of Greece. What *is* the picturesque, as placed in relation to the beautiful and the sublime? It is (to define it by the very shortest form of words) the characteristic, pushed into a sensible excess. The prevailing character of any natural object, no matter how little attractive it may be for beauty, is always interesting for itself, *as* the character and hieroglyphic symbol of the purposes pursued by Nature in the determination of its form, style of motion, texture of superficies, relation of parts, &c.

Thus, for example, an expression of dulness and somnolent torpor does not ally itself with grace or elegance; but, in combination with strength and other qualities, it may compose a character of serviceable and patient endurance, as in the cart horse, having unity in itself, and tending to one class of uses sufficient to mark it out by circumscription for a distinct and separate contemplation. Now, in combination with certain counteracting circumstances, as with the momentary energy of some great effort, much of this peculiar character might be lost, or defeated, or dissipated. On that account, the skilful observer will seek out circumstances that are in harmony with the principal tendencies and assist them; such, suppose, as a state of lazy relaxation from labour, and the fall of heavy drenching rain causing the head to droop, and the shaggy main, together with the fetlocks, to weep. These, and other circumstances of attitude, &c., bring out the character or prevailing tendency of the animal in some excess; and, in such a case, we call the resulting effect to the eye—picturesque: or, in fact, *characteresque*. In extending this speculation to objects of art and human purposes, there is something more required of subtle investigation. Meantime, it is evident that neither the sublime nor the beautiful depends upon any *secondary* interest of a purpose or of a character expressing that purpose. They (confining the case to visual objects) court the *primary* interest involved in that (form, colour, texture, attitude, motion,) which forces admiration, which fascinates the eye, for itself, and without a question of any distinct purpose; and, instead of character—that is, discriminating and separating expression, tending to the special and the individual—they both agree in pursuing the Catholic—the Normal—the Ideal.

sore that disfigures so many charming combinations of landscape, is the offensive style of the rural architecture; but still, even where it is worst, the *mode* of its offence is not by affectation and conceit, and preposterous attempts at realizing sublime, Gothic, or castellated effects in little gingerbread ornaments, and "tobacco pipes," and make-believe parapets, and towers like kitchen or hot-house flues; but in the hard undisguised pursuit of mere coarse uses and needs of life. Too often, the rustic mansion, that should speak of decent poverty and seclusion, peaceful and comfortable, wears the most repulsive air of town confinement and squalid indigence; the house being built of substantial stone, three stories high, or even four, the roof of massy slate; and everything strong which respects the future outlay of the proprietor—everything frail which respects the comfort of the inhabitant: windows broken and stuffed up with rags or old hats; steps and door encrusted with dirt; and the whole tarnished with smoke. Poverty—how different the face it wears looking with meagre staring eyes from such a city dwelling as this, and when it peeps out, with rosy cheeks, from amongst clustering roses and woodbines, at a little lattice, from a little one-story cottage! Are, then, the main characteristics of the Westmoreland dwellinghouses imputable to superior taste? By no means. Spite of all that I have heard Mr Wordsworth and others say in maintaining that opinion, I, for my part, do and must hold—that the Dalesmen produce none of the happy effects which frequently arise in their domestic architecture under any search after beautiful forms—a search which they despise with a sort of Vandal dignity; no, nor with any sense or consciousness of their success. How then? Is it accident—mere casual good luck—that has brought forth, for instance, so many exquisite forms of chimneys? Not so; but it is this—it is good sense, on the one hand, bending and conforming to the dictates or even the suggestions of the climate, and the local circumstances of rocks, water, currents of air, &c.; and, on the other hand, wealth sufficient to arm the builder with all suitable means for giving effect to his purpose, and to evade the necessity of make-shifts. But the radical ground of the interest attached to Westmoreland cottage architecture, lies in its submission to the determining agencies of the surrounding circumstances—such of them, I mean, as are permanent, and have been gathered from long experience. The porch, for instance, which does so much to take away from a house the character of a rude box, pierced with holes for air, light, and ingress, has evidently been dictated by the sudden rushes of wind through the mountain "ghylls," which make some kind of protection necessary to the ordinary door; and this reason has been strengthened in cases of houses near to a road, by the hospitable wish to provide a sheltered seat for the wayfarer—most of these porches being furnished with one in each of the two recesses, to the right and to the left. The long winter again, as I have already said, and the artificial prolongation of the winter, by the necessity of keeping the sheep long upon the low grounds, creates a call for large out-houses; and these, for the sake of warmth, are usually placed at right angles to the house; which has the effect of making a much larger system of parts than would else arise. But perhaps the main feature, which gives character to the pile of building, is the roof, and, above all, the chimneys. It is the remark of an accomplished Edinburgh artist, H. W. Williams, in the course of his strictures* upon the domestic architecture of the Italians, and especially of the Florentines, that the character of buildings, in certain circumstances, "depends wholly or chiefly on the form of the roof and the chimney. This," he goes on, "is particularly the case in Italy, where more variety and taste is displayed in the chimneys than in the buildings to which they belong. These chimneys are as peculiar and characteristic as palm trees in a tropical climate." Again, in speaking of Calabria and the Ionian Islands, he says—"We were forcibly struck with the consequence which the beauty of the chimneys imparted to the character of the whole building." Now, in Great Britain, he complains, with reason, of the very opposite result; not the plain building ennobled by the chimney; but the chimney degrading the noble building; and in Edinburgh, especially, where the homely and inelegant appearance of the chimneys contrasts most disadvantageously and offensively with the beauty of the buildings which they surmount." Even here, however, he makes an exception for some of the *old* buildings, "whose chimneys," he admits, "are very tastefully decorated, and contribute essentially to the beauty of the general effect." It is probable, therefore, and many houses of the Elizabethan era confirm it, that a better taste prevailed, in this point, amongst our ancestors, both Scottish and English; that this elder fashion travelled, together with many other usages, from the richer parts of Scotland to the Borders, and thence to the vales of Westmoreland; where they have continued to prevail, from their affectionate adhesion to all patriarchal customs. Some, undoubtedly, of these Westmoreland forms have been dictated by the necessities of the weather, and the systematic energies of human skill, from age to age, applied to the very difficult task of training smoke into obedience, under the peculiar difficulties presented by the sites of Westmoreland houses. These are chosen, generally speaking, with the same good sense and regard to domestic comfort, as the primary consideration (without, however, disdainfully slighting the sentiment, whatever it were, of peace, of seclusion, of gaiety, of solemnity, the special "relligio loci") which seems to have guided the choice of those who founded religious houses. And here, again, by the way, appears a marked difference between the Dalesmen and the intrusive gentry

* Travels in Italy, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, vol. i., p. 74–5.

—not creditable to the latter. The native Dalesman, well aware of the fury with which the wind often gathers and eddies about any eminence, however trifling its elevation, never thinks of planting his house *there:* whereas the stranger, singly solicitous about the prospect or the range of lake which his gilt saloons are to command, chooses his site too often upon points better fitted for a temple of Eolus than a human dwelling-place; and he belts his house with balconies and verandas that a mountain gale often tears away in mockery. The Dalesman, wherever his choice is not circumscribed, selects a sheltered spot, (a *wray*,* for instance,) which protects him from the wind altogether, upon one or two quarters, and on all quarters from its tornado violence: he takes good care, at the same time, to be within a few feet of a mountain beck; a caution so little heeded by some of the villa founders, that absolutely, in a country surcharged with water, they have sometimes found themselves driven, by sheer necessity, to the after-thought of sinking a well. The very best situation, however, in other respects, may be bad in one; and sometimes finds its very advantages, and the beetling crags which protect its rear, obstructions the most permanent to the ascent of smoke; and it is in the contest with these natural baffling repellents of the smoke, and in the variety of artifices for modifying its vertical, or for accomplishing its lateral escape, that have arisen the large and graceful variety of chimney models. My cottage, wanting this primary feature of elegance in the constituents of Westmoreland cottage architecture, and wanting also another very interesting feature of the elder architecture, annually becoming more and more rare, viz., the outside gallery, (which is sometimes merely of wood, but is much more striking when provided for in the original construction of the house, and completely *enfoncé* in the masonry,) could not rank high amongst the picturesque houses of the country; those, at least, which are such by virtue of their architectural form. It was, however, very irregular in its outline to the rear, by the aid of one little projecting room, and also of a stable and little barn, in immediate contact with the dwellinghouse. It had, besides, the great advantage of a varying height: two sides being about fifteen or sixteen feet high from the exposure of both stories; whereas the other two being swathed about by a little orchard that rose rapidly and unequally towards the vast mountain range in the rear, exposed only the upper story; and, consequently, on those sides the elevation rarely rose beyond seven or eight feet. All these accidents of irregular form and outline, gave to the house some little pretensions to a picturesque character; whilst its "separable accidents" (as the logicians say)—its bowery roses and jessamine clothed it in loveliness—its associations with Wordsworth—crowned it, to my mind, with historical dignity; and, finally, my own twenty-seven years off-and-on connexion with it, have, by ties personal and indestructible, endeared it to my heart so unspeakably beyond all other houses, that even now I rarely dream through four nights running, that I do not find myself (and others beside) in some one of those rooms; and, most probably, the last cloudy delirium of approaching death will re-install me in some chamber of that same humble cottage. "What a tale," says Foster, the eloquent essayist—"what a tale could be told by many a room, were the walls endowed with memory and speech!" or, in the more impassioned expressions of Wordsworth—

"Ah! what a lesson to a thoughtless man,
——————if any gladsome field of earth
Could render back the sighs to which it hath responded,
Or echo the sad steps by which it hath been trod!";

And equally affecting it would be, if such a field or such a house could render up the echoes of joy, of festal music, of jubilant laughter—the innocent mirth of infants, or the gaiety, not less innocent, of youthful mothers—equally affecting would be such a reverberation of forgotten household happiness, with the re-echoing records of sighs and groans. And few indeed are the houses that, within a period no longer than from the beginning of the century to 1835 (so long was it either mine or Wordsworth's,) have crowded such ample materials for those echoes, whether sorrowful or joyous.

SOCIETY OF THE LAKES.

My cottage was ready in the summer; but I was playing truant amongst the valleys of Somersetshire; and, meantime, different families, throughout the summer, borrowed the cottage of the Wordsworths as my friends: they consisted chiefly of ladies; and some, by the delicacy of their attentions to the flowers, &c., gave me reason to consider their visit during my absence as a real honour; others—such is the difference of people in this world—left the rudest memorials of their careless habits impressed upon house, furniture, garden, &c. In November, at last, I—the long-expected—made my appearance; some little sensation did really and naturally attend my coming, for most of the draperies belonging to beds, curtains, &c., had been sewed by the young women of that or the adjoining vales. This had caused me to be talked of. Many had seen me on my visit to the Wordsworths. Miss Wordsworth had introduced the curious to a knowledge of my age, name, prospects, and all the rest of what can be interesting to know. Even the old people of the vale were a little excited by the accounts (somewhat exaggerated, perhaps) of the never-ending books that continued to arrive in packing-cases for several months in succession. Nothing in these vales so much fixes the attention and respect of the people as the reputation of being a "far learn'd" man. So far, therefore, I had already bespoke the favourable opinion of the Dalesmen. And a separate kind of interest arose amongst mothers and daughters, in the knowledge that I should necessarily want what

* *Wrais* is the old Danish, or Icelandic word for *angle*. Hence the many "wrays" in the lake district.

—in a sense somewhat different from the general one—is called a "housekeeper;" that is, not an upper servant to superintend others, but one who could undertake, in her own person, all the duties of the house. It is not discreditable to these worthy people that several of the richest and most respectable families were anxious to secure the place for a daughter. Had I been a dissipated young man, I have good reason to know that there would have been no canvassing at all for the situation. But partly my books spoke for the character of my pursuits with these simple-minded people—partly the introduction of the Wordsworths guaranteed the safety of such a service. Even then, had I persisted in my original intention of bringing a man-servant, no respectable young woman would have accepted the place. As it was, and it being understood that I had renounced this intention, many, in a gentle diffident way, applied for the place, or their parents on their behalf. And I mention the fact, because it illustrates one feature in the manners of this primitive and peculiar people, the Dalesmen of Westmoreland. However wealthy, they do not think it degrading to permit even the eldest daughter to go out a few years to service. The object is not to gain a sum of money in wages, but that sort of household experience which is supposed to be unattainable upon a suitable scale out of a gentleman's family. So far was this carried, that, amongst the offers made to myself, was one from a young woman whose family was amongst the very oldest in the country, and who was at that time under an engagement of marriage to the very richest young man in the vale. She and her future husband had a reasonable prospect of possessing ten thousand pounds in land; and yet neither her own family nor her husband's objected to her seeking such a place as I could offer. Her character and manners, I ought to add, were so truly excellent, and won respect so inevitably from everybody, that nobody could wonder at the honourable confidence reposed in her by her manly and spirited young lover. The issue of the matter, as respected my service, was, why I do not know, that Miss Wordsworth did not accept of her; and she fulfilled her purpose in another family, a very grave and respectable one, in Kendal. She stayed about a couple of years, returned, and married the young man to whom she had engaged herself, and is now the prosperous mother of a fine handsome family; and she, together with her mother-in-law, are the two leading matrons of the vale.

It was on a November night, about ten o'clock, that I first found myself installed in a house of my own—this cottage, so memorable from its past tenant to all men, so memorable to myself from all which has since past in connexion with it. A writer in *The Quarterly Review*, in noticing the autobiography of Dr Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, has thought fit to say that the lakes, of course, afforded no society capable of appreciating this commonplace, coarse-minded man of talents. The person who said this I understand to have been Dr Whittaker, the respectable antiquary. Now, that the reader may judge of the propriety with which this was asserted, I shall slightly rehearse the muster-roll of our lake society, as it existed at the time when I seated myself in my Grasmere cottage. I will undertake to say, that the meanest person in the whole scattered community was more extensively accomplished than the good bishop, was more conscientiously true to his duties, and had more varied powers of conversation. Wordsworth and Coleridge, then living at Allan Bank, in Grasmere, I will not notice in such a question. Southey, living thirteen miles off, at Keswick, I have already noticed; and he needs no *proneur*. I will begin with Windermere. At Clappersgate, a little hamlet of perhaps six houses, on its north-west angle, and about five miles from my cottage, resided two Scottish ladies, daughters of Dr Cullen, the famous physician and nosologist. They were universally beloved for their truly kind dispositions, and the firm independence of their conduct. They had been reduced from great affluence to a condition of rigorous poverty. Their father had made what should have been a fortune by his practice. The good doctor, however, was careless of his money in proportion to the facility with which he made it. All was put into a box, open to the whole family. Breach of confidence, in the most thoughtless use of this money, there could be none; because no restraint in that point, beyond what honour and good-sense imposed, was laid upon any of the elder children. Under such regulations, it may be imagined that Dr Cullen would not accumulate any very large capital; and, at his death, the family, for the first time, found themselves in embarrassed circumstances. Of the two daughters who belonged to our lake population, one had married a Mr Millar, son to the celebrated professor Millar of Glasgow. This gentleman had died in America; and Mrs Millar was now a childless widow. The other still remained unmarried. Both were equally independent; and independent even with regard to their nearest relatives; for, even from their brother—who had risen to rank and affluence as a Scottish judge, under the title of Lord Cullen—they declined to receive assistance; and except for some small addition made to their income by a novel called "Home," [in as many as seven volumes, I really believe,] by Miss Cullen, their expenditure was rigorously shaped to meet that very slender income, which they drew *from their* shares of the patrimonial wrecks. More honourable and modest independence, or poverty more gracefully supported, I have rarely known. Meantime, these ladies, though literary and very agreeable in conversation, could not be classed with what now began to be known as the *lake* community of literati; for they took no interest in any one of the lake poets; did not affect to take any; and I am sure they were not aware of so much value in any one thing these poets had written, as could make it worth while even to look into their books;

and accordingly, as well-bred women, they took the same course as was pursued for several years by Mrs Hannah More, viz., cautiously to avoid mentioning their names in my presence. This was natural enough in women who had probably built their early admiration upon French models, (for Mrs Millar used to tell me that she regarded the "Mahomet" of Voltaire as the most perfect of human compositions,) and still more so at a period when almost all the world had surrendered their opinions and their literary consciences (so to speak) into the keeping of *The Edinburgh Review;* in whose favour, besides, those ladies had the pardonable prepossessions of national pride, as a collateral guarantee of that implicit faith which, in those days, stronger minded people than they took a pride in professing. Still, in defiance of prejudices mustering so strongly to support their blindness, and the still stronger support which this blindness drew from their total ignorance of everything either done or attempted by the lake poets, these amiable women persisted in one uniform tone of courteous forbearance, as often as any question arose to implicate the names either of Wordsworth or of Coleridge; any question about them, their books, their families, or anything that was theirs. They thought it strange, indeed, (for so much I heard by a circuitous course,) that promising and intellectual young men—men educated at great universities, such as Mr Wilson of Elleray, or myself, or a few others who had paid us visits,—should possess so deep a veneration for these writers; but evidently this was an infatuation—a craze, originating, perhaps, in personal connexions; and, as the craze of valued friends, to be treated with tenderness. For us therefore—for our sakes—they took a religious care to suppress all allusion to these disreputable names; and it is pretty plain how sincere their indifference must have been with regard to these neighbouring authors, from the evidence of one fact, viz., that when, in 1810, Mr Coleridge began to issue, in weekly numbers, his *Friend*, which, by the prospectus, held forth a promise of meeting all possible tastes—literary, philosophic, political—even this comprehensive field of interest, combined with the adventitious attraction (so very unusual, and so little to have been looked for in that thinly-peopled region) of a local origin, from the bosom of those very hills at the foot of which (though on a different side) they were themselves living, failed altogether to stimulate their torpid curiosity; so perfect was their persuasion beforehand, that no good thing could by possibility come out of a community that had fallen under the ban of the Edinburgh critics. At the same time, it is melancholy to confess that, partly from the dejection of Coleridge; his constant immersion in opium at that period; his hatred of the duties he had assumed, or at least of their too frequent and periodical recurrence; and partly also from the bad selection of topics for a miscellaneous audience; from the heaviness and obscurity with which they were treated; and from the total want of variety, in consequence of defective arrangements on his part for ensuring the co-operation of his friends; no conceivable act of authorship that Coleridge *could* have perpetrated, no possible overt act of dullness and somnolent darkness that he *could* have authorized, was so well fitted to sustain the impression, with regard to him and his friends, that had pre-occupied these ladies' minds. *Habes confitentem reum!* I am sure they would exclaim; not perhaps confessing to that form of delinquency which they had been taught to expect—trivial or extravagant sentimentalism; *Germanity* alternating with tumid inanity; not this, but something quite as bad or worse, viz., palpable dulness—dulness that could be felt and handled—rayless obscurity as to the thoughts—and communicated in language that, according to the Bishop of Llandaff's complaint, was not always English. For, though the particular words cited for blame were certainly known to the vocabulary of metaphysics, and had even been employed by a writer of Queen Anne's reign, (Leibnitz,) who, if any, had the gift of translating dark thoughts into plain ones—still it was intolerable, in point of good sense, that one who had to win his way into the public ear, should begin by bringing, before a popular and miscellaneous audience, themes that could require such startling and revolting words. *The Delphic Oracle* was the kindest of the nick-names which the literary taste of Windermere conferred upon the new journal. This was the laughing suggestion of a clever young lady, a daughter of the Bishop of Llandaff, who stood in a neutral position with regard to Coleridge. But others there were, amongst his supposed friends, who felt even more keenly than this young lady the shocking want of adaptation to his audience in the choice of matter; and, even to an audience better qualified to meet such matter, the want of adaptation in the mode of publication, viz., periodically, and by weekly recurrence; a mode of soliciting the public attention which even authorizes the expectation of current topics—topics arising each with its own week or day. One in particular I remember, of these disapproving friends; a Mr Blair, an accomplished scholar, and a frequent visiter at Elleray, who started the playful scheme of a satirical rejoinder to Coleridge's *Friend*, under the name of *The Enemy*, which was to follow always in the wake of its leader, and to stimulate Coleridge, [at the same time that it amused the public,] by attic banter, or by downright opposition, and shewing fight in good earnest. It was a plan that might have done good service to the world, and chiefly through a seasonable irritation (never so much wanted as then) applied to Coleridge's too lethargic state: in fact, throughout life, it is most deeply to be regretted that Coleridge's powers and peculiar learning were never forced out into a large display by intense and almost persecuting opposition. However, this scheme, like thousands of other day-dreams and bubbles that rose upon the breath of morning spirits

and buoyant youth, fell to the ground; and, in the meantime, no enemy to *The Friend* appeared that was capable of matching *The Friend* when left to itself and its own careless or vagrant guidance. *The Friend* ploughed heavily along for nine-and-twenty numbers; and our fair recusants and non-conformists in all that regarded the lake poetry or authorship, the two Scottish ladies of Clappersgate, found no reasons for changing their opinions; but continued, for the rest of my acquaintance with them, to practice the same courteous and indulgent silence, whenever the names of Coleridge or Wordsworth happened to be mentioned.

In taking leave of these Scottish ladies, it may be interesting to mention that, previously to their final farewell to our lake society, upon taking up their permanent residence in York, (which step they adopted—partly, I believe, to enjoy the more diversified society which that great city yields, and, at any rate, the more *accessible* society than amongst mountain districts—partly with a view to the cheapness of that rich district in comparison with our sterile soil, poor towns, and poor agriculture,) somewhere about the May or June of 1810, I think—they were able, by a long preparatory course of economy, to invite to the English lakes a family of foreigners—what shall I call them?—a family Anglo-Gallo-Americans—from the Carolinas. The invitation had been of old standing, and offered, as an expression of gratitude, from these ladies, for many hospitalities and friendly services rendered by the two heads of that family to Mrs Millar, in former years, and under circumstances of peculiar trial. Mrs Millar had been hastily summoned from Scotland to attend her husband at Charleston; him, on her arrival, she found dying; and, whilst overwhelmed by this sudden blow, it may be imagined that the young widow would find trials enough for her fortitude, without needing any addition to the load, from friendlessness amongst a nation of strangers, and from total solitude. These evils were spared to Mrs Millar, through the kind offices and disinterested exertions of an American gentleman, (French by birth, but American by adoption,) M. Simond, who took upon himself the cares of superintending Mr Millar's funeral through all its details; and, by this most seasonable service, secured to the heart-stricken young widow that most welcome of privileges in all situations—the privilege of unmolested privacy; for assuredly the heaviest aggravation of such bereavements lies in the necessity, too often imposed by circumstances, upon him or upon her, who may happen to be the sole responsible representative, and, at the same time, the dearest friend of the deceased, of superintending the funeral arrangements. In the very agonies of a new-born grief, whilst the heart is yet raw and bleeding, the mind not yet able to comprehend its loss, the very light of day hateful to the eyes; the necessity, even at such a moment arises, and without a day's delay, and of facing strangers, talking with strangers, discussing the most empty details, with a view to the most sordid of considerations—cheapness, convenience, custom, and local prejudice; and, finally, talking about whom? why, the very child, husband, wife, who has just been torn away; and this, too, under a consciousness that the being so hallowed is, as to these strangers, an object equally indifferent with any one person whatsoever that died a thousand years ago. Fortunate, indeed, is that person who has a natural friend, or, in default of such a friend, who finds a volunteer stepping forward to relieve him from a conflict of feeling so peculiarly unseasonable. Mrs Millar never forgot the service which had been rendered to her; and she was happy when M. Simond, who had become a wealthy citizen of America, at length held out the prospect of coming to profit by her hospitable attentions, amongst that circle of friends with whom she and her sister had surrounded themselves in so interesting a part of England. M. Simond had been a French emigrant—not, I believe, so far connected with the privileged orders of his country or with any political party as to be absolutely forced out of France by danger or by panic; but he had shared in the feelings of those who were. Revolutionary France, in the anarchy of the transition state, and still heaving to and fro with the subsiding shocks of the great earthquake, did not suit him: there was neither the polish which he sought in its manners, nor the security which he sought in its institutions. England he did not love; but yet, if not England, some country which had grown up from English foundations was the country for him; and, as he augured no rest for France, through some generations to come, but an endless succession of revolution to revolution, anarchy to anarchy, he judged it best that, having expatriated himself and lost one country, he should solemnly adopt another. Accordingly, he became an American citizen. English he already spoke with propriety and fluency. And, finally, he cemented his English connexions by marrying an English lady, the niece of John Wilkes. "What John Wilkes?" asked a lady, one of a dinner-party at Calgarth, (the house of Dr Watson, the celebrated Bishop of Llandaff,) upon the banks of Windermere.—"*What* John Wilkes!" re-echoed the Bishop, with a vehement intonation of scorn; "*What* John Wilkes, indeed! as if there ever was more than one John Wilkes—*fama super æthera notos!*"—"O my Lord, I beg your pardon," said an old lady, nearly connected with the Bishop, "there were two; I knew one of them: he was a little, ill-looking man, and he kept the Blue Boar at ———."—"At Flamborough Head!" roared the Bishop, with a savage expression of disgust. The old lady, suspecting that some screw was loose in the matter, thought it prudent to drop the contest; but she murmured, *sotto voce*, "No, not at Flamborough Head, but at Market Drayton." Madame Simond, then, was the niece, not of the ill-looking host of the Blue Boar, but of *the* Wilkes, so memorably connected with the *par-vanimities* of the English government at one

period; with the casuistry of our English constitution, by the questions raised in his person as to the effects of expulsion from the House of Commons, &c., &c.; and, finally, with the history of English jurisprudence, by his intrepidity on the matter of general warrants. M. Simond's party, when at length it arrived, consisted of two persons besides himself, viz., his wife, the niece of Wilkes, and a young lady of eighteen, standing in the relation of grand-niece to the same memorable person. This young lady, highly pleasing in her person, on quitting the lake district, went northwards, with her party, to Edinburgh, and there became acquainted with Mr Francis Jeffrey, the present Lord Jeffrey, who, naturally enough, fell in love with her—followed her across the Atlantic—and in Charleston, I believe, received the honour of her hand in marriage. I, as one of Mrs Millar's friends, put in my claim to entertain her American party in my turn. One long summer's day, they all came over to my cottage in Grasmere; and as it became my duty to do the honours of our vale to the strangers, I thought that I could not discharge the duty in a way more likely to interest them all, than by conducting them through Grasmere into the little inner chamber of Easedale; and there, within sight of the solitary cottage—Blentarn Ghyll—telling them the story of the Greens; because, in this way, I had an opportunity, at the same time, of shewing the scenery from some of the best points, and of opening to them a few glimpses of the character and customs which distinguish this section of the English yeomanry from others. The story did certainly interest them all; and thus far I succeeded in my duties as Cicerone and Amphytrion of the day. But throughout the rest of our long morning's ramble, I remember that accident, or, possibly, the politeness of M. Simond and his French sympathy with a young man's natural desire to stand well in the eyes of a handsome young woman, so ordered it, that I had constantly the honour of being Miss Wilkes' immediate companion, as the narrowness of the path pretty generally threw us into ranks of two and two. Having, therefore, through so many hours, the opportunity of an exclusive conversation with this young lady, it would have been my own fault had I failed to carry off an impression of her great good sense, as well as her amiable and spirited character. Certainly I did *mon possible* to entertain her, both on her own account and as the visiter of my Scottish friends. But, in the midst of all my efforts, I had the mortification to feel that I was rowing against the stream; that there was a silent body of prepossession against the whole camp of the lakers, which nothing could unsettle. Miss Wilkes naturally looked up, with some feelings of respect, to M. Simond, who, by his marriage with her aunt, had become her own guardian and protector. Now, M. Simond, of all the men in the world, was the last who could have appreciated an English poet. He had, to begin with, a French inaptitude for apprehending poetry at all; any poetry, that is, which transcends manners and the interests of social life. Then, unfortunately, not merely through what he had not, but equally through what he had, this cleverish Frenchman was, by whole diameters of the earth, remote from the station at which he could comprehend Wordsworth. He was a thorough knowing man of the world, keen, sharp as a razor, and valuing nothing but the tangible and the ponderable. He had a smattering of mechanics, of physiology, geology, mineralogy, and all other *ologies* whatsoever; he had, besides, at his fingers' ends, a huge body of statistical facts—how many people did live, could live, ought to live, in each particular district of each manufacturing county—how many old women of eighty-three there ought to be to so many little children of one—how many murders ought to be committed in a month by each town of 5,000 souls—and so on *ad infinitum*. And to such a thin shred had his old French politeness been worn down by American attrition, that his thin lips could, with much ado, contrive to disguise his contempt for those who failed to meet him exactly upon his own field, with exactly his own quality of knowledge. Yet, after all, it was but a little *case* of knowledge, that he had packed up neatly for a make-shift; just what corresponds to the little assortment of razors, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, hair-brushes, cork-screw, gimlet, &c. &c., which one carries in one's trunk, in a red Morocco case, to meet the casualties of a journey. The more was one indignant at being the object of such a man's contempt, the more heartily did one disdain his disdain, and recalcitrate his kicks. On the single day which Mrs Millar could spare for Grasmere, I had taken care to ask Wordsworth amongst those who were to meet the party. Wordsworth came; but, by instinct, he and Monsieur Simond knew and recoiled from each other. They met, they saw, they *interdespised*. Wordsworth, on his side, seemed so heartily to despise M. Simond, that he did not stir or make an effort to right himself under any misapprehension of the Frenchman, but coolly acquiesced in any and every inference which he might be pleased to draw; whilst M. Simond, double-charged with contempt from *The Edinburgh Review*, and from the report (I cannot doubt) of his present hostess, manifestly thought Wordsworth too abject almost for the trouble of too openly disdaining him. More than one of us could have done justice on this malefactor, by meeting M. Simond on his own ground, and taking the conceit out of him most thoroughly. I was one of those; for I had the very knowledge, or some of it, that he most paraded. But one of us was lazy; another thought it not *tanti*; and I, for my part, in my own house, could not move upon such a service. And in those days, moreover, when as yet I loved Wordsworth not less than I venerated him, a success that would have made him sufferin any man's opinion by comparison with myself, would have been painful to my feelings. Never did party meet more exquisitely ill-assorted; never did

party separate with more exquisite and cordial disgust, in its principal members, towards each other. I mention the case at all in order to illustrate the abject condition of worldly opinion in which Wordsworth then lived. Perhaps his ill fame was just then in its meridian; for M. Simond, soon after, published his English tour in two octavo volumes; and, of course, he goes over his residence at the lakes; yet it is a strong fact that, according to my remembrance, he does not vouchsafe to mention such a person as Wordsworth.

One anecdote, before parting with these ladies, I will mention as received from Miss Cullen on her personal knowledge of the fact. There are stories current which resemble this; but wanting that immediate guarantee for their accuracy which, in this case, I at least was obliged to admit, in the attestation of so perfectly veracious a reporter as this excellent lady. A female friend of her own, a person of family and consideration, being on the eve of undertaking a visit to a remote part of the kingdom, dreamed that, on reaching the end of her journey, and drawing up to the steps of the door, a footman, with a very marked and forbidding expression of countenance, his complexion pale and bloodless, and his manners sullen, presented himself to let down the steps of her carriage. This same man, at a subsequent point of her dream, appeared to be stealing up a private staircase, with some murderous instruments in his hands, towards a bed-room door. This dream was repeated, I think, twice. Some time after, the lady, accompanied by a grown-up daughter, accomplished her journey. Great was the shock which awaited her on reaching her friend's house: a servant, corresponding in all points to the shadowy outline of her dream, equally bloodless in complexion, and equally gloomy in manner, appeared at her carriage door. The issue of the story was—that upon a particular night, after a stay of some length, the lady grew unaccountably nervous; resisted her feelings for some time; but at length, at the entreaty of her daughter, who slept in the same room, suffered some communication of the case to be made to a gentleman resident in the house, who had not yet retired to rest. This gentleman, struck by the dream, and still more on recalling to mind some suspicious preparations, as if for a hasty departure, in which he had detected the servant, waited in concealment until three o'clock in the morning—at which time hearing a stealthy step moving up the staircase, he issued with firearms, and met the man at the lady's door, so equipped as to leave no doubt of his intentions; which possibly contemplated only robbing of the lady's jewels, but possibly also murder in a case of extremity. There are other stories with some of the same circumstances; and, in particular, I remember one very like it in Dr Abercrombie's "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers," [1830,] p. 283. But in this version of Dr Abercrombie's, (supposing it another version of the same story,) the striking circumstance of anticipating the servant's features is omitted; and in no version, except this of Miss Cullen's, have I heard the names mentioned both of the parties to the affair, and also of the place at which it occurred.

HYMN OF THE BREADTAXED.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

TUNE—"*Auld lang Syne.*"

SHALL drones the pangs of millions task,
And curse their natal soil,
That starving men may vainly ask
For leave to toil?

They curse God's gift to man—the foodful land,
Which he a blessing made—
To palsy Labour's skill'd right hand,
And ruin Trade.

When wilt thou, Dupe! when wilt thou, Thrall!
When will ye, Living Clods!
Tell they who curse the land of all,
"The Land is God's?"

How long shall idlers tax the bread
Which starving toil hath earn'd?
And telling men, half cloth'd, half fed,
Like dogs be spurn'd?

How long shall matrons curse they day,
When bride's rings first were worn?
And children to their fathers say,
"Why were we born?"

A crime to love it cannot be!
What said'st thou, Love Divine?
"Let little children come to me,
For they are mine."

O when, like chainless seas and winds,
Will Trade be chainless—When?
When soulless tyrants shall have minds,
Or slaves be men.

Then they who curse the blessed sod,
And vainly curse the pen,
Sin-humbled, will believe in God,
And not till then.

Then British hands will gather grain,
From every teeming soil;
And no starv'd victim ask in vain,
For leave to toil.

No mother then will wildly pray,
That God would close her womb,
And take her poor last-born away!
And bless its tomb!

Her sorrow will be turn'd to glee,
And none her joy reprove:
For then no longer will it be
A crime to love!

THE LIFE-BOAT.—A SKETCH.

"Now sliding, sinks
Adown the steepy wave; then, toss'd on high,
Rides on the billows, and defies the storm."
SOMERVILLE'S "CHASE."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a stormy October day, whilst I was sojourning at a seaport on the east coast of England, that a rumour spread through the town of a vessel being seen driving upon the north rocks. Hurrying seaward, I reached the pier-head, which was already crowded with deeply-tanned faces, whose expression described less the fever of anxiety than the ardour of enterprise. The wind being due east, and the tide setting in, brought with them waves of gigantic magnitude, which, rolling onwards, broke with the crash of thunder against the barriers; whilst, to the north, might be distinctly seen a vessel approaching the consummation of her fate. She had a reversed ensign flying at the main; and her crew, who had taken refuge in the weather-rigging, were waving their hats as their luckless bark gradually drifted towards the shelves, over which the water was seen to beat death-like and fearfully. The life-boat having been launched from the slip, was speedily manned; and it was poetical beyond idea to witness her departure over the bar of the harbour. The spectacle she presented, on breasting the waves, and, from her buoyant properties, surmounting them—the cowering around of numerous seafowl, drawn towards land by the fury of the elements,

"In still repeated circles, screaming loud"—

the determined faces of a crew, composed of men whose fathers won at Trafalgar, and on whose single chivalry chanced the rescue of those in peril; the cheering of hundreds from the pier, mingled with the roar of the ocean and the raging of the wind; alike combined to excite within me most spirit-stirring sensations.

Each eye now watched the course of the boat, as she tracked her path to the emperilled seamen.

"That path was on the briny deep,
Yet no white sail propelled her course;
Nought save the oar, with unceas'd sweep,
Urg'd her to stem the billow's force."

Anon was her painted form for a few seconds seen, then buried in the hollow of the wave, leaving nothing to cheer the spectator's gaze save the tall figure of the steersman, who, with his long sweep, kept the boat's head to the sea, and, standing erect, seemed to personate the Genius of Humanity. The vessel having now grounded, the sea made a fair breach over her; and, as the boat neared the spot, the danger became palpably more imminent. At each short interval, indeed, when the boat disappeared in a trough, fears were uttered around me of her being stove in against the vessel or the rocks. But, as though braving all hazards only to subdue them, she was at length perceived to pull in by the ship, and one of her men to throw a line to the "suffering mariners." Ere it could be caught, a heave of the sea bore off the life-boat to a considerable distance. Twice again was the attempt made, but as often to fail. A fourth effort proved more successful, and the warp was belayed by the quarterboards.

The moment had now arrived for all hands to quit the ship, and it was safely embraced by six of the number; whilst two chose to stay by the vessel in preference to throwing themselves into the boat. To a cool and dispassionate observer, the safer resolve must have been obvious; but men, bewildered by danger and fatigue, frequently become incapable of discriminating between apparently opposed mediums of escape. Exhortations, beckonings, from those shore-bound, incontinently followed, though unavailing; for the laggers, having lashed themselves to the rigging of the foremast, there determined to remain. One may imagine, at this crisis, the feelings that were mutually excited in the bosoms of the actors in so perilous a drama. Those in the boat, probably considering that their comrades, in abiding by the ship, would inevitably perish; whilst the latter inversely reciprocated their forebodings, not untinged with a self-anxiety touching their own chances of escape. But it was a time too deathful for parley; and the life-boat, reluctantly leaving the ship, made her offing through the breakers. Incidents were, however, destined to chase each other in rapid sequence; and ere any lengthened period of time could have elapsed, a whitehorseman rode over the ship, and, carrying away her mainmast, shattered the hitherto steady faith of the remnant of her seamen, who now waved an anxious recall to their separated messmates. But their opportunity for escape had waxed sufficiently precarious; for the life-boat was stretching fast to leeward, whilst masses of rock protruded, in sable trapping, at each recession of the flood. Yet human resolution will sometimes have ennobling personification; and, sympathizing with the cries which travelled to their ear from the dying ship, these lusty adventurers retold their way through the broken water, and once more pulled in, with iron-strung arm, under the lee of the *Wanderer*. Catching his occasion, an oarsman sprang up her side, ascended the rigging, cut the lashings of the benumbed sailors, and assisting them respectively to the deck, they were dragged into the boat.

All were now on board the airy messenger; and as her canoe-like form neared the haven, three cheers from their countrymen on the pier gave recognition of their success; which grateful greeting had feeble response on the wings of the blast. Ten minutes after the abandonment of the vessel, she parted on the reef; and the same surf which bore her rescued crew to land, drifted portions of the wreck upon the beach.

PREFERMENT; OR, MY UNCLE THE EARL.*

We could bet against any odds that Mrs Gore could not write a dull book if she got the Bank of England for her trouble. The pains which she bestows in constructing and developing her stories, and elaborating her characters, may vary considerably; and, in these subordinate matters, "Preferment" may shew less force and unity than "Mrs Armytage" or "The Hamiltons;" but wit, satire which tickles rather than wounds, and a charming facility in depicting a foible, a peculiarity, or an individualizing quality, by a single trait—one stroke of the pen, one happy epithet, one short phrase, in which every syllable is a hieroglyphic symbol—never fails her. The spring of fancy is perpetually bubbling, and flashing up its bright waters, whether these may be employed to impel some powerful, useful machinery, or idly left to make

"Willing sport to ocean."

Whatever Mrs Gore attempts, and whether halting or skimming, she comes gracefully off. Even where she fails she resembles Byron, who managed so to lounge about, that his lame foot and his limp passed unnoticed in the charm of his general demeanour. She is the de Sevigné of novelists, and is only unfortunate in the general worthlessness and monotonousness of the limited class to which she confines herself. The present novel has a fixed and high moral purpose, though the design is not worked out upon any strict plan, but rather by incidental than direct means. Critics, we believe, esteem this concealment of art the highest skill of art. The texture of the tale is as slight as may be; for Mrs Gore seems to have fairly given up that nearly unattainable thing in our day, a plot and a surprise, and she labours under the disadvantage of presenting, once more, the same worthless, artificial, and utterly heartless creatures. We have the same ambitious mothers and daughters, scheming, as usual, to inveigle the great match of the season; the same mean, inane, and selfish noble Earl—the same insipid elder, and *roué* younger, son—with the same personage of a former generation, grown into a disgusting petrifaction of heartless, soulless, thoroughly unprincipled, and superlative dandyism.

William Egerton, the younger son of a noble family, escapes this wretched fate by making a low love-marriage with his tutor's daughter. He retires, with a younger son's portion of twenty thousand pounds, to a small house and farm near Tunbridge; where, in spite of the anger, slights, and neglect of his noble relatives, and his imagined poverty, he leads the useful, happy, and respectable life of a single-minded, affectionate, and unambitious man, blessed with humble competence, free from foolish wishes, and surrounded by a virtuous and happy family. The establishment of his three sons gives him, in time, some concern. One is provided for in the navy, by the interest of his grandfather, Dr Spry, with his old pupil the Duke of Pelham; and the Uncle Earl is from this shamed into obtaining a commission in the army for another. The third, Julius, the man of genius, and in orders, is the hero of the tale. His brothers ask no more, will accept no more, patronage; but Julius early experiences the stings of worldly ambition, which, at first, take the not uncommon shape of excessive zeal and extreme sanctity. He becomes, in his curacy, about as popular as Edward Irving. He is the St John of Helstone. His zeal is overstrained, and cannot long remain at the high pitch; and he is caught in the toils of his noble relatives. But love is as much the cause of his aberrations and backsliding as worldly-mindedness and gratified vanity; for he is the victim of the vague, selfish, and half unconscious coquetry of one of his noble cousins. From all these snares Julius finally extricates himself with dignity and honour; and, coming forth of the fiery furnace of poetical justice, punished and purified, he becomes humble and self-distrustful, renounces his latent pride and ambition, throws up the living bestowed on him by his uncle, leaves the church to those who have a truer vocation, and ultimately marries a clever, right-minded heiress—who, if never once blind to his faults, had long been deeply and secretly attached to him—and is, at last, as happy a man as any of his brothers. The intriguing and worldly-minded mother and daughter are, of course, disappointed in their schemes; the Earl's *roué* second son disgraces himself; while everything prospers with the attached and well-brought-up family of William Egerton, who had ruined his fortunes by a low marriage, and pottering on in a low way among low people. But the story is nothing; and even the hero is not a very consistent personage, so that no abiding interest is awakened about him. The strength of the work lies in the incidental sketches; and as, upon the whole, those of the three ecclesiastics are the most original and cleverly executed, we shall limit ourselves to them. They are brought into play, while a devout Duchess, who has brought up her only son in leading strings, makes a visit of observation to Tiverton Castle, the seat of the Uncle Earl, to see if the Lady Ismena be the person to whom she can safely marry the boy Duke, and delegate a portion of her power and authority.

We are prepared by the following extract for the great visit, and led to the position and character of the ecclesiastics, to which we intend to restrict our extracts. The clergymen are more profoundly discussed than the *roués* and out-worn dandies—more fresh than the fine ladies.

The pride and self-love of Julius had been deeply wounded by the selfish indelicacy of the Countess before she thus attacked him.

"The weather is overcast, and should it rain to-morrow, the Duchess would consider it most extraordinary if, in such an establishment as ours, there were no chaplain at hand to perform the service at home. It would, in fact, be a most indecent overnight. Were the Dean at Wyndham, I should make it a point with him to shew the Dumbartons the respect of being here to officiate for them, as, in fact, he makes it his duty to do, whenever we have personages of note staying in the house. But the Dean will not be here till the end of next week."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Julius, coldly, perceiving that she paused for a reply.

* Preferment; or, My Uncle the Earl. By Mrs Gore. 3 vols. London: Colburn.

"Oh! I would almost as soon it should be yourself," answered the Countess. "It looks just as well, on the whole, to have the office performed by a member of the family, by a person of the name of Egerton; as, in fact, I mentioned to Lord Tiverton, when I was so urgent with him that you should take up your abode here instead of at Burthwaite."

Poor Julius! The secret was out then! He had been tolerated by Lady Tiverton, in order to impart a sufficient air of decency to her establishment, and satisfy the rigid exactions of a serious Duchess of Dumbarton! He was there as a pretence at domestic piety—as a make-believe—a sheet of blotting paper—a daub of varnish upon the dim morality of the Egerton family! Had he not fortunately recalled to mind that the woman before him was the mother of Henrietta, he might have been tempted to phrase his reproof in terms far more bitter than those which had occasionally overawed even the tyranness of Helstone. As it was, he subdued his rising indignation, and hastened from the room, reserving it to the morrow to prove his independence in deeds rather than in words.

There was no fear, in the interim, of further irritations on the part of the Countess. He heard the train of Dumbarton carriages roll into the court-yard, and was satisfied that the last exhibition wherewith Lady Tiverton would choose to amuse her Grace, was a squabble with one of his cloth; and made his appearance at dinner, intending to take his usual share in the amusements of the evening, without reference to what had passed.

Prepared by his experience of her hypocrisies, it was no surprise to him that Lady Tiverton should address him in a tone of the blandest amenity, when presenting him to the beardless Duke and bearded Dowager, as "Lord Tiverton's nephew, in holy orders, and a resident in their family." But he did not suspect that she carried her pitiful dissimulation yet further, by ordering her daughters to exert themselves to the utmost with a view of conciliating their refractory cousin.

"That blockhead, young Egerton, has chosen this unlucky moment to set himself up in opposition to my wishes," she observed to Lady Henrietta, before they entered the saloon. "It would be highly injudicious to have an *esclandre* with him just now, as it is most desirable the Duchess should see us all upon velvet; which was the reason I pressed the Holwells to stay another week. Those serious people think so much of family union."

A DEVOUT DUCHESS AND HER CHAPLAIN

All sympathy with the Duchess, as the dupe of Lady Tiverton, vanished, however, from the mind of Julius, when he saw that amid her vast professions, her bushels of chaff, scarcely a grain of genuine piety was to be found. Great stumblings at straws, great strainings at gnats, great controversies about petty doctrinal obscurities, formed the sum total of her Grace's seriousness. A rigid aristocrat, she regarded a strict attention to religious observances as one of the high-bred endowments of her caste, rather than as the duty of a responsible being. "Church and King" was inscribed upon her banner, barely assigning precedence to the former, so thoroughly was what the world called holiness the result of politics and pride. With her Grace, the Church was a portion of the constitution rather than the type of the one faith; and, as a matter of course, she rated such a man as the Dean of Darlington far higher in her catalogue of worthies than the blameless drudge who laboured humbly through the multifarious duties of the living of Wyndham.

As Lady Tiverton and her daughter anticipated, the Duchess had heard mention, amid the gossipings of her serious coterie, of the high promise of the St John of Helstone—had been present on the occasion of his probationary preaching at St James'—and though at variance with many of his doctrines, (*i. e.*, though she had heard his doctrines confuted by a certain Dr Macnab, the pope of her narrow faith,) she rejoiced to learn that another young man of noble extraction was added to the illustrations of the pulpit. The Tivertons raised themselves in her estimation by the promptitude with which they had bestowed a living upon their promising kinsman; and she was delighted to find that the visit to Tiverton Castle, which was to make her acquainted with the family of her future daughter-in-law, would at the same time bring young Egerton, the famous preacher, under her scrutiny. . .

Lady Tiverton need not, however, have agitated herself concerning his Sabbath officiation. The Duchess wished to dispute with and catechise the young Melancthon; but she had far too much spiritual pride to entrust herself to the instruction of a weakling. Great ladies seldom travel without their own house linen, medicine chest, and even physician; but her Grace added to her necessaries of locomotive life an attendant chaplain. While other august travellers tremble at the idea of damp sheets, or the fear of imbibing spurious drugs, her grace shuddered at the thoughts of lukewarm teachers or spurious doctrines; and no sooner did the verifications of Lady Tiverton's prognostics concerning the weather render it impossible to proceed to Wyndham Church for the celebration of Divine service, except at the risk of rheumatism to the whole family, than the Duchess hastened to gather her offspring under her wings; and having clucked together the Harleys, the young Duke and his quondam tutor, Dr Macnab, sailed with dignity out of the room, that the elect party might proceed to the private enjoyment of their uncontaminated devotions."

Throughout the day, Pope Macnab and his conclave remained religiously secluded.

Matters looked ill after this. The Duchess began to doubt, not merely the piety, but the morality of the family; and after suffering herself to be led to the point, and even fixed by the preliminary outline of settlements being drawn up, and the day named, she formed the design of drawing back; and for this purpose wished to escape from the castle before her son was absolutely nailed. Lady Tiverton was driven to extremity, but the Dean, her great card, yet remained to be played.

A FASHIONABLE DIVINE.

The Very Rev. Dr Nicawig, Dean of Darlington, and ex-tutor to Lord Egerton and his brother, was in the habit of passing three months of the year at his rectory of Wyndham, within a mile from the park gates of Tiverton Castle. When not keeping his residence at his deanery, and presiding over the whist-parties of the Darlington cloisters, or officiating as a royal chaplain and cringing at royal and archiepiscopal levees, he was usually to be found carving Lord Tiverton's venison, or seasoning with modest conservatism the green tea of the dowagers, visiting at the Castle, in order to keep an eye upon the movements of his patron, lest his future chance of a bishopric should be endangered by an incautious profession on the part of the Earl of politics similar to his own.

It would have been difficult to find a more urbane gentleman than the Dean of Darlington. From his youth upwards, he had never been known to inflict a wound upon the self-love of a fellow creature—*i. e.*, a fellow creature in easy circumstances, or having a decent hold on the respect of society. His deportment was mild, his mouth mealy, his glance obsequious, his principles accommodating; he seemed to move on invisible castors, while the well-oiled hinges of his soul opened and shut as if by magic springs. His life, like that of Julius' decrepit grandfather, had been the life of the parasite. Educated to make learning a trade, both had dealt with knowledge as mechanically as tailors with their kersey and broadcloth. But the scholarship of the Dean belonged to an age of higher refinement than had witnessed the birching of Dr Spry. The private tutor of the eighteenth century was simply covetous; the private tutor of the nineteenth, ambitious. The one had been content to marry a governess, and drudge on in obscure pedagogueism, for the sake of amassing silver and gold; the other had attempted to place himself on a par with the society of the Castle, by uniting himself with an elderly spinster of honourable family, as an additional step in his progress towards the mitre.

The fat revenues of an episcopate were less, however, his object than the dignities of the apron and wig; the venerable pomposity of the emblazoned family coach—the spiritual peerage—the "my lording" of obsequious chaplains—and the senatorial voice which might do its part in dethroning kings and displacing ministers of State.

To secure his professional advancement had been the object of Nicewig's life, from the moment of assuming the preceptorship of the grandsons of an Earl of Tiverton. He became curious in the texture of his cambric—he took lessons in reading of an eminent tragedian—he was exactly such a tutor as Chesterfield might have chosen for his son. During the less prosperous days of the present lord, the tutor, ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-served, was never known to utter a complaint. Mild and ingratiating with his pupils, he seemed to coincide most deferentially with those who considered his salary and convenience a matter of no moment. Nay, by his obsequious assiduities, he won so far upon the dotage of the grandfather and grandmother, that when the family living of Wyndham was rejected by William Egerton's son, the old Earl did not a moment hesitate to reward with it the important services of young Nicewig, who was just then escorting home Lord Egerton from a tour of all the opera-houses in Europe.

It was amazing with what celerity the rector glided into the decorum becoming his new honours. . . . In everything, the nicest discernment demonstrated his obsequiousness to the tastes of the Castle. During the reign of the old Earl and Countess, he made a point of reciting the creed every Sunday precisely in the tone of John Kemble's soliloquy in Cato; expended his spare money in a respectable-looking black-letter collection for his parsonic library; and affected so vast an enthusiasm for Handel's music, as to travel to town every season for the express purpose of attending the rehearsals of that truly episcopal recreation, the Ancient Music. But no sooner was the old Countess succeeded on the throne by her frivolous daughter-in-law, than Handel was superseded by Rossini, and a change came over the spirit of his arrangements at Wyndham Rectory.

The old lady was a person to have been displeased at any demonstration of independence in the circumstances of her hangers-on. The younger one, on the contrary, considered herself honoured in the prosperity of her dependents; and a portion of Mrs Nicewig's handsome fortune was accordingly devoted to the complete refurnishing of the parsonic abode; not magnificently, indeed; —the discreet doctor knew better than to vie in sumptuosity with those who had a right to be unrivalled; but he took care to shew how thoroughly he sympathized in Lady Tiverton's foible for the pomps and vanities of life, by introducing into his domestic arrangements some remote hint or reminiscence of those of Tiverton Castle or St James' Square; following in her Ladyship's footsteps at the exact distance at which a wealthy prebendary is entitled to follow a fashionable Countess.

The next year, consequently, he was an archdeacon; and three years afterwards, (partly, however, in consequence of the dedication of a volume of popular divinity to the bishop of his diocese, who happened to be brother to a cabinet minister,) Nicewig wrote himself down "Decanus!"

The wig, which, to do it justice, had hitherto scarcely exceeded a brocoli, now sprouted into a full-grown cauliflower; the fat upper-footman at Wyndham Rectory became a solemn-looking butler; the double-bodied phaeton, a chariot; and the Very Rev. the Dean of Darlington, a more faithful, humble servant than ever of the rouge-and-pearl powdered Countess of Tiverton. With his favourite pupil in the Lower House, his favourite pupil's father in the Upper, and the Shiloh of his future hopes, Lord Egerton, in command of the parliamentary influence of his old uncle, the Duke of Pelham, Nicewig felt as certain of his lawn sleeves as if his name had been already specified by the First Lord of the Treasury in a con é d'élire. . . . . .

There exists such a thing as light divinity as well as light literature; and the ecclesiasticality of the Dean of Darlington was ethereal as a wafer! As tutor, chaplain rector, dignitary of the church, it was impossible, for instance, to be more politely blind to the peccadilloes of society. Like the bishop, who, while satisfying his conscience by abjuring whist at the Pavilion on Sunday nights, used to stand behind the chair of George the Fourth and shuffle the cards, Dr Nicewig had long been in the habit of an opportune doze as soon as the music-room of the Castle was opened on Sunday evenings, and a convenient deafness whenever Dicky Edge [the nickname of Egerton] or his brother indulged in indecent profanity; nay, when required by the Earl to remonstrate with his quondam pupil on his intimacy with "the people at West Hill," the Dean contented himself with representing the imprudence of such a connexion, and the probability that his young friend's prospects, political and private, would be ruined by having "a" Mrs Vassyll thrown upon his hands.

Dicky Edge was the pet name for Richard Egerton, the hope of the family, now in Parliament, and making a great figure, but in imminent danger of being ruined by "a jade of the name of Mrs Vassyll," a vain and beautiful young woman married to a respectable elderly gentleman. This lady had been seduced by the said Dicky, and the eclat of the affair, it was feared, might ruin Lady Ismena's prospects. Hitherto it had not reached the ears of the Duchess, though the Dowager, from other causes, was on the point of bolting, when the Dean came to the rescue.

"Do, for goodness' sake, my dear Dean, persuade her to remain quietly at Tiverton!" whispered the Countess, in dismay, to *her* Infallible. "The dear Duchess is such an uncertain person, and so dependent on the influence of others, that if once she gets out of the house before the celebration of the marriage, there is no saying what whims and fancies she may take into her head. I entreat you, do not let her quit the Castle."

And the Dean, who had reasons of his own, almost as cogent as those of his patroness, for desiring the alliance between Lady Ismena Egerton and the Duke of Dumbarton, readily undertook the task of persuasion.

"You must make her understand," continued Lady Tiverton, "that, when at Wyndham, you are constantly here; that is, I mean, that when residing at your living, you are always living at the Castle; that is—never mind—you understand me, and will express yourself clearly. The fact is, as I need not explain to you, Dean, we are not the people in the world best suited to the taste of the poor dear Duchess; and I fancy she is beginning to feel the want of serious society—people to argue with, about Bible meetings and missions; people to whom she can quote Scripture for her purpose. The moment she begins to string texts together over her carpet-work, and introduce them *sans rime ni raison* into whatever conversation may be going on, *we* all sit silent with consternation! *We* have not been used to that sort of thing. Beyond an occasional monosyllable, none of us know how to answer her! . . . . It is really a great nuisance, Dean, the extent to which this mania for 'seriousness' is spreading in society!—No circle now-a-days is safe!—Formerly, when one was making up a large party in the Castle, it was enough to collect for their entertainment one or two musical people, or private theatrical people, or dining-out people, full of good stories and bon mots. But now, one is actually obliged to provide serious people, to preach to the dowagers!"

"One of the many proofs how thoroughly the times are out of joint!" said the Dean, with a moralizing shake of the head. "The pulpit and the rostrum are removed into the drawing-room; while, thrust into their vacant place, we find"——

"What we find *there*, very little concerns me," observed the Countess, coolly. "But I *do* consider it hard that my private circle is no longer secure from the language and habits of a conventicle!" . . .

A mountain being removed from the mind of the Dean of Darlington by this explanation, he readily promised his utmost efforts to assist in detaining the Duchess and

her family; and his obsequious but polished presence of mind had proved in similar instances too effectual, not to afford promise of success.

"You may as well offer your services, you know, to play at backgammon with the Duchess. She cannot get through her evening without her backgammon; and unluckily not one of us knows the game, so that, at present, she is left entirely in the hands of Dr Macnab!" observed Lady Tiverton. "Then you must make up a little cosey dinner-party for us at Wyndham;—Mrs Nicewig understands all that sort of thing to perfection, and will feel the necessity of making the Duchess of the utmost importance. She breakfasts in her own room, very early—never later than nine; but you must manage to be here every day before that hour, and propose walking with her, or driving in the pony-phaeton: in short, my dear Dean, I rely upon you to entertain her during the remainder of her visit; of which, to say the truth, I was beginning to despair. You have a talent for that sort of thing. I used to admire how admirably you pottered on with old Lord and Lady Tiverton; and as the Duchess knows you are to perform the ceremony for us, (a difficult point, by the way, to manage, for she held most tenaciously to having the service read by her son's tutor, Dr Macnab, a horrid, snuffling, prosy, person, and a dead weight on the circle here,) the Duchess is prepared for your attentions."

On this last hint, the Dean of Darlington spake; and with such effect, that the Duchess became at once his proselyte, the Tivertons more than ever his friends, and Dr Macnab his obedient humble servant. His suggestion that the honour of officiating as priest to the nuptials of the Duke of Dumbarton belonged as naturally to his quondam tutor, as that of marrying Lord Egerton to himself, relieved the Tiverton family from an engagement formed in an hour of girlish sportiveness between Lady Ismena and the Dean; to whom the prospect of a hundred-pound-note and a gilt salver was a trifle in comparison with the advantage of propiating the discontented dowager.

Dr Macnab himself was, strange to say, the only person dissatisfied with the exchange. His cunning eye, following the direction of that of the Dean, descried, in a moment, that Nicewig was throwing his wooden hatchet into the pool, with the hope of fishing up a golden-handled one in its place; and he was provoked at having grumblings put to silence by the pretended magnanimity of his rival.

To a curious observer, the contrast between the two reverend aspirants after the loaves and fishes of preferment, would have been highly edifying. Burly and surly, and fostered in his burliness and surliness by twenty years' petting in the aristocractic household to which his will and wishes gave the law, Macnab, like the immortal man of the lexicon, bore down all opposition in debate per force of "sesquipedalian eloquence," seasoned with somewhat more than *quantum suff.* of self-assumption. No Achmet, no Mahmoud, was ever more arbitary in his decrees; and he was so far right, that the more absolute his despotism, the greater his popularity among his spiritual slaves. The bigotry of the Roman Catholics and the overweening influence of their priesthood are, in fact, cold and tame in comparison with the tyranny and priest-riding of certain evangelical professors.

In utter opposition to the bearing of this haughty man, who, in other centuries, would have become a Becket or a Laud, the Dean of Darlington glided along his golden railroad—"mild as moonbeams"—soft as a swansdown muff—insinuating as a silken-eared spaniel. His conciliating arguments were whispered in a tone suitable to the sick chamber of a nervous hypochondriac; and his strain of argument resembled its potations of thin, weak, well-sweetened barley-water. While Dr Macnab succeeded with *his* congregation by kicking and bullying them along the path of grace, Dr Nicewig held out his finger with a coaxing air and gentle chirrup, like a bird-fancier decoying a canary!

Nothing could be plainer than that the Dean of Darlington regarded his dictatorial clerical brother as an Italian greyhound would look upon the sudden introduction of an elephant into its boundaries; an animal trampling without discretion to the right and left—not to be conciliated by its fawning, not to be interested by its gambols. The astounding bulls and heavy anathemas, issued by the Pope of the Duchess of Dumbarton wearied and annoyed him; and he scarcely knew how sufficiently to value his own self-command in submitting to the task of taming so exquisite a monster.

What the "frivolity" of Julius began—he, whose theology was no weightier than that of Blair or Porteus, and who actually read profane poetry, "the obscenity of Shakspeare, the triviality of Scott, and the infamy of Byron"—the superannuated dandy and *roué*, Adolphus, or *Dol*, the brother of the Earl and of William Egerton, finished.

The serious Duchess was so utterly astonished at every word, look, and gesture of Adolphus Egerton, as to have no curiosity touching any missing member of the family. The secluded habits of her life had kept her free from all collision with the dandy world; whether smoke-dried specimens such as Dol, or blooming dolls such as Sir Edwin Skiff; and though the latter had passed out of her memory like a phantasmagorical figure, she was sufficiently interested in an uncle of the future Duchess of Dumbarton, to consider only too curiously the peculiarities of the former. The exhibition of similar follies and vices failed indeed to disgust her when veiled by the cold high-bred manners and correct conversation of Lord Egerton, the model young nobleman of fashion; but she exchanged wondering glances with Dr Macnab, at every avowal of levity hazarded by the Preadamite Adonis, whose angels appeared to be opera-dancers—whose saints, clerks of the kitchen—whose martyrs, the tailor tribe.

Her Grace was horror-struck to perceive that his irregularities of speech called no blush into the cheeks of her daughter-in-law; nay, that Lady Ismena honoured with a smile, more that one sally of doubtful meaning, in which Adolphus indulged, as the last jest current at the clubs, for the edification of his country cousins. The Duchess fled with her immaculate offspring.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

A HECTIC flame suffus'd my cheek,
'Mid other signs of swift decay,
As if mine infant soul would seek,
Betimes, its home-land, far away.

I slumber'd, and beheld a form,
Bright as a spirit, o'er me bending—
Like Spring, when through the winter storm,
In tearful smiles she is descending.

Bless'd with it's bland though sad caress,
I seem'd to melt in happy tears:
Oh! such an hour of holy bliss
Might soothe the misery of years.

When, starting sudden, I awoke,
Still shone the vision bright before me—
A *mother's sigh* my slumber broke—
A *mother's love* was smiling o'er me.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT and brilliant events were impending in the populous and thriving town of W——, upon a certain dull, cold morning towards the close of 1830. A brisk canvass had, for two days, been going on, previous to an election, which was expected to be hotly contested, and very "near run." The clank of the hammers employed in knocking up the hustings had already awakened the sleepers in the vicinity of the Town Hall; the chimneys of the Royal Oak were already smoking with the hospitable preparations for the late dinner of the *Blues;* and the orators of the *Yellows*, having concluded the public breakfast, at which the Independent clergyman said grace, and the Baptist minister returned thanks, were just visible through the fog, haranguing a motley assembly of men, women, and small boys and girls, from the windows of the White Hart. Carriages and horsemen were pouring into the town by all its avenues. Music and banners, and jubilant crowds, followers of the *Yellows*, were encountered in every direction, by the opposing squadrons and met with cheers and counter-cheers. Young ladies, smartly dressed, were, thus early, seen scudding across the Market Square—interest in the contest, and curiosity, overcoming the real, with the affected, terror of the mob.

"Three cheers for Polly Cripps! Huzza!" was shouted aloud, as a brisk, black-eyed damsel, with the Yellow colours on her breast, passed on, dragging along a delicate, slight girl, in deep mourning, who hung down her head, and wrapped shawl and veil closely around her. "Her colour—her colour—Blue or Yellow, Miss?" was shouted; and the young women might have suffered some annoyance, if not absolute insult, from the crowd, when one of the orators of the "White Hart" gallantly rushed to their protection. This was Mr Charles Herbert, the young friend of the popular candidate, and the very darling of the mob. One word from Herbert was enough for his vociferous admirers. —"Pass her! pass her! She's a pretty girl, Mr Herbert's friend. Huzza for the Yellows!" Mr Herbert would have attended the ladies into the inn, with which proposal Miss Polly Cripps would willingly have complied, but her pale and agitated companion, in a voice, the earnest tones of which could not be mistaken, implored—

"Let us go home!—home, I entreat!"

"You are not able to support yourself, Gabrielle," returned the other.

"Do me the honour to lean on me. Suffer me to see you through the crowd," said Herbert.

"No, no, thank you. I am quite well—quite able. O Miss Cripps, let us go home. Do, sir—O do, for mercy, leave us!"

Mr Herbert was at a loss what to make of this passionate remonstrance, until his arm was twitched by a grim-featured person among the *Yellows*.

"It wont do here, sir, to shew London tricks—hurt our canvass among the godly. Sir George stands or falls by the Dissenters. If you, his friend, are seen in the streets, in open day, with a sporting lady"——

"Sir?" demanded Herbert.

"Ay, with the Primma Donney"——

"I will see the ladies safe through the crowd, whatever be the consequence," returned Herbert, haughtily; and his adorers again cheered him, as he led off the ladies.

At the suggestion of Miss Cripps—for her companion seemed now deprived of speech—he conducted them to a milliner's shop, where he left them, till the poor young girl should really be able to go home. He had gathered that she must be a singer or comedian. "Poor little thing!—not over and above adapted these feelings of hers to her way of life," was his compassionate thought; but, in another ten minutes, he was again haranguing the crowd from a window.

There was a double feud in W——. It was not merely Blue against Yellow in this election, but Kersey against Silk, Town against County, Aristocracy against Democracy, Church against Dissent. Every element of wrath was abroad.

The election was not the only great event impending in W——. Among the Blue and Yellow placards which tapestried the walls, appeared the rose-coloured announcement of

MR CRIPPS'
GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT;
First Appearance of Mademoiselle Gabrielle;—

An affair much more interesting to the younger part of the inhabitants than even the election. Mr Cripps had been, for ten years, the organist and music and singing master of the town, which, previously very wealthy from the rapid increase of its staple manufacture, had, during his residence, made an equally sudden stride in the fine arts, in fashion, and refinement of manners. This happy revolution might, in part, be attributed to the influence and example of Mr Cripps and his talented family, who, if not *standards* either in morals or manners to their wealthy if less refined neighbours, had been patterns in good breeding. From the head of the house to the smallest child, the Cripps were a singularly *talented family*. Sir George Lees, the candidate of the *Yellows*, when attempting to seduce or withdraw Mr Cripps from his long allegiance to the Blues, privately assured him that he was lost in this stupid place; that the metropolis was the field for his splendid talents, and those of his promising family. Mr Cripps was disposed to believe the flattering tale. He had often fancied the same thing himself, and had even discussed the subject with Mrs Cripps. This lady had halted, for some years, between ambitious enterprise and prudence. She had known the pains and penalties, the whips and scorns of bitter

poverty, too intimately, during the first twelve years of her wedded life, to be rash, now that those early difficulties were surmounted, and she was blessed with a modest competence, which promised to be permanent. Though not without maternal ambition, her prudence had hitherto combated the adventurous desires of her husband, until the flattering assurances of Sir George turned the scale against prudence; while maternal affection lent its weight, and fairly kicked the beam. Mrs Cripps remembered—when could she forget?—that her eldest born—her "beautiful, her brave—" Mr John Quintin Cryppes, was already settled in the metropolis,—if the word could be legitimately applied to Mr Quintin's desultory connexion of six months' standing with the newspaper press, as a picker up of paragraphs. And now Sir George, on his third call, when the loyalty of Mr Cripps to the *Blues* had melted before the favouring sun of the Yellows, assured Mrs Cripps, in emphatic whispers, as he tenderly pressed her hands in her own hall—

"Your husband's genius is totally lost here, ma'am. London, my dear Mrs Cripps—London, believe me, is the mart for talents. The magnificent voice of your charming daughter, properly improved, is a fortune in itself."

"My husband's pupil, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, Sir George, not our daughter:—our eldest daughter, Polly,—Maria," corrected Mrs Cripps, "is thought a brilliant pianist for her years, by partial friends. Her father does not permit her yet, to use her voice much. All our children have great musical talent, and great general talent—forgive a mother's partiality, Sir George. My eldest son, Quintin, now settled in London,"—But Sir George, smilingly, squeezed the hand of Mrs Cripps, in a style so politely, yet imperatively gagging, that she at once gave in.

"I am sure I have your interest in this struggle, Mrs Cripps: Mr Quintin Cripps." The candidate pulled out a card—"Have the goodness to give me your son's address, ma'am. It shall be one of my first pleasures, on my return to town, after this awful affair is over, to seek out Mr Quintin Cripps—Cripps, my good fellow, do set about trying what you can do for us this afternoon. Half the ladies of the town have been your pupils, at one time or another; and you are, I find, so popular among them;—the Orpheus of W——, making the brutes dance to your magic flute. Ha! another young gentleman, and, I am sure, by his face and figure, a Cripps," exclaimed the candidate, as a whey-faced lanky lad appeared.

"My second son, Edwin, Sir George." The introduction took place.

"I must, to-night, after the canvass, inquire about your views for Mr Edwin." This said, Sir George actually took Mr Cripps' arm, to convey him to his committee-room for instructions. Mrs Cripps had not thought so highly of her husband for ten years before. No, not even on those proud days, when the delicious tones of his violin had enraptured the noble and gentle amateurs collected at his ANNUAL CONCERTS, in the time of the Assizes or the Races; and brought down thunders of applause, and showers of gold tickets. The London project now appeared not merely feasible to her, but alluring.

The velocity with which millions on millions of ideas, the most dissimilar and incongruous, glanced, darted, whirled, danced, and rushed through the excited brain of Mrs Cripps, for the rest of the morning, might have furnished metaphysicians with an apt illustration of the mighty difference between the material and the spiritual in man's organization and essence. It was, however, the process only that was remarkable for the spiritual. The ideas themselves were of the earth earthly, of the world worldly, and embraced no large range, even there. The very extremes were bounded by a coach for Polly, when she married, and a certain old puce-coloured satin gown, new dyed, looking very well in London as a second-best; the tea-china conveyed without cracking, and the doubt if Sir George would keep his promise implied, to Edwin. How cheaply a common dress might be purchased for Mademoiselle Gabrielle; and, how the cask of elder-berry wine, the annual present of the rector's maiden sister to the organist, could be sent, were other thoughts. It was not so much the quality as the quantity and velocity of Mrs Cripps' magnificent or simple ideas, when speculating on the advance of her husband and talented family, which were miraculous. With vulgar details of finance, and ways and means, were mingled dazzling generalities of what *might be;* and natural and kindly affections interlaced and adorned the airy fabric of speculation. The pride of her heart, her handsome, gay, careless, and volatile, though affectionate, Quintin would be again before her eyes, and under her wing, reunited to his family; she thought of the joy of Polly, who had so long sighed after the metropolis; and of the delight of Susan, who was turning out almost as poetical and clever as Quintin, and who sadly wanted a medium through which to display her literary talents to a paying and an admiring public.

If through the interest of the kind, generous Sir George, a place was found in London for poor Edwin, the felicity of the family would be complete—too great. Mr Cripps might also have an opportunity of bringing out his pupil to the best advantage at one of the great theatres, and perhaps make another fortune through the genius of Mademoiselle Gabrielle; but on this his wife did not reckon much: she knew that Cripps was always a sanguine schemer.

Mrs Cripps had present duties to discharge as well as ambitious speculations to indulge, and to these we leave her, to look in upon another household of the excited and distracted town of W——.

No scheme of sanguine and ambitious vanity had ever appeared more rash and ridiculous in the eyes of Mrs Somers Stocks, the lady of one of the principal bankers of W——, than that which had been hatching in the head of Mr Cripps for a long period, and which, for the mo-

ment, had turned the brains of his wife. The project had occupied Mrs Stocks much more closely than the election, though Mr Stocks was one of Sir George's committee. She had been the first patroness of Cripps; his unfailing friend at his annual benefit concerts; his employer, his counsellor. Mrs Stocks, in short, possessed titles manifold, to the gratitude of the organist, and now he was going off to London in spite of her advice, leaving her Juliana without a teacher for either piano, guitar, harp, or voice! Mrs Stocks was vexed as well as angry; and no sooner was the state of the canvass, the great topic of the hour, discussed after dinner, than helping her husband, unasked, to a few more hot chestnuts, she broke forth:—

"You must have heard, my dear—for the town is ringing with it—of the madness of Little Cripps?"

"I have not heard a word—Is Cripps mad?"

"Going off to London, bag and baggage, with his whole family and his pupil! Does not that look like madness? To make all their fortunes by their wonderful talents! So talented a family!"

Mr Stocks did not encourage his lady; but, as he quietly ate his chestnuts, and seemed to listen, she continued:—

"So much as *we* have done for him: and Juliana just at that critical period, when the mechanical drudgery of music is over, and genius in the science beginning to be developed. Cripps—and I must say that for the silly creature—is a first-rate instructor, or he never should have had my patronage; and now to go to London!"

"It seems a bold step in Cripps; but I suppose he has his reasons," replied the banker, who looked as if he felt perfectly indifferent to the weal or wo of "the talented family," Mademoiselle Gabrielle included.

Mrs Stocks was somewhat provoked; but to the want of sympathy in her husband, to having her feelings and motives "unappreciated," she was case-hardened by fifteen years' endurance; not indeed altogether without complaint. Knowing her husband's commercial and civic importance, she had some vague expectation, that, if her feelings had been appreciated, he might have interfered to prevent the suspension of Juliana's musical education, by stopping the Cripps in their meditated transit, as he would have stopped the circulation of a forged note.

"The infatuated creature has got more pupils, and all of good fashion, than he can overtake. Polly Cripps finds young scholars among the middle ranks. And you were willing, Mr Stocks, with your usual goodness, to receive Edwin into the bank at a salary of twenty-five pounds; such certainties and prospects to be thrown away! Cripps has the two Miss Wordleys at the Hall, the rector's grand-niece, the three young ladies at Oakwood, and my Juliana,—*County* families; and, to my certain knowledge, he was promised dear little Lady Anne when the family came to the Castle."

"County families, all save your own, Jane," replied Mr Stocks, who was, by birth and feeling, of the town faction;—Do the county gentry pay Cripps higher than we do?"

"That don't signify, Mr Stocks. There is, to a professional man like Cripps, an immense difference in the rank of his pupils: he had not above three hours in genteel families till engaged to attend our Juliana; but after his first month at the Castle, employment quite flowed upon him."

"With the help of your patronage, my dear," returned the banker; whose humour found vent in such small jets as remarking to his lady—"And when Cripps becomes famous as a composer in London, fancy how the honour will be enhanced of having those six Sonatas dedicated to Mrs Somers Stocks."

The tone of her husband's voice, his carelessly crossed ankles, his drumming on the table, the easy indifferent air with which he sipped his wine, were altogether too much for the nerves of his lady.

"You are pleased to jest, Mr Stocks; but my feelings will not permit me to see a thoughtless wretch, with a large family—lively, clever, pleasant creatures, all of them—throw away his prospects in this manner. You will see him back to W—— ere a twelvemonth be out, with a begging subscription."

"Set your heart at rest, Jane. If he do come, I am sure you will subscribe handsomely. But I've a notion that the Cripps, like the cats, will fall on their feet, light where they may. Drop them penniless on London Bridge, and they are the sort of folks that will scramble their way,—and either make a spoon or spoil the horn."

The use of vulgar and idiomatic phrases, was a practice from which Mrs Stocks had never been able to wean her husband; nor could she banish from her recollection, that, though Mr Stocks went properly to church with her, his father had been a *wet*; and that his grandfather, and all his remoter ancestors—if clothiers could be supposed to have had ancestors—had been strict Quakers. It is rare that the entire motives of any human being come wholly to the surface, in an affair which deeply affects their passions or interests. The ingratitude of Cripps, and the injury to Juliana, were strongly resented; but there was another motive: the gay, handsome, young and fashionable wife of the senior partner in the bank, the rich uncle of Mr Stocks, had taken a kind-hearted, if inconsiderate, caprice, rather than a serious liking to the Cripps, and had suddenly usurped the place of her matronly niece-in-law, as their patroness. And Cripps, though he denied the fact, had as completely transferred his allegiance from Mrs Somers, to Mrs Richard Stocks, as he had transferred "his vote and interest" from the *Blues* to the *Yellows*. He had whispered in the safe ear of Mrs Cripps, that his original patroness was an ostentatious, vulgar, under-bred, exacting pretender—with no more true appreciation of musical genius, and no more music in her than in a cart-wheel. Mrs Richard, on the contrary, was a lady-like creature, who did know something, and feel a great deal, of

music. Mrs Richard possessed other advantages. She had a chariot and phaeton at her command, and lived at the *Grove*. The dwelling, handsome, commodious, and well-furnished, of Mrs Somers Stocks, was only over to *New* Bank in the Market Square of W——, and was her unvaried residence throughout the year, save a few weeks at Buxton or Matlock, and latterly at Leamington. But the most enviable distinction of Mrs Richard was, being connected, by inextricable cousinships with "the county people." They visited her at the Grove, and she visited them in all their Halls and Places; and if Mr Somers Stocks occasionally grumbled at the uses to which the local aristocracy, Mrs Richard's high-blooded connexions, sometimes sought to turn their intimacy at the Bank, he durst not yet complain to his uxorious old uncle. Mrs Richard laboured under one disadvantage. She had no child, no Juliana, to scold and dote upon by turns—to spoil by fond, weak, indulgence, and torment and chafe by capricious checks.

"You wont carry your displeasure so far, Jane, as not to attend Cripps' Farewell Concert on Friday, I suppose? I must see for tickets to you and Ju.," resumed Mr Stocks.

"It must altogether depend on family arrangements whether I shall be present," replied Mrs Stocks, with an air of matronly dignity. "I have not quite made up my mind. Of course my daughter must go to her master's benefit concert. So pointed a slight from our family to Cripps, fool as he is, I could not shew at this time; and Juliana cannot well go without me. I understand the family from the Grove, with all their fashionable guests, are to be there. Mrs Richard has sent twelve sovereigns for twelve tickets—gold tickets;—a fortunate woman is your uncle's wife—rolling in wealth, and with nothing to do but amuse herself."

"No wonder so unfortunate a woman as yourself envies the lot of my *old* uncle's very *young* and pretty wife, Jane."

"Indeed, then, I do not. Heaven forbid: Have I, Mr Stocks, ever repined at my severer domestic duties, or our more limited means. The pains I bestow; the trouble I take with our daughter's education, maternal affection renders a pleasure, not a task."

"What a pattern of a wife the ungrateful man has got!" was perhaps the shadowy reflection of Mrs Stocks; while Mr Stocks, as if in sympathy with her conscious virtue, checked the humour which prompted him to commiserate the sad fate of his lady, under the necessity of giving her orders direct to her cook, instead of communicating with that functionary through the dignified medium of a housekeeper; of doing her marketing, and paying her bills herself; and teasing her daughter with incessant care, of which nine-tenths might have been, with great advantage to Juliana's mind and temper, spared. Mr Stocks hemmed away his sarcastic propensity, sipped his wine, and remarked—

"You will forget and forgive, Jane. Little Cripps needs a lift at present; and though I don't deal in *gold tickets*, I trust you will be generous to Juliana's old teacher and her playmates, his children."

"Generous!" exclaimed the aggrieved lady. "I was his first and fastest friend. Did I not, twice a year, send Emily Cripps Juliana's left-off things—did I not——"

"You have been kind to the fiddler's family, I believe, Jane," interrupted Mr Stocks, cutting short the muster-roll of his wife's benevolences; "and you will still be kind—only *no London introductions*—my purse is at your discretion, but not my name."

"Cripps will not want for introductions, I assure you; he will, as Mr Charles Herbert says—what a very gentleman-like, elegant, and prepossessing young man is Sir George's friend Mr Herbert?—'Cripps will find a way or make one.' He was yesterday, with his daughter Polly, at a *dejeuner* at the Grove, to meet Sir George, who is quite a *fanatico*. Cripps, no doubt, has splendid talents, the creature."

"Were they actually fiddling in the forenoon, while we were sweating, canvassing for him?" exclaimed Mr Stocks, setting down his glass, with an emphasis, and raising himself bolt upright in his chair; half repenting that he had allowed himself to be placed on the committee of so degenerate a Whig, "He'll gain much of the sort of knowledge, which I fancy he requires as the representative of a commercial community, by fiddling away his mornings with fiddlers and fine ladies. Were the *Blues* to hear of this—in the very heat of his canvass!—and the fellow seems much in earnest too."

"Mrs Richard had a few musical friends to meet Sir George; and it is really so good of her, when one considers that all her early connexions and secret prepossessions must be for the *Blues*, and against the *Low party*. But she is a well-bred young woman, and the usages of good society, my dear——." Now, if there was one topic under the moon more than another which Mr Stocks detested, in a matrimonial *tete-a-tete*, it was this same "usages of good society," with which his lady had been indoctrinating him for fifteen years, and, as she feared, to very little good purpose. He abruptly left the room for his office and London correspondence, at the same hour that Mr Cripps was going the rounds of the best society of W——; disposing of, or rather taking orders for tickets for his Farewell Concert, and soliciting votes for "his particular friend Sir George, as a personal favour."

It was not without some grounds that the grateful Baronet afterwards whispered him, as he did twenty more—"Your zeal, Cripps, has turned the election. It is impossible that I can ever forget it: this is not merely political service—it is disinterested personal attachment. Upon my soul I feel it."

It was not improbable that more than one young man, already secretly favourable to the Liberal *Yellows*, was moved to confer the parting kindness of a pledge on his old violin master; and quite certain that twenty young wives and

favourite daughters, Cripps' former pupils, solicited and coaxed the suffrages of their relatives for Sir George, "who could be so useful to Mr Cripps and his family in the metropolis, and who had already promised Edwin a place in the Ordnance Office. Cripps was such a good creature—so polite, and kind to us at school; but we were always favourite pupils."

All Mr Cripps' pupils, it was remarkable, had been favourite ones; and every member of Sir George Lee's committee, had simply, and singly, carried his election. If Mr Cripps was polite and urbane, his high breeding was not unaccounted for. He had been bred in the atmosphere of a Court. He had originally been one of the singing boys of the choir in the King's chapel at Windsor. The Princes there were of a royal, and he was of a musical, race: yet there was an impenetrable mystery about his origin; and even Mrs Cripps could not tell whether the blood in the veins of her children was that of kings or fiddlers. Mr Cripps, in his early years, never seemed to have settled the question entirely to his own liking; and as personal vanity, or pride of art predominated, he was either the offspring of a certain Royal Duke, by a Maid of Honour, whose reputation required that his father should never acknowledge him, or the descendant of "the divine old man," his maternal grandfather, an eminent German violinist, "who had first put a bow into his hand!" and of whom, in moods of enthusiasm, Cripps spoke to his children with tears in his eyes. Those eyes:—there was a prominence, an unsteadiness about them, with a fulness of the muscles of the cheeks, in an otherwise slender and meagre man, which gave some countenance to the romantic or mysterious part of Mr Cripps' story. The remarkable musical gifts which his whole family possessed—those children to whom flutes, violins, clarionets, pianos, and guitars were in place of the coral and bells, bats and balls of other children, augured a divine and hereditary right. And from the period of Cripps' settling in W———, where plebeian morality valued legitimate birth far above high blood, the wife of a peasant above the mistress of a prince, Mr Cripps shewed tact enough to conceal his pretensions. To his art he was ever enthusiastically true. He had been born a musician—his soul was in music; and he must have been touched by its poetry; for, however it might be with his aspiring younglings, or his clever wife, if music was the means of his ambition, it was not less beloved for its own sake.

If Cripps had repined at his hard fate, in being, with his tastes, feelings, and skill, cast among the rich, boorish, timber-toned, and timber-souled population of W——, such as on his arrival he had found it, among persons who could no more appreciate his music than could Mr Somers Stocks the refined feelings of his lady, his pity was as much given to them as to himself. They were as the dumb or the blind. They wanted a fine sense which he possessed in an exquisite degree: they deserved his pity. Seasons of refreshing came, with a stray amateur, like Sir George Lees, or his friend Herbert, who could understand and feel the real superiority of Little Cripps; and gales of paradise floated on the praises of his talent, by a beautiful woman like Mrs Richard Stocks, praises which, he said, "had awakened his sleeping soul within him!"

"But, ah! I fear my charming patroness is as far out of her place in this ungenial clime, as I have been in W——," was his somewhat familiar whisper, on the morning of the concert at the Grove, in the ear of Mr Charles Herbert, whose admiration of the lovely hostess was quite apparent to so critical an observer as Mr Cripps.

The young gentleman was disposed to resent the impertinence of the remark; but "it was only Cripps," who, successful thus far, ventured the small request of the favour and honour of the company of Mr Herbert at the rehearsal of his Farewell Concert that evening.

"My talented pupil, Mademoiselle Gabrielle—whose only drawback is excessive timidity—and every member of my family, take a part. You shall judge of us, Mr Herbert, as a musical family. To-morrow every Cripps of them shall come forward to say adieu to the kind boors of W——. . . . In Mrs Cripps' private society I am sternly select."

Mr Charles Herbert did not smile. Whatever might be the faults of this young man, he was not of the sneering school. He had some remorseful idea that his friend, Sir George, was misleading this poor little Cripps and his family; but he wished to see how Mademoiselle had recovered her spirits; and he felt that the family of Cripps was a great resource to idle young men of fashion, in a stupid town, where there was not even a billiard-table.

When Mrs Somers Stocks expressed her astonishment at the audacity of Mr Cripps to the rector, who dropt in to take tea with her, he smiled, and rather thought Sir George and his friend would go, just like themselves.

"Conceive a party of good fashion at his house!—with its dirt, confinement, squalling babies, pupils, and what not; and the expense! I always knew Cripps was naturally a thoughtless, extravagant creature"——

"But his wife—pardon the interruption, Madam—so active, managing, and notable a person as Mrs Cripps"——

"Well, she is so, considering; though as vain and ambitious as himself. And this party!—they have sent to borrow a hundred and fifty things of me. It would have been utter folly, you are aware, to risk my best cut glass. Borrowing my best *epergne!* Such total ignorance of the usages of good society! I *can-not* believe, Mr Mortimer, that Sir George will go."

"Don't be certain, my dear madam. Music, like gaming, love, and, I must add, *canvassing*, in these new times, levels all distinctions. And gay London bachelors, accustomed to Club life, are far from being so stiff as we provincials. Mr Herbert, who, I understand, flirts, sings, and dances quite as well as he harangues, will be sure to countenance the defalcation of Mr Cripps from the *Blues*.

"Is he an honourable, this Mr Herbert?"

"Cannot tell, Ma'am. I have not even seen the paragon who has turned the heads of half our ladies, and changed their hearts from *blue* to *yellow*. He is given out as a man of large moneyed fortune, with a fine estate in Somersetshire. The only child of one of the great, *great* nabobs."

"But, tied up by his father's will from enjoying his property, or marrying under the age of twenty-five, unless with the consent of his step-mother."

"Ah, ma'am, why ask me for news, when you are always so much better informed yourself?" said the sly rector.

"Mrs Richard Stocks was very intimate with Mrs Herbert at Cheltenham. She is a most accomplished, beautiful, and still young-looking woman; and quite devoted to her son, who repays all her affection. She was expected at the Grove, on a visit during the election, but has not been able to make it out."

"Aunt expects to meet Mrs Herbert in London next season," put in Miss Juliana, who took deep interest in the conversation.

"Is this clever Mr Herbert—they say he is fresh from Oxford, though so sad a rebel—so very handsome as the *blue* ladies maintain, Miss Julia?"

"Oh, very handsome indeed! such an orator!—with an air so *distingué*, Polly Cripps says;—and a seat on horseback like an angel," exclaimed Miss Stocks.

"Softly, Juliana—no occasion for the display of so much natural emotion, my love. The quiet, subdued, lady-like manners sanctioned by the usages of polite society, my love, forbid"—

"Mr Cripps has sold 250 tickets," interrupted the lively and tractable Miss. "Mr Herbert has taken ten at a sovereign a-piece."

"Well done Mr Cripps! he will go off at last with the eclat he so dearly loves," said the rector. "Mr Herbert possesses the true secret of changing *blue* to *yellow* I find."

"It was not *blue* or *yellow* at all, sir," continued the well-informed young lady. "Polly Cripps wrote him a pretty twisted note on *pink* glazed paper, soliciting his patronage and support for her charming friend Mademoiselle Gabrielle, who is to make her *debut* at the concert, after the polling."

"She is a brisk damsel enough, Polly Cripps," returned the Doctor. "Did the other girl know of this pretty plan, Juliana? Why, the Cripps' family are far riper for the metropolis than I had fancied; the mysterious pupil seemed to me a retiring, modest young creature—poor thing!"

"Violette know? Oh, no—that she does not; Susan Cripps was vexed at it—and begged Polly not to send the note; it would so hurt poor Violette if she ever heard of it. She is very nervous about the concert of to-morrow. While she was giving me my lesson, when Mr Cripps had gone out canvassing, the tears fell drop-dropping on the keys. I pretended not to notice, as she did not, I am sure, wish me to see. I don't know if she knew herself. I dare say, mamma, Mrs Cripps scolds and worries her—as she does her own daughters sometimes—and makes her cry."

"Happy, Juliana! to have no idea of other cause of suffering than a mamma's worrying," said the benevolent and smiling rector. "I am afraid, Mrs Stocks, this poor girl is not very happy where she is. . . . . And what has put it into Cripps' scheming head to Frenchify her English name? Can a *Prima Donna* not be received by English people under the simple, English appellation of *Violet Hamilton*?"

"That is the girl's name, then!" cried Mrs Stocks—"Mademoiselle Gabrielle, indeed!—so like Cripps!"

"Violet Gabrielle, so baptized; and a Protestant, madam," rejoined the rector. "I received a long and earnest letter about her to-day, from an unknown brother clergyman in Guernsey. She is the orphan child of an officer who was in the Indian army, and who, when he died, three months back, bequeathed her, with his little savings, to the Organist of my correspondent's church; a small respectable farmer, with whom Violet and her father had lodged for seven years; and who, with his wife, are as much attached to her as if she were their own grandchild. I wish it may be a wise arrangement which has led these generous, disinterested, but simple people to give up her little property, and something additional from their own little savings, to have her articled to our friend Mr Cripps, that her musical education may be thoroughly completed."

"Cripps makes such a mystery of it," put in Mrs Stocks. "Why, the bills came through *our* bank, soon after he had brought the girl over from the Channel Islands. Mr Stocks, always prudent, is mute as a fish on all such matters;—so best in affairs of business; but I have authority for saying, that Cripps changed one bill for £100 at Smith the draper's, when he paid the dresses for the concert, and his old account; and I have reason to know that £200 are now lying at his order in London."

"He is a good-natured little man on the whole, and a thorough musician," rejoined the rector. "His wife is a shrewd woman, and a capital disciplinarian; so I hope this poor young lady will be tolerably happy among them. My sister and I mean to visit her as soon as the distraction of this Concert business is over—poor young friendless thing!"

"I mean to call on her myself," said Mrs Stocks; "but really I begin to be cautious on the side of the Cripps' family, and especially of Miss Polly. There is an audacity in the bold black eyes and sergeant-major stride of that girl, a freedom of manners with her superiors, and so obvious a want of proper tact, and knowledge of those usages which characterise——But here comes Mr Stocks! My dear, make your apologies to the rector. His good old-fashioned politeness would not permit us to begin tea without you."

The election, the concert, the sudden conversion of Blues to Yellows, and Yellows to Blues, and the great London enterprise of the Cripps' family, furnished abundant topics for tea-table talk.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Cripps' Musical Soirée.

"The web of life is of mingled yarn," says one who, to his other titles, may add that of being the greatest of human life's philosophers. The saying held of what, nevertheless, was by a hundred degrees the most brilliant party which Mrs Cripps had ever given in the course of her twenty-five years of married experience. A critical English eye, such as that of Mrs Somers Stocks, must have seen many defects, flaws, and positive wants in the machinery—the *materiel* of festivity and elegant enjoyment; yet, taken as a whole, the "*let-off*" was by no means the despicable affair which Mrs Stocks had predicted. The redeeming elements were the genuine musical talent of the party-giving family; their good-humoured fudge, polite manners, and the desire to oblige and please their guests, carried to the extreme of flattery. Flattery was indeed a characteristic of the whole family of Cripps; a habit become second nature. They flattered every one, and they flattered each other, even when alone; and every Cripps, at every hour, sung the praises, and attested the virtues and accomplishments, and amiable dispositions of each and all of the Crippses. A habit so established could not be taxed as insincerity; for it by no means prevented family brawls, politely conducted. It was the caressing, demonstrative style of the head of the house, carried down improved to the juniors; and it was pleasant as the sign of family affection, in a household now knit together by force of blood, as in after life, by considerations of a common interest; when the Cripps were still "each for all and all for each," as their best policy and most beneficial compact. There was at least no insincerity in their mutual admiration. Polly never doubted that her brother Quintin—her "brother the barrister," as she learned to designate him—was the greatest genius and the finest gentleman of his age: there was certainly nothing like Quintin among the dullards of W——. That her father was the most accomplished musician and perfect gentleman that was to be met with, was the strongest article of Susan's faith; and this opinion was a nearer approximation to the truth.

As Mr Cripps stood with his lady at the door of his teaching-room, converted for the night into the principal reception-room, in their best dresses, and very best, because happiest, looks, they appeared an exceedingly genteel and agreeable couple. Cripps, always neat and spruce, shone in his glossiest black suit and finest gala waistcoat; his lady was very well and becomingly dressed; both were distinguished in W—— for good manners, with perhaps an exuberance of manner, an *empressement*, an elaboration of courtesy, which yet did exceedingly well in W——, and which rather harmonized with the relative position of the hosts and their guests.

A great majority of the latter reckoned themselves, out of sight, the "betters" of the Crippses, whose invitations had, however, been very generally accepted. The fashionable world of W——, happily for Mrs Cripps, had not the choice of twenty parties, of varying attraction, in one night; and it so happened that almost everybody went; each, where vanity or propriety suggested the need of an excuse, finding one in some amiable motive, actuating the condescending individual. The worthy rector could not make up his mind to vex his departing organist by sending an apology; and he went so far as to acknowledge to his sister some curiosity about Mademoiselle, which she courteously and truly imputed to benevolent interest in the young and forlorn stranger. Besides, if he stayed away now, as he had been in the habit of taking tea with the Crippses about twice or thrice a-year, it might be fancied that he felt piqued by the desertion of Mr Cripps to the *Yellows*. This would have been a victory over the *Blues* which he, as a Tory, a gentleman, and a true Churchman, despised yielding to misled men, Radicals and Dissenters.

Mrs Somers Stocks was actuated by different, though equally amiable, motives. When her scout, the housemaid, informed her that the rector and his sister, both in their clogs, but in full dress, had certainly entered the blazing dwelling, which made sunshine in the shady Mall, her doubts were resolved. Save the few finishing points of cap, scarf, and gloves, Mrs Stocks was already "dressed enough for such a party." And now that the rector and Miss Mortimer had set the example of forgiveness and graciousness, she would also grace "poor Cripps;" who must be demolished by so decided a rebuff, so dead a cut, as the banker's lady not looking in upon his party.

Mr Cripps, from his obliging manners and agreeable talents, was highly popular among the young people of the town; and now that he was going away to London, under the Member's patronage, there was a universal and friendly excitement about himself, his beautiful mysterious pupil, and, indeed, the whole family. Had the invitations been twice as numerous, it is probable that nearly all those asked would, for one sort of civil reason or another, have appeared. Cripps had been, as he had said, "sternly exclusive;" though, by means of old connexions, family intimacies, and the young companionships of Polly and the absent Quintin, of Susan and Edwin, the rule was sadly infringed upon; and though Mrs Somers Stocks could not approve—could, indeed, barely tolerate such promiscuous association—the party proved exactly so much the happier for those breaches in the rigid demarcations and the etiquettes of "good society."

The vulgar appliances and grosser elements of refined amusements—the air they breathe, and without which they die—were abounding. Mr Cripps understood all this. There were plenty

of wax lights—Mrs Stocks took pains to ascertain the fact of wax—abundance of refreshments, most hospitably distributed—pretty, well-dressed girls—good-looking lads—enchanting music—and, on this popular evening, not too much of it.

Mr Cripps, by bitter experience, had learned the true nature of a W—— musical audience. He was no longer the enthusiast he had once been; fancying that every one who professed to like music partook of his exalted feelings. He would not throw his pearls before pigs; and neither Sir George nor Mr Herbert had yet appeared; so, with just as much music as offered no restraint or interruption to the more popular amusements of chattering, flirting, and eating ices and cakes, an atmosphere of freedom and gaiety, of ease and enjoyment, imperceptibly arose and diffused itself through the crowded small apartment, which proved contagious even with dignified and ungenial natures.

"Does not Cripps' party go off charmingly," whispered the rector to Mrs Stocks, who, seated in state at the head of the room, was unconsciously relaxing in dignity, and, from a spectator, becoming a sharer in the pleasures of the evening, until recalled to the recollection of her injuries by the rector's speech. "It does me good to see so many of my young parishioners so innocently happy; and to witness the overflowing delight of Mr Cripps and his fine family, in having their friends around them."

"Cripps would rather, though, see Sir George and Mr Herbert enter, than all of us put together, sir. Do I not understand the vain and ambitious, scheming creature," returned the lady, whom Mr Cripps, by every art of polite assiduity, had done his utmost to conciliate, almost to the neglect of other matrons, with equal claims upon his attention.

"Pardon my vanity, if I cannot think so poorly of our noble selves, citizens of W——, ma'am. There is a time for everything. Cripps is, I am sure, a well-disposed little fellow at heart. . . . I fear, though, I shall have to depart before I obtain a glimpse of the great folks. It is *style*, I fancy, for the courtiers of the Mob to appear here just as their inferiors are going off. I am more disappointed at the absence of poor Mademoiselle Gabrielle; between whose spirits, and her fine appellation, there is, I imagine, little accordance to-night. Poor thing, we saw her—Sarah and I—from the parlour window, walking alone under the churchyard elms this afternoon."

"There is something very suspicious—very suspicious, indeed, in that affair," returned Mrs Stocks, now deeply in earnest. "It was not from Guernsey the whole of the money came for the girl's premium, as I have now learned, but from America.' She is an American born—a Virginian, I believe."

"Quite wrong, pardon me, ma'am. English, I assure you, by my correspondent's letter. He and his family, and, as he states, the whole neighbourhood, feel the greatest interest in the young lady's welfare. She must be an amiable creature to have touched so many kind and simple hearts. He says 'she is the beloved child of our parish.'"

At this moment, the "glass of fashion and mould of form" to the aspiring youth of W—— —Mr Charles Herbert, namely—entered, loudly announced by Mike Twig, the probationary page of Mrs Cripps, and followed by the very *elite* of the dandies of the *Yellows*. Their appearance produced certainly a more visible flutter, if not a stronger sensation than an event so important to the young and fair portion of the company might have done in the higher regions of Almack's or May Fair. Gaiety and mirth were momentarily checked, curiosity was sharpened, and sentiment deepened.

It so happened that Miss Polly Cripps (from this night forth Maria) was sweeping the chords of the harp as the gentlemen entered. A string snapt; and Maria, laughingly, rose to meet the greetings of the guests as they were in turn released from the eager and overpowering welcomes of her father and mother. It was now in vain that the latter, during a full half hour, whispered—"Maria, you are not perceiving your old playmate, Mr Benjamin Jeffery, who is trying to catch your eye." Maria could not have been wholly oblivious of the presence of the wealthy and bashful young manufacturer, who had incurred the severest displeasure of his father and mother, and awakened the maternal hopes of Mrs Cripps, by attentions which the young lady did not, in the least, mistake; but which, not caring one farthing for the bashful Benjamin, she treated with derision, from the moment that the London scheme was fixed. Mrs Cripps, like every prudent mother, was never contemptuous of an eligible *pis-aller*, not even when her heart swelled with all a mother's pride as Maria was conducted up stairs to the attic closet, as Mrs Stocks maliciously named it, where, under the name of, the Refreshment Room, jellies, ices, lemonade, &c., &c., were dispensed to all comers, by the smartly dressed housemaid.

The airy cage of the Crippses on the Mall of W——, with three perches on each stage, was of a size which neither admitted of large rooms nor of thick partitions between the apartments. In the adjoining closet, or small bedroom—not attic—that representation being a spiteful sarcasm of the great lady who lived over to the banking office—was now seated, with wan cheeks and dimmed eyes, the forlorn future Malibran or Grisi of W——, the *Prima Donna* of to-morrow's concert, whose non-appearance below stairs had caused wonder and disappointment to both ladies and gentlemen.

Mr Cripps had urged and pleaded; Mrs Cripps had taken the tone of affectionate command; Polly had coaxed and flattered; and Susan, Gabrielle's favourite in the family, had entreated; but the unvarying tearful answer had been—"Do not urge me, dear Mrs Cripps; pray, dear sir, excuse me: who will miss me? I cannot—indeed I cannot sing before so large a party. I never did—I do not think—I am very

sure that my father, nor yet my poor kind friends, never meant that I should be a stage singer. They only intended that, through your instructions, sir, I should be able to gain my bread, as the organist of our quiet parish, and as a teacher there. Anything but that," was her secret thought. I would be a maid servant; or work from sunrise to sunset, with my needle: anything but a public singer! One appearance would annihilate me. Miss Cripps, who has so much more firmness and self-possession, and who has, from infancy, been accustomed to display her brilliant talents in company, must succeed, and be admired and applauded. But I—!

"Indeed, sir, you are entirely wrong about this" she said aloud.

Mr Cripps was too polite, perhaps too feeling, and undoubtedly too much interested in the result, to urge his "gifted pupil" beyond the point of endurance. Her natural disposition was singularly gentle and pliable. And she appeared anxious to oblige him—capable of understanding his superiority in his own art—grateful for his devoted attention to her improvement, and assiduous in her studies. He at last assured her, that she should neither be asked to sing nor play, save as was agreeable to her; but he did expect that she would join the party: he was convinced, that going more into pleasant, improving society, would be of advantage to her health and spirits. Violette promised to dress herself, and to slip down stairs some time in the course of the evening.

Every member of the family was too hurried and distracted with the "duties extraordinary" of the day, to think more about her. A brilliant display was to be made, which would have required the exertions of a proper complement of well-trained domestics, to fulfil Mrs Cripps' orders, and do Mr Cripps' spiriting; and there were only available the maid-of-all-work; Mr Brown, the confectioner's servant, who having assisted in preparing the sweets and delicacies, now came to administer them; and the man of universal work, Mike Twig, the son of the bellos-blower, now on trials for preferment in the capital, as Mr Cripps' page. "Impossible to get on in London at all without a man-servant!" was Mr Cripps' reply to his wife's remonstrance on the gormandizing propensities of Mike, who worked for one boy, and ate for three men.

The lonely and sad Prima Donna having tried to drive away her headach and compose her spirits by a solitary walk under the churchyard elms—her only voluntary promenade—returned to the house. The scene into which the folly and forwardness of Miss Cripps had forced her—the insulting language of the crowd, hardly understood in its full import, yet revolting to maidenly pride and delicacy—the idea of how she must have appeared in the eyes of the gentleman who had come to the protection of her companion and herself—and a vague feeling of insecurity and degradation, connected with her position—had haunted her ever since the occurrence. It was impossible to banish the recollection of those stinging expressions of the unthinking people; and to such mortifications was it her future lot to be continually exposed?

"O my dear, dear father, why were you taken from me when most I needed your protecting kindness," was her exclamation. "My kind friends—never surely—never would you have placed your little Violette under this bondage, had you been aware of its consequences." Gushing floods of tears effaced the restorative effects of the air upon the eyes and complexion of the incipient Prima Donna, who—blaming her own ingratitude to her master, to one so courteous, who so disinterestedly held out to her ambition hopes of fortune and fame—could not conquer that deep dislike, which the affair of the morning had increased to insuperable repugnance to his plans. "Anything but this—anything."

The mournful meditations of "Mademoiselle Gabrielle," were only terminated by the necessity of dressing herself, in order to redeem her promise to her master. She resolved that, before she slept, she would write him a note, declaring her fixed determination not to appear at the public concert. Rather than comply, she would at once forfeit the little means placed in his hands, by her humble friends, for her board, and for the completion of her education; and seek employment in some other way. She had heard of the disappointment of Mrs Somers Stocks from the communicative Juliana; and a hope arose that, perhaps, in lieu of a better teacher, that lady might accept of herself.

This idea was another inducement to go down stairs, where she might see Mrs Stocks, and judge of the probable success of this plan.

She laid out her modest finery; and Mrs Cripps, having positively interdicted faded mourning, Violette attired herself in plain white muslin; fixed her few jet ornaments, put on her tiny black satin slippers, black lace gloves, and scarf; thinking to herself—"I am looking shocking enough to night; but who is there to notice or care about how I look: only, I hope, in goodness, *that gentleman*—that Mr Herbert—is not below, or will not see me. It would kill me with confusion to meet him."

The thought had not passed, when Herbert's voice—its tones were perfectly remembered—and that of Miss Maria Cripps, were heard, in gay talk, in the adjoining Refreshment Room. Mr Herbert "hoped that Miss Cripps' friend had completely recovered the alarm given her by the rascally mob."

"Oh, quite, and so grateful for your gallantry to us poor damsels in distress, that she has talked of nothing else ever since. We had heard so much of your eloquence, and were so desirous to hear you speak:— . . . . Papa is nursing Gabrielle to-night, that she may be in full force to-morrow. She lost her father, poor dear, some few months back, and is in indifferent spirits at times: when she gets to London, no fear but she'll cheer up. I am predicting to her, when we laugh alone, that Quintin will fall in love with her. He is such a fellow for falling in

love with every lady with any pretensions to good looks; and Gabrielle is pretty. Papa says she will be much handsomer by and by. Edwin is more in Gabrielle's style than Quintin: Edwin is a sentimental and swainish chap; now Quintin is all life and fire; but yet I prophecy Mademoiselle will make a conquest. I hope it will be a mutual attachment. Their *styles* are quite opposite, certainly; but discords in character, where both parties are amiable and enamoured, make harmony in marriage, I have been told."

Mr Charles Herbert fancied Maria Cripps a singularly well-informed young woman for her years and opportunities. What thought the inmate of the next room?

"Her brother in love with me!" was the indignant idea of the mortified involuntary listener. "I do wish Miss Cripps would just say nothing about me to Mr Charles Herbert, or to any gentleman or person. To say I had talked of nothing else save his gallantry ever since! It is very odd of Maria."

The noises in the next apartment intimated the arrival of more ice-eaters, and, peering timidly out, to see if she could not make her escape into the crowd below unnoticed, Violette flew down stairs, and, gliding into the room, stole behind a whist-table in the door corner, where Mrs Somers Stocks was now established, her daughter Juliana leaning behind her chair. Violette stood a good while unobserved, save by the latter.

"Dear mamma," said the daughter, coaxingly, during a deal, "this is Miss *Violet Hamilton*."

The girl fondly held Violet's hand.

"Indeed, my dear!" replied Mrs Stocks, with unusual benignity; for she could be kind and generous also, our Mrs Stocks: we have seen this lady hitherto on the wrong side. "I am very happy to make the acquaintance of Miss Violet Hamilton. But I must ask Mrs Cripps to introduce me properly. Can you not find a seat for your friend, Juliana?" continued the patronising lady, in a kinder tone, as the pale and lovely girl stood before her, only half conscious of where she was—her fragile but gracefully moulded figure slightly bent—her dewy eyes cast down.

"She is a Virginian," was the conclusion of the scrutinising Mrs Stocks. "Quite the American style of beauty—a breath would dissolve her into air. An odd dress too; but she is a sweet-looking—a really fascinating girl."

"Mamma! Mr Herbert taught us such a pretty game just now: he said all the young ladies at the *Soirée* should be flowers—Miss Susan Cripps is the *pink*, and Miss Polly the *dahlia*, and sweet Lucy White the *hawthorn blossom*. Miss Violette had not come down then. I wont call her the *violet*, though she be one, but the *lily*. Oh, yes! the pure, white lily she is! I shall go ask Mr Herbert if I have not chosen right for Miss Violette."

"How your tongue runs, my Juliana," replied the gratified, smiling mother, as the lively girl danced off indecorously, through the gay crowd.

"I am aware, Miss Violette," said Mrs Stocks, "that it is quite contrary to the usages of good society to be acquainted with those to whom we are not properly introduced; but in peculiar circumstances one dispenses with strict etiquette. I am promising myself a most delightful treat—quite a musical banquet—at your *debut* to-morrow; the rare merits of your instructor I am well acquainted with, (my own discovery they were, I may say; for, between ourselves, we are not a musical community in W——,) and I am quite aware of the loss my daughter must sustain in the change of style, even should I obtain a superior new teacher; but I waive these considerations at this time, and shall certainly do myself the pleasure of witnessing your *debut*."

"You are very kind—very good, ma'am; but it is all a mistake!" said the girl in a low, earnest, and very sweet voice—her pale cheeks becoming suffused with a delicate rose-tint: "I will never come out as a public singer—NEVER! Mr Cripps has been most kind: but this—I have no taste, no heart, an utter repugnance. . . . My poor father would *never*"——she could not proceed. . . . . "If—if *any* lady would do me the very great kindness to receive me as her daughter's musical teacher, or as a needlewoman, or in any capacity." Violette could get no farther. The words stuck in her throat. The blood ebbed from her face, leaving it more pale than before; she trembled in every limb, and durst not look up to her judge, who was now, however, looking with eagerness at some one behind her.

"Ah! Mr Charles Herbert! it is you: we short-sighted people are so stupid."

"Have not I named her right?" cried the rather intrepid Juliana. "The gentle lily, bending on its stem."

Violette shrunk away like a ghost, nor stopped until she was again bolted in her closet-chamber, when a burst of tears relieved her choking bosom.

"I fear I have interrupted your conversation with Mademoiselle Gabrielle, ma'am," said Mr Herbert, after an awkward pause, and without replying to Juliana's appeal for his verdict; "and frightened her away, too. I am a sad blunderer."

"Ah, poor thing!—but our conversation can be renewed. You overheard her petition to be received into my family, as my daughter's governess."

"O mamma, delightful! Surely you will engage Violette at once?"

"I will do my duty, my giddy Juliana," returned the prudent, if still smiling mother, probably remembering that Juliana was near fifteen, and Mr Herbert not entitled to marry, by his own choice, for three years yet. "Mademoiselle's talents are brilliant, of the first order: no question of that; but the *morale*, Mr Herbert."

Mrs Somers Stocks gave her head a Burleigh shake, which, communicated to her blonde lappets, set every spray of her redundant fuschias a-waving in sympathy with her virtues.

Mr Herbert stood musing—"That sweet,

lovely, and certainly timid girl—so very young—looking too, so innocently modest."

Herbert was neither of the age nor character which leads to harsh or uncharitable conclusions; and the poor girl seemed so unhappy in her present position, so disinclined to what seemed her destiny, that, had she been as plain as she was beautiful, she would have interested his feelings. Would she or would she not appear to-morrow? He half wished that she might keep her word, and revolved how he could be instrumental in procuring her the favour of Mrs Somers Stocks, as he led that lady to her cloak, clogs, and lantern, and now first recollected to assure Miss Juliana that she had hit on an admirable choice for Mademoiselle Gabrielle, who, with her slender drooping figure, and in her white dress, had all the lily's delicacy and purity."

"Don't you, Mr Herbert, please sir, call Violette by Mr Cripps' nickname. Her own name is Violette Hamilton, and one day, when she was very sad, she said to me, 'Don't you, Juliana, call me Mademoiselle Gabrielle; do give me the pleasure to hear at least one kind voice sometimes call me Violet as my father did.' I assure you, mamma, I almost cried; and now both Susan Cripps and I always call her Violet when we are by ourselves."

"O that chatter-box! Thanks, thanks, Mr Herbert. That gold hook and eye—never mind it—you are too good. Well, good luck to us to-morrow at the poll! I conclude you will be off for London as soon as the poll closes?—The Concert cannot commence before then."

Mr Herbert gave no satisfactory answer, and Mrs Stocks set out, marshalled by the bank porter carrying the lantern. The rector was also gone, nearly all the dignified presences had withdrawn, and the younger part of the company became gayer than ever. There was now music in earnest. Violette slipped open her door and stole out upon the stairs as the thrilling and delicious tones of Cripps' violin raised her into a world of enchantment.

The poor *Prima Donna* was not missed in the revel. Miss Cripps, ably supported by her father, took the abdicated part, and sustained it with undaunted courage, and, save to the ear and judgment of her fastidious father, with splendid success.

Sir George now, at long and last, dropped in; and was received with rapturous welcome by the whole of the grateful and delighted family, and obtained the earnest whispered thanks of Mrs Cripps for the couple of dozens of champagne which he had taken the liberty to send to her. Choice wines, of all sorts, had been sent from London for his election dinner of the former day, together with fruit, oysters, venison, &c., and the remainders were placed at the command of Mrs Cripps for her party,—Sir George stating that he ventured the freedom, because he was so well aware that it was impossible for Mrs Cripps to get things as she would wish to have them in W——.

The landlord of the Royal Oak grumbled at the innovation, and resolved to remonstrate, on his lawful perquisites going away in this illegitimate manner; but recollected himself, and put his grumbling in the bill.

An ample and luxurious supper, where, from the want of space, the gentlemen first gallantly waited on the ladies, speeded the laughing hours; and the night concluded with comic and convivial songs, glees, and catches, in which the old chorister of Windsor jollily and heartily bore his part. Violette fell asleep to the distant lullaby of "A Friar of Orders Gray."

"He is a fellow of infinite fun and glee my little friend Cripps, is he not, Herbert?" said Sir George, as the friends took their way to their inn, at an hour which it would not have been safe to have mentioned to all the *Fellows*. "He has done me immense good, in his small way, in this canvass; and I like it all the better that it is for myself, and not like Stocks, and those yea-forsooth fellows, who support me for my Liberal principles, forsooth! We must do something for him when he comes to town."

"Is not that a hazardous cast—and the good little man and his family so snug here?"

"Hazardous!—has he not that girl, his pupil, to produce? Some would propose to Italianize her for a couple of years. I say, *No*. English feeling can yet appreciate English talent and genius. That girl has both. Mademoiselle—what the deuce does he call her?—coming out as Polly, in the Beggar's Opera—sterling English—none of your *Mandane's;* and his own pert Miss, as Lucy. . . . Don't let that girl get too affectionate, by the way, Herbert. I noticed your *petits soins*, my friend. It wont do. Remember I am security to your mother for your good behaviour. . . . But, as I was saying—Polly and Lucy; little Cripps holds a flush—Tom Welsh never held such trumps. And the gipsy must give herself airs too; take headachs and caprices, as if she already had a salary of fifty guineas a-week!"

"How came you to hear her sing, Sir George, as it seems this is a favour she rarely bestows on an ordinary audience?"

"Oh! little Cripps had me stowed away in the next room. 'The delicate organization of his pupil—her excessive timidity'—all humbug, you know. She warbles like a dear angel, though; and we must lend her a hand when she is fit to produce. Cripps is quite the fellow for managing the puffing, the press, and all that sort of thing."

On the morning after the GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT, and the election of Sir George Lees, by a majority of five, Mrs Somers Stocks sent a polite note, requesting to see Miss Violette Hamilton immediately, on business of importance. Her note was returned. Mr Cripps, his daughter Maria, and Mademoiselle Gabrielle, had gone off to London by the early mail; Mr Charles Herbert and Cripps outside—the Member and the ladies within! Mrs Somers Stocks, at first stunned by the intelligence, in five minutes rang to order her clogs.

"If any particular friend calls, I am only over at the rectory, Sally.—There will be news of this hasty journey!" was an aside.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Shelley's Poetical Works.

THE neat four-volume cabinet edition of Shelley's Poems has been followed by an entire and *immaculate* edition, edited, like the preceding one, by Mrs Shelley. It is printed in one handsome volume, in the style, at once compendious and elegant, which has been adopted, of late, by Moxon and other publishers, to furnish the public with standard works at a very moderate price, and capable of being stowed away in very small parlours, or even in emigrants' chests. This is but an accident: the essential part of the new edition is its integrity and completeness, and the appearance of two original poems of considerable length, which exhibit Shelley's poetical, and, we may say, individual character in a new and unexpected phasis. It was known that he could be passionately indignant at cruelty and oppression, whether in princes and magistrates or private men; but of keen and biting sarcasm, and wit to which truth gives polish and edge, Shelley was not suspected. The Portuguese have a proverb—"Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine." There are circumstances in life which turn the milkiest nature to the bitterest gall; the richer and sweeter the basis, the result of the new fermentation becomes, in proportion, the more acid. The persecution of the bigoted Chancellor Eldon was more felt by Shelley than became a great mind; which native strength, and the repose of conscious power, ought to have placed above the reach of such wretched annoyance. Shelley's curse of the old Chancellor falls impotent, because it does not move the sympathies. Eldon, in this case, is felt to be not worth a curse. It is quite otherwise with the severest castigation that ever a slackening, wavering, or time-serving spirit received; for thus we rate "Peter Bell the Third," one of the new poems, of this edition. If not redeemed by critical subtlety, and that species of wit and humour which is one of the truest manifestations of intellectual strength, this poem might be felt even too severe, if not absolutely unjust. We are not, however, prepared to say that it is so; though we may wish that genius could have as signally avenged sins against mankind upon a less illustrious victim. But one less illustrious would not have made so remarkable an example. Great is truth, and should prevail, though at the expense of temporary chagrin and mortification to the admirers of Wordsworth.

The other new poem is entitled "Œdipus Tyrannus, or, Swellfoot the Tyrant." It is a burlesque drama, hovering somewhere in its plan between the satiric drama of Aristophanes' "The Frogs," and the grotesque portions of Göethe's "Faust." The subject is the persecution of Iona Taurina, *i.e.*, Queen Caroline, by her royal husband. The pigs or swinish multitude take the place of the frogs. Dakry, Purgonax, and Laoctonos figure as Eldon, Castlereagh, and Wellington, the ministers of Swellfoot; the gad-fly and the rat are other personages in the drama, who are not of difficult discovery. The Leech is almost plain English. With the exception of a few isolated passages, this drama is obscure and far-fetched, and occasionally disgusting.

Very different is "Peter Bell the Third." Unless Mrs Shelley had previously stated the fact, the reader, we imagine, never would have discovered that this poem is purely ideal; and that nothing personal to the author of the original "Peter Bell" was intended in the long poem in seven parts, which gives a birds-eye view of the different phases of Wordsworth's mind. In this age of nice distinctions between public and private morals—between what a man says, and does, and writes, and the man himself, the personal man—there may be nothing in the satire and criticism on Coleridge and Wordsworth "injurious to the men themselves," though few would, unaided, have divined as much. We are, therefore, constrained to think that there is a little overstrained, nay, over-done, courtesy in this deprecatory assurance; or else a wonderfully sublimated notion of what, in the quarrels, and controversies, and mutual shewings-up of mortal authors, constitutes idealism. We have heard of one gentleman touching another gently with a whip, and saying, "Sir, consider yourself horsewhipped;" but here the whip is laid savagely about Peter Bell, and he is told that it was not intended to touch a hair of his head. The reader shall judge. We have already premised, that there must have been a few curdling drops of a highly acrid kind lurking in some corner of Shelley's breast; nor do we think that for this his nature was the less perfect. Witness this "Peter Bell"—"a purely ideal poem," beautifully written, and "with much of Shelley in it"—written for warning, we are told; which warning comes too late to the principal offender, though not to genius, abusing or misdirecting its gifts;—written for punishment too; nor is it probable that Shelley concerned himself how the blow should be taken, so that it fell fairly. The poem is dedicated to Thomas Brown, the younger—*i.e.*, the author of "The Fudge Family"—and somewhat profanely. The Third Peter, changed as he seems, is proved to be essentially the original man—another yet the same;—for he is a polyhedric, or many-sided Peter, who changes his coat like a snake, and his colour like a chameleon. He is a Proteus of a Peter. Standing behind the chair of a mighty poet, (Coleridge,) in his original state, he is first inspired, and becomes pathetic, impressive, profound, sublime. He passes through many stages; and we leave him, at last, prosy and dull.—Oh, so very dull!—an ultra-legitimate dulness, that must have inspired Wordsworth's heavy and angry Sonnet against the Reform Bill and the Ballot.

This poem is divided into seven parts: *Death*, (that of Peter,) *the Devil*, *Hell*, *Sin*, *Grace*, *Damnation*, and *Double Damnation*, which leaves Peter under the torpor of the most leaden dulness. There is, throughout, much of the finest poetry in this satire, and of the most beautiful and delicate criticism. Part fifth especially; which contains a rapid estimate of the powers of Coleridge, and of the best poetry of Wordsworth, is of first-rate excellence. But we must take things in order. Peter dies of various ailments; and the Devil, having bought the body for a half-crown, resuscitates it, and persuades Peter to become one of his valets. He attends his master to a place so much like London, that the description of the one may serve for the other. In Hell, as in London,

> There is a Chancery Court, a King,
> A manufacturing mob; a set
> Of thieves, who by themselves are sent
> Similar thieves to represent;
> An Army, and a Public Debt.
> . . . .
> There 's a great talk of revolution,
> And a great chance of despotism;

German soldiers, camps, confusion;
Tumults, lotteries, rage, delusion;
Sin, suicide, and Methodism.

Lawyers, judges, old hobnobbers,
Are there; bailiffs, chancellors,
Bishops; great and little robbers;
Rhymesters, pamphleteers, stock-jobbers;
Men of glory in the wars,—

Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

We cannot tarry the gradual transformation of Peter, after he assumed the Devil's livery; suffice it that

He became
Considerably uninviting
To those who, meditation slighting,
Were moulded in a different frame.

And he scorned them, and they scorned him;
And he scorned all they did; and they
Did all that men of their own trim
Are wont to do, to please their whim—
Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

Such were his fellow servants; thus
His virtue, like our own, was built
Too much on that indignant fuss
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us
To bully out another's guilt.

He had a mind which was, somehow,
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might, or feel, or know;
Nothing went ever out, although
Something did ever enter.

He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot;—he never could
Fancy another situation
From which to dart his contemplation
Than that wherein he stood.

Yet his was individual mind,
And new-created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined
These new creations, and combined
Them, by a master-spirit's law.

Thus—though unimaginative—
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

Peter is also represented as a male prude—too coy and faint-hearted ever to be one of dame Nature's choice favourites. She treats him as a brother, but laughingly rejects him as a manly lover, such as was Burns. After listening to the inspired talk of a "mighty poet," (Coleridge, of whom more anon,) Peter becomes poetical himself, gets a small sum of money from a bookseller, and, scorning the Devil's service, throws off the black and yellow livery, and gives his master warning.

Whereat the Devil took offence,
And swore in his soul a great oath then,
"That, for his damned impertinence,
He'd bring him to a proper sense
Of what was due to gentlemen."

When Peter's next new book found vent,
The Devil to all the first Reviews
A copy of it slily sent,
With five-pound note, as compliment,
And this short notice, "Pray abuse."

Quarterly, Monthly, and Weekly forthwith fell, tooth and nail, upon Peter's book and Peter himself, exactly as they were wont to do upon Shelley and Leigh Hunt, accusing them of adulteries, murders, and incests. The rage of Peter knew no bounds when these abominable reviews were received in a parcel secretly forwarded by the Devil—carriage tenpence, and unpaid.

The Devil had not yet fully glutted his vengeance on proud Peter; so he sent to Leipsic Fair for a copy of Kant's Philosophy, which completely muddled and upset Peter's brains.

Now Peter ran to seed in soul
Into a walking paradox;
For he was neither part nor whole,
Nor good nor bad, nor knave nor fool—
Among the woods and rocks.

Furious he rode, where late he ran,
Lashing and spurring his tame hobby—
. . . . . .

After these ghastly rides, he came
Home to his heart, and found from thence
Much stolen of its accustomed flame:
His thoughts grew weak, drowsy, and lame
Of their intelligence.

To Peter's view, all seemed one hue:
He was no Whig, he was no Tory;
No Deist, and no Christian he:
He got so subtle, that to be
Nothing was all his glory.

. . . . . .
His morals thus were undermined:—
The old Peter—the hard old potter
Was born anew within his mind;
He grew dull, harsh, sly, unrefined,
As when he tramped beside the Otter.

Peter, thus hardened, now learned to dwell with pleasure upon the shifting death-hues of a trout, and ——

So in his Country's dying face
He looked—and lovely as she lay,
Seeking, in vain, his last embrace,
Wailing her own abandoned case,
With hardened sneer he turned away:

And coolly to his own soul said;—
"Do you not think that we might make
A poem on her when she's dead?
Or, no—a thought is in my head—
Her shroud for a new sheet I'll take.

"My wife wants one."—Let who will bury
This mangled corpse! And I and you,
My dearest soul, will then make merry,
As the Prince Regent did with Sherry,—
Ay—and at last desert me too."

. . . . . .
And so his soul would not be gay,
But moaned within him; like a fawn
Moaning within a cave, it lay
Wounded, and wasting, day by day,
Till all its life of life was gone.

. . . . . .
For now he raved enormous folly,
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and Graves,
'Twould make George Colman melancholy,
To have heard him, like a male Molly,
Chanting those stupid staves.

Yet the Reviews, who heaped abuse
On Peter while he wrote for Freedom,
So soon as in his song they spy
The folly which soothes tyranny,
Praise him for those who feed 'em.

"He was a man too great to scan;—
A planet lost in Truth's keen rays:—
His virtue, awful and prodigious;—
He was the most sublime, religious,
Pure-minded Poet of these days."

As soon as he read that, cried Peter,
"Eureka! I have found the way
To make a better thing of metre
Than e'er was made by living creature
Up to this blessed day."

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil;—
In one of which he meekly said:
"May Carnage and Slaughter,
Thy niece and thy daughter;
May Rapine and Famine,
Thy gorge ever cramming,
Glut thee with living and dead!

"May death and damnation,
And consternation,
Flit up from hell with *pure intent!*
Slash them at Manchester,
Glasgow, Leeds, and Chester;
Drench all with blood from Avon to Trent.

"Let thy body-guard yeomen
Hew down babes and women,
And laugh with bold triumph till Heaven be rent,
When Moloch in Jewry
Munched children with fury,
It was thou, Devil, dining with *pure intent.*"

Such is Peter's state in his simple damnation. His double damnation follows: the Devil was delighted with this ode, and solicited a sinecure place for a hopeful old servant, who had thus redeemed himself. The petition was granted, upon the Devil pledging himself that Peter was safe, and would do his duty. The Devil died on the same night—but Peter?

When Peter heard of his promotion,
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss:
There was a bow of sleek devotion;
Engendering in his back; each motion
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.

He hired a house, bought plate, and made
A genteel drive up to his door,
With sifted gravel neatly laid,—
As if defying all who said,
Peter was ever poor.

In the midst of this worldly prosperity, Peter is smitten with the disease of slumbrous dulness, which extends to all connected with him. There is great humour in the description of the epidemic effects of his dulness for seven miles on every side of his dwelling.—If all this be quite free of severe personality, "purely ideal," no one has any right of complaint; but some things which Mr Wordsworth has written, both in prose and verse, and the reported conversation of certain American travellers, lead one to infer that, even if there should be some degree of personality, there may also be some excuse for the offence. We now return to the "mighty poet," which is among the ideal passages of the poem, and true and subtle also:—

Among the guests who often stayed,
Till the Devil's petits-soupers,
A man there came, fair as a maid,
And Peter noted what he said,
Standing behind his master's chair.

He was a mighty poet—and
A subtle-soul'd psychologist;
All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new, of sea or land,
But his own mind, which was a mist.

This was a man who might have turned
Hell into Heaven—and so, in gladness,
A Heaven unto himself have earned;
But he, in shadows undiscerned,
Trusted,—and damned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how
"Divine it was—a light, a love,
A spirit, which, like wind, doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rain'd down from God above;

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
Which none can ever trace,—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam."
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face.

Now Peter, when he heard such talk,
Would, heedless of a broken pate,
Stand like a man asleep, or baulk
Some wishing guest of knife or fork,
Or drop and break his master's plate.

At night, he oft would start and wake
Like a lover, and began,
In a wild measure, songs to make
On moor and glen, and rocky lake,
And on the heart of man.

The developement of the genius of Wordsworth, in its healthy original state, is now traced; and as this is the part of the poem which will longest remain on the mind of the poetical reader, and is, perhaps, the most worthy of being remembered, we shall indulge in a few more stanzas. They immediately follow those above quoted.

And on the universal sky,—
And the wide earth's bosom green,—
And the sweet strange mystery
Of what beyond these things may lie,
And yet remain unseen.

For, in his thought, he visited
The spot in which, ere dead and damn'd,
He his wayward life had led;
Yet knew not whence the thoughts were fed
Which thus his fancy cramm'd.

And these obscure remembrances
Stirred such harmony in Peter,
That whensoever he should please,
He could speak of rocks and trees
In poetic metre.

For though it was without a sense
Of memory, yet he remembered well
Many a ditch and quick-set fence;
Of lakes he had intelligence;
He knew something of heath and fell.

He also had dim recollections
Of pedlers tramping on their rounds;
Milk pans and pails; and odd collections
Of saws and proverbs; and reflections
Old parsons make in burying grounds.

But Peter's verse was clear, and came
Announcing, from the frozen hearth
Of a cold age, that none might tame
The soul of that diviner flame
It augured to the earth;

Like gentle rains, on the dry plains,
Making that green which late was grey;
Or like the sudden moon, that stains
Some gloomy church's window panes
With a broad light like day.

For language was in Peter's hand
Like clay, while he was yet a potter;
And he made songs for all the land,
Sweet both to feel and understand,
As pipkins late to mountain Cotter.

On this elevated and blissful state follows Peter's vanity in himself and scorn of others, and his original damnation by the Reviewers, whom the devil had tipped with the five pound notes.

Wordsworth's enthusiastic admirers—and as a poet it is impossible to over-rate his merits—those who can see no speck or flaw in the moral nature or in the conduct of Wordsworth as one capable of influencing his age, who fancy him as great as a man as he is as a poet—must be displeased with Shelley's severe and searching poem; but Tories and courtiers will easily pardon and forget Swellfoot the tyrant. No one cares much what "the best of kings" is thought or called after he has ceased

to be the best—that is, the reigning king;—but dead or alive, genius is attended by immortal memories. It precludes, for a season, in some cases, impartiality and justice; but at all times renders indifference impossible. The true characters of Bacon, Shakspeare, and Milton, excite more interest at this moment than in their own age, though mankind has got over the tenderness or puerility of not being able to hear the exact truth of them, and has, in the lapse of generations, become better pleased to receive true characters of those demigods of fame, who yet partake of the weaknesses of the common nature, than heroic embellished histories. If any apology for the publication of "Peter Bell" should be required, Mrs Shelley offers one that must be satisfactory, when she remarks—"No poem contains more of Shelley's peculiar views with regard to the errors into which many of the wisest have fallen, and of the pernicious effects of certain opinions on society. . . . . There is so much of *himself* in it, that it cannot fail to interest greatly, and by right belongs to the world, for whose instruction and benefit it was written."

That Shelley did "all in honour," is proved by his earlier verses to Wordsworth:—

> Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine,
> On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
> Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
> Above the blind and battling multitude;
> In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
> Songs consecrate to TRUTH and LIBERTY,—
> *Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,*
> *Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.*

The Lake Poets—the pantisocratists—entered upon life with the same enthusiastic and glowing views which Shelley derived as much from them as from Godwin and Condorcet. They, however, saw it prudent, first to make a dead halt, next a retrograde movement, and, finally, an assault upon all that they had originally believed and proclaimed to mankind as salvation. This threw them behind even the slow progress of the vulgar herd. Shelley clung, right or wrong, to their original faith; and hence he assumes the right to rebuke their apostacy and intolerance.

*Mr James's Henr of Guise.**

The epoch, and the historical characters which Mr James has chosen, are well adapted to romance. The time is the Wars of the League, and towards the close of this sanguinary, unnatural, but stirring period in the annals of France. The principal historical personages are Henry the Third—his mother, Catherine of Medicis—and the hero of the piece, the Duke of Guise, whom the author has taken vast pains to aggrandize. The romantic personages are two noble brothers, Gaspar and his younger brother, Charles de Montsoreau, both in love with the same high-born damsel, the lovely Marie de Clairvaut, the niece of the Duke of Guise. The romance opens bravely with the rescue of the young lady and her attendants from a party of marauders, by the gallantry of Count Charles. The travellers take refuge for a time, in the Castle of Gaspar, until the state of the country shall become sufficiently tranquil to permit the heroine to rejoin her uncle, Guise. The favourable impression made upon her heart by her young deliverer is confirmed by a tissue of subsequent adventures, in one of which, hawking or hunting, he saves her from being drowned. The rivalship of the brothers, and the envious jealousy of the elder, who is, notwithstanding, a generous and gallant gentleman, afford the materials for many interesting scenes and chapters. There is, besides the customary staple of faithful and doughty feudal retainers, sharp-witted, devoted, and saucy pages—the noble duenna of Mademoiselle de Clairvaut—the intellectual, ambitious, and intriguing Abbé, the former tutor of the brothers, who foments the mischief which rivalship in love is working between the brothers—and many other subordinate characters—such as jugglers, minstrels. Every picturesque circumstance of the age and manners is taken advantage of to enhance the narrative. While the real state of Marie's affections are yet left in suspense, though Charles indulges the hope that he is secretly preferred to his brother, he leaves the Castle of Montsoreau for his own estates; and, in the course of the perilous and romantic journey, encounters the Duke of Guise travelling incognito. He is so fortunate as to save the Duke's life in a skirmishing encounter, and obtains his protection and friendship, and a promise of the hand of his niece if she shall approve the suit of Count Charles.

The fortunes of the historical characters are thenceforth interwoven and complicated with those of the lovers and rival brothers, and their ambitious tutor. The scene changes to Paris and the Court. The Castle of Vincennes, the insurrectionary movements of the rival factions, and their struggles in the streets of Paris, pass rapidly before us; while the heroine, imprisoned in divers convents, in a castle where the plague is raging, and in other interesting situations, fills up the back ground. The character of Queen Catherine is invested with a softness and romance which never belonged to the real woman; but, in amends, her son, Henry III., is painted as mean-spirited, half-insane, imbecile, and cruel, as he really was. The plot is contrived with some ingenuity; and the narrative does not flag in interest until virtue is rewarded by the union of the lovers, and justice satisfied, while the truth of history is not violated. The work closes with the assassination of the Duke of Guise at Blois, which is circumstantially and impressively related. The lovers escape, are united, and left as happy as the hero and heroine of romance always should be. The romance, which abounds in studied descriptions of landscapes and out-door dioramas, is also well-appointed in the usual antiquarian, jewellery, and heraldric departments, and in the other details necessary to the "getting-up" of a three volume novel. In our few extracts we shall consult the tastes of our younger readers.

A LADY'S BOWER, AND ITS INMATE.

The lady's bower was a large lightsome chamber in one of those towers of the chateau which was least likely to be exposed to the fire of artillery in case of attack; for we must remember that every nobleman's house in that day was built chiefly with a view to defence, and was, in fact, a regular fortress, as far as the science of the time could render it so. The windows of the bower looked over the most abrupt part of the hill on which the castle stood, and, beyond that, upon the wide woods that, sweeping away down into the valley, covered an extent of many miles of low and gently undulating ground, which afforded no eminence whatsoever, within cannon shot, that was not commanded by the castle itself. The bower had the advantage of being on the sunny side of the building, turning away from the cold north, and from the east, and looking to the land of summer, and to the point where the splendid sun went down after his daily course. On the day that we have mentioned, indeed, the great light-giver vouchsafed but few of his beams to the world below; but in the huge fireplace of the lady's bower, which was furnished with its comfortable seats all round, blazed up a pile of logs, giving heat sufficient to the whole room, to compensate for the absence of the sun. At a little dis-

* Longman & Co. 3 vols.

tance from the fire was collected a group of persons, of which the graceful and dignified form of Charles of Montsoreau was the first that caught the eye. He was standing with his hunting-cap in his hand, the long plume of which swept the floor, and was bending, in an attitude of much grace, to speak with a lady who was seated in a large arm-chair, and who, looking up in his face, was listening, with apparently great interest, to all he was saying. . . . She was apparently not above nineteen years of age, and certainly very beautiful, although her beauty was not altogether of that sparkling and brilliant kind, which attracts attention all at once. The features, it is true, were all good; the skin fair, soft, and delicate; the figure exquisitely formed and full of grace; but there were none of those brilliant contrasts of colouring that are remarkable even at a distance. There was no flashing black eye full of fire and light; the colour on the cheek, though that cheek was not pale, was pure and delicate; the hair was of a light glossy silken brown; and the liquid hazel eyes, screened by their long lashes and fine cut eyelids, required to be seen near, and to be marked well, before all the beautiful depth and fervour of their expression could be fully perceived. There was one thing, however, which was seen at once, which was the great loveliness of the mouth and lips, every line of which spoke sweetness and gentleness, but not without firmness; tenderness, in short, gaining, rather than losing, from resolution. Those lips were altogether peculiar to the race and family to which she was not very remotely related; and it was to their peculiar form and expression that was owing that ineffable smile, which is said to have borne no slight part in the charm that rendered her nearest male-relative at that moment all-powerful over the hearts of men—made him, Henry of Guise, more a king in France than the Sovereign of the land—at least as far as the affections of the people went—and which had added the crowning grace to the beauty of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

A FRENCH INN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND ITS GUESTS.

No house of public entertainment was apparent till Count Charles reached an open part in the street, near the centre of the little town, where a large stone building stood back from the rest, and displayed a wide front, with windows few and far between, and a single large archway for the door. Over this swung the sign of the inn, under a highly-ornamented and gilded grating of iron-work; and as soon as the feet of horses were heard in the dusty open space before the building, mine host and two of his palefreniers rushed forth to receive the new guests. The night was clear and the moon was up; and, what between the assistance of the fair planet and the host's lantern, a very sufficient knowledge could be obtained in a moment of the strangers. That knowledge seemed, in some degree, to surprise and puzzle the landlord; and had Charles of Montsoreau remarked very acutely, he would have perceived that some one had been expected in his place. He noted not the demeanour of the landlord at all, however, but, springing from the horse, entered the archway, and passed through a door which stood ajar to the right, shewing, through the crevice, a well-lighted room within. It was one of the large open halls of an old French inn; the rafters low and black with smoke; the chimney wide and stretching out far into the room; the andirons, on which were piled up immense masses of wood, containing each more than one hundred weight of iron; and the table in the midst fit to support viands for forty or fifty people. The light, which the young nobleman had seen, proceeded both from the fire, which was blazing and crackling cheerfully, and from two large sconces of polished brass hanging in different parts of the room.

The hall possessed, at the moment of the Count's entrance, only one tenant; of whom he could see little more than that he was dressed in gray of the most ordinary kind. His hat was on, and differed a good deal in shape from the hat and cap then common at the Court of France; being tall in the crown; broad in the brim, and decorated by a single cock's feather, raising itself from the button on the right side. Large untanned riding-boots were drawn up above his knees, a light sword was by his side, as if he felt himself in perfect security; and he wore a falling collar of lace over his doublet, instead of the ruff which was ordinary at that period. The buttons of the gray suit were of jet; and on the middle-finger of his right hand, was a large seal ring, of apparently coarse manufacture. He was sitting at one of the farther corners of the table, with an inkhorn before him, and a pen in his hand, busily writing on a sheet of coarse paper, which had been supplied to him by the host; so that, looking at him as he sat, one might very well have taken him for some public notary of a neighbouring town, in not the best practice in the world. . . . . He was a man of about six or seven and thirty years of age; and, as he now stood before Charles of Montsoreau at his full height, appeared, to the eyes of that young nobleman, one of the most powerful men he had ever beheld. His chest was at once broad and deep, his limbs muscular and long, the head small, the flanks thin, and the foot and hand well-formed. Every indication was there of great strength and great activity; and the countenance also harmonized perfectly with the figure—the broad high, forehead, giving that idea of powerful and active mind, which we are all, whether physiognomists or not, inclined, by nature, to see in the expanse which covers, and seems to represent the great instrument of the human intellect. He wore the mustachio somewhat long, and the beard pointed but small. The eyes were large and fine, the eyebrows strongly marked; the nose was beautifully formed, displaying the wide expansive nostril, generally reckoned a sign of generous feelings; and there was a cut upon his brow scarcely healed, and a deep scar in his cheek of a more remote date; yet they did not detract from the handsomeness of the countenance, which, notwithstanding the plainness of his dress and appearance, was peculiarly striking and attractive."

This is Henry Duke of Guise, as he first appears in the scene.

The Comic Almanac.

The most exuberant of the *fancies* of *Cruickshank*, and his subtlest humour, are displayed in this his *pet* commonplace-book. How much of true *fun* there is even in the signs of the Zodiac which ornament the title-page! in *Pisces*, and *Scorpio*, and *Virgo*, and *Libra*. We have formerly suggested that a good fireside game for children, an exercise of invention and fancy, indeed, of many faculties, might be found in guessing in what manner Cruickshank or Hood represented any particular scene or subject; and as younglings are taught their alphabet by getting the gingerbread letter to eat which they have named aright, the picture or the book might in our game be the reward of ingenuity. Nor would we cramp genius by insisting upon a literally exact guess. The juvenile circle might often, we make no doubt, hit upon something better than the original design; more childlike and kindly in sentiment, if less poignant in humour. The Lilliputian or microscopic designs—wit in a nut-shell—that decorate the margins of the pages, are generally more to our taste than the formal plates. The embelishments of the month of May, for example, are choice in every way. They refer to the doings of the Royal Academy in the National Gallery, and the previous benefit-peep to the Editors. The Portrait of a President must rejoice the heart of Mr Haydon. April is devoted to the "brothers of the angle," as they may be found hovering about preserved streams in the neighbourhood of London. The scheme of the penny-postage has been taken advantage of by Cruickshank. He has unhappy letter-carriers, letter-sorters, and letter-receivers, burdened and tortured in all kind of ways. We hope he may not frighten humane Tory members from the plan altogether. *The abolition of the Truck System*, or the

emancipation of the dogs from the yoke of truck-drivers, is cleverly treated; and humour made the handmaid of humanity. Lord Lichfield, as a man of letters, is the best portrait in the Almanac. A very clever low-life-above-stairs story runs through it—*Barber Cox, and the cutting of his comb.* It is highly amusing, and good-humouredly inculcates a sound moral. Among the follies of 1839, hit on the wing, the Eglinton Tournament is not forgotten; and there are some very fair political squibs, though we fear *Rigdum Funnidos*, the Editor, is sadly inclined to Toryism. From the *Annual Register of Occurrences*, we quote a few entries:—

May 23.—Queen Adelaide returned:—

This good Queen comes with health restored,
Of which before she was defaulter:
Did she drink stout when on shipboard,
Or was she known to *malt* at *Malter?*

June 30.—The Sultan of Turkey died of *delirium tremens;* the Father of the Faithful going, drunk, to the seventh heaven! His son—scion of the same *die-nasty*—ascended the throne; but taught, by example, not to *wine*, hid his grief and drowned his father's cellars in the Bosphorus. Shortly after this, his whole fleet *abstained from Port*—and absconded to Mehemet Ali.

July 21.—Rage for publishing portraits of the Queen—some of the *Lane* and some in the line-manner: some done by *Doo*, and some engraved by *Cousins*—not by Cousin George or Cousin Albert—not by a Prince man, but a man of Prints. But *mezzytinto* seems the favourite style.

September 7.—The Secretary of War dated a letter from Windsor Castle, mistaking it for his *Home Office*. As it was, it was only a blunder; but he might as well have kissed her Majesty by mistake, and then it would have been a blunder-buss.

September 12.—Poulett Thomson went to Canada, in the *Pique* frigate; and many people were much *piqued* at the circumstance. The ejaculation of "*Shiver my timbers!*" became prevalent at the same time, with the great wood-dealers of British America.

The Emancipation of the dogs from the unnatural service of trucks, is thus remonstrated against, by those having vested interests in that slavery being continued.

Well, blow me—here 's a pretty go!
They'll only stop at ruination,
And bringing all our trade to wo,
For laboaring in our just wocation.

Why this ere act 's the cruel'st deed
That ever was devised to floor us;
Such as our ançasters ne'er seed,
Nor yet posterity afore us.

Its clean agen the nat'ral law
Of brute beasts, and of humane kind;
For surely dogs was made to draw,
And trucks was made to go behind.

And we was made to sit a-top,
And cut away in all our glory;
And if the lazy varmint stop,
To tell 'em jist another story.

But, dash my wigs—this pretty set,
With hearts as hard as any stone,
Won't let an honest feller whet
His lawful wengeance on his *own*.

No longer now up Highgate Road
O' Sunday arternoons I gallop,
With all the brats, a tidy load,
And p'rhaps a neighbour's child to fill up.

At Farringdon and Common Garden
I'm fairly laid upon the shelf;
My only chance, to earn a farden,
Is truckling to the truck myself.

But we'll resist this horrid plot,
And for our order boldly strive;
For this I know, that ours are not
The only ill-used dogs alive.

Let 's not be down upon our luck,
Nor out of heart at our condition;
And since our dogs can't draw a truck,
At least we'll draw up a petition;

And lay our case before the Commons,
What keeps the money of the nation:
Perchance we'll get, like other rum 'uns,
An equitable compensation.

From the adventures of the Cox family we detach this episode, which, if ludicrous, is far from being unfair. *Jemmy*, be it premised, is Mrs Cox. Cox himself is the narrator of the family fortunes. Baron Punter is a swindler, belonging to a company of low comedians, on whom Mrs Jemmy Cox, in love with nobility, has set her heart for the husband of her daughter Jemimar-ann.

About this time my Jemmy became one of the Ladies-Patronesses of that admirable institution, "The Washerwoman's Orphans' Home." Lady de Sudley was the great projector of it; and the manager and chaplain, the excellent and Reverend Sidney Slopper. His salary, as chaplain, and that of Doctor Leitch, the physician, (both cousins of her Ladyship's,) drew away five hundred pounds from the six subscribed to the Charity: and Lady de Sudley thought a *fête* at Beulah Spa, with the air of some of the foreign princes who were in town last year, might bring a little more money into its treasury. A tender appeal was accordingly drawn up, and published in all the papers:—

APPEAL.

BRITISH WASHERWOMAN'S ORPHANS' HOME.

The "Washerwoman's Orphans' Home" has now been established seven years: and the good which it has effected is, it may be confidently stated, *incalculable*. Ninety-eight orphan children of washerwomen have been lodged within its walls. One hundred and two British washerwomen have been relieved when in the last state of decay. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT THOUSAND articles of male and female dress have been washed, mended, buttoned, ironed, and mangled, in the establishment. And, by an arrangement with the governors of the Foundling, it is hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN, for lack of means for their support? Ladies of England! Mothers of England! to you we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a *fête* at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, July 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT, by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND.

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzollernschwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolee-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Onde, His Excellency Don Alonzo Di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-Castaneto, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables, promised to honour the festival: and their names made a famous shew in the bills. Besides these, we had the celebrated band of Moscow-musiks, the seventy-seven Transylvanian trumpeters, and the famous Bohemian Minnesingers; with all the leading artistes of London, Paris, the Continent, and the rest of Europe.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the

British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet; it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the washerwomen's orphans: ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in the garden, and waited on by the Lady-Patronesses.

Well, Jemmy and my daughter, Madame de Flicflac, myself, the Count, Baron Punter, Tug, and Tagrag, all went down in the chariot and barouche-and-four, quite eclipsing poor Lady Kilblazes and her carriage-and-two.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted; after which, my ladies and their beaux were strolling through the walks; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy; the Baron giving an arm a-piece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and hair-cutting.

"Orlando!" says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

"Jemimar!" says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

"*Sir!*" says Jemmy, as stately as a duchess.

"What! madam," says poor Crump, "don't you remember your shop-boy?"

"Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando?" whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

"Miss Tuggeridge Coxe," says Jemmy, "I'm surprised of you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige me by no more familiarity."

"Insolent fellow," says the Baron, "vat is dis canaille?"

"Canal yourself, Mounseer," says Orlando, now grown quite furious; he broke away, quite indignant, and was soon lost in the crowd. Jemimarann, as soon as he was gone, began to look very pale and ill; and her mamma, therefore, took her to a tent, where she left her along with Madame Flicflac and the Baron; going off herself with the other gentlemen, in order to join us.

It appears that they had not been seated very long, when Madame Flicflac suddenly sprung up, with an exclamation of joy, and rushed forward to a friend whom she saw pass.

The Baron was left alone with Jemimarann; and, whether it was the champagne, or that my dear girl looked more than commonly pretty, I don't know; but Madame Flicflac had not been gone a minute, when the Baron dropped on his knees, and made her a regular declaration.

Poor Orlando Crump had found me out by this time, and was standing by my side, listening, as melancholy as possible, to the famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy:—

Ich bui ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,
Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp la lily lee.
Chorus.
Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odle-odle hupp! yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o.

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just come to the o-o-o at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started.

"That's a scream," says he.

"Indeed it is," says I; "and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too:" when I heard another shrill O! as I thought; and Orlando bolted off, crying—

"By heavens, it's *her* voice!"

"Whose voice?" says I.

"Come and see the row," says Tag.

And off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, and there we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling-bottle; the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight, if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. "Take that feller away," says she; "he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation at the least."

Poor Orlando was carried off.

"I've no patience with the little minx," says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch. "She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand."

"O mamma! mamma!" sobs poor Jemimarann, "but he was t-t-tipsy."

"T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing."

The Comic Latin Grammar; a New and Facetious Introduction to the Latin Tongue; with numerous illustrations.

This is, without exception, the most richly comic work, text and plates, that (we had almost said) we have ever seen. If the illustrations be not from the pencil of Cruickshank, they are fully worthy of him. The merits of the Grammar do not stop here. The text exceeds the plates in wit, fun, and exquisite comicality; while positive *utility* forms the substratum. The author states that he once thought of adopting, instead of the above title, that of "Latin in Sport made Learning in Earnest." He was perfectly entitled to assume this heading; for it accurately describes a work which might tickle the veriest leaden dunce, and beguile him into a competent knowledge of Latin grammar, without the use of birch, starving, or keeping in, solely by fun and laughter. It is impossible to give a complete idea of this work, either by description or extract. It must be seen to be known, as well as to be enjoyed. Works in the same original style are announced by the anonymous author, embracing the circle of the sciences, or rather an Educational Course; but none of them are likely to equal this. The very boards are covered with exquisite drolleries. "*Non invita Minerva*" on the cover, is the goddess, in her ordinary classic costume, yet much resembling a spinster of threescore, led off, on "the light fantastic toe," by the *Schoolmaster*.

On the relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science. By Dr Pye Smith, Divinity Tutor at Homerton College, &c. &c.

This volume forms the sixth series of the Congregational Lecture. It consists of eight Discourses, and numerous illustrative supplementary notes, the main object of which is to establish the harmony which is seen to exist between Revelation and the discoveries of Geological Science, when this vexed question is dispassionately reasoned. The briefest notice of the leading points of the unhappy controversy, would be incompatible with our limits, although it were consistent with the general plan of a popular miscellany; but we may notice that the works of the leading writers, and also the more obscure, who have taken the narrow view of the question, are separately examined and answered, and that the controversy is conducted throughout with Christian temper and the highest courtesy. The work appears to us as admirable in judgment and learning as in temper; and although it should raise a little evanescent ferment, it is calculated to do much good, not alone upon the question on which it bears, but also on others of analogous character.

Thornton's Chapters on the Modern History of India.

This work may be briefly described as the Report or Letters of a well-informed and judicious man, upon the leading events in the history of India since the beginning of the century. Instead of a general and comprehensive view, the remarkable events are discussed one by one;

a Chapter being allotted to each, save the Nepaul War, which, from its desultory character and importance, has obtained greater space than relatively it deserves. By the plan adopted, a clear and distinct view is at once obtained of the leading occurrences on which the rapid extension and consolidation of our Indian Empire has turned; and also of the precarious tenure by which it is held. The account of the *Pindarries* opens with some sagacious remarks of much wider application than the subject matter. The Pindarries are the banditti or caterans of India. Their appellation is equivalent to the Irish term *Tory*, or plunderer. "A great deal," says our author, "of very excellent wonder has been thrown away upon the conduct and character of the Pindarries; there seems, however, very little ground for any very copious display of such a feeling, and a large portion of it is probably to be ascribed to the unusual name by which these adventurers are described. Much of the wonder commonly exhibited upon Indian subjects may be traced to our want of familiarity with the terms used in speaking of them. Those who would hear of the cultivators of the soil, without any extraordinary sensation, imagine that there is something mysterious in the character of the persons designated *Ryots*; and *Durbar* and *Masnud* seem to indicate something far more magnificent than is expressed by our humbler monosyllables *court* and *throne*. From the same cause, the Pindarries have, in the eyes of English statesmen, acquired a grandeur to which they had but slender claims. They were, in truth, except on account of their numbers, a very contemptible set of miscreants. Active and enterprising almost beyond belief, and wicked to the full measure which the most ardent lover of horror could desire, their adventures and their crimes were undignified by any of those nobler characteristics of our nature, which have sometimes shed a deceptive glory over actions of great atrocity, and averted from their perpetrators the penalty of unmitigated disgust. No redeeming virtue marked the character of the Pindarrie. Even animal courage, often the sole ennobling quality of his profession, he possessed not. The Pindarries marched, or rather darted, upon their victims, with a rapidity certainly never equalled by any regular force; but unfortunately for the romantic colouring of their character, they manifested equal, or even greater alacrity in flight. No troops in the history of the world ever displayed such proficiency in the art of running away; and to this, their strong point, they invariably resorted when attacked. They were mean and cowardly thieves, engendered by a vicious and diseased state of society. To suppress them was a duty imperative upon the British Government, and it was no less so to take effectual measures to guard against a new race of robbers being called forth in their place."

Those noted leaders among the Pindarries who have figured in European eyes, as heroes, are here stripped of gaudy plumage, and shewn in their true characters. Perhaps Mr Thornton judges the warlike, and also the peaceful races of India, too exclusively by the European standard of courage and honour.

The Decameron of the West.

This elegant collection of tales is, we imagine, from the pen of a lady, as all the stories display the delicacy and tenderness of the feminine mind. The simple machinery of the series supposes a group of emigrants from the border country of Scotland, and from Ireland and England, who take refuge in the recesses of Kentucky, to escape the effects of an epidemic, then raging in the Eastern States of America, and begin to tell tales for mutual entertainment. The tales are nearly all of *Fatherland*; to which they are sent home by Arthur Sinclair, the young Scotsman who had planned this pleasant mode of filling up tedious hours of idleness, and beguiling the time. Sufficient space is allowed to each story to permit the reader's sympathies to be fairly called forth, and the characters to be developed in dialogue and incident. Though the actors are generally connected with Scotland, the scene is sometimes laid in other countries—amid the gorgeous landscapes of the island of Jamaica, or in the plains and *sierras*, and amid the fallen grandeur of the Moorish cities of Spain. Gravity and gaiety take their turn, though the prevailing tone of the collection is pensive, if not positively sombre. There is even a little gratuitous suffering—misery, which assuredly may lie in the way of real life, but which one could, for that very reason, spare in a book. All the stories are engaging, from the air of unstudied simplicity which pervades them, and from their *vraisemblance*. One charming story of tried true love and constancy, "The Cave of the Mountain Side," refers to the period of the persecution of the Covenanters; though the personages are of higher rank than the Martyrs of that age were usually found. "The Lost Manuscript," though of a less ambitious cast, will be a favourite story with many. It is a page fairly transcribed, from one of the pleasantest portions of the book of daily life. "The Decameron of the West" appears in Edinburgh, another recommendation to northern readers, as good works of entertainment are become rarer among us than they have been.

The Sons of the Soil, a Poem.

By Mrs Ellis.

We merely announce the publication of this poem. Having glanced into it, we perceive that it is, from the excellence of the subject, as well as the name of the author, entitled to more attention than the period at which it has reached us, admits of in the passing month.

The Rock.

"The Rock" here meant is that of Gibraltar, which is presented to the public, decorated and illustrated with legends, tales, songs, music, and drawings, in an elegant quarto volume of the "Annual genus," and dedicated to the Queen. The literary portion of this table-book is the production of Major Hort, of the 81st regiment: the drawings, taken on the spot, are from the pencil of Lieutenant Lacey, of the 46th foot; the plates are in the new style of tinted lithograph; they are spirited, and full of character. The blending of music, song, romance, and, pictured in a harmonious and attractive whole, gives the work a claim upon the admirers of the arts and of elegant literature. To one of the sweetest of the original melodies the following lines are wedded. We give them as a small specimen of the work, which would deserve praise, were it only as a proof that in these "piping times of peace," British officers fill up their hours of leisure with elegant and refining studies, as well as useful and solid pursuits:—

THE BROKEN HEART.

Think you though my step be light,
And all around me fair and bright,
And joyous though my words may flow,
Think you grief I cannot know?
Oh! many an aching bosom 's nigh,
And oft a smile may check a sigh;
Though looks with youth and beauty beam,
Dazzling as a fairy dream,

Think you that amid the press
Of laughter, joy, and loveliness,
Care can never wield its sway,
Chasing happiness away?
Oh! the fairest cheek may glow,
Smiles may gild the festive show;
But they who take the foremost part
In mirth, oft veil *a broken heart.*

Campbell's British India. Pp. 596. With numerous Plates, &c., &c.

This is in many respects an interesting work. The author who has lived in various parts of India for nearly twelve years, is a missionary, sent out by the London Missionary Society. His specific object is to report upon the decline of Hindooism, and the progress of Christianity. This almost necessarily includes a view of the manners and customs of the people of India. The author regrets that, after so much of India has been occupied by the British for half a century, so little should be generally known of the internal condition of that country, and that so little attention should have been paid by its conquerors to the political, the commercial, and, above all, the religious interests of India. He hopes his work may have some effect in drawing the attention of the Christian world to the subject, and in this hope he wrote. The work contains a complete historical view of Indian missions. Mr Campbell is not satisfied with the conduct of the Government in India. It not only, he thinks, winks at, but openly countenances idolatry. "Men, nominally Christians, are called upon to salute and present arms in honour of Baal"—"Christians are required to do homage to an idol."

The Eglinton Tournament and Gentleman unmasked. By Peter Buchan.

The late tournament has been seized by Mr Buchan to give the excited public a history of the origin of chivalry, and a treatise on good breeding. But, besides this, its proper business, the work gives a taste of many things—of poetry, criticism, manners, and what not, and a little personal history, which is the most interesting of all. King James VI. and Sir David Lyndsay are conjured up from the shades to discuss many knotty points—Sir David, holding his old station of instructor to the King. Altogether, Mr Buchan's book forms an entertaining and agreeable olio.

Gift-Books.

Among the most attractive and permanently valuable of the gift-books of the present year, is the Messrs Fishers' "Illustrations of the Islands and Shores of the Mediterranean." The drawings are from nature, and taken by different military gentlemen. The army now supplies our best draftsmen. A few are drawn by travellers. The subjects are striking, and the engravings fairly executed. Some of the plates are indeed first-rate in their own style. The letter-press descriptions are written by the Rev. G. N. Wright, who, in this classical and lovely region, has had ample scope for his pen. The volume altogether is a handsome table-book, and, with its elegant binding and thirty-two plates, one of the wonders of cheapness of this age of large sales and small profits. This is but Volume I., yet it is in itself a complete work.

The Cheap Almanacs.

These are a fry—a host. We can only recommend to the almanac-makers and publishers of England to follow the pattern of Messrs Oliver & Boyd of this city, who are entitled to a patent for almanac concoction.

Records of the Kirk of Scotland. Part XI.

This portion of a work, peculiarly interesting to Scotland, and to the student of ecclesiastical history, brings down the Records to the middle of the seventeenth century. The crusading clergy, who are going about the country at present, might refresh their orations against Popery, with the fulminations of the Venerable Assemblies of those days; but, unfortunately, our spiritual fathers made little distinction between Popery and Prelacy in their denunciations; and now, clergymen, under the regimen of the Prelates, are the most active coadjutors of the Presbyterians in the onset against the Catholics. The Kirk exercised large inquisitorial powers in those happy days. In the index to the unprinted Acts of Assembly, we find such entries as the following:—"Meeting of the Commissioners [of Assembly] from severall provinces, to try the blasphemies and insolences of the Army, now forth in the late Engagement against England." "Concerning insolences and blasphemies of the souldiers to the Commission for publick affairs." "Remit. to the Presbyterie of Edinburgh concerning the Service-books and Idolatrous monuments, now lying in the high-School yard." "Concerning the Quære from the Presbyterie of Edinburgh, touching the marriage of a young gentlewoman minor without the consent of her tutors." "Visitation of Dunce for tryall of that murther committed in the Lord Mordingtons house." "Act for conference with the Lady Mordington." In short, the Kirk intermeddled in every one's private affairs, and dispensed law, at least, as freely as Gospel. There are several Acts noticed, appointing Ministers to the Army sent into England, and also acts for holding conferences about witches.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Pictorial Greece,

The embellished work of Dr Wordsworth, is brought to a close by the publication of Parts XI. and XII. in one. The strength of this work does not lie in the wood engravings, though they are numerous and closely connected with it—real illustrations of Grecian scenery, costume, art, and antiquity—but in its learning, accuracy, and elegant classicality. These are the qualities which give the "Pictorial Greece" a lively interest and permanent value.

Pictorial Shakspere.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that *unique* among Shakespere's Dramas, forms Part XIII. of the "Pictorial Shakespere." The illustrations of this Part are peculiarly chaste and elegant. The artist has never forgotten that Athens is the scene of the play. Many of the embellishments are indeed taken directly from the antique. The low-life and comic sketches, are cleverly done; though we could have wished for a truer Puck. Who can ever forget the eyes and mouth of Sir Joshua's? The *Puck* of this Part is at one time too gross and material, and at another too *bairnly*, to use an expressive Scottish word.

Yarrell's British Birds. Part XV.

A good many species are disposed of in this number. The woodcuts of the birds and their nests are as lively and pretty as ever, though one must be forgiven for not liking the *incisores* half so well as the Warblers. The *woodpecker*, the *cuckoo*, and a beautiful specimen of the delicate *common-creeper*, embellish the Part; with the "tiny wren," which modern Ornithologists have seen fit to remove from its old situation among the singing-birds—though it cannot be banished from its old place in the affections and associations of its human neighbours.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

THE Queen's marriage, the Chartist riots, and the judgment obtained by Stockdale against Hansard, have been the means of calling Parliament together a fortnight sooner than usual, and it is announced that it is to meet on the 16th of January. The provision, it is suspected, which will be proposed for Prince Albert is £100,000 a-year—one half more than enough; but, whatever the amount is, we hope that care will be taken that it shall be spent within the country, and that it shall entirely cease if, like the King of the Belgians, the Prince become permanently resident abroad. There is everywhere observable an electioneering bustle. The election clubs are undergoing a renovation, and are looking out for fit candidates where vacancies are expected. It is not improbable that the Whigs will take advantage of the temporary *eclat* the Queen's marriage will give them to dissolve Parliament; for the probability is, that, by the end of the session, their popularity will be at a still lower ebb than it is at present. No one, so far as we have observed, expects any good measure from the ensuing session. The old questions of the Ballot; the shortening the duration of Parliament; the extension of the Suffrage; the repeal of the Corn-Laws; the abolition of Church Rates; and so on, will be again mooted, and again thrown out by great majorities, through the combined efforts of the Whig and Tory aristocracy. The division yet existing between the middle class and the operatives, enables the aristocracy, in both Houses of Parliament, to treat such questions with contempt. They never yielded, and never will yield, to anything but fear. We do not, indeed, anticipate any important reform to be carried for some years, except, perhaps, the death of Louis Philippe occasions, as is more than probable, a change of Government in France, and the establishment of a Republic in that country. If that event occur, our aristocracy will be all civility; and there will be no more difficulty in obtaining measures which are now impracticable, than there was in carrying Catholic Emancipation, after it was found that the army could not be relied on. Meanwhile, it is well to agitate, and to confute, as they are brought forward, the fallacies and falsehoods of the enemies of good Government. We expect some good from the verdict in the Stockdale case. It will tend, we hope, to a change in the law of libel, which has so often been attempted in vain. This law must either be altered, or the printing of Parliamentary papers for publication must be given up. As to punishing the judges, that is out of the question. The verdict and the amount of damages shew us in what estimation the House of Commons is held by a London jury; for nothing prevented them giving nominal damages, which would have met the justice of the case, had they not wished to shew their contempt of the so-called Reformed House of Commons. The farce of the trial of the Chartists is to take place on the 31st December. As they are not to be tried by their peers, but by juries of the class they have alarmed, there is little doubt what the verdicts will be. Whether the offence amounts to high treason may well be doubted; and it is maintained, by many, that it was only a riot. This question seems, however, to be decided against them by the charge to the grand jury. Considering the distress in the manufacturing districts, where thousands are out of employment, the low rate of wages, the high price of provisions, and the well-founded discontents of the operatives, from other causes, it is difficult to conjecture what result the spring may bring forth. There appears to be no intention, on the part of the Ministry, to make any attempt to relieve the prevailing distress, or to remove the cause of these discontents. The only remedy which it seems intended to apply is force—more soldiers, more policemen, and to establish a military despotism in Britain.

THE STARVATION LAWS.—We are glad to see that a vigorous effort is making in the middle and west of England for a repeal of these laws, and that the working classes are joining the middle class in this effort. The operatives at Sheffield were the first who had the sense to see the vital importance of this question to their interests, and that it cannot be delayed, till Universal Suffrage be obtained, without the greatest injury to the country. The working men of Manchester have followed their example: 300 mechanics at Bolton gave a dinner to Mr Paulton, the able anti-Corn-Law lecturer; and we have no doubt that, ere long, the masses will be completely roused to agitate for the Starvation Laws' repeal. A dinner, at which 3,000 persons are expected to be present, is to be given at Manchester, before the opening of Parliament, to which all the Liberal Members are invited, to witness the general feeling on this subject. Great meetings are also announced to be held at Sheffield and Leeds. It is rumoured that some of the influential Conservatives, alarmed at the aspect matters are assuming, are not indisposed to allow a review of the existing system of Corn-Laws. But great care must be taken lest they get a fixed duty imposed, which may press more severely than the present law. Unconditional repeal should be insisted for, as well as the free importation of animal food. The present period is peculiarly favourable for an attack on the monopolists; for, while the price of provisions is unusually high, the greatest distress prevails in the manufacturing districts. If the present opportunity be lost, another so favourable may not occur for several years. The Tory doctrine, that wages rise with the price of corn, and fall as it falls, is at length seen, by the most ignorant, to be a complete fallacy; for, while corn has risen, since 1836, 100 per cent., wages have, in most instances, not risen at all, and, in the most favourable cases, not above 20 or 30 per cent. In many parts of England, the agricultural labourer has not more than 7s. or 8s. a-week; and it is hardly possible for a man to maintain himself and family on such a sum. The landlords always hold up the happiness of agricultural labourers; but the truth is, that they are of all men the worst paid. Very few of them, indeed, earn more than 9s. a-week; while mechanics seldom get less than 15s., and many as much as 20s. or 24s.

SCOTLAND.

THE KIRK IN DANGER.—The Commission of the General Assembly has, by a majority of 121 to 9, suspended seven clergymen, out of a presbytery of eleven, for obeying the law of the land; and has given very distinct intimation that, if they continue to obey that law, they will be deposed from the ministry. The first practical result of this judgment cannot be very agreeable to the four obedient sons of the Church; for, without any addition to their stipends, they will have to perform the duties of eleven, instead of four, parishes; while the seven, who have obeyed the law of the land, will pocket their pay for doing nothing. The Court of Session, on the other hand, has, in the case of the parish of Daviot, interdicted the exercise of the Veto Act; so that the ecclesiastical and civil tribunals are in direct collision. The clergy are talking very big about applying to superiors or powers; but what measure can they propose as a remedy for the state into which they have brought matters, but the abolition of patronage? and what reception is such a measure likely to meet with in the House of Lords? The clergy are proceeding as if we were in the middle ages. They seem to have forgotten that some few changes have taken place in society within the last four or five hundred years, and that the influence of the priesthood of all denominations has wonderfully declined. They forget that the Pope does not now venture upon excommunicating whole kingdoms, nor attempts to compel sovereign princes to hold his stirrup. They also seem to overlook the fact that the great body of the lower people on whose ignorance and superstition was based their power, have entirely left the Establishment, and that all their

attempts to bring them back by building churches and by free seats have failed. Unless the clergy are resolved to uproot the Establishment, it is full time that they should now stop in their insane career. They have no means of contending with the Courts of Law. These Courts can not only issue decrees, but they can enforce them; first by messengers-at-arms, then by the *posse comitatus*, and, finally, if necessary, by the army. And they will, at the same time, punish, by fine and imprisonment, all who resist the execution of their judgments. Fine and imprisonment might have been borne formerly, when the People sympathized with those whom they considered persecuted; but there is no such feeling in existence now; and any clergyman who brings himself within the reach of the law, will be laughed at for his trouble. Any one who was present when the clergymen were reprimanded by the Lord President, must have observed that there was no feeling of sympathy with the clergy on the part of the audience. What have the clergy to oppose to the *posse comitatus* and the army? Nothing. Even the old weapon of excommunication, once so powerful, has fallen from their hands. It is very remarkable that the clergy should set so bad an example to the laity, after the admonitions they, a year or two ago, poured out so copiously as to the necessity of obeying the Civil Magistrate and the powers that be, when the Annuity-Tax was in danger. How can they expect that tax now to be paid? The Kirk is unquestionably in danger, and in imminent danger; and that danger has been entirely the work of her own members, in their vain attempt to monopolize the whole patronage of the country, under the pretence of giving the free choice of the clergymen to the People. The real object was, to give the Presbyteries the patronage; for it was openly avowed that they should have the right, not merely of judging of the qualifications of the presentee as a minister generally, but of his fitness for the particular parish; so that, although both the patron and the parishioners agreed in the choice of a presentee, and the presbytery could not deny that he was duly qualified, they still retained the right of rejecting him. We are glad that this scheme has been defeated. The only course the supporters of the Veto Act can take with honour is to secede from the Church. If they abandon the manses and stipends, they may bid defiance to the Courts of Law; but, as long as they retain them, they must obey the law like other good subjects, or suffer the penalty of those who transgress it.

In a course of sermons now delivering on the alarming condition of the Kirk, the great topic insisted on has been, that there is, and can be, no collision between the Church and State; that the one should confine itself to ecclesiastical the other to civil matters, and there is no need for the one asserting a supremacy over the other. This is assuming a most extraordinary degree of ignorance on the part of the audience. Who is to decide whether a matter is ecclesiastical or civil? If any one thinks that such a question cannot arise, we beg to inform them that, in former times, the clergy usurped the great proportion of the business of the Civil Courts on the pretence of its being ecclesiastical. For example, they constituted themselves judges as to the constitution of marriage, because it was one of the sacraments of the Romish Church; its dissolution by divorce, because it resulted from a violation of that rite; legitimacy, as being dependent on the question of marriage; the management of the succession of persons deceased; questions of scandal, as rendering the party subject to Church censure; and, at last, questions of civil debt in which an oath intervened, because an oath was construed into a religious transaction with the Deity. To talk of equal and co-ordinate jurisdictions between the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals is an absurdity: one or other must be supreme; and if the clergy are allowed to proceed in defiance of the law, they, and not the State, are our rulers.

Since the above was written, the Court of Session has interdicted the sentence of the Commission being carried into effect.

THE FOURPENNY POSTAGE.—Sufficient experience has already been obtained to shew that the fourpenny postage is impracticable. The increase of letters in London appears to have been only fifty per cent.; and in no place, of which we have seen an account, has it been double; while the falling off in the receipts has been so great, that the Post Office revenue has been diminished forty or fifty per cent. Of late years, the revenue derived from the Post Office has never exceeded, and seldom reached, one million and a-half; but, in London the deficiency has been, at the lowest computation, £450 a-day, or £164,250 a-year; about one-ninth of the entire revenue. At Glasgow, the diminution of receipts has been at the rate of £260 a-week; and everywhere the result appears to be the same. It was distinctly proved, before the committee on postage, that, in all parts of the country, immense numbers of letters were carried, either free from postage, or at the rate of one penny each; and the fourpenny postage cannot be expected to put an end to the numerous modes that have hitherto been resorted to for evading postage. Besides, the charge being made by weight alone, affords a strong temptation to evade the fourpenny postage. Two sheets of thin letter-paper, such as is commonly used, and two wafers, do not weigh 200 grains, which is nearly nineteen grains under the half ounce, so that, by enclosing one letter within another, and desiring the party who receives the exterior letter to put that enclosed in the penny post, threepence is saved. Any one who has read the evidence before the Committee on postage, needs not to be informed that the saving of fourpence or threepence must cause an evasion of postage to a very great degree. If any device could have been fallen on to discredit cheap postage, the fourpenny postage is the most effectual. But it is well to keep in mind, that it has *not one* of the features of Mr Hill's plan. It does not abolish franking, by which the revenue sustains a great loss. By not enforcing forepayment, the keeping of an infinity of accounts is rendered necessary, and the letter carriers are detained waiting for postage in the precise degree in which letters increase—that is, at least a half longer than usual, and, while the diminution of charge is not sufficient to make any great increase of correspondence through the Post Office, a means of evading the postage, by enclosing one letter within another, is for the first time afforded. It is well known that, even in the case of bulky commodities, a higher import duty than twenty per cent. cannot be levied, and that smugglers will deliver small articles of value in London for ten per cent. on the Continental price. How then is it to be supposed that, in the interior of the kingdom, and without either custom-house officers or coast guards to prevent it, a duty of 300 per cent. can be levied on the carriage of an article so easily transported as a letter? We hope that the Ministry will redeem their pledge, and establish the penny postage without further delay.

LAW REFORM.—Notwithstanding the late very considerable reduction of fees in the proceedings in the Court of Session, we do not observe that the business is at all increasing; but, on the contrary, we are strongly inclined to think that it is still falling off. This is a point, however, which we shall be able to ascertain as soon as the Annual Report, by the Lord President, is laid before Parliament. In the meantime, we are glad to observe that the indefatigable Member for Greenock is not losing sight of the subject to which he has, for so many years, dedicated a great part of his time and attention—viz., the simplification of legal procedure, and a diminution of expense in the administration of the law. We believe that, for the recent reforms which have been made in that department, we are, in a great measure, indebted to Mr Wallace; for, if we are not misinformed, it was his persevering efforts that forced the Ministry to appoint the Law Commission; and, although much less benefit has been derived from its labours than might have been anticipated, still no one, acquainted with the business of our Courts, will say that its labours have been in vain. We are quite aware of the expense it has cost the country; but any unfortunate litigant who has had to try, at his own expense, a point of form—for example, whether one or two witnesses must be present when an inhibition is served—will feel thankful for what has been done. We

have no room to give, nor is it necessary to the readers of this Magazine to state, at length, the motions of which the Member for Law Reform and for Greenock, has given notice; but we may observe that he is to move for a Select Committee to inquire—1. As to the expediency of extending Circuits by the Judges of the Supreme Court, who although thirteen in number, hold Circuit Courts in nine towns only in all Scotland. 2. As to the expediency of Circuits being made by a certain number of the Thirty nearly Sinecure Stipendiary County Judges, unhappily still inflicted on Scotland. 3. As to the present practice in Police, and similar summary convictions for small offences. 4. As to the present procedure in Criminal cases before the Court of Justiciary and Sheriff Courts. 5. Into the dilatory, expensive, and highly defective manner of conducting Jury Trials in Civil cases in Scotland. 6. Into the forms of conducting Jury Trial in Criminal cases, both before the Supreme and County Courts, with a view to adopt similar satisfactory forms in trying Civil suits with the aid of a Jury. We shall remark on these Resolutions, *seriatim*—1. We entirely agree with him, as we stated in our last number. 2. We totally disagree, for the simple reason, that three-fourths of the Sheriffs-Depute are completely unfit for any such duty. The destruction of the office of Sheriff-Depute is an object that ought never to be lost sight of by any Reformer, whether of the Law or of Government. It has corrupted and will corrupt the whole Bar, so long as the office exists, and it is one of the greatest possible impediments to good government in Scotland. 3. and 4. Not aware of any grievance that more frequent circuits would not amend. 5. The dilatoriness of Jury Trials arises chiefly from the vacations of the Court, and from the conduct of the litigants themselves. Counsel, by a very absurd but uniform practice in Scotland, are always paid before hand, though it is, of course, impossible to guess, with any precision, what is proper payment for work such as that of a lawyer, till it is actually performed. From the terror of the parties and their agents, of trial by Jury, the exertions expected from counsel, and, consequently, the payments made to them, have been much greater than was at all necessary. The litigants, however, very generally, do not find it convenient to keep their agents in funds to discharge the fees of counsel and of the Court, printing, &c.; and the agent is often unable and often unwilling, not only to give his own labour on credit, which he hardly ever grudges, but to advance large sums on a case for a party who may very possibly be defending it chiefly for the sake of obtaining delay. In all law suits this is one of the great causes of delay: but it is evidently beyond the power of Parliament to remedy it. 6. Having at full length, in this Magazine, and perfectly aware of the obloquy it would occasion to us, expressed our opinion that Jury Trial is a remnant of barbarism, and a nuisance, we do not approve of its extension. Our own opinion is, that the judges and lawyers in the Supreme Court are not qualified for so summary an adjudication of the complicated questions which arise in civil suits as the peremptory decision of a case at one sitting by a jury enforces. We think that our practice in this matter has gone from one extreme to another. The old proof by commission, where all the evidence was reduced to writing, was intolerable, for reasons we have often explained; and the bringing the witness into court, to be seen and examined by those who are to decide the question, is an undoubted improvement: but we see no benefit of taking twelve or fifteen tradesmen, who know nothing of law, or the most obvious rules of evidence, away from their own business, and bringing them into Court along with the witnesses. In almost every case which has occurred, since the institution of the Jury Court in 1815, the jury have merely affirmed the opinion of the judge: in one they decided by lot. In London, great assistance is often obtained by the judge from the practical experience of the jury; for example, in cases where the usage of merchants is a matter to be inquired into; but such assistance is very seldom indeed got from a Scottish jury. It appears to us, from the aspect of our juries, that the qualification is too low; but, if it were raised, it would probably become too severe a burden on those qualified. We believe we express an opinion generally entertained, that trial by jury in civil causes continues as unpopular as ever, and that it is, in truth, the utter dread of litigants. We have, in former numbers, explained how all the benefits of examining a witness in open court could be obtained without its defects. Another of the questions which the Member for Greenock is to bring before Parliament is, the Office of Lord Advocate, and the necessity of separating that office from political power and influence. Such a separation was long and powerfully advocated in the *Edinburgh Review*, while the Whigs were out of office; but since they have got hold of the loaves and fishes, they appear to think that the office works uncommonly well. "The Government without patronage," we will assure Mr Wallace, will never agree to prevent *their* Lord Advocate from being the "dispensing medium and actual depository of extensive official and political patronage." When the Whigs are turned out of office, an event which we are inclined to think will not be delayed much longer than the Tories expect, the Member for Greenock may resume his attempts to reform the office of Lord Advocate. At present, as he well knows, both sections of the aristocracy will join against him.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The distress in the manufacturing districts continues to increase; and it is more severe at present than it has been for many years. Numerous bankruptcies, to a large amount, have taken place in Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, and the other manufacturing towns. The sequestrations in Scotland still average one a-day; and, between the 29th August and 20th December, the number awarded was 92. It has always been the policy of the organs of the party in power, to maintain that the country is in a prosperous state; but this is no longer possible; and the truth must at last be told. The *Leeds Mercury*, for example, states:—"We should delude our readers if we encouraged them to believe that the trade of the country this winter will not be universally bad. It will be so: every department will suffer. The great cotton district is in great distress; the great woollen district is not much better. The cutlery of Sheffield; the lace and stocking manufacturers of Nottingham; the hosiers of Leicester and Derby; the hardware manufacturers of Birmingham and Wolverhampton; the potters of Staffordshire; the cotton spinners and weavers of Glasgow and Paisley; the linen weavers of Dundee; and the great trading communities of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and Newcastle—are all labouring under a stagnation, which will destroy the profits of capital, and leave scores of thousands of workmen without work or bread." At Leicester, the country trade is flatter than it was; and, it is feared, will become still worse. Great numbers of frame-work knitters are out of work. At Bolton, there are at present 1053 empty houses, and 51 shops untenanted in the principal streets of the town; and £3000 per week less paid in wages. As a very necessary and very proper consequence, the poor rates are just double what they were this time twelvemonths. Yet this is a period when the manufacturers, according to the Corn-Law advocates, ought to be in a most prosperous state; for the farmers are getting what they admit to be a remunerating price for their grain; and sheep and cattle never sold better. Three years ago, when the price of food was scarcely a half of what it is at present, and when nothing was heard of, from one end of the island to the other, but agricultural distress, the utmost activity prevailed in our manufactures. It appears to be a very doubtful matter how far high prices are advantageous to those engaged in agriculture themselves. How, indeed, can a man, who has only eight shillings a-week to support himself and family, afford to expend any money on clothes, when bread is twopence-farthing a pound?

AGRICULTURE.

In the beginning of December, a large quantity of grain, in the high districts, both in England and Scot-

land, still remained in the fields; and, even in the low country, the beans were not all got in. From the lateness of the season, a great proportion of the bean land, even in the best districts, has not been cropped with wheat; and as the quantity of wheat sown, in England and Ireland, has, owing to the wetness of the weather, been much less than usual, it is already certain that a deficiency in that important crop must take place next year. Notwithstanding the high prices, the farmers are grumbling, as usual, and several landlords have given abatements from their rents of 10 to 20 per cent. Considering that there has never been anything but complaints of agricultural distress since 1815, when the restrictive system came fully into operation, it is worthy of the consideration of the farmers whether a change might not be advantageous to them, as it would unquestionably be to every other class, except those landowners whose estates are deeply mortgaged.

CASE OF JOHN THOROGOOD.

THE case of John Thorogood, who has suffered a long and severe imprisonment for refusing to pay Church-rates, is so well known throughout the three kingdoms, that we should not have deemed it necessary to call attention to it, in any shape, save for the lukewarmness, if not hostility, displayed by a portion of the Dissenters, from whom greater consistency with their professed principles might have been expected. Yet we cannot believe that the great body of the Dissenters, who support those organs in which disapprobation, and even sneering and uncharitable remarks, have been put forth in relation to John Thorogood's imprisonment, can participate in sentiments so unbecoming those who profess to value religious liberty—the most unrestricted freedom of conscience—above every human good that is secured by civil government. If they do they have either forgotten, or have yet to learn, the first elements of their creed as Dissenters. Where, to-day, would those sneerers have been, had there not arisen strong-hearted men, ready to dare and to suffer all for conscience' sake—who incurred cruel imprisonments, banishments, fines, stripes, maiming, and mutilation, for what the sneerers, and trimmers, and submitters to expediency, among their brethren, must have considered very trifling matters; not much different from the five shillings and sixpence a-year which John Thorogood refuses to pay, because he conceives that the demand made on his purse involves iniquity and injustice, and that he, as a conscientious man, ought to resist it so far as he has the power? His courage and resolution rebuke the slackness of some of his time-serving brethren of Dissent; men at ease in Zion, who neither relish the inconvenience nor the reproach attending passive resistance for conscience' sake—and hence an animosity, which would be of no consequence whatever, save for the attempts made to impugn, sneer away, or throw suspicion upon, the purity of the motives of such men as John Thorogood, by those who are neither *thorough-good*, nor thorough anything.

The trifle which John Hampden was called upon, by the arbitrary power of the King, to pay of ship-money, was, to a man of his estate, an infinitely smaller sum than the five and sixpence demanded by the Church from John Thorogood the Dissenter; yet Hampden was foolish enough to resist, to his great personal loss and inconvenience; for which folly, we have no doubt that many of his friends and neighbours—*Patriots* too—sneered at him, and perhaps hinted that there must be some selfish motive, or some vainglory at bottom. Hampden resisted, because the laws of the country, the securities of civil liberty, were attempted to be violated; John Thorogood, Mr Childs of Bungay, Mr Russell of Edinburgh, and every man acting in the manly way that they have done, plead the higher justification, that they resist the attempt to violate the laws of God, written on their conscience; and rather submit to wrong, and lengthened and severe imprisonment, than yield what they consider a sinful compliance with the demands of the priests of a Church with which they have nothing to do. If John Thorogood be wrong in the course which he has taken to resist a grievous injustice, and bring the question to a speedy issue, what do the descendants of the Noncomformists, Baptists, and Quakers, now think of those of their respective sects, who were guilty of similar imprudences, of which, however, in enlarged religious freedom, and the greater security of the rights of conscience, they are reaping the benefit? There were, no doubt, Mr Faint-hearts and Mr Plausibles in the times of Bunyan and George Fox, among the professing Baptists and Quakers, that greatly blamed their self-willed friends for running their necks into the noose, when a moderate degree of compliance would have exempted them from persecution. How the friends and neighbours of De Foe must have condemned and sneered at his folly in incurring the pillory, which he might have escaped if he had only kept his opinions to himself! We rejoice in men of the temper and stern motives of John Thorogood, and in every instance of resolute but peaceful resistance to injustice and oppression. This is the spirit which will ultimately relieve the Dissenters of their burdens; and, without this, they need look to neither Whig nor Tory Governments. We believe that the large and animated meetings held in different parts of the kingdom are evidence that, however it may fare with a section of the Dissenting clergy, the Dissenting body feel warm sympathy with John Thorogood. To the lukewarm Dissenters, we beg to cite a few words, from a letter lately addressed by a Churchman, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, Perpetual Curate of Hinton Chapter-House, to the Editor of *The Patriot*:—

"I address a word to Dissenters. I would say, that nothing gratifies the High Churchman more than to see a timid line of conduct on the part of Dissenters, in any question in which their principles are involved. He rejoices to see a man silent, and shrinking from the post of danger, lest he should be called a political Dissenter, the ally of Papists and Socinians, the companion of Radicals and Infidels."

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

RIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE—APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION—LAY PATRONAGE—THE VETO.

"Then the king sent unto him a captain of fifty with his fifty: and he went up to him, (and, behold, he sat on the top of an hill;) and he spake unto him—Thou man of God, the king hath said, Come down. And Elijah answered and said to the captain of fifty—If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty And there came down fire from heaven and consumed him and his fifty."—II. *Kings*, chap. i., verses 9, 10.

These things are an allegory:—The King is the Tory party of Great Britain in Church and State; the captain of fifty and his fifty are the Court of Session and the House of Lords, declaring the law of Patronage; the man of God is the Church of Scotland; the hill-top is the principle of Non-Intrusion; and the fire from heaven is the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. That fervid soul scorched the Bishop's Church in olden times, and burnt to cinders its costly furniture of Popish mummery and priestly pretence: clerical pride was laid in the dust, and the simplicity of primitive piety restored. For all this, religion was much the better: but there still remained one offence, and not a small one; the Erastian usurpations of Popish and Episcopal times were too strong to be shaken; and the keys of the Church, which, of divine right, belong to the Church itself, were left in the hands of an ugly heathen door-keeper, commonly called the lay-patron.

The Church of Christ was first POPULAR, then SACERDOTAL, then SECULAR. It is now striving to recover its pristine purity, and become popular again; but as lay-patronage is and was the great instrument of its secularization, so it cannot advance a single step in the path of regeneration, without throwing off this encumbrance, or, at least, rendering it nugatory. Hence the great watchword of the Church in the present day must be—*Independence of the office-bearers of the Church from extraneous secular influences;* for, notwithstanding all the decent and plausible phrases that Church-Toryism will use, the people that have no right to choose their own governors, and the Church that has no right to choose her own pastors, are SLAVES.

Many persons are afraid of the uprising of the spirit of Church-independence in these times, and seem to think that a revival of zeal for popular privileges in the Church is only a delicate synonyme for the revival of clerical bigotry and priestly intolerance. But ecclesiastical history shews plainly that the clergy were the most intolerant when the people had no share in the administration of Church matters. To the same date belongs patronage—a cold, stony crystallization, (for the spirit is evaporated,) bequeathed to us from those times when the soul of human activity had a body with only two hands, the baron and the priest; but now we are Briareus: there is a people, and the people must have their rights.

The clergy of the Church of Scotland have declared manfully, that they will no longer submit to have spiritual pastors thrust upon the Church, by an extraneous secular despotism. Here the true popular spirit of Presbytery is revealed; and we see plainly the difference between a Phillpotts and a Chalmers. Though we may not (like a certain orator) have "a quarrel with Episcopacy ALTOGETHER;" yet, as genuine Scotsmen, we are entitled to have a quarrel with the secular habits and the sacerdotal despotism which have always characterised it; and we are entitled to rejoice, and publicly to profess our exultation, in the fact that the Presbyterian Church, as it is in its constitution essentially republican, and originated out of a strong and general popular movement, so it lives only in the people; and with popular sympathy, and by popular influence, it must stand or fall. We are entitled, also, to say, that the present movement in the Church of Scotland (whatever blundering and trickery may be in the details) is, in principle, natural, healthy, and in the most perfect harmony, as well with the philosophical idea as with the historical developement of Presbyterianism; and we speak the language which every friend of civil and religious liberty feels compelled to adopt, when we say to the great ringleaders and agitators in ecclesiastical changes,

—Go on and prosper; for, so long as you wrestle for the rights of the Christian people, there is no danger that the supremacy either of the Pope or of King Henry will be restored. And remember that you have a battle to fight that mere words, and synodical babblement, and solemn declarations of abstract principles, will not win. The Assembly of 1736 declared the principle of Non-Intrusion: but how did they act? They tied a golden collar about their neck, and said that they ought not to be chained. Beware of the *golden* collar! for that hue has a glamour in it that blinds even sainted eyes. If you wish to be virtuous, dare the deeds of virtue. The hero's crown was never won by quibbling.

We said that the Church of Christ was first popular, then sacerdotal, then secular. This is a historical proposition; and on the clear perception of its historic reality, the merits of popular election in the Church, and the demerits of lay-patronage, in a great measure, depend. To set forth the principal moments of this historical reality, shall, accordingly, be the main object of the following remarks. We may allow ourselves, however, in the first place, to ask a single theoretical question—Can any natural and obvious reasons be given why the Church of Christ, like any other society instituted for a responsible and peculiar purpose, should *not* elect its own office-bearers?—for the *onus probandi*, here, as the lawyers say, plainly lies with those who support patronage. In every such case, the presumption is against extraneous government. Literary societies, academies of the fine arts, political conventions, mechanics' institutions, masonic brotherhoods, all themselves elect themselves, and why not the Church? Let us rather say, the Church *a fortiori*; because the Church is the most peculiar and singular association that is to be found among men; it is altogether *unique* and *sui generis*, independent of human authority, isolated from the common secular relations; spiritual, as opposed to temporal; *in* the world, but not *of* the world. And if the Church be collectively, in its members, the Church of God, is it not a strange thing to say that the head of this spiritual body shall be of human institution; and that a bishop, like a king, shall, in St Peter's phrase, be *ανθρωπινη κτισις*, the mere ordinance or creature of MAN? Surely, when two things so distinct are attempted to be confounded, no healthy amalgamation can take place: but we shall have either a mere mechanical invention, destitute of vitality and organization; or a chemical action will ensue, which shall decompose both elements, and, where milk and honey were, leave gall and vinegar. Is there not a danger that the Churchman, being secularized, will make every sermon a political pamphlet; and that the State, identifying itself with the Church, will fill the Statute Book with laws bearing to be municipal, but which are, in fact, ecclesiastical excommunications against all its subjects, who do not happen to be connected with the Church? These doubts theory suggests; —how prophetically history exhibits.

That the Christian Church was a *voluntary* church originally, no one denies: that it remained voluntary during the first three hundred years of its birth, infancy, and lusty youth, is equally clear. But when we assert that the Church was originally and essentially *popular*, we enter at once upon debateable ground; and a whole host of mitred dignitaries, from *Bancroft* (1588) down to *Hook* and *Pusey*, (1839,) take the field against our intolerable heresy. Nevertheless, we speak a fact the simplest and most certain that ecclesiastical history testifies, that church government was first Congregational, then Presbyterian, then Episcopal, then Metropolitan, then Papistical. That the Christian hierarchy was not constituted by Christ as an essential part of the Christian Church, but grew up gradually, by the necessary and favourable circumstances of the times, is the conclusion to which the searching erudition, and the Catholic philosophy of Planck and Neander have arrived.* But there is no necessity for German spectacles to inspect this matter. A man merely requires a little common sense, and freedom from sectarian prejudice, to see how the case stands. So long as a man is thinking mainly and habitually of his own sect, and the canonization of its peculiarities, there is, of course, no hope that things will be seen in their natural relations. If it be a principle of your Church, that the Spirit of God is duly transmitted only through an uninterrupted line of church dignitaries, of a superior rank, called bishops, as electricity passes only through proper conductors, you will not want scraps of evidence, both in the Bible and the Fathers, to dress out your orthodoxy. But if you are not sworn to a sect—an open hearted, honest Christian, rejoicing in the Catholicity of the Gospel—you will bethink yourself calmly, that, as an ingenious pleader makes the best speech when there is least direct proof, (there being more room for conjecture,) so an advocate of the *divine right* of any particular Church hierarchy can always be the more consistent in his theory the less opportunity church history affords of proving its inconsistency. Because it cannot be proved to be inconsistent with what we certainly know, he straightway assumes its absolute certainty; and in this way the Apostolical succession of Henry Exeter is excellently proved, and also the supremacy of the Pope. Truly this age hath not been entertained with a more venerable bubble than that of APOSTOLICITY—*O wie beseliget uns Menschen ein*

* Planck in his Geschichte der Christlichen Gesellschaft's, Verfassung Hanover, 1803; and Neander, in his Church History, vol. i. The *Apostolical* commentaries of his English translator are amusing enough. This nimble little wag-tail plashes with "damnable iteration;" but the pious German pours himself calmly forth in a broad stream of Christian Catholicity, to the complete swamping of the English bishops and all Christian clerocracy. We may remark, generally, that the German writer, seizes on the great living organizing idea of Christianity, while the Englishman is only anxious to magnify the privileges and exalt the mystic importance of the sacerdotal caste.

glücklicher Wahn! How solemn, how dignified, how godly grand does a learned prelate not show, when setting forth these things! And yet what is it? The *Practice* of the ante-Gregorian or ante-Nicene Fathers. Suppose it were the practice of the apostles. Do the apostles lay down, as an imperative rule, everything that they mention incidentally as a practice? The apostles gave ordination by laying on of hands. Well; they borrowed this custom, like many others, from the Jews, and used it, like sensible men, without thinking whether it was bad or good. But they did not say that, if you please, you may not ordain by giving the Presbyter a Bible, as sasine is taken by delivery of earth and stone. A symbolical ceremony of this kind is all very well as a symbolical ceremony, (though, with advancing civilization, it is apt to become ludicrous:) but when you make mystery and magic of it, you make yourself a trifler; and the sign which was intended to promote the reverence, becomes the practical caricature of the thing signified.* In the same manner, if the complete body of the English hierarchy could be demonstrated *verbatim et literatim* in the Epistles of St Paul, we are not advanced a single step in the proof of its apostolic sanction. The necessity of those times might demand an oligarchical government for the Church; the necessity of the present times (as we verily believe it does) may demand a Republican or popular government. Surely it is the sheerest puerility of intellect to seek for any philosophical or religious necessity, in adventitious and ephemeral matters of this kind. But Oxford is, and has been, the nursing mother of all church superstitions; and, after Froude, we must not be surprised at any ghost of a sickly idea that, out of those musty and monastic shades, (not the less silly because mantled in much Greek,) may wander forth (ὄναρ ἡμερο φαντον) into the broad light of substantial day.

Apostolical succession is, in no sense, of divine right; not in an extraordinary sense, because to no direct apostolical institution can Episcopal monopoly be traced—and because apostolic practice in such a matter (if it could be proved) is very different from apostolic law; not in an ordinary sense, because Reason and the Light of Nature utterly scout the idea. Popular election, however, is of divine right,† both by the law of Nature, which declares the right of self-government inherent in every separate and independent society; and by apostolic and ante-Nicene practice—if such practice could confer it. The English Apostolicals and Episcopalian exclusives pretend to deny this practice; but a cloud of witnesses is ready to contradict them. Of these we shall proceed to examine a few. First, with regard to the constitution of the Church in the apostolic age, so far as can be gathered from the few documents that remain, one thing is certain: Christ did not separate any *caste* of priests for the service of his Church, or endow any class of its ordinary ministers with mystical and monopolizing gifts of grace; but the Christian Church, in the New Testament, means the congregation of the faithful, and the brotherhood of the saints. The mission of the apostles was not an episcopizing of geographical dioceses, (or parallelograms, as Dr Chalmers phrased it,) but a codenization of human hearts. It was not lawful for any of the first Christians to call his brother lord; and he who aspired to be greatest among them, was ordered to make himself least. This the Pope knew well, and therefore he always styled himself "*servus servorum;*" under words of the profoundest humility, after the true sanctimonious fashion, concealing thoughts of the most aspiring ambition. But the "*servus servorum*" had a meaning in the apostolic times; and, therefore, St Paul, even with his extraordinary gifts, never endeavours to lord it over the consciences of the brethren, (as our modern bishops do,) with a statutory orthodoxy; but he addresses them freely and familiarly—"I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say!" And as to a caste of priests, or a separate order of clergy, whose services were considered *indispensable* to the idea of Christianity, we see no trace of such a thing in the New Testament. The apostles, on the contrary, seem anxious to explain to the brethren that, in the Christian Church, there is neither king nor priest, but all are kings and priests unto God; and presbyters, evangelists, and other teachers and rulers of the Church, are ordered to be respected, not because hands had been laid on them, or because they had the exclusive privilege of laying on of hands, but because of their labour in the Lord, and their abundance in good works. There is no proof whatever that the office of teaching or of ruling the Church, in apostolic times, was confined to any particular order of men. The clergy, in our modern sense, with all their distinguishing rights, and distinguishing prejudices, did not exist, could not exist, in those days. Clergy then (κληροι, 1 Pet. v. 3) was synonymous with Church, (εκκλησια,) and meant people. The Fathers themselves admit this; and when we consider what strange conceits of sacerdotal importance began to haunt the imaginations of the clergy even before the days of Cyprian and Tertullian, we shall see the value of this testimony. Hilary (quoted by Neander) says—"Primum omnes docebant et omnes baptizabant; ut cres-

* On this subject, the *First Book of Discipline* is very sensible. "Other ceremonies than the public approbation of the people, and declaration of the chief minister, that the person there presented is appointed to serve the Church, we cannot approve; for albeit the apostles used imposition of hands, yet seeing the miracle is ceased, the using of the ceremony we judge not necessary."—C. iv. 4, 3.

† Quaeritur an penes ecclesiam aut solos ecclesiasticos sit electio et vocatio ministrorum? Affirmatur, idque JURE DIVINO.—GISBERT VOET. *Polit. Eccles.* Hist. Part I. lib. iii. c. 4.

If the observations of the Dean of Faculty concerning divine right, in the introduction to his able pamphlet, refer only to Presbytery as a form of church government supposed to be exclusively by divine sanction, as opposed to Episcopacy, we agree with him; but if he also means to strike against popular election, we prefer to follow the Dutch doctor.

ceret plebs et multiplicaretur, omnibus inter initia concessum est ut evangelizarent et baptizarent, et Scripturas exponerent." Tertullian says the same thing, *De Baptism:* I., c. 81; and Planck shews clearly that the tremendous penalty of excommunication, with which the Pope enacted such magnificent tragedies, was originally exacted by the whole brotherhood of a Christian congregation, and by them pronounced.* These things being so, it will appear only rational that the election of its own office-bearers should, from the beginning, have been recognised as a right inherent in the Church, congregation, or brotherhood of the faithful. So it appears in the well-known passage of the Acts of the Apostles, (c. vi.,) touching the election of deacons:—"Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word. And the saying pleased the whole multitude: and they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and Philip, and Prochorus, and Nicanor, and Timon, and Parmenas, and Nicholas, a proselyte of Antioch; whom they set before the apostles: and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them." If this is not popular election, and by divine right too, (so far as divine right can be by apostolical practice,) we know not what is. The people (πληθος) choose, (εξελεξαντο,) and the apostles confirm their choice by the solemn imposition of hands. The substantial right is in the hands of the people, and the mere form of confirmation is exercised by the apostles. And this, too, in the election of mere *deacons!* "Episcopus facit diaconos," was the maxim of later days, (Cyprian, ep. 45;) and in later days still, King Henry's bishops told him that an arbitrary tyrant, by his own kingly right, might make deacons, priests, and bishops, and all together. But the bishops now say that no man can make a priest but a bishop; and, after he is made, by their mystical rite of *ordination*, they send him abroad into the world to sneak into some snug rectory, by venting bitter bile against the Roman Catholics, to please the prelates, and turning smooth words to the taste of the secular powers that be, to please the patrons. Now, it is a curious fact, which every student of the New Testament and the primitive Church knows, that the word which we translate ordination, means neither more nor less than "election by universal suffrage."† Χειροτονησις bears its own lineage on its brow, and is properly explained by the εξελεξαντο (choice) of the passage just quoted from the Acts. But this did not please the ambition of the clergy; and they soon contrived that Χειροτονησις should mean only the laying on of hands; and that, when a presbyter was elected with this ceremony, the ceremony should be the main thing in which the power of nomination and election might be fitly merged, while nothing was left to the people but to stand quietly by and cry Αξιος! Αξιος!! Αξιος!!! (Worthy! Worthy!! Worthy!!!) three times, when they were bid. So, at least, the ceremony of election to the Presbyterial office is detailed, in the pontifical of the Greek Church; and the apostolical constitutions (viii. 4) shew at length the early practice in which this originated. We may quote the passage:—

"First, I, Peter, say, that a bishop must be in all things blameless, and selected, for his especial virtue, from among the whole people; who having been nominated, and being accepted, the people, congregating with the Presbytery and the bishops present, shall give their consent, (συνευδοκητω.) Then he who presides shall ask the Presbytery and the people if this is the person whom they wish for a spiritual ruler; and, they agreeing, he shall ask again if the person be witnessed by all worthy of so honourable an office; worthy by piety towards God, justice towards men, and privately in the management of his family. And all having given their testimony, not by prejudice, but honestly, as before God and Christ; the Holy Spirit also being present, and all the holy ministering spirits; they shall be asked a third time if he is truly worthy of the ministry, that, by the mouth of two or three witnesses, everything may be confirmed; and when they have consented a third time, let the vote (συνθημα) be asked of all; and silence being ordered, &c., &c., let the ceremony of ordination go on!"

There is here, it will be observed, something more than a *form* of popular election; but the manner of managing the business is evidently one which would very naturally degenerate into a form. The nomination seems to have been in the clergy; they proposed the candidate, and arranged all matters for his ordination; it is not wonderful, in this case, with their immense and, in those days, well-merited influence, that, notwithstanding the necessary consent of the people, they soon contrived (and prescription has done greater wonders) to have everything their own way. Centuries, however, elapsed before the idea became confirmed that the ordination, (Χειροτονησις,) or election to the exercise of spiritual functions, was a matter of episcopal and not of popular right. There is a famous letter of St Cyprian to the Spaniards, which states, in pretty strong terms, the power of the people in the matter of electing bishops in

* Gesellschaft's Verfassung, vol. i., p. 180.

† The passage in the Acts of the Apostles, xiv. 23—"And when they had *ordained* them elders (or priests) in every church," should have been translated *voted*. Whether King James' episcopal censorship had any influence here, and our excellent translators followed the old church phraseology, "asking no questions for conscience' sake," were hard to say. It is notable enough that, in 2 Cor. viii. 19, they translate the same word "*chosen* of the churches." However this be, it is certain (if there be any meaning in language) that Titus, whom some people look upon as *ordained* first bishop of the Cretans, by apostolical succession, was *voted* into his dignity (whatever it was) by the *popular suffrage* of the churches.

the middle of the third century. It may gratify the reader to see this passage also at length. After congratulating the clergy and people of Spain on their having deposed two idolatrous, and elected two orthodox, bishops; the Bishop of Carthage proceeds to assign this reason why the people (*plebs*) should be particularly zealous to watch over the orthodoxy of the bishops, viz., that "they (the people) have *the principal power, as well in electing worthy priests, as in ejecting the unworthy.* And this practice," he goes on to say, "comes to us by divine authority, that the priest shall be elected in the presence of the people, (*plebe præsente,*) before the eyes of the whole Church, and be declared worthy or unworthy by public judgment and testimony. So God orders Moses (Num. 10) to elect the priests in presence of the whole synagogue; that is, he orders and declares that sacerdotal ordinations shall not take place, but with the knowledge of the people assisting; to the end that, in their presence, crimes may be exposed, and merits proclaimed, *and a just and legitimate ordination take place by the suffrage and sentence of all.*" These phrases, it will be allowed, are pretty strong, and from a High Churchman, too, as the writer was, (though no Papist;) but they only repeat what we find in Clemens Romanus (1 Epist. ad Cor. 44,) who speaks of the apostles appointing (*καθισαντες*) teachers to the Church, "with the consent and approval of the whole congregation," (*συνδοκησασης εκκλησιας πασης.*) At the same time, it cannot be denied, that the procedure here detailed by Cyprian is very far removed from the liberty of the apostolic times, set forth in the election of deacons. Not only the presiding and directing power, but the substantial right of election, seems early to have been usurped by the clergy; or, rather let us say, freely and easily conceded by the people, partly out of an easy confidence, partly out of a foolish superstition. And thus matters went on from bad to worse, till, in Italy, the Pope declared himself sole and supreme elector of bishops; and the Church (now the clergy) fell a victim to the corruption which is inherent in all self-elected corporations. In Scotland, a different spectacle was exhibited. The clergy banded themselves into a close conspiracy with the landed aristocracy; they were more concerned to be a respectable and a gentlemanly than to be a free and a pure church. A main means to secure this was manifestly to secure to the Crown and the country gentlemen the absolute and unconditional right of presenting to benefices; while the people's right of consent or dissent was systematically reduced to a mere form; and the laity had, in fact, nothing to do but to swear to the Confession of Faith, (which indeed most of them believed more honestly than their teachers,) and to hear dull discourses read BEFORE the people (*præsente plebe!*) by men who had not the heart to speak TO them.

Presentation to a benefice, and ordination to the priest's office generally, or to a special cure of souls, are, in modern language, two very different things. The one is properly an incorporeal right, as the jurists say—the subject of the vulgarest traffic, and the most mercenary compact; the other is a solemn church-rite, confering a certain spiritual character on the man; or it is the act of sacerdotal induction by a Church Court, or Church dignitary thereto authorized, introducing a spiritual man to the special cure of certain souls. In the primitive times this distinction could not exist. The setting apart of a person to the sacred office was entirely a spiritual act, and consisted, as we have seen, of two parts—the election (*Χειροτονησις*) by the people, and the imposition of hands (*επιθεσις χειρων*) by the presiding office-bearers who might happen to be present. How the growing power of the clergy inverted the natural order of this spiritual act, assuming to themselves the election as a part of the imposition of hands, and leaving the people only a general approbation of their doings, or, at most, a right to state positive and tangible objections, we have also hinted. Those who wish to see the progress of this corruption developed in detail may consult Planck's admirable work, above quoted. We may only indicate shortly a few main points in this sacerdotal metamorphosis of the Church. In the first place, as the primitive clergy did not stand out in a distinct shape as opposed to the people, these latter had no cause to look upon the actings of their spiritual guides with the jealous watchfulness of men who have reason to believe that their just rights may be encroached on. *Qui facit per alium facit per se* was the instinctive feeling of the primitive Christians with regard to the deeds of their presbyters. The bishop was the perpetual representative of the people, into whose hands they willingly committed the exercise of rights which, in strict order, they ought to have exercised themselves. Churchmen (even primitive presbyters) are fond of power; and everything that the people did not positively refuse, they were willing to take. In the second place, the original bishops, Titus, Timothy, Clemens, Ignatius, Polycarp, &c. were strong captains and bold witnesses to the truth, standing in the van of danger. They literally created in many cases the churches which they ruled. The wisdom and the virtue of Christianity was pre-eminently incarnated in them. The unlimited confidence which was placed in them could not be more than they deserved. The Church was helpless, the bishop gave it strength; the Church was distracted, the bishop breathed into it, even by his silent presence, the spirit of unity and peace. The primitive pastors were fathers, not masters; the masters that came in afterwards could have no right superior to that of fathers, for the right of the father is supreme. His commands might be the same, but the manner of commanding was different. The spirit of LOVE was gone; and the people, who had rejoiced in the obedience of sons, now found themselves groaning under the yoke of an intolerable slavery. In the third place, the churches, which were originally scattered and independent, be-

gan—partly from the natural effect of increase, partly for the sake of mutual protection and the enjoyment of religious fellowship—to club together into dioceses and provinces; in which clubs the bishops of the diocesan and provincial towns naturally acquired, first a directory, and, by degrees, an official superiority. The bishop of the diocese, with his college of presbyters, in the third century, was a very different thing from the stray isolated congregations of the apostolic times. In these congregations, the people naturally exercised (for there was nobody near to interfere with their exercising) all the rights peculiar to a society of brethren in the Lord Jesus: but when a regular army of bishops, presbyters, deacons, acolythe, lectors, and exorcists, was organized for the management of the ecclesiastical associations of a large cumbrous district, it was natural that the more important affairs of the Church should be conducted mainly by men whose situation rendered them peculiarly fitted for comprehending the spirit, as well as arranging the detail of all Church matters. Hence, when a bishop was to be elected, instead of the universal suffrage (Χειροτονησις) of the congregation, which would now, in some instances, have been impossible, and, perhaps, in other cases, have given rise to heats and commotions; the presbyters of the diocese assembled, and, with the aid of the clergy of the cathedral church, managed matters quietly among themselves; and merely called out the people, by way of formality, to give their public concurrence to their choice. We are not to suppose, however, that they paid no regard whatever to the known wishes of the congregration. In those days, it was the interest of the priests as much as of the people to have a zealous and a talented bishop. Such men, of course, were not to be found everywhere in days of persecution. People and priest, for the most part, marked and knew the favoured individual beforehand; and thus a formal voting might, in most cases, be dispensed with. All these circumstances worked together to change the popular leaders of the Church into oligarchic rulers; everything, as yet, perfectly innocent, perfectly natural, and perfectly proper. But motives of a low and selfish kind also interfered. First, no doubt, as we have hinted all along, there was positive ambition, spiritual pride, and the Old Adam, on the part of the clergy. Nevertheless they were under a very pious delusion. They sincerely believed themselves to be under the continual guidance of the Holy Spirit in a way different from vulgar mortals; and with this axiom all their passions were sanctified, and every smallest act that they performed, in a ministerial capacity, was straightway magnified into a miracle. Baptism, for instance, the simple sign of spiritual purification, became baptismal regeneration; the bread and wine, in the Lord's Supper, the expressive commemorative symbol of the Saviour's death, became, by virtue of the priest's prayer, the actual body and blood of God; and the imposition of hands, as we have seen, became also a great mystery, (μυστηριον, a sacrament;) a magnetic virtue was supposed to stream from the ordainer's hands; a sign became a reality; and "Accipe Spiritum Sanctum," was said, without blasphemy, by men who believed the Church (that is, the clergy) inspired, and the councils of the Bishops infallible. As for the people, how could they refuse to believe what their best friends, most faithful councillors, and wisest teachers taught them? Who was learned enough among the mass of Augustine's congregation, in Hippo, to distinguish what Augustine invented, out of his pride or subtilty, and what St Paul preached by divine commission? Augustine himself knew no Hebrew, and little Greek. In times of darkness, a sacerdotal caste was almost unavoidable: they who actually were the only learned, seemed to possess an exclusive divine right to teach and to elect those who should teach after them. The people had no confidence in themselves, and they readily yielded themselves up to those who were able and willing to guide them. Christianity gradually assumed the form that it exhibited in the middle ages. The Christians of the first century were the companions of the apostles; those of the tenth, the bondmen of the clergy.

In addition to the ancient authorities above quoted in support of the original freedom of election in the Christian churches, we may be allowed to quote two modern authorities, which cannot fail to have their due weight with all impartial men; Blackstone and Gibbon.

"Election was, in the early times," says the great English authority, "the usual mode of elevation to the Episcopal chair, throughout all Christendom; and this was promiscuously performed by the laity as well as by the clergy."—Instit., B. I., c. ii.

Gibbon speaks in strong terms:—"The submission or the resistance of the clergy and people, on various occasions, afforded different precedents, which were insensibly converted into positive laws, and provincial customs; *but it was everywhere admitted, as a fundamental maxim of religious policy, that no bishop could be imposed on an orthodox church without the consent of its members.* The emperors, as the guardians of the public peace, and as the first citizens of Rome and Constantinople, might effectually declare their wishes in the choice of a primate: but those absolute monarchs respected the freedom of ecclesiastical elections; and, while they distributed and reserved the honours of the State and army, *they allowed eighteen hundred perpetual magistrates to receive their important offices from the free suffrages of the people.*"

Milman endeavours to take away the point of this passage by a note from Planck, to the effect that, in the imperial residences, the emperors, immediately after they had taken the Christian Church under State *protection*, put the Christian bishops under State *patronage*: But this is in no wise subversive of the truth with regard to the first three centuries; nor does it affect the practice of the Church in remote provincial dioceses, where, the same Planck assures us that, so late

as the sixth century, the people asserted their right of electing bishops. Gibbon, indeed, was too much of a philosopher not to see that secular patronage was a thing as inconsistent with the idea of Christianity as with the practice of the primitive Church. Church and State, according to the genuine Christian philosophy, might enter into many contracts and special arrangements with one another; but still they remained essentially distinct and independent; of all Erastianism incapable, without instant destruction. So he says, admirably, in another passage of the same book—

"The Christians had been obliged to elect their own magistrates, to raise and distribute a peculiar revenue, and to regulate the internal policy of their republic by a code of laws, which were ratified by the consent of the people, and the practice of 300 years. When Constantine embraced the faith of the cross, he seemed to contract a perpetual alliance with a *distinct and independent society;* and the privileges granted or confirmed by that emperor, or by his successors, were accepted, not as the precarious favours of the court, but as the *just and inalienable rights of the ecclesiastical order.*"

This language might well be adopted by Dunlop, Chalmers, Candlish, and others, who are, at present, so manfully defending the spiritual independence of the Church; for, though an established church is too generally hampered and clogged in many ugly ways, (besides that it hampers and clogs other people,) yet, that any Christian Church may properly be styled a mere *creature of the State*, (except the monstrous Church-making of King Henry VIII.,) is a mere lawyer's idea, and ought to have no wider circulation than the walls of the Parliament House.

If any one now says, that all that we have hitherto adduced is irrelevant to the modern question of lay-patronage, because the practice of the Christian Church voluntary can be no law to the Christian Church established; we ask that person what sort of a law shall we consider that to be which is at variance, not only with the allowed practice, but with the expressed principle of the Church, in the purest and most glorious age? If patronage be an essential part of an establishment, then, without going into any further argument, establishments must drop. The Church, which is the Israel of God, dare not act Esau, and sell her freedom and independence for a mess of pottage. Ebenezer Erskine saw this a century ago, like a seer, and acted upon his knowledge like a hero. The present Veto-men, if they are consistent, ought to canonize him, and place his bust above the Commissioner's head in the General Assembly.

But what shall we say to the English Apostolicals? If the ante-Nicene fathers be infallible guides in such sacerdotal fooleries as Episcopal ordination, baptismal regeneration, and the like, why shall not these persons dictate our practice in the matter of *popular election*? Froude was a philosopher here. "The mode of appointing the bishops," says he, (i. 370), "is the real seat of the disorder of the Church. The more I think of it, the more sure I am that, unless something be done about it, there must be a separation in the Church before long, and I shall be one of the separatists." Froude had but one idea; but he had worked out that idea into a marvellous and poetical consistency, of which your sensible men have no conception. He was no Romanist; he could not swallow the Council of Trent at a gulp, with all that went before and all that might come after it: but he lived in the monastico-sacerdotal Christianity of the middle ages; and he saw plainly that an APOSTOLICAL Church, whose highest office-bearers are elected by secular influence, in this country by a political party, (who may be WHIGS,) was a contradiction in terms. If the Whigs had not come into office, however, it is questionable if the poor lad would ever have seen so clearly on this point.

Let us now ask what immediate effect had the establishment of Christianity, by Constantine, on the freedom of the Christian people? Two new things came into the Church; endowments and lay-patronage; and with these the *secular* metamorphosis of the Christian Church began. The endowment, however, worked admirably, not only in secularizing the minds of the clergy, but in rendering them altogether independent of the people in the last and most necessary ties that had bound them. The isolation of the priests, as a separate order, became now complete. But the clergy paid a high price for this independence. At the outset of their alliance with the State, there was no Pope to lead them; and the consequence was, that, having loosened themselves from the bonds of living connexion with the people, they came immediately under the power of the prince; for there was no other power in those days—and the prince was supreme. Two things happened. The kings of the earth assumed the right, first, of confirming the election of bishops, and, by degrees, of taking that election into their own hands. This seemed, indeed, but a fair equivalent for the protection which the early emperors afforded the Church against its persecutors. Again, Christianity now knew, for the first time, what it was to become a *fashionable* or *Court* religion; the doctrines of fishermen were believed by Aulic councillors; and the gospel of the poor found every Graf and Heerzog in the Holy Roman Empire willing to signalize himself by munificence to the clergy, and promoting schemes of church-extension; and not merely *fashion*, but real piety and warm devotion, were at the bottom of these things. Church and State worked amicably together, and almost seemed identified; innumerable churches were built at the private cost of pious landholders; and when the builder claimed the right of presenting a priest to his own church, he only seemed to be claiming his own. The original patron, or pious lord of a manor, founding a church and endowing a priest on his own territory, never could appear as a usurper of church rights; he was himself a part

of the church general, and, at the same time, the most active and influential member of that congregation whose priest he nominated. So far from viewing him with suspicion, both priest and people had every reason to look with gratitude, reverence, and pleasant acquiescence on the doings of patrons. But gratitude is apt to forget itself. The heir was the same person in law with the defunct; but he might be, and often was, a very different person in reality. So soon as the right of the original patron passed into the hands of an ungodly successor, the whole relation of patronage was changed; the blessing became a curse; and the Church of Christ found, but found too late, that a man who submits to be patronised one moment, may, by the same right, be persecuted the next. Induction into the holy office of the ministry now became a matter of vulgar merchandise; and the cure of souls was familiarly and most appropriately denominated a *living*. But the spirit of the clergy was too high in the middle ages to tolerate such appalling Erastianism as the counsels of the moderate party made dominant through the Church of Scotland in later times. Private patronages, when once constituted, were allowed to remain, (for the law could recognise no spiritual equities;) but a bold stand was made against imperial usurpation; and whereas there were only two luminaries in the public heaven of those times, the Pope and the Emperor, Gregory VII. made it out successfully that the Pope should be the Sun, and the Emperor only the Moon. There can be no question that Hildebrand was right in this matter. Nicholas II., under his direction, held a council at Rome, (anno 1058,) wherein he declared that the accustomed confirmation of the papal election by the Emperor, should not be held necessary to a legal election; and that, henceforward, the head of the Church should be elected by a conclave of the prime dignitaries of the Church, the College of Cardinals; and that election be held just and legitimate in itself, without imperial interference. The same high principle of ecclesiastical independence was asserted by Hildebrand, when he came to the Popedom, against Henry IV. The collision between Church and State, in the matter of investiture by ring and crosier, and the barefooted and bareheaded penance of the German Emperor, before the wintry walls of the Tuscan palace, are known to all readers of history. In England, "that obstinate and arrogant prelate," (as Blackstone will have it,) Archbishop Anselm carried out the spiritual theory of church election, against Henry I.; and the Church was triumphant again, till, as the same Blackstone says, King Henry VIII. restored the ancient right of nomination to the Crown. But this *ancient* right was, as we have shewn, a mere usurpation. The "*jus regium*" never could extend to spiritual matters by any other law but by the law of robbery. Our Protestant writers, indeed, are accustomed to declaim against Hildebrand, (whom they pun into Hell-brand,) and to laud the doings of Henry VIII. as a great Church Reformer. But this is mere party prejudice. Pope Gregory, in the matter of investitures, acted consistently with the theory and with the early practice of the Church. Our modern Presbyterian Veto-men act exactly upon the same principle, and that principle is INDEPENDENCE. The only difference is, that Dr Chalmers claims independence for the Church—that is, the people; while Gregory claimed that independence for the Church—that is, the clergy. But the difference is merely the difference between the eleventh century and the nineteenth; in the great and inviolable idea of *Church supremacy in Church matters*, Dr Chalmers and Pope Gregory are at one. There is nothing unchristian in the mere idea of a Pope; the Church of Christ, throughout the world, may as consistently be ruled by one Pope, as by two Archbishops in England; and so long as neither Chalmers nor Gregory pretend to lord it over things temporal, we have no quarrel with them. Unfortunately, however, Gregory did attempt also to lord it over things temporal, (whether certain Protestant Popes have not *virtually* done the same thing, we do not at present inquire;) but bating this offence, so long as the Pope's supremacy identifies itself with Church independence, we are much obliged to the Romanists for their exertions in this matter, and acknowledge them as fellow-workers in the same cause. Was it not, indeed, a noble heroism with which Father Campian, under Elizabeth, and the Carthusian monks under Henry, withstood, to the death, the new-fangled royal orthodoxy of the English Reformers? Truly, if the Church must have a head *upon earth*, the Pope was a much more likely one than the King!—and it stands a monument of indelible disgrace to English Protestantism, that so many eminent men should have died martyrs for refusing to take an oath which, to a calm philosopher, appears monstrous absurdity, and, to a pious Catholic, could not appear anything less than blasphemy. But we shall say nothing more of this; as it is not allowed a Christian virtue, in any Protestant, to praise a Papist. Only, we assert, (and that strange creature Froude, saw this also,*) that the Elizabethan Protestants, in bringing in *jus regium* into spiritual matters, were acting most inconsistently, not only with Protestantism, but with the whole spirit and idea of a Christian Church. The Papists and the Puritans both claimed *jus divinum* in ecclesiastical matters, and both consistently; so far as that claim related to Church government, we disallow both; so far as it related to Church independence, both are right. When Pope Gregory, by his party in Germany, made a new Emperor, he sent him a crown, on which was inscribed the verse—

"*Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rudolpho.*"

* "The Episcopalians did not claim *jus divinum*; indeed Queen Elizabeth and her party considered her as the origin of Ecclesiastical powers. The Puritans thought it axiomatic that there must be a Church government with *jus divinum*; and since they had been taught to despise history and tradition, looked for it in the Bible."—*Remains, I.* 325.

This was absurd enough; for Peter had no commission to give diadems; but was it less absurd in Henry to convert his palace into a manufactory for articles of faith, and turn Protestant Courts of Justice into Councils of Catholic orthodoxy? Doubtless, the absurdity of creed-making here reached its climax. Only we cannot pass this censure on our fellow Protestants without mentioning its palliation. The Pope was formidable in those days: he had a sword as well as a crosier; and, unless the Protestants were content quietly to be cut down, they must needs have some champion equally well armed to fight for them. Now there was no champion that could dispute the ground with the Pope but the Magistrate; it was, therefore, the policy of all Protestants to win over the Princes of the earth to their side; without this, indeed, they would have been utterly extirpated: and as the Pope, to his Episcopal crosier, had added the King's sword; so the Protestants, to the sword of the King, added the Bishop's crosier. Thus the adverse champions were fairly met.

But this was merely a concession, and a temporary one. The true principles of Protestantism were essentially opposed to all mongrelism of Church and State; much less could they allow the monstrous Erastianism of Henry. This important point (for the whole veto question hinges on it) will be made most clear, by a reference to the Augsburg Confession, and other public and authentic protocols of the Reformation; to which great world-revolution (as the Germans say) the course of inquiry now leads us.

The Augsburg Confession was composed by Philip Melancthon, and presented to the Emperor Charles V., in presence of the orders of the empire, in diet assembled, anno 1530. In the chapter "*De Potestate Ecclesiastica*," we read—"Great disputes have been in the Church concerning the power of bishops; and many evils have resulted from the confounding of Civil and Ecclesiastical jurisdiction. But ecclesiastical power concerns only eternal things, and has as little to do with political administration, as with the art of music or any other art. For the objects of political administration are altogether distinct from the objects of a Church. The magistrate defends, not minds, but bodies and corporal things, against public wrongs; and he coerces men with the sword and with corporal pain, that he may preserve civil peace and justice." This declaration was pointed principally against the usurpation of temporal power by the Bishops. Melancthon, who was a wise and a politic man, took care, on this delicate occasion, to say nothing about the other grievance of the Papal times, the usurpation of ecclesiastical power by the princes. This principle of distinct and separate jurisdiction, however, when consistently carried out, leads necessarily to the condemnation of lay-patronage, and the restitution to the Church of her ancient power of electing her own office-bearers. Accordingly, the Helvetic Confession speaks more plainly out on this subject—(C. 18, De Ministris Ecclesiae.)—"Ecclesiastical ministers should be called and elected by ecclesiastical and legitimate election; that is, let them be religiously chosen by the Church, or by persons deputed to this effect by the Church, in a just order, without crowds, seditions, or contention." This clause clearly cuts at lay-patronage; but it is so expressed as to allow of that abuse; and, indeed, it was impossible for the public confessions of any Protestant church to declare against a right which the law of every Protestant state more or less recognised. It was the wisdom, therefore, of those who framed these documents, to touch on this matter as lightly as possible, or to let it pass altogether. Our Westminster Confession says nothing more than that the Church possesses a government within herself, distinct from that of the Civil Magistrate; and nothing more could be said, so long as patronage was the recognised law of the land: but what the true sentiments were, both of the Helvetic Church, the Dutch Church, and all the sister churches that sprung from Calvin, may very easily be shewn. Calvin discourses at length on this subject, in the fourth book of the Institutions, c. iii. b. 15. His main idea seems to be, that the substantial right shall be in the people, according to the texts in the Acts of the Apostles, above quoted, while the Presbytery exercise a controlling and directing power. "Habemus ergo esse hanc ex verbo dei legitimam ministri vocationem, ubi ex populi consensu et approbatione creantur qui visi fuerint idonei: praesse autem electioni debere alios pastores, ne quid vel per levitatem, vel per mala studia, vel per tumultum a multitudine peccetur."

On the subject of lay-patronage, Beza, the second great doctor of our Church, is quite furious:—

"As for the creatures of the Pope, this I say, this I proclaim, that all their provisions, presentations, collations, signatures, bulls, &c., are so many windows, through which men rush by force into the fold of the Lord; so many coney-burrows, by which they undermine the house of God; inasmuch as neither in the Word of God, nor in any writing, Greek or Latin, of the parent Church, is any mention made of these things; which, indeed, originally Satan spewed out, that he might poison the family of the Church; and, therefore, I count it sin to talk of the *reformation* of these things, concerning which, all serious and pious men can only have but one opinion; that is, they are to be *ejected*, abolished, and altogether annihilated." (Apud VOET, Pol. Eccles. Pol. 8, lib. iii., c. iv.) From this learned Dutchman it was our original intention to have given some details of the principles and practice of the Dutch Church, two hundred years ago, in the matter of sacerdotal election; but the fear of being tedious has kept us back. We may only state shortly, that though Voet holds, with Calvin, that the Presbytery has a directing, deliberative, and judicial power in the election; he nevertheless maintains, most sturdily, that the consent of the people *bona fide* given, is to enter

as an essential element into the consideration of the Presbytery. To secure this, a *precognition* of the popular mind is ordered to be taken by the Presbytery, as an essential part of the election. And to shew how important the Dutch divine esteems popular assent; in answer to the question, whether the candidate who is preferred by the great majority of the people is to be elected solely because of this majority, he answers—*Yes!* as the general rule; but special exceptions may occur, in which a right of interposing and ejecting is left to the Presbytery. We need not add, that, with these sentiments, Voet is a decided enemy to lay-patronage, which he denounces as a thing altogether foreign to the Reformed or Calvinistic Churches, and of which Grotius and the Arminians had undertaken the hopeless advocacy. In these opinions of Calvin and Voet, we seem to find the germ of the *juste milieu* system, between absolute patronage and popular election, which Dr Muir had the credit of proposing in the General Assembly. But we warn the Christian people to beware of this scheme; for though both Calvin and Dr Muir propose it with the best intentions, and though it looks very wise and orderly upon paper, it has one great fault:—in practice it won't work. Unless the clergy were angels, indeed, they could not be intrusted with such a loose and vague equity as is here set forth. Either the people must elect positively by a "CALL," or refuse absolutely by a VETO. Their power of electing the man they like, or rejecting the man they dislike, must be absolute; otherwise the election is not in them substantially, and their power of consent little better than the Queen's consent to an act of Parliament that has passed unanimously through both Houses. For the bringing forward of positive objections to a man's temper, character, or gifts, is always invidious; and therefore, unless Dr Muir can embody in his measure some tangible guarantee that the *free consent of the People shall be the principal thing considered by the Presbytery in all inductions of presentees*, his scheme must fall to the ground. The fact of the matter is, that the vague right of Presbyterial direction and supervision in the admission of ministers, was the very thing that deprived the people of all voice in the matter. They were allowed to state *reasonable* objections; and the Presbytery judged of the rationality. What this procedure would end in, with such an ambitious thing as human nature, need not be said. By suffering this, in the first three centuries, the people played the whole election into the hands of the clergy; and by suffering this in the Scottish Church, (under the "wise and enlightened policy" of the moderate Presbyteries,) they made the right of the patron absolute. It is not to be doubted, however, that Calvin (though a stout assertor of Church power) meant something more than a mere name, when he discoursed, at length, on the "CALLING" of Christian ministers by the Christian people. The Reformers of the 16th century were too fresh from the many mockeries of Romanism, to bring out any new-fangled, decent, and solemn LIES of their own. They knew very well that the *form* of a call existed in the Romish Church, and was to be heard daily in the ordination of presbyters.* Neither Martin Luther nor John Calvin were men who, with an air of dignified solemnity, would discourse seriously of what they knew to be humbug. Accordingly, we find that John Knox and our early Scottish Reformers, fresh from the Geneva atmosphere of liberty, express themselves very strongly and pointedly on this matter of popular election. In the Second Book of Discipline, (the Book of Policy at present recognised by the Church of Scotland,) we find the following passage:—"The liberty of the election of persons callit to the Ecclesiastical functions, and observit without interruption swa lang as the Kirk was not corruptit by Antichrist, we desyre to be restorit and reteinit within this realm; swa that nane be intrudit upon ony congregation, either be the Prince or ony inferiour person, without lawfull election, and the assent of the people owir quhom the person is placit, as the practice of the Apostolical and Primitive Kirk, and gude order craves. And because *this order, whilk God's Word craves, cannot stand with Patronages and presentations to benefices, used in the Paipe's*

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* We extract the following from the Roman Pontifical, expressing our obligation for the reference to Planck:—

De Ordinatione Presbyteri.

Archi Diaconus.—Reverendisseme Pater, postulat sancta mater ecclesia Catholica ut hos præsentes Diacones ad onus Presbyteri ordinetis.

Pontifex.—Scis illos esse dignos?

Archi Diaconus.—Quantum humana fragilitas nosse sinit et scio et testificor ipsos dignos esse ad hujus oneris officia.

Pontifex.—(Addressing the clergy and people.)—Quoniam fratres charissimi rectori navis, et navigio deferendis, eadem est vel securitatis ratio vel communis timoris, par eorum debet esse sententia quorem causa communis existit. Neque enim fuit frustra a patribus institutum ut de electione illorum qui ad regimen altaris adhibendi sunt consulatur etiam POPULUS, quia de ritu et conversatione præsentandi quod nonunquam ignoratur a pluribus, sciatur a paucis; *et necesse est ut facilius ei quis obedientiam exhibeat ordinato cui assensum præbuerit ordinando.* Horum siquidem Diaconorum in Presbyteros, auxiliante Domino, ordinandorum, (quantum mihi videter,) probata et Deo placita existit, et digna, ut arbitror ecclesiastici honoris augmento. Sed ne *unum fortasse vel paucos aut decipiat assensus vel fallat affectio, sententia est expetenda* MULTORUM." Itaque quid de eorum artibus aut moribus noveritis, quid de merito sentiatis libera voce pandatis, et his testimonium sacerdotii magis pro merito quam affectione aliqua tribuatis. Si quis igitur habet aliquid contra illos, pro Deo et propter Deum, cum fiducia exeat et dicat: VERUMTAMEN MEMOR SIT CONDITIONIS SUÆ. Let him remember he is a LAYMAN! and that the whole Pontifical invitation to popular consent is RUMBUG. This is exactly the solemn farce that the old Moderates played off upon the Scottish people. They talk about the Veto being "ARBITRARY" on the part of the people: but they forget to tell us their system was also ARBITRARY on the part of the patron, and altogether NUGATORY, so far as the rights of the people were concerned.

Kirk, we desire all them that truly fear God earnestly to consider, that forswameikle as the names of Patronages and Benefices together with the effect thereof, have flowit frae the Paip and corruption of the Canon Law, only in so far as thereby ony person was intrusit or placit ower kirkis having *curam animarum*. And forswameikle as that manner of proceeding hes no warrant in the Word of God, but is contrary to the same, and to the said liberty of election, they ought not now to have place in this Licht of Reformation. And therefore, quhasumever will, embrace God's Word, and desyre the Kingdome of his Son Christ Jesus to be advancit, they will also embrace and receive that policie and order quhilk the Word of God and upright estate of his Kirk craves; otherwise it is in vaine that they have professit the samen."† This strong declaration of opinion on the part of our early Reformers was agreed upon in the General Assembly, anno 1578, and inserted in the Registers of Assembly, anno 1581. There can, therefore, be no doubt what the original historical doctrine of the Church of Scotland is with regard to lay patronage. It was considered as one of the "vaine abuses of the Paip's Kirk;" and, as such, is catalogued in the Book of Discipline, under "certain speciall heids of Reformation which we crave." The "Paip," in those days, was the incarnation of Antichrist, and had, of course, to bear the blame of all iniquity. But the real cause of patronage was, as we have shewn, the inordinate lust of the clergy after perpetual endowments. But what did the State say to all this ratiocination? Presbytery was established in the year 1592; and, by the act of Establishment, was given to the "certain speciall heids of Reformation which we crave," and to popular election, principally, the LIE DIRECT. "And ordainis all presentationes to benefices to be direct to the particular Presbyteries in all time coming; with full power to give collation thereupon; and to put order to all matters and causes ecclesiastical within their bounds, according to the discipline of the kirk; *provided the foresaid Presbyteries be bound and astricted to receive and admit whatsomever qualified minister presented be his Majesty or laick patrons.*" Thus patronage, or secular election to the great Church offices, became the law of Scotland, and remained so, till Charles I., with that foolhardiness of purpose which characterises religious Toryism, endeavouring to carry the Anglican doctrine of the King's supremacy into practical effect in Scotland, by vaulting ambition, overleaped himself; and an old woman with a stool overturned the divine right of most religious and gracious sovereigns for ever. Honour be to the staunch and true-hearted Presbyterians of those days! The civil magistrate has power to call synods, and to dismiss them; the Confession of Faith says that, and therefore we must suppose it orthodox; but synods have also power to call and to dismiss themselves; and, on this principle, the "rebellious" assembly of 1638 acted. But rebellion against usurpation is a sacred right. The King of England had usurped the right of legislating for the Church in religious matters; against this usurpation the Church of Scotland rebelled; and, by that rebellion, founded our liberties upon a rock which never can be shaken. By that "rebellious" Assembly of 1638, bishops were banished, Royal Liturgies excommunicated, and Lay Patronage interdicted. It was publicly declared to be, and to have been from the beginning, a principle of the Church of Scotland, that no person should be intruded into any Church office, contrary to the will of the people over whom he was called to preside. And so strongly had this principle been asserted, under the Commonwealth, that (notwithstanding the intervention of Charles the Second's bloody supremacy) William and Mary, at the glorious revolution, found it necessary to *abolish Lay Patronage altogether*. What they introduced instead thereof, was indeed a very different thing from pure popular election; but it was, in any view, a manifest triumph of Presbyterian independence, and a vindication of the genuine principles of popular liberty in the Church for which Calvin wrote and John Knox battled. In reference to the present state of public opinion on the subject, it will not be unimportant to quote the words of King William's act:—"Their Majesties do statute and declare that, in case of the vacancy of any particular church, and for supplying the same with a minister, the heritors of the said parish, being inhabitants, and the elders, are to name and propose the person to the whole congregation, to be either approven or disapproven by them; and, if they disapprove, that the disapprovers give in their reasons, to the effect the affair may be cognosced upon by the Presbytery of the bounds, at whose judgment and by whose determination the calling and entry of a particular minister is to be ordered and concluded." Here, if the Presbyteries exercised their legitimate power with a conscientious regard to the *bona fide* will of the people, things were certainly not a little improved; but, what an imperfect act this is, so far as popular rights are concerned, requires no eagle's eye to perceive. The absolute monarchy of the lay patron's right under the old system, is here changed into an aristocratic and clerical supremacy. For what have heritors, *qua* heritors, to do with a Christian church? A man may be an heritor, (nominally and externally a *Presbyterian* too,) and, all the while, remain as complete a practical Heathen as ever was cut down by Charlemagne. But more; these heritors might be, and many of them were, *Episcopalians*; in those times, the sworn enemies of the Presbyterian Church, and, in all times, inclined to favour monarchical and aristocratic influence, to the prejudice of the rights of the people. The secret tendency of this act was to create a prominent over-riding Episcopalian influence to control the free movements of the Presbyterian people; for the politicians of those days

† "Dunlop's Confessions," Vol. II. page 799.]

knew well that Presbytery was, and always had been, a thing essentially republican. And, it is to be lamented that (with the laudable wish, no doubt, of peace and conciliation, after such troublous times) the ministers of the Presbyterian church, in the Assemblies that followed on the Revolution, displayed a want of zeal for true Presbyterian principles, altogether inconsistent with their office, and with the necessities of the time. Latitudinarianism on principles of Church government, in the year 1840, may be only another name for charity and philosophy; but, latitudinarianism, in the year 1689, was plain indifference in things esteemed most sacred, yea, manifest treachery. Accordingly, it is impossible to approve of the conduct of the General Assembly, in 1694, in instructing their commission "to receive into ministerial communion such of the late conform ministers as, having qualified themselves according to law, shall subscribe the formula; and, that no violence might be done to their consciences by subscribing a Presbyterian formula, it was so framed that it did not require them to acknowledge that Presbyterian Church government is founded on the Word of God; but only, that the Church government, as now settled by law, is the only government of this Church."* But of vital concerns compromised and accommodated nothing could come but evil. The direct and necessary consequence of this was to fill the church with secret Episcopalians; and, we are verily persuaded that the moderate party, which ruled so long the councils of our Church Courts, had no other origin than this. Episcopalians they were, undoubtedly, if we look to the soul that animated their proceedings, and not to the mere name. They were Episcopalians in doctrine; Arminians, as the famous Marrow controversy, compared with the contemporary case of Professor Simpson, sufficiently shews. They were Episcopalians in Church government; for, however loose they might be in doctrine, they were strict and tyrannous enough in matters of discipline; and held, with the Episcopalians, that all substantial ecclesiastical power is to be exercised by the clergy mainly, as opposed to the people. They were Episcopalians in *secularity;* their sturdiness in defence of lay patronage claims clear kinship with the royal appointment of bishops in England. David Hume (who was in close friendship with many of them) called them the "Court party;" they have been also called "Herodians;" and it is certain that, having no apostolical succession to boast of, they made as much as they could of State authority and acts of Parliament. They were Episcopalians also in the zeal with which they cultivated the aristocracy, and the great desire with which they were possessed to appear "gentlemen." Their style of preaching, also, was exceedingly smooth, and polished, and decent; altogether gentlemanly, and altogether Episcopalian: but they were destitute of pith, and fire, and freedom, and earnestness; for these are qualities that, so far from being necessary to constitute a gentleman, rather seem to mar the fine nicety of his decoration, and the prim propriety of his movements. Be these characteristics, however, as they may, it is certain that the moderate party swayed the councils of the Church of Scotland almost continuously, from the Revolution down to the year 1830, when all titled things of ancient pretence were summarily cast off. The first great proof of this preponderance was given by the passing of Queen Anne's Act, in 1712, restoring patronage in its ancient hated absolutism; for, if the popular party had had any sway in the Church Councils, it is not to be imagined that the government of those days would have had strength to bring back a measure so abhorred by all true Presbyterians. But *might*, here, as on many other occasions, triumphed over *right*. Patronage was restored; and "presentation to benefices, used in the Paip's kirk," by virtue of the act of Queen Anne, is the law of the Church of Scotland, even at the present hour.

It is not to be supposed that the Tory party, who restored the ancient law of patronage, would want a plausible pretext for so doing. They declare, in the preamble, that "the practice of *calling* ministers had caused great *heats* and *divisions;*" and, to prevent those heats and divisions, everything was henceforward to be managed by the quiet despotism of the patron. The Council of Laodicea (can. 5 and 13) had taken advantage of similar circumstances to abridge the liberty of popular election. But, alas for the wisdom of Toryism! Whether in Church or State, it is a very short-sighted thing; for, even as the Pope, honestly intending, no doubt, to secure for ever the *unity* of the Church, had declared himself infallible, and thereby caused the reaction of freedom, and the innumerable *divisions* of the Reformation; so the moderate party, by excessive caution against the *petty* "divisions" incident to popular election, caused the *great* division of the Secession; in comparison of which, all the paltry squabbles of this or the other foolish congregation, are very dust in the balance. The "wise and enlightened policy" of the court party in the Church of Scotland, caused the great Secession. If that schism was a sin, the guilt of it lies at their door. This is now universally admitted and universally lamented. And what was the Secession?—Was it a small thing? Yes, even as a grain of mustard seed, when it began; but it grew up into a tree whose greatness has overshadowed the land. Is it a small thing that the rich shall belong to one Church, and the poor to another? No; rather say this is the greatest curse that can befall the religion of any country; for, if there is one place on this vain and titled earth where rich and poor may meet together, and know themselves to be brethren, that place is the Church. But the moderate party wished to have a Church of "gentlemen;" and they have had their desire. The mass of the poor people, in our towns, do

* M'Kerrow's history of the Secession Church. Introductory remarks.

not belong to the Church; have no connexion with the ministers of the Church, except in paying them compulsory stipends; and this by the fault of the Church itself, and its vain flirtation with Episcopalian dignities, and fleshly harlotry with the smiles of court favour. In the year 1712, when patronage was established, the Church should have taken a decided position. The principle of Non-Intrusion and popular election should have been declared *then*. The desertion of a few gentlemen's families from the front galleries of the parish churches, would have been a loss repaid tenfold by the sure root that the Church would immediately have taken in the affections of the whole body of the people. Then, as now, it might well be said to all who are contented to remain in the Church of Scotland only so long as patronage makes it aristocratic—"Go out from among us, and be ye separate!—we covet you not. If you love us merely because of the gilt buttons on our coat, we despise your friendship. You are Episcopalians in your hearts: to be honest Christian men is no satisfaction to you, unless you also be gentlemen. Join yourselves, therefore, to the Church of gentlemen; for it is better to be a dandy than to be a hypocrite." In such unceremonious fashion should our POPULAR Church have treated its Episcopal patrons and Episcopizing members; but Mammon was too strong in those days, and the people were too weak; and Ebenezer Erskine was, after long and laborious wrestlings with his righteous soul, obliged to leave the communion of the Church; of which, we presume, the men who are now "the prevailing party in the Church," allow that he was the worthiest member. As for ourselves, we care comparatively little about Churchmen and Dissenters, voluntary and established; it is the Church of Christ, and the liberties of the Christian people, that rule our sympathies; and, so far as the present question of popular election is concerned, we consider Dr Chalmers and Dr John Brown as equally members of the Church of Scotland. With this fraternal feeling, let us proceed to cast a glance, very hastily, at the recent doings of the Church towards her spiritual emancipation from the bondage of lay patronage.

In the year 1830, the noble example of the French set the whole world agog, much to the satisfaction of all active men, and much to the annoyance of the Tories, whose philosophy is a dead sea of eternal stagnation. Under Tory influence the Church had long been dead. After the passing of Queen Anne's Patronage Act, the people still continued to assert their ancient right of consenting to the appointment of the patron. This they did in the form of a call; a well-known document in Church style, of which the form is given below.* But it is quite plain that this invitation, on the part of the people, could have no legal effect in opposition to the patron's wish, declared on the presentation, so long as the right of patronage remained absolute and unqualified on the face of the statute-book. This was manifest to common sense. It was not, however, manifest to the strong Presbyterian feelings of the Scottish people; the high principles maintained by the genuine old Presbyterian party still existing, though in a fatal minority, in the Church. The people, therefore, and the popular Presbyterians, kept up the call; and many questions of disputed settlement, arising out of that part of the clerical induction, were brought up to the General Assembly; and sometimes, if either in the Assembly or in its standing Committee (the Commission) the popular party happened to be strong, and had a very strong case, they might be successful; at least, to appearance. But the moderate party were too determined in their principles, and too systematic in their policy, to tolerate anything like a regular or well-organized opposition to the law of patronage. Besides, they had the law on their side, and were (to give them all due praise) great masters of management. They, accordingly, continued, partly by the point of the bayonet, and partly by finessing and clever card-playing, to put down the voice of the people altogether; and reduce the call to, what we have seen it was under the papacy, a mere form. They could not kill the snake, but they starved it; and there it stood, and there it stands, as pretty a preparation as ever was seen in an anatomical museum. But, unfortunately, it tells a tale. All forms are but the shell of a substance; and every dead body you stumble on in the street, is a witness that there was once a living soul there. So the existence of the call, though as a mere form, was a daily monitor to the Evangelical party, that popular election (which the call plainly is) had once been in the Church; and the consequence was, that no sooner, by the influence of the Reform Bill enthusiasm, and a large influx of city elders, had they regained their long-lost majority in the General Assembly, than they publicly declared the principle of Non-Instrusion to be, and to have been, a sacred and irrevocable law of the Church; and, in conformity with this declaration, passed an act, (commonly called the Veto

* "We, the *heritors, elders, heads of families, and parishioners* of the parish of Auchterarder, within the bounds of the Presbytery of Auchterarder and county of Perth; taking into consideration the present destitute state of the said parish, through the want of a Gospel ministry among us, occasioned by the death of our late pastor, the Rev. Charles Stewart; being satisfied with the learning, abilities, and other good qualifications of you, Mr Robert Young, preacher of the Gospel, and having heard you preach to our satisfaction and edification; do hereby *invite and call* you, the said Robert Young, to take the charge and oversight of this parish, and to come and labour among us in the work of the Gospel ministry, hereby promising to you all due respect and encouragement in the Lord. We likewise entreat the Reverend Presbytery of Auchterarder to approve and concur with this our *most cordial call*, and to use all the proper means for making the same effectual, by your ordination and settlement among us, as soon as the steps necessary thereto will admit. In witness whereof, we subscribe these presents, at the Church of Auchterarder, on the second day of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-four years. [Heritors and Elders.] For the Earl of Kinnoul, patron, Jas. Lorimer. [Heads of families, parishioners.] Michael Tod, Peter Clerk."—*Call in the Auchterarder Case*, Dunlop's Pamphlet, pp. 148, 9.

Act, 1834,) making the call a thing substantial, and giving to the male heads of families, in full communion with the Church, an absolute veto on the presentation of the patron. Now this was not only a very decided and bold act, in assertion of High Church principles, but it was also very cautious and very cunning, and meant to be so. The Church was led by lawyers, and great lawyers, in this matter; and she also conferred with the officers of the Whig government then in power, and received their nod of approbation. But, nevertheless, as the event has shewn, the Church was led into a bog; for the lawyers who led them were strong party men in the Church; and the law officers who gave the nod had no power beyond hopes, uncertain hopes and promises. And, accordingly, when the Veto Act came into operation, and questions of disputed settlement arose out of it, it was found, first in the Court of Session, and then in the House of Lords, that the same was altogether illegal; and that the Christian people of Scotland, so long as the Patronage Act remained unrepealed, had no voice whatever (except always by bringing forward tangible objections of notorious and gross faults) in the election of Christian ministers. Lord Brougham and the Lord Chancellor were unanimous in the decision of this matter; and they both said that they had seldom come to the decision of a more simple and easy case. The advocates of the Veto Act pretend to say that the English judges, by so speaking, only shewed their conceit, and their utter ignorance of the Church law of Scotland. But this is an old and foolish objection to the House of Lords as a House of Appeal for Scotch cases; and, at all events, if the English judges lost anything in knowledge, by never having been members of the General Assembly, they certainly gained as much in respect of impartiality. The patronage question, indeed, is, like many others, one which the talk of lawyers can only serve for a season to confound; its merits, *after* long legal discussion, are plain, as *before*, to every unprejudiced mind. The framers of the Second Book of Discipline, (as we have seen above,) saw clearly, and expressed themselves plainly, that the "assent of the people, and order which God's word craves, cannot stand with lay patronage and presentation to benefices." The Auchterarder Case had not arisen then, and no learned pamphlets had been written to confound their simple perception of right and wrong. An unconditional right in me to elect a person, out of a certain number of persons qualified in a certain known way, is altogether inconsistent with an unconditional right in you to reject that person. You may have a right, doubtless, to make certain special objections as to the *qualifications which, by public law, are known to be necessary in the person elected;* but to call your own absolute and arbitrary will a qualification, is the grossest sophistry. There can be no question, therefore, in the mind of any reasonable man, that the law of patronage, in reference to the Auchterarder Case, was rightly decided by the House of Lords. Even supposing there had been any doubt originally as to whether Queen Anne's Act absolutely abolished the right of "call," or popular consent; was it not most portentous in the General Assembly, after giving the act its fair construction for more than a hundred years, and insisting most peremptorily on that construction being carried out, to turn round now and attempt to give a different construction, quibbling away the *bona fide* meaning of the statute, and giving their own proceedings, in the face of men, the lie direct? It is perfectly true that popular calls were reduced to a mere formality by the MODERATE PARTY; but then it can never be forgotten that the moderate party were acting, not only in consistency with their own principles, but with the known law of the land, in its plain and honest meaning. Moreover, the moderate party was THE CHURCH; patrons could take their construction of the law of presentations from no better authority than the Church; and by the actings of the Church, where third parties are concerned, the Church, as much as any other public body, is bound. We cannot, therefore, imagine that the Church acted wisely, we scarcely think she acted honourably, at least not very heroically, in passing the Veto Act; but letting this pass as a doubtful point on which the law of Christian charity calls on us to pronounce the mildest judgment, we think the conduct of the Church, in openly resisting the law of the land, now publicly declared, a matter altogether preposterous, and altogether unjustifiable.

How ought the Assembly to have proceeded, after the Veto Act had been declared illegal? Three ways were open. They might rescind the act, and proceed upon the old plan. This was the plain, manly, and consistent course to pursue: but it implied a public "*peccavi;*" and this is a word which it is contrary to the etiquette of public men and public bodies to pronounce. Therefore the General Assembly would not say *peccavi*. Or, secondly, the General Assembly might throw up the alliance between Church and State, and declare themselves voluntary. This was also a plain, manly, and consistent course; and, in fact, with respect to each individual parish, where the legal presentee being veto'd, stands upon his presentation, the Church has declared itself voluntary. Or, thirdly, the General Assembly might split the sentence of the Civil Courts in two—temporality and spirituality; and leaving the temporality to the State, offer "passive resistance" to any decree attempting to coerce the spirituality. This is a very plausible plan; and, in the necessity of the case, seemed imperiously to recommend itself to the Church. It is the plan which the Church has adopted, and on which they are now consistently and manfully acting: it is a plan which has been ably defended by Mr Alexander Dunlop, advocate, in a pamphlet which places him at the head of the Church lawyers of the day. But, looking at the matter impartially and philosophically, (as we have all along endeavoured to do,) we cannot help expressing serious doubts

as to the propriety of this conduct. That passive resistance is lawful, and, in some cases, a sacred duty, it is impossible for any person who holds the supremacy of RIGHT above LAW, to deny; but have we a case for passive resistance here? Resistance of any kind to the law of the land is only lawful in cases of gross iniquity and manifest oppression; and in cases where the party complaining has nothing like compensation or benefit for the evil he endures; where it is all burden on the one side, and all privilege on the other: in cases also wherein a man is commanded to do a thing, either actually contrary to the plain laws of right and wrong, or what he may reasonably feel as grievous to his conscience. Now, the Church of Scotland, so far as we can see, stands in none of these positions; for, if the Church of Scotland has been oppressed, she has oppressed herself. The law of the land, as now declared, is what she, a century ago, and, *by the continuous actings of a hundred years, declared to be her law;* and, by this declaration, drove Ebenezer Erskine out of the Church. Moreover, she has a manifest compensation for any privilege she may have surrendered. For patronage she has endowment. As for conscience, the pretence is ridiculous. The Church made a contract with the State, which she is bound to fulfil: she submitted herself to certain laws, which, as declared in the Supreme Courts, she is bound to obey. If she has a conscience, (and Mr Gladstone may say whether she ought not to have one as well as the State,) let her shew it here, in acting consistently with her solemn obligations. So long as the law of the land *is* the law of the land, and you yourself derive manifest and great advantage from that law, and have, moreover, homologated that law by a long course of serious and deliberate actings, OBEY IT. There is but one course: so long as you are an Established Church, act as an Established Church; and do not covertly smuggle in Voluntaryism, unless indeed you wish (realizing in the spirit, a phrase of Lord Gillies') to prove that the Church is as selfish as any vulgar "corporation," and that saints are only sinners in a sanctified direction.

In answering the question, What ought the Church to *have* done, we have also answered the question, What ought the Church to *do*. Obey the law, and petition Parliament for the abolition of patronage; or, at least, (as an instalment,) for the confirmation of the Veto Act. As to the first part of the present duty, though what the world calls consistency may be a very pretty thing in secular men, and consorts well with the inclinations of the Old Adam; yet, for spiritual men, it may be a better rule, that the sinner who repents, even at the eleventh hour, is accepted. As to the second item, the petitioning of Parliament; though prospects may be sad at present, yet the parable of the importunate widow is nowhere more applicable than here. Did not O'Connell, by agitation, annihilate ten bishoprics in Ireland? (which made the Oxford Pusey gentlemen become semi-Voluntaries;) and shall the Church of Scotland, with that mass of popular sympathy which this question will command, not be able to coerce the landed legislators of Britain into a concession, great indeed, but not so great as the Catholic Emancipation Act? We have not the slightest doubt that the Church of Scotland will carry her point, provided she act openly and honourably. And let her act boldly too, and not attempt to stand against the law by quirks and evasions, more worthy of lawyers than of Christian ministers. "Make us a free Church and a popular Church, or take back your paltry pensions: we disdain to soil our fingers with polluted gold!" Such a DEMAND should the Church make of the State; and, in this straightforward, manly attitude, the Non-Intrusion principle would plant itself strong in public opinion, like the spear of Pallas, "huge, heavy, massive, and pointed with sharp steel." Let the Church consider further, that it is utter vanity and a lie, for any Presbyterian Church, being (as all Presbyterian churches are) essentially REPUBLICAN, to lean upon the TORIES. The conduct of the titled boy Ramsay at the Assembly may shew her what she has to expect from that quarter. The Church of Scotland, we repeat, is and was, both historically and in principle, a POPULAR CHURCH. She never can enter into a consistent alliance with Toryism in any shape. The secular Avatar of Christianity has been amply developed in the English Church; a considerable party in that Church (the Puseyites) have recently attempted, and with no small public approbation, to revive the monastico-sacerdotal Christianity of the middle ages. These things are all very well in the Protean drama of things that ARE; our vocation is nobler—to struggle for what OUGHT to be: a Church truly popular and truly congregational, according to the undoubted practice of primitive Christianity. Not that church-officers and church-government are to be thrown away. Μη γενοιτο!—*"Let all things be done decently and in order."* Only, from secularizing or sacerdotalizing influence must Christianity be purged at all risks. Let the Church of Scotland, therefore, beware how she identifies herself with the selfish interests of a sister Church, whose manifold abuses have rendered the name of Church odious among a great majority of thinking men in this country. Above all things, let us, as Scottish Churchmen, beware how we extend our sympathies to that "winged dog in crimson food delighting," the Irish Church. Let us at least have so much practical Christianity as not to call that hierarchical absolutism *right* in respect of Ireland, which we protested, with the sword, to be *wrong* when applied to ourselves. Let us be tolerant and kindly to Episcopalians in Scotland; let us frequent their chapels; aid their Christian charities with our contributions; take a lesson from them in learning, in sobriety, and in what may be called the calm Wordsworthian poetry of a cheerful devotion: but never, never let us sanction, by one word of even tacit assent, the open iniquity of the Irish Church, that plague spot of Christianity in these isles; that mockery of Protestantism, whose mere existence

furnishes the Papists with more solid arguments than the logic or the "sword" of a thousand M'Neiles can refute. Again, we repeat, we have a peculiar vocation from Heaven to be a free, and a popular, and also a *united* Church; for there is no reason why the present quarrel between Voluntaries and Establishment men should be irreconcilable; or if that quarrel be indeed a wound not to be healed, then let us be united in soul at least, if not in the outward body of a Church. St Paul had no thought either of a Pope or of an Establishment when he preached Christian unity to the Ephesians. There will not be much mention of Churchman or Dissenter in the Day of Judgment. But of two things there will be mention; PURITY and LOVE: Purity, in freedom from Church-secularization, which is LAY-PATRONAGE and MAMMON; Love, in freedom from sectarian bigotry and sacerdotal despotism, which is the DEVIL.

Note.—The contributor of the above article is a very liberal Churchman. Admiring his abilities, love of truth, and independence, we must, however, state, that in his expression of regard for the State Religion of Scotland, we by no means concur. We are Voluntaries, and opposed to all connexion between the Church and the State.—*E. T. M.*

BURNS AND HIS COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SCOTSMEN, IN SHEFFIELD,

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THY men of men shall we forget,
Old Scotland? No. Where'er we be,
All lonely, or in exile met,
We think of them and thee.

Mother of Knox! hast thou a charm
That gives to all, thy name who bear,
Thoughts which unnerve the despot's arm,
And will to do and dare?

Thou bad'st him build, on tyrant's bones,
An altar to the Lord of Lords;
Thou gav'st him power to shatter thrones,
And vanquish kings with words.

Stern mother of the deathless dead!
Where stands a Scot, a freeman stands;
Self-stay'd, if poor—self-cloth'd—self-fed—
Mind-mighty, in all lands.

No mitred pleader need thy sons,
To save the wretch whom mercy spurns;
No classic lore thy little ones,
Who find a bard in Burns.

Their path, though dark, they may not miss;
Secure they tread on danger's brink;
They say "This shall be!" and it is;
For, ere they act, they think.

Mother of Burns! thy wo-nurs'd bard
Not always wisely thought or said;
But spare his errors! for 'tis hard
To blame the voiceless dead.

Mother! *thy* voice, love-toned, hath power
The heart with passion's thrill to move;
But none could sing, in hall or bower,
Like him, thy Bard, of Love.

Who dipp'd his words in lightning? Who
With thunder armed his stormy rhyme?
Who made his music tender, true,
Terse, terrible, sublime?

Who bade thy bard, in thrall, maintain
A freeman's port, where'er he trod?
Who taught the peasant to disdain
Proud fashion's minstrels?—God.

Who gave the child of toil a lyre,
With living sunbeams wildly strung?
And taught his soul of living fire,
Truth's universal tongue?

God!—But with torture faction fill'd
The cup he drain'd in gloomy pride.
What marvel, if the poison kill'd?
What marvel, if he died?

Few were his days, his fortunes foul;
Bravely he struggled, though not long;
And, with a poet's glowing soul,
Drew near to God in song;

For Conscience to thy poet said,
"Burns! be a martyr!" "For the truth,
I will!" he cried—and bow'd his head,
And died, gray-hair'd in youth.

With little men he might not stay,
But hasted from a world unkind.
Oh, guess the worth he threw away,
By what he left behind!

And what a wreath our Burns had worn,
Amid that world's immortal tears,
Had his strong mind, like Milton's, borne
The fruit of sixty years!

But, shall it of our sires be told,
That they their brother poor forsook?
No! for they gave him more than gold;
THEY READ THE BRAVE MAN'S BOOK.

Scotland! thy sons—and not unearn'd
This hour of pleasing tears returns—
Are met to mourn thy trampled, spurn'd,
Poor, broken-hearted Burns.

And oft again the kind, the brave,
Who Sorrow's feast, like him, have shar'd,
Will meet, to honour in his grave
Thy glorious rustic Bard.

O spare his frailties!—write them not
On mute Misfortune's coffin-lid!—
E'en Bacon err'd, and greater, Scott,
Not always greatly did.

A fearful gift is flame from heav'n,
To him who bears it in his breast:
Self-fir'd and blasted, but forgiv'n,
Let Robert's ashes rest.*

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* Not to flatter, certainly not to blame, did I write these lines; but to offer for imitation the best virtues of Scotsmen—their industry, economy, forethought, and brotherly affection. "I charge ye that ye love one another."

THE STORY OF ANGO;

THE MERCHANT PRINCE OF DIEPPE.

BY MRS GORE.

PART I.

Normandy may be numbered among the countries which have sent forth their people to conquer and colonize, leaving the fatherland to degenerate into insignificance. The magnificence of its ruined castles and venerable cathedrals, attests the ancient importance of the Duchy; and there are episodes of its history, during the middle ages, tinctured with the wildest characteristics of romance.

The power and glory of the maritime republics of Italy, as recorded by historians, would probably appear fabulous, but for the survival of those marble palaces whose mildewed galleries and echoing halls attract the wanderings of the traveller to the Lagunes of Venice, or the Bay of Genoa. The romantic history of the Foscari and the Dorias, is more authentically writ in marble than in historical annals; and even the memory of Venetian Doges, personally insignificant, is embalmed in the choicest sanctuary of poetry and art. But what remains in the paltry unaspiring little town of Dieppe to inspire belief in the legend that, while Wolsey was immortalizing himself in England, as the founder of colleges and patron of Holbein, a simple burgess of a poor fishing-town of Normandy not only raised himself to princely opulence by the boldness of his commercial speculations, but had the courage to make war, single-handed, upon the King of Portugal, and the refinement to procure artists from Italy for the adornment of his villa upon the rugged Norman coast? Such, however, were the feats of John Ango; who, in the year 1530, had brought the port of Dieppe into a condition rivalling that of the maritime republics, and his name into competition with the names of Doges and Kings.

Ango was born a native of the little borough so largely indebted to his munificence. The only son of a rich shipowner, who had raised himself, by industry, from the humble condition of a mariner of the Pollet; young Ango was despatched by his father, at an early age, on various expeditions, likely to rouse, in an enterprising mind, the spirit of maritime adventure. It was the golden age of discovery. Every sovereign in Europe, and many independent states, were arming vessels, with a view of enlarging their possessions, at the expense of the "dusky men of Ind" instead of their European neighbours; and Ango, while pursuing his father's mercenary speculations of traffic, became inspired with ardour to emulate the feats of Cabot or Columbus. From the middle of the fourteenth century—full sixty years before the commencement of the enterprises of Portugal—the port of Dieppe, in conjunction with the city of Rouen, had engaged in voyages of discovery and speculation on the Guinea coast. By them was the name of Cap Vert first bestowed upon the woody headland, afterwards distinguished by the Portuguese as Cape Verd; while the first European settlemen formed in Africa, was named Petit Dieppe, by the French discoverers, from a supposed resemblance to the position of their native town. In 1402, Bethancourt, a Norman gentleman, conquered and proclaimed himself sovereign of the Canary Islands; and, in the East, the discovery of Sumatra was, about the same time, effected by Parmentien, a Dieppois captain, whose journals are still extant. But although discoveries and conquests may be effected by the enterprise of individuals, the resources of a sovereign state are indispensable to keep up the colonial establishments necessary to their preservation. The Dieppois adventurers, attacked by the armaments of the King of Portugal, were soon compelled to resign their Oriental conquests, and content themselves with bringing home, from the Guinea coast, cargoes of gold dust, pepper, and, above all, of elephants' teeth, which they were soon instructed to turn to such good account in carving and sculpture; their hereditary proficiency in which elegant art still constitutes one of the chief resources of the town. There are carvings in ivory in existence, of the choicest beauty, known to have been produced by the Dieppois, in the reign of Francis I.; and their fine Gothic church of St Jacques still possesses a curious bas-relief of considerable length, bearing the date 1530, and composed of the figures of Indians, Asiatic and American; of negroes, and the natives of Madagascar; surrounded with characteristic attributes and the chief productions of their several countries; a relic which suffices to prove that the Dieppois were not only familiar with the aspect of the newly discovered countries, but that they possessed sculptors capable of perpetuating their configuration.

Thirty years previous to the erection of this curious trophy, the father of John Ango was the first to arm vessels for the formation of an establishment on the coast of Newfoundland. But, though baffled in his intentions of maintaining a permanent colony, he continued to despatch an annual fleet to the northern coasts; and, enriched by the monopoly of the cod fishery, soon attained such opulence as inspired the mind of his son with still higher ambitions. It was not enough that, from the windows of his father's rude mansion on the port of Dieppe, John Ango beheld his vessels ranged in order, with hundreds of mariners wearing on their sleeves the initials of his father, engaged in unlading the precious commodities collected from different quarters of the world. On a recent expedition to the Levant, John Ango had been forced by stress of weather

into an Italian port; and, profiting by the occasion, had visited, during the refitting of his dismasted vessel, the cities of Rome and Naples. The aspect of so much splendour, so much refinement, produced in a powerful mind, wholly uncultivated, a degree of excitement almost alarming. Dazzled, intoxicated, bewildered, John Ango lost sight of all but his personal gratification; and having surrendered the command of his father's merchant ship to a mate, his elder in years and experience, and possessed of old Ango's confidence, he suffered the *Royal Charles* to proceed on its voyage. The spell-bound youth resolved to live and die among the enchantments of Naples. To devote the high faculties he was conscious of possessing to the pursuit of serious study, was an effort beyond the philosophy of one-and-twenty. After passing his boyhood in traffic with the natives of Madagascar, Malacca, and Labrador, to be suddenly familiarized with the fine forms of Italy, the glories of ancient sculpture, and the awakening beauties of a new era of triumph for the arts, was as the effect of enchantment. His life was now passed in frequenting the studios of those great painters whose names are familiar in the mouths of men as those of the greatest statesmen or conquerors, and in visiting the gorgeous fanes risen and rising under the auspices of the accomplished princes of Italy. He beheld Florence, resplendent under the sceptre of Rex Medici; Milan, Genoa, Venice, Rome; and his young heart thrilled with luxurious delight at beholding surpassed the illusions of his boyish dreams.

Ango's first impulse, however, was that of grief and mortification, at knowing his destinies to be fixed in an inclement northern climate, in an impoverished province, among rude uncultivated men, destined to war with nature for their daily bread, to traverse trackless seas, and dispute with savages for the produce of more prolific countries. His next reflection was of higher inspiration. He might become the father of his country, the Cosmo de Medicis of Dieppe. By the accumulation of still greater wealth, in addition to the fortunes of his father, he might acquire the power of transporting to his northern home the arts and elegance of Italy.

It was an epoch of universal improvement. Charles V., Henry VIII., Francis I., were effecting for their several kingdoms, all that royal patronage *can* effect for the advancement of learning and civilization; and Ango, who, with deep pity for the rudeness of his countrymen, had the utmost faith in their capacity, doubted not that his exertions for the improvement of his native town would be crowned with success, if not in his own time, at least in that of a succeeding generation. Indignant rather than mortified at his ignorance, he determined to become the patron of the revival of letters and the arts in the Duchy of Normandy; the rival of his sovereign prince; nay, perhaps, himself an ennobled and dangerous subject. At present, he was but Ango the mariner, an individual disqualified to figure in the Courts of Kings. He would make himself heard of as an influencer of the destinies of mankind. He would command rather than solicit preferment. Such were the anticipations which, after the lapse of fourteen months, determined him to submit to his father's decree, that he should either embark instantly at Leghorn, in a brig armed expressly for the purpose of bringing back the prodigal son, or forfeit all expectation of sharing with his sister Genevieve the fortunes of his family. Prepared for the parental reprobation he should have to encounter on landing at Dieppe, Ango summoned his patience to listen with becoming humility to the invectives of the coarse old seaman, his father, and the tedious homilies of a mother who retained the costume, habits, and language of a Poltaise; a tribe exhibiting, within bow-shot of the town of Dieppe, a peculiar dialect, dress, and mode of existence, attesting the truth of the legend, that the inhabitants of the Pollet are colonists from some Mediterranean port.

On arriving at home, however, the anticipations of the young truant were agreeably disappointed. He found, indeed, the same rude fare, the same bare walls, brick floor, and naked rafters; the pride of the rich shipowner being invested rather in the greatness of his argosies, than in the effeminacies of luxurious life. But he found no harshness—he met with no reproaches. Long absence pleaded powerfully in his favour. The simple-hearted mother, who wept upon his neck, had feared never again to behold her only son; and it was impossible even for the iron-nerved old mariner to refrain from a tear of joy, when he looked upon the comely youth who had brought from more civilized cities a bearing and address, such as had never been seen in Dieppe, since Robert the Norman held his Court in the Castle of Arques.

There was one member of the family, meanwhile, who regarded the graces of the new comer with a less favourable eye. Genevieve Ango, unlettered as her mother, and strong-hearted as her father, was disposed to treat with contempt the new-fangled habits of life, of which even her intelligent brother's description could scarcely enable her to form a correct idea. With the prejudice of ignorance, Genevieve was a staunch opponent of all innovation. "Let us live as our fathers lived," was the proverbial saying of one who saw not that the labours of the father are intended to improve the condition of the child. Ignorant of all beyond the walls of her native place, Genevieve was unable to estimate by their results the advantages of education and refinement. She knew only that the forefathers of her parents had lived and died virtuous and respected, in the fear of God and veneration of the king, without greater knowledge of men or things than was to be gathered on the shores of the harbour, by the exercise of their eyes and ears. A more extended education she conceived to belong exclusively to the priesthood, to enable them the better to expound to their flock the mysteries of their salvation. The tales unfolded by her brother of the mer-

chant princes of Italy, with their marble palaces, their galleries of profane pictures and statues, and orchestras of profane music, Genevieve regarded with contempt. The chorus of Poltaise fishermen, on summer afternoons, comprised her notions of harmony; and as to carving and picture-making, to apply such luxurious arts to aught save the adornment of the altars of God and his saints, appeared to the simple-minded Dieppoise, flat blasphemy. At length, finding that his mother sat crossing herself, and that his sister listened with a contemptuous smile to his narratives of the wonders of Italy, he refrained from all further allusion to a theme so little suited to their apprehensions, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the furtherance of his father's commercial speculations. *There* lay his hopes of wealth, of aggrandisement, of happiness.

Old Ango, however, was not the man to listen to the suggestions of a stripling. Unskilled to appreciate the high intelligence of his son, the gray-headed Dieppois made it a point of religion to adopt none of the improvements suggested by the travels of his son. Just as his wife and daughter preferred listening to the wondrous tales of savage men, "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," brought back by Ango's captains from Mozambique, or the Spice Islands, to all the descriptions of the Vatican, hazarded by their travelled kinsmen, the old adventurer chose to adhere to the simple science of hydrography cultivated by the Norman sailors, rather than emerge into the novel principles imbibed by his son in the nautical schools of Genoa or Venice. With the old ways he had prospered; by them his vessels had been enabled to confront the tornados and typhoons of tropical climates. His crews had evaded those floating mountains of ice, still as apocryphal to the conceptions of the greater part of Europe, as modern tales of the sea-serpent or kraken. He cared nothing to learn the processes of the dockyards of the Doges. The main point was to see his cargoes of codfish encumbering the marketplace, and to find his rich bales of spices embalming the warehouses on the Pollet.

Reluctantly, John Ango ceded to the dominion of parental authority. The good man, his father, waxed old. It was needless to fret his soul by opposition. The time would come when he should be at liberty to pursue, on a more extended and enlightened scale, the system which had rendered the name of Ango familiar in the ears of the merchants of the Eastern, and the adventurers of the Western, hemispheres.

A stormy point, meanwhile, remained to be discussed between the father and son. It was the earnest desire of old Ango to behold the heir of his wealth wedded to the only child of one of the richest landowners in the neighbourhood of Dieppe; nor did the disgust manifested by the accomplished traveller at the coarseness of mind and manners exhibited by the buxom Norman heiress, induce him to relinquish his purpose. Already the family quarrel ran high; and Genevieve, to whom her brother had confided that a love engagement in Italy rendered impossible the alliance projected by his family, made it a matter of conscience to apprise her brother that, in case of his persisting in his refusal, their father was likely to concentrate his riches in a single bequest to herself. Even this menace availed not. John Ango felt, that, with the helpmate provided for him, even his ambitious projects would lose their charm; and he was on the point of breaking into open rebellion, when a fall in his own dockyard accelerated the end of the infirm old man. The elder Ango was conveyed to his eternal rest in the church of St Jacques; and the younger commenced a public career, which was to afford his name a permanent inscription in the annals of his native country.

The first anxiety of his sister arose from alarm lest her positive and somewhat arrogant brother might be tempted to visit upon the aged widow the part she had taken in promoting, by menaces and severity, a marriage distasteful to her son. She feared that the young man, on whom had devolved, according to the usance of the country, the entire inheritance of an intestate father, might be moved to eject from his new home the venerable woman whose habits and opinions were so little in accordance with his own. Her brother differed so totally from herself in views and principles, that Genevieve could deduce no inference from the tone of her own feelings, and knew not to what extent his resentment might be carried. But that she feared he might suppose her solicitous for her own destinies, she would have hastened to implore him not to infringe the imperative duties of filial respect.

There was, however, nothing to fear. John Ango not only requested his mother to remain mistress of the establishment over which she had so long presided, but made an immediate deed of gift, conveying his ancestral house to his sister, on the demise of their surviving parent, signifying his intention of erecting for himself a mansion in better accordance with the state of their altered fortune; and in a short period after his father's decease, not only were a dozen vessels of superior construction in progress in his dockyard, but the foundations were already laid of that princely habitation which, till the bombardment of Dieppe, drew strangers from all countries, to admire the rich carving and emblazonments of the "House of Ango."

To the surprise of his fellow-townsmen, who already looked to him for support in all their public enterprises, Ango, instead of remaining on the spot to watch the progress of his property, was ever journeying to Rouen, to Caen, and even to Paris, for the prosecution of new commercial speculations. Not satisfied with arming his privateers, and despatching his ships to every port of Europe or Asia, he continued to recommend himself to the favour of the Archbishop of Rouen, the celebrated Cardinal d'Amboise; and obtained, through his recommendation at Court, the monopoly of salt and grain, the comptrollorship of the harbour of Dieppe, and other privileges of vast importance. He next undertook the re-

ceivership of the revenues of the Duchy of Longueville, and farmed the Abbey lands of Fescamp and St ————, as well as those of various secular signiories of the Caux district. The prodigious command of money thus secured to him, placed all the markets of the neighbourhood in his hands: every day the population of Dieppe began to feel itself more and more dependent on the good offices of Ango.

Unchanged in the courtesy of his deportment towards those who sought his protection, the young adventurer had already won golden opinions from his early associates. They admired his intelligence and energy, and took pride in his pretensions. It was but his sister Genevieve who trembled for the results of his audacity; not only as influencing his fortunes, but his character.

"Ango is growing too proud, and it is written that pride shall have a fall," argued the Polletaise maiden. "What better is my brother than the mother who bore him, that he must needs have a dwellinghouse carved with dainty devices, when one formed of the rough and rugged stone sufficeth his father's widow? His garments are not fashioned like those of this country. His tongue affecteth a foreign idiom. I tremble for John Ango."

It was in the midst of such misgivings that she was accosted by the object of her reverie, who came to bid a farewell to his family, as on the eve of a journey of importance."

"My homestead is all but complete," said he. "The tapestry-makers appointed to furnish it for my use, will be here anon from Rouen. Have sometimes an eye to them, Genevieve, during my absence."

"I will take heed that there shall be neither wastery nor riot among your people," replied Genevieve. "But" ——

"Take heed rather that there be no sparing or parsimony to prevent my new habitation from becoming, as I would fain have it, a cage for a Phœnix, a new wonder of the world," interrupted her brother. "I would have men say, as they steer into the harbour of Dieppe, I come to behold the palace of John Ango."

Genevieve shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "And whither are you bound then," said she, "that you leave such grave charges in your sister's hands? To the Moluccas in your good ship the *Salamander*; or to Siam, in your *Royal Dieppois*? The season scarce holds for the north-western coast."

"Trouble not your mind for my goings or comings," interrupted her brother, with a smile. "My errand is simply to bring home a white dove of peace to my sea-gull's nest."

"You are bound to Italy then!" cried Genevieve, starting up and clapping her hands; then suddenly relapsing into mournfulness—"I fancied —I trusted," quoth she, "that you had abandoned so mad a quest!"

"Abandon my every hope of earthly happiness?" cried the young man with enthusiasm. "Abandon *her* who, for the last three mortal years, hath been my dream by night, my thought by day? For whom but my Bianca, have I reared yonder mansion? For whom but my Bianca, have I striven to elevate my station and augment my means? But that I cared not to bring home a daughter of the noble house of Riario to a smokey hovel of Dieppe, already I had passed the Bay of Biscay to bear hither in our own fair galley the lovely lady of my thoughts. I chose not that my blessed Bianca should step upon a coarser footcloth than in her uncle's palace; and, lo! my preparations are achieved—my plans complete; and within six weeks, dear Genevieve, I shall be here again to place a sister in your gentle bosom."

"A sister who will despise both me and mine!" said Genevieve, in a tone of deep despondency. "Nay, in lieu of gaining a sister, I shall perchance lose my brother. This daughter of a princely line may be influenced by the power of love to wed John Ango, the son of a Norman fisherman; but the impulse which blinds her to the humiliation of such an alliance, will not render her insensible to the homeliness of his family. She will despise the untutored mother, the unlettered sister; and our household happiness is gone for ever! Nay, although the persuasions of the voice she loves may have induced the damsel to overlook the distance between her high estate and that of her Norman suitor, when she comes hither and beholds him in active truth the mate of petty traders, the kinsman of humble mariners of the Pollet, she will surely grieve at having exchanged her patrician name for the degrading appellation of Madame Ango!"

"Her husband may, perhaps, shortly achieve a more honourable title for her acceptance," rejoined Ango, turning lightly on his heel; and, before Genevieve could ask an explanation of his words, he had strained her in a parting embrace. During the tedious five months of his absence from Dieppe, often did she ponder over his saying. But she had none to whom to turn for explanation. She could not call to mind that Ango was familiar with any. He was rather gracious than friendly towards his young fellow-townsmen. He vouchsafed them his aid, but never his confidence. With her mother, a woman of threescore years and ten, oppressed with infirmities, it was no longer possible to commune; and Genevieve chose rather to divert her thoughts from her brother's mysterious communication, by watching over the completion of his splendid mansion, which was now constantly surrounded by an admiring throng of the Dieppois, clapping their hands, and crying aloud with exultation—"Ango—Ango!"

At length, one fine autumnal morning, signal was given in the port that the fine galley in which Ango had embarked for the Mediterranean was in sight. The next tide brought her into harbour; and the next hour brought the bridegroom into the arms of his sister, who was waiting in the porch of his dwelling to welcome the Italian bride. Ango's brow was for a moment crimsoned with vexation, to perceive that

Genevieve, even on so momentous an occasion, had disdained to lay aside her uncouth Norman costume. But on glancing a second time towards her, he was fain to admit that the fine expressive turn of her countenance was sufficient adornment. At this moment, her eyes were fixed upon the person of her new sister-in-law, with such rapt and intense admiration, that it was impossible for the young bridegroom to do less than press her a second time in his arms, in token of gratitude.

The Lady Bianca was, in truth, the loveliest creature that had ever set foot on the Norman shore; and Genevieve no longer wondered at the repugnance which had prevented her brother from taking to his bosom the coarse-featured heiress of St Martin le Gaillard. The only fault which Ango's sister could detect, and it was a fault that necessarily increased in importance when they came to abide together, was the impossibility of reading the nature of her sentiments in her serene eyes and unvarying countenance. Imperturbable mildness, or, it might be, immovable resolution, seemed pictured in her gentle face. She gazed with a smile of unconcern upon the rich preparations completed for her reception; and the sanguine heart of Ango was disappointed when he saw how little that of his bride was interested in the gorgeous carvings and emblazonments which had taxed all the choicest artists of Normandy to bring them to perfection. He took no heed of the diminutive proportion of his dwelling, compared with the stately pride of the Palazzo Riario; or, that the walls of her uncle's house, instead of being adorned by quaint carvings in wood, shone with the luminous inspirations of Raphael and Leonardo. Even the exotic flowers, the orange and pomegranate blossoms, which Genevieve had procured at immense cost from Paris, to impart to her new sister's bower chamber the fragrance and aspect of her native climate, were weeds in the Sicilian gardens of the father of Bianca.

There were objects, however, wholly new to the experience of the young stranger which soon captivated her attention. The Gothic magnificence of the old church of St Remy; the tall white cliffs at whose base the chafing tides of the northern seas threw up their snowy surf; the rich pastures of the pastoral valley of Arques, green and leafy, beyond all experience of the Neapolitan maiden; all these impressed her with some degree of admiration for the little Norman nook in which her future existence was to wear away. But she felt that it was to "wear away." Tenderly attached to the enthusiastic Ango, she had made the sacrifice of her patrician splendours cheerfully; but not without the full consciousness of having made it. But she did not, for a moment, forget that she, who was the daughter of Prince Riario, the Sicilian noble, was now the wife of Ango, captain of a rude armament of Norman privateers.

PART II.

Ten years elapsed. The lovely bride of eighteen became the matron and mother of eight-and-twenty; and the dark-haired Genevieve, her elder only by a year, was now a nun among the sisters of St Mary, in a small convent on the shore, beside the fortress of the Pollet. It was not without deep regret that Ango beheld his only sister retire from the world in which his now miraculously advancing fortunes were become a wonder for the admiration of mankind. He had wished to see her nobly wedded; and not a few among the spendthrift seigneurs of Normandy had pretended to the hand of one so highly gifted by nature, and so lavishly endowed by her brother with worldly riches. But Genevieve was inflexible. Though conscious of no peculiar vocation for the cloister, she felt that she was equally ill adapted for the struggles of the great world.

"There was a time," said she, in reply to the remonstrances of her brother, "when I flattered myself of being so strong in mind as to despise distinctions of rank or education. I confess my weakness. To persist in my resolution of wedding with one of my own degree, some rude captain of the port, is an effort of prudence of which I am no longer capable. But it is not your influence, dear brother, which hath wrought this change in my feelings. Your ambitions appear to me now, as heretofore, monstrous and disproportionate. It is rather the society of my sweet sister, the converse, the instruction, the acquirements I have derived from her affectionate care, that have placed me in a false position. My soul is no longer able to find its happiness in the society of the rude and simple-minded, who are my own people, while the lowness of my birth equally disqualifies me for any higher alliance. The nobles, with one of whom you urge me to wed, would one day or other afflict me by some contumelious expression; while I, in some hasty moment, might be moved to reproach the want of breeding and information of him who was my childhood's playmate, and whom I long purposed should become my husband. All these harassments will cease when, devoted to the service of God, I pass my future days between the charitable duties undertaken by the sisters of St Mary, and the studies to which the rules of the order permit me to apply my leisure."

Such were the explanations given by Genevieve to her family; and Ango and his wife were too well acquainted with the sternness of her resolution, to have any hope of swaying her from her purpose. It was some comfort that she had chosen the least rigorous of the orders established in Normandy, which sanctioned their admittance to her presence, on days set apart for the purpose; and, as the convent was within view of the magnificent habitation in which Ango now abided, or rather reigned like a prince, scarcely a week elapsed but one of her kindred, in flowing robes of earthly pride, sat beside the poor nun in her cell of humiliation.

Dear to her heart, even in its abstractions from the things of this world, were those continued tokens of affection; more especially, now

that Ango's young son was advancing in boyhood; and when, accompanied only by the preceptor, who, being alien to the recluse, was forced to leave him on the threshold of the cloister, young Theodore came to visit her, apparently intent upon seeking from her lips lessons of wisdom likely to afford an antidote to the evil influences with which pride and ostentation had surrounded his infancy, Sister Genevieve's heart expanded with joy. The boy seemed to flee to the counsels of the mild and tranquil nun, as a refuge from the vain tumults of his father's house. The happiest day of his week was that on which he was ferried across the harbour, and conducted to the humble portal of the sisters of St Mary. How strange a contrast to the marble vestibule, thronged with menials wearing the liveries and cognizance of Ango, through which he had to pass on his return!

Soon, however, Sister Genevieve began to fear that her growing influence over her nephew was distasteful to his mother; for, already, her high-born sister-in-law was relaxing in her attentions to the recluse. More than a month sometimes elapsed between her visits; but how was it to be wondered at? The nun, in her gentle forbearance, reminded herself how hard it must be to Bianca to tear herself from her luxurious tiring-chamber, with its velvet hangings, Venetian mirrors set in frames of silver filigree, carpets of rich tapestry, and ceilings of carved and emblazoned oak, to descend into the damp and naked cell of a convent! She fancied she could behold Bianca seated by her bower-windows, while two girls of Mozambique (brought over by one of Ango's captains as a tribute to his lady and mistress) stood behind her chair, to pick up the book or tapestry-needle she might let fall, or, in the summer heats, to raise a gentle air around her with their Indian fans. She fancied she saw her at the banquet table, with minstrels and trouveres in attendance, according to the custom of the house, singing strains in homage to her beauty. She fancied she saw her before her stately toilet-table, while goldsmiths, summoned from Paris by Ango, tried upon her velvet boddice or damasked coif the effect of certain sparkling clasps of diamonds and rubies which her husband had bespoken as toys to amuse her leisure.

"Pray Heaven so much prosperity hardens not her heart!" was the secret ejaculation of sister Genevieve. "Of all the trials which beset our mortal nature, the ordeal of riches and greatness is the most perilous to salvation. It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for persons endowed like Ango and his wife to enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

With one evidence of her brother's growing riches and growing pride, the poor nun was at present unacquainted. Having purchased from the ruined family of Longueil their beautiful signiory of Varengeville, on the shore, two leagues below Dieppe, Ango had demolished the ruinous old castle, the residence, in more troublous times, of the lords of the soil; and was erecting, in its stead, a fair manor-house of stone and marble, after the manner of the Italian villas he had admired in his travels; to execute the frescos and sculptures of which he had brought sculptors from Rome, not satisfied with the artists who were executing, at Fontainbleau and St Germain en Laye, for his sovereign lord the King, those fine works which have come down to our time. Ango, the Dieppois, chose that the inspired country of his lovely wife should furnish the devices and adornings of a dwelling which was to be bestowed upon her as a dower-house for her especial use. The incongruity of these refinements with a rude Norman village, overgrown with huge timber-trees, and overrun by luxuriant vegetation, so that no cool refreshment of marble or fountains was needed, as in the burning climate of the Sicilies, did not occur to him. It was the vain display of magnificence to which he aspired, rather than the comfort of the future dwellers at Varengeville.

As yet, Ango had said nothing to his sister of his new manor-house, partly from motives of delicacy, because he suspected that, had Genevieve consented to ally herself with the nobility of her native province, of all the suitors to her hand, the unfortunate Baron de Longueil would have been the object of her preference, and partly because he feared that her simple taste would reprove the newfangledness of his notions. But the boy Theodore told all. Enchanted with the beauty of the ancient groves and new gardens of Varengeville, he loved to describe to his aunt the progress of the foreign artists, and the narratives of the marvels of Italy, of which his familiarity with his mother's language enabled him to converse with the strangers.

"Be not deceived!" was the reply of the nun; "the things you tell of, which Ango would fain naturalize in Normandy, are unsuitable to our boisterous province. These images of heathen deities, planted on pedestals among thickets of flowers, may be appropriate in a climate where scarcely a gentle breeze disturbs the etherial tranquillity of the spot, and the landscape is as a temple consecrated to Divine nature. But here, amid our ocean tempests, when, on awaking in the morning, we find dwellings swept away by the raging of midnight winds, which in the evening were left steadfast and secure, what rational being would set up, on slender pedestals, vases and statues to be overthrown? These painted frescos of Varengeville, which artists have travelled thousands of leagues to create, must soon be encrusted with mildew, the spontaneous growth of our humid climate; and scornful men will point the finger thereat, and deride the shortsightedness of Ango. As well attempt to cultivate the vines of Gascony upon our cliffs as naturalize the *villeggiatura* of a Sicilian atmosphere on our coast."

Young Theodore listened gravely to the arguments of the nun. The pleasure he had hitherto taken, in the decoration of his father's noble manor, was moderated by this exposition of the unfitness of things apparent at Varengeville; nor was this the only point on which the lessons

of Sister Genevieve countervailed those of the parents of the boy. Bianca, elevated by her husband's eminence as chief citizen of Dieppe, and master of a vast armament of privateers, to a condition even more distinguished than that of the daughter of a Neapolitan noble, having resumed her early habits of arrogance, failed not to instil into her son the notion that, on his mother's side, he was come of a princely house, and that, by following up the enterprises and courtiership of his father, he might, in time, achieve, in his own person, the honours of nobility; while the nun, at once humble and high-minded, bade him hold himself above such empty distinctions, and regard mere opulence as a treasure entrusted to his stewardship for the benefit of his fellow-creatures and the honour of God.

It was her delight to perceive that the learning and accomplishments instilled into her nephew, by the professors enlisted in Ango's service, served to enlighten and strengthen the mind of the promising youth, without hardening his heart. All her earthly hope was in Theodore. Her brother she looked upon as carried away by the vastness of his ambitions; a vessel freighted beyond its strength, and in hourly peril of shipwreck.

Such was the frame of her mind when, just as Theodore attained the eve of his eighteenth year, Ango, who now rarely visited his sister, made his appearance one evening in her cell. Splendid as were now his habits and his garb, Genevieve was startled when, on raising her eyes from the work in which she was engaged, (a stole, embroidered with chain needlework, for the service of the altar of St Remy,) she saw the stately citizen standing beside her, wearing, in a belt of gold, a dagger, the hilt of which was studded with jewels. A thought glanced into Genevieve's mind of their poor humble father, who, in the extremity of his wealth, had aspired to nothing beyond the leathern belt and doublet of blue broad cloth, peculiar to the burghers of Dieppe. Silk, velvet, or brocade, he would have treated as effeminate trivialties, unworthy the notice of a man of the sea.

"Whither comest thou, so bravely attired?" said the nun, her eyes having fallen again upon her work, so that she had not space to notice that the joyous and triumphant expression of her brother's countenance was more than in accordance with the brilliancy of his garments.

"From the Town-Council," replied Ango, taking a seat beside her; a stool of simple deal, differing strangely from the rich cushions of Genoa velvet, forming his habitual restingplace.

"And how long hath it been the custom for the Town-Council of this poor port of Dieppe to deliberate in robes and trappings of velvet and jewels, touching the price of cod-fish or the duty upon herrings?" demanded Sister Genevieve, unable to repress some degree of vexation at the unseemly pomps and vanities displayed by her brother.

"We met upon no such skipperlike matters," cried Ango, too much engrossed in his self-satisfaction to take note of her unwonted bitterness; "but even on a discussion that ought to have penetrated with joy the dull cold walls of the very prison thou hast chosen for thyself. The King, dear sister, the King is about to visit Dieppe!"

"Heaven send him a happy journey," replied Genevieve, devoutly crossing herself; "and incline his royal heart, when here, to lend that aid to the charitable and religious institutions of the city, of which they stand so greatly in need."

Ango's brow darkened. It was his pleasure to be thought a munificent patron of the institutions of Dieppe; and, till engrossed by the progress of his manor and the vastness of his speculations, he had, in truth, been held so by the world.

"If the convent of the sisters of St Mary stand in need of benefactions," said he, haughtily, "there are those among the burghers of the city both able and willing to relieve its necessities, without need of troubling our lord the King with its petty necessities. Nevertheless it strikes me that, for a provincial convent, having, moreover, but a single ward for the relief of the sick, and a single day of the week set apart for doles to the poor, the dowry brought to its treasury by the sister of Ango, might have preserved it from immediate want!"

"I speak not of this poor house," replied Genevieve, mildly; "seeing that, thanks to thy generosity, it is endowed with ampler income and higher immunities than any other in Dieppe. Nay, with my brother's leave, I will speak of none other, since the subject is distasteful. Say, when comes King Francis to our walls; and with what honours will the town welcome so illustrious a guest?"

"With none. The town will do nothing!" replied Ango, significantly.

"How?" cried Genevieve, reddening under her wimple and veil, for shame to think that her native place should be dishonoured in the eyes of the King.

"An individual hath already taken upon himself the duty of welcoming his Sovereign," resumed Ango.

"*Thyself!*" replied the nun, exultingly, but with an anxious expression of countenance. "Yet bethink thee, Ango, what envyings and heartburnings thy pretensions to so great a distinction will bring upon thee!"

"I think of nought but the glory of standing host to the King of France!" cried Ango, with increasing exultation. "I think of nought but to have it said, from frontier to frontier, Francis I. was prisoner to the Emperor, friend to Harry of England—scholar to Bayard, and guest to Ango! Ango the Norman mariner! Ango the privateer!"

The name of her father and brother thus proudly proclaimed, excited a transient feeling of triumph in the soul of the nun. The next moment she reproached herself with her fault;

admitting that even were Ango's ambition excusable, HER vocation forbade all participation in his pride. But while Genevieve was rebuking herself by inward recitation of a penetential psalm, Ango proceeded to unfold that his house and household were to be placed forthwith at the disposal of his Majesty; how a guard of honour, formed of the crews of his vessels then in port, completely armed with brave accoutrements, was to await the King's coming a league from the town, and attend upon his Majesty during his sojourn.

"My patron, Cardinal d'Amboise, is to be in attendance upon the King," said he, "as well as the chief barons and seigneurs of the province, betwixt this and Rouen. All these will have bed and board under my roof, such as they have rarely seen, saving under that of the Louvre. On the first day of their coming, they will be entertained with a gorgeous banquet, and a choice concert of music. On the second, my royal guest purposeth to inspect the harbour; and a joust upon the water, performed by my own people, will diversify the scene. On the third, being the Sabbath, high mass must be performed in the church of St Jacques, by my lord the Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by the clergy of his pontificate; and on the fourth, a review of the forces will take place in the valley of Arques, crowned by a festival of fireworks, and other ingenious devices of masquing and music, in which the King is said to take especial delight."

"And the cost of these regal entertainments is to be defrayed by thy single self?" demanded Genevieve.

"How better mark my sense of gratitude to God for the greatness of his bounties, than by testifying my reverence towards the anointed of his creatures?" replied Ango, proudly.

"By bestowing the same vast gratuity upon his creatures less prosperous," argued the nun, devoutly crossing herself. "The vast outlay thou dost contemplate would endow an hospital —a monastery; nay, raise from its foundation-stone, a cathedral great as the Rouennais church of St Ouen, in honour of thy blessed patron, St John."

"Thou knowest that I have already issued instructions for a rich chapel to his honour in my parochial church of St Jacques du Haut Pas, besides ten thousand marks contributed to that of St Remy," said Ango, drily. "With respect to monasteries and hospitals, it strikes me that the sick, and the men of religion, are already as well cared for in Dieppe as the condition of our city requireth."

"A proof, were proof wanting," replied Genevieve, sternly, "that it is thine own glory, and not the glory of God, thou art seeking to advance, in thine intended homage to the King of France."

"By propitiating his Majesty with a noble welcome," observed Ango, evading the question, "I may haply secure for the port and harbour of Dieppe those royal favours which have raised Havre du Grace, Nantes, and La Rochelle, to their present high prosperity."

"Say, rather, that thou mayest peradventure secure to thyself tokens of royal favour in thy personal ennoblement," said the nun; "for after such things, O my brother! doth thine heart aspire, far more than after the self-contentment of virtue."

"I know not why the love of virtue should inspire contempt for the high condition and estate in which virtue is most memorably practised," retorted Ango. "I do not deny that I would fain elevate my son to the rank in life of his maternal ancestors. The stateliest tree hath its root; and proud were I to plant an acorn from which the sapling may send forth branches to flourish in after ages, and overshadow the earth. But enough of my projects. When from the belfry of their temple the holy sisters of St Mary look down upon the pageants with which, by sea and land, Ango rejoiceth to recreate the eyes of his Sovereign, be it thy holy task, beloved Genevieve, to breathe an orison for thy brother, that his soul be not unworthily elated by the honours of the day."

Sister Genevieve waited not the coming of the King to fulfil the behest of her brother. Daily, hourly, did she weary Heaven with intercessions in behalf of Ango; as a man who, placing his delight and glory in the things of the world, was more especially at the mercy of the sports and gusts of fortune.

PART III.

The dwellinghouse of Ango,* on the port of Dieppe, (not far from that ancient tower whose venerable walls, still standing, attest the valour of the English assailants, under their captain, the renowned John Talbot,) albeit fashioned, according to the fashion of the time and country, of wood alone, was of surpassing magnificence. The façades towards both the sea and the gardens, and courts of the double quadrangle, were exclusively of oak, carved with the utmost skill in devices, representing the fables of Æsop, and striking episodes in the history of Normandy. Around the state floor, ran an overhanging balcony, commanding, on one side, extensive views of the ocean; on the other, of the rich valley of Arques; and into the terrace, or balcony, opened the wide windows of a fine saloon and noble gallery, hung with stained leather, with ceilings and wainscoting carved and gilt, and enchasing pictures of the Italian masters. In these magnificent apartments, of which the floors were inlaid with rare Indian wood, susceptible of the highest polish, were displayed musical instruments of the most exquisite workmanship, chalices and goblets of agate and crystal, and ebony cabinets, containing cameos and medals of immense value.

On dismounting at the gate of the rich burgher of Dieppe, on whom he was to confer the hon-

* In 1647, the Cardinal Barberini, on visiting the House of Ango, with the Pères de l'Oratoire, observed— "*Nunquam vidi domum ligneam pulchriorem.*"

our of becoming his guest, Francis I. received, with graceful courtesy, the obsequious homage of Ango; but when, having traversed the hall, and ascended the carved staircase on footcloths of scarlet velvet of Genoa, his Majesty reached the gallery, where he beheld, for the first time, the productions of Leonardo da Vinci, he was silent with surprise; and a sentiment almost resembling pique against so luxurious a subject, seemed to render him insensible to the laborious efforts of his host. Nevertheless, on entering the saloon, when the Lady Bianca rose from her chair of state at his approach, and, with an air of mingled dignity and humbleness, sank upon her knee to mark the cession of her place to her royal visiter, gallantry suspended every other feeling,] and, hastening towards her to raise her from the ground, he imprinted, in the movement, a respectful kiss upon her pale and lofty forehead, and signified to Ango that of all the jewels and chef-d'œuvres contained in his house, the fairest was before him. By his royal will, the wife of Ango took her seat at his right hand during the banquet that was now magnificently served up before the King.

"The name of Pavia hath ill-inclined me towards all that reminds me of Italy," said Francis, at the close of a feast grand with the rarest viands and most delicate wines, (addressing himself to Cardinal d'Amboise, who was honoured with a place at his royal table;) "nevertheless, this day, my mind seems fated to receive its most pleasurable impressions from objects imported into my kingdom from my royal mother's native country. First, a lady hostess, whose graces of person and deportment would shed lustre upon the Louvre; secondly, pictures of such moving excellence that I could loiter away weeks, in contemplation, before them; and, lastly, these goblets and salvers, whose chasing as far exceeds the art evinced by my clumsy goldsmiths of Paris, as the rich pastures of the valley of Arques, yonder, exceed the sandy plain of Grenelle. Cellini, didst thou call him?" pursued the King, addressing himself to the delighted Ango.

"Benvenuto Cellini, sire," replied the burgher, who was in humble attendance behind the royal chair.

"I pray you, Master Ango, have the fellow written to," resumed the King; "I must have him forthwith complete a cupboard of plate for the private apartments of my palace of Fontainbleau. Let him hasten to France; I will no longer allow so choice an artist to remain obscure."

"I crave your Majesty's pardon, in presuming to assert that the name of Benvenuto Cellini is already illustrious," replied Ango, bending one knee as he tendered anew to the King a richly embossed goblet of ivory and gold, containing rare wine of Cyprus. "The cunning goldsmith is of the household of the Duke of Tuscany; and may not, for his life, quit Italy. It was only by vast bribery and continual entreaty, that I procured from Master Benvenuto his acceptation of my commission for the execution, at by-hours, and by stealth, of the buffet of which your Majesty deigns to express such high commendation."

A smile stole upon the handsome lip of Francis, at the idea that a subject of his kingdom, a burgher of his poor town of Dieppe, should affect to treat, as unattainable to his Sovereign, the object he had overmastered! He promised himself in silence to treat with Master Cellini, forthwith, through the intervention of one of his diplomatic agents in Italy, rather than through that of the overweening captain of privateers; little witting that the eccentric sculptor, the spoiled child of pontiffs and sovereigns, was still more difficult to deal with than the bold and ambitious Ango.

On the day following his arrival, Francis was roused, soon after sunrise, by strains of exquisite music, from minstrels posted in the gardens beneath the royal lodging; for Ango, desirous that his illustrious guest should behold, under its fairest aspect, the harbour of the town that courted his favour, would not, (even to prolong the slumbers of Francis in the right regal couch prepared for his repose,) forfeit the occasion of the morning-tide, which was now rippling at high mark, in summer waves of glassy green, against the granite coping of the quays.

"The weather keeps faith with us, my courteous host," cried his Majesty, when, on the completion of the royal toilet, Ango kneeled humbly at his feet to offer the morning draught of the King, together with a manchet of fair white bread, served in a goblet and salver of gold, more richly sculptured than those which had attracted his admiration the preceding day. "A fairer day could not have prospered my design of familiarizing myself with a new element. Let us take water, I beseech you, while the tide holds to favour our marine adventures."

Had Ango found space to glance round the circle of courtiers, who had accompanied the King upon his expedition to review the newly raised legions of Normandy, he would have admired to see many a warlike cheek was pale at the mere idea of embarkation; so little are the French habituated to the maritime pursuits to which the English are from childhood accustomed. But the Dieppois was too deeply absorbed in the honour of stepping at the King's right hand, through his own gorgeous apartments, and down his emblazoned staircase of state, to have heed of the weaknesses of his companions.

The first circumstance that diverted his attention, was a sudden exclamation of delight from the lips of the King, on emerging from the threshold; facing which, towards the harbour, a triumphal arch of singular beauty and magnificence (previously prepared) had been erected in the course of the night, adorned with pictures and bas-reliefs, commemorating the chivalrous triumphs of the royal visiter!

"*Mort de Dieu*, Sir Ango!" cried Francis his cheek flushing with pride and pleasure, "this is truly a princely token of homage!

Many of royal blood might take lesson of my trusty merchant of Dieppe in the noble art of hospitality!"

Ango, who, cap in hand, was escorting the royal cortège to the shore, had soon the further gratification of beholding his Sovereign's eye rest with wonder and admiration upon a flotilla of six elegant galleys, nobly adorned and sculptured for the occasion, bearing the banner of France, and on the prow the initials of John Ango, built at his sole cost, in his private dock-yard, for the purpose of doing honour to the visit of his Sovereign. As the little fleet, with its illustrious freight, issued from the harbour and put out to sea, the armed vessels of Ango, lying at anchor, to the number of sixteen, sent forth a thundering salute to their Lord and King, answered by the shouts and acclamations of thousands lining the shore towards the Point d'Ailly; the whole population of the district having poured forth to gaze upon their Prince. Cries of "Long live the King!" "*Vive François I.!*" "*Vive Ango!*" resounded along the cliffs of Normandy.

From the humble belfry of the sisters of St Mary, another prayer ascended, at that moment of triumph, to the Tribunal of Grace. Sister Genevieve, leaning against the parapet which commanded a view of the ocean, and the gallant convoy, whose gay pennons streamed in the breeze, was unable to repress an exclamation of "*Vive Ango!*" adding, in a lower voice, "and grant him strength, O Lord! to bear, with humility, this fearful load of greatness."

Ango's honours, however, ripe as they seemed, were even that very day destined to unhoped augmentation. The Lady Bianca, as from the balcony of her golden gallery she watched the manœuvring of the galleys, and after several hours' excursion along the coast, their return to the harbour, was startled by the hurried gallop of a horseman, whom, on arriving at her gate, she recognised, by the golden greyhound in his cap, as a pursuivant or royal courier, bringing despatches from the capital. Such a messenger had already made his appearance in Dieppe, to notify to Ango the arrival of the King. What was the new courier to announce to Francis?

As the galleys entered the harbour, piloted by the *Royal Francis*, (the vessel fitted up exclusively for the King,) the wife of Ango observed that the pursuivant, though wayworn and travelled-stained, persisted in approaching within the lines formed by the burgher-guard of Dieppe on either side the arch of Triumph, as if intent upon obtaining access to Francis the moment of his arrival, and previous to his re-entering the house of Ango. An inexplicable emotion took possession of her bosom. She could not but fancy that the arrival of the confidential courier, on whom her husband had bestowed a princely gratuity for the good tidings of which he was formerly the bearer, imported further good to Ango.

Again did the acclamation of the gay multitude assembled along the quay, and, lining the windows and balconies of every house within view, rend the summer air with their joyous echoes; so that the music of the ministrels, greeting the return of the King, could scarcely be heard for the cries and vivas of the throng. Still Bianca's eyes remained intently fixed upon the royal galley. She saw that Francis (while removing his plumed cap from his noble brow, he bowed low and gracefully, in acknowledgment of the salutations of the fair Dieppoises) had caught sight of his messenger; and that the moment the King set foot on the quay, his first movement was to extend his hand to receive the despatches of which he seemed to know his pursuivant to be the bearer. At such a distance it was impossible for the anxious lady to read the expression of the King's countenance as he perused the documents placed before him; but as, in trembling silence, she stood viewing the scene, she saw the King (having completed the perusal of the scroll) beckon towards him the son of his host; and was lost in amazement to behold young Theodore, after kneeling a moment at the feet of his sovereign, repeat, in presence of the thousands assembled, the same ceremony towards his father. Again, shouts arose from the people, of which Bianca was unable to interpret the meaning. Her eyes were dim with tears as she gazed upon the graceful figure of her son, as he rose from his knee and stood beside his father, face to face with the sovereign prince, on whose brilliant accoutrements the evening sun was shedding its refulgent brightness. She beheld only those three—the King—Theodore—Ango;—her husband, her son, her sovereign!

Soon, however, officious friends thronged in to prepare her for the intelligence she was about to receive from the lips of Francis. The scroll of parchment she had seen delivered by his Majesty to the hands of his munificent host, contained letters-patent of nobility, constituting the burgher Ango and his heirs for ever Viscounts of the kingdom of France! But even this was not all. The recent death of the Sieur de Manroy having left vacant the government of Dieppe, in the hearing of the whole population Francis I. called upon the municipality of the town to do homage to his representative, Viscount Ango, as Captain Commandant of the Castle and Garrison of Dieppe!

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

As Time glides on in silent flow,
To-day yields to to-morrow;
To-morrow's expectations grow
To-day's own bliss or sorrow.

Still, as to-morrow's sun appears,
It shines upon to-day;
So, realized our hopes and fears
For ever melt away!

CONTINUATION OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DIARY IN AMERICA.

Captain Marryat has, after modern practice, added three more volumes to his survey and strictures on America. Allowing for a considerable quantity of palpable book-making, which may be fairly chargeable upon the system of publication in this country, as explained by Captain Marryat, the three additional volumes are, if a little more "wrathy," quite as entertaining and instructive as the first series. The Captain—his spleen irritated by the unreasonableness of the Americans, and the captious criticism of *The Edinburgh Review*—is more in earnest in his pique than when he commenced his Diary. He seems particularly to resent the idea, senselessly taken up, that, because he is a clever writer of fiction, he is not capable of observing realities in a philosophical spirit; and that, as a politician or political economist, he is unworthy of any attention. He is better entitled to resent the absurd and unhandsome imputation of a sailor and a novelist being incapable of reporting with fidelity, or observing with precision.

The continuation of the Diary is arranged in chapters, of which those on *Travelling, The Newspaper Press, Society and Women,* and *Public Opinion*, are the most interesting. One volume is occupied with the State of Canada, and a Narrative of the Florida War, which gives a better view of that contest than any publication, so far as we are aware, that has yet appeared. We must concede to Captain Marryat, that neither the principle nor details of that war exhibit a young democratic government in a much fairer light than an old despotism, where the common object of both governments is the extermination of a brave race, too patriotic and independent not to cause uneasiness to their neighbours. The conduct of the United States to the Indian tribes does not essentially differ from that of the Czar to the tribes of the Caucasus. The analogy between the government of America driving the Indians westward, and an Anglo-Irish landlord clearing his Irish estates, is even more perfect. In the one case, the injustice is national and wholesale; in the other it is perpetrated piecemeal, and by individuals. The expatriated hordes of Munster and Connaught are driven west to the American shores of the Atlantic; and the aboriginal tribes of central America are swept on before them, to be ultimately lost in the Pacific. Now for "*Travelling.*"

Although the American stage coaches should not be quite the delightful conveyances which, according to Captain Marryat, Miss Martineau thinks them, as if in the sexual spirit of contradiction, many pleasant circumstances attend travelling in America; which is the more fortunate, as the Americans are a locomotive people. One agreeable condition is, that every person bound on travel may beforehand count the cost:—

The continual stream of travellers which pours through the country, gives sufficient support, by moderate profits, to enable the innkeeper to abstain from excessive charges. The price of everything is known by all, and no more is charged to the President of the United States than to other people. Every one knows his expenses; there is no surcharge, and fees to waiters are voluntary, and never asked for. At first, I used to examine the bill when presented; but latterly I looked only at the sum total at the bottom, and paid it at once, reserving the examination of it for my leisure; and I never in one instance found that I had been imposed upon. This is very remarkable, and shews the force of public opinion in America; for it can produce, when required, a very scarce article all over the world, and still more scarce in the profession referred to—honesty. Of course there will be exceptions; but they are very few, and chiefly confined to the cities.

This statement is well worth the attention of our railroad proprietors, and steam-navigation companies. It is not enough that their immediate charges are fixed and moderate, unless every detail and arrangement connected with travelling facilitates the operation of the locomotive propensity. Many more persons must travel simply for pleasure in America than in Britain; and a much greater proportion of females. One cause of female excursiveness may be the comparatively low rate of expense; but there are deeper causes. Captain Marryat not unfrequently pays involuntary homage to the chivalrous spirit which pervades the lowest level of American democratic society. A young woman may travel alone from Maine to Georgia as free from annoyance or insult as a virgin loaded with gems might have perambulated Ireland in the golden age of Malachi of the Gold Collar:—

Some conventional rules were necessary, and those rules have been made by public opinion—a power to which all must submit in America. The one most important, and without which it would be impossible to travel in such a gregarious way, is an universal deference and civility shewn to the women, who may in consequence travel without protection all over the United States, without the least chance of annoyance or insult. This deference paid to the sex is highly creditable to the Americans; it exists from one end of the Union to the other—indeed, in the southern and more lawless states, it is even more chivalric than in the more settled. Let a female be ever so indifferently clad, whatever her appearance may be, still it is sufficient that she is a female; she has the first accommodation, and, until she has it, no man will think of himself. But this deference is not only shewn in travelling, but in every instance. An English lady told me, that wishing to be present at the inauguration of Mr Van Buren, by some mistake, she and her two daughters alighted from the carriage at the wrong entrance, and in attempting to force their way through a dense crowd, were nearly crushed to death. This was perceived, and the word was given—"Make room for the ladies." The whole crowd, as if by one simultaneous effort, compressed itself to the right and left, locking themselves together to meet the enormous pressure, and made a wide lane, through which they passed with ease and comfort. "It reminded me of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea with the wall of waters on each side of them," observed the lady. "In any other country we must have been crushed to death."

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Talking about omnibuses, those of New York, and the other cities in America, are as good and well regulated as those of Paris—the larger ones have four horses. Not only their omnibuses, but their hackney coaches are very superior to those in London: the latter are as clean

as private carriages; and with the former there is no swearing, no dislocating the arms of poor females, hauling them from one omnibus to the other, but civility without servility.

Travelling in America, especially by steamers, is much more perilous than in any other part of the world; and Captain Marryat has collected an appalling number of steam-vessel disasters and moving accidents.

If Captain Marryat thinks less of the stage-coaches of America than Miss Martineau, he thinks better of the beef. She, he says, never ate good beef; and we have always understood that the mutton is very indifferent; but the Captain authoritatively pronounces the "meat in America equal to the best in England;" and we reckon him good authority. Nay more, he thinks well of the cookery, in opposition to Cooper, who describes his countrymen as the grossest and greasiest feeders of any civilized nation known. Measuring the Americans by Captain Marryat's culinary standard, they are rather among the most refined of nations:—

The cookery in the United States is exactly what it is and must be everywhere else—in a ratio with the degree of refinement of the population. In the principal cities, you will meet with as good cookery in private houses as you will in London, or even Paris; indeed, considering the great difficulty which the Americans have to contend with, from the almost impossibility of obtaining good servants, I have often been surprised that it is so good as it is. At Delmonico's, and the Globe Hotel at New York, where you dine from the *carte*, you have excellent French cookery; so you have at Astor House, particularly at private parties; and, generally speaking, the cooking at all the large hotels may be said to be good; indeed, when it is considered that the American table-d'hote has to provide for so many people, it is quite surprising how well it is done. The daily dinner at these large hotels is infinitely superior to any I have ever sat down to at the *public* entertainments given at the Free-Masons' Tavern and others, in London, and the company is usually more numerous. The bill of fare of the table-d'hote of the Astor House is printed every day.

The bill of fare, which is inserted, is far from despicable, either as to quantity or quality, solidity or elegance. Captain Marryat adds his testimony to those of professional brother travellers as to the superlative merits of the canvas-back duck.

Drinking, in America, the Temperance and Tee-total Societies notwithstanding, is an affair of much deeper concernment than eating. Captain Marryat considers the citizens more a *drinking* than a *drunken* people; and, moreover, that drinking is more detrimental to their health and morals than drunkenness. The list of wines at Astor House surpasses the culinary *carte;* but it is not by these foreign commodities that the Americans are betrayed. They have a variety of indigenous potations, cordials, and mixtures; among which, Captain Marryat's favourite beverage is the famous *mint-julep*. For its proper concoction he gives a formal receipt. He also claims the honour of its origin for Old England, if it have not indeed a higher antiquity, and a purely divine origin. Having stated that nothing forbids the due concoction and, at least in the dog-days, appreciation of *mint-juleps* in this country, we leave the reader to find out the process by which they are compounded, and pass on to American drinking usages:—

I have said that in the American hotels there is a parlour for the ladies to retire to: there is not one for the gentlemen, who have only the reading-room, where they stand and read the papers, which are laid out on desks, or the bar.

The bar of an American hotel is generally a very large room on the basement, fitted up very much like our gin-palaces in London, not so elegant in its decorations, indeed, but on the same system. A long counter runs across it, behind which stand two or three bar-keepers to wait upon the customers, and distribute the various potations, compounded from the contents of several rows of bottles behind them. Here the eye reposes on masses of pure crystal ice, large bunches of mint, decanters of every sort of wine, every variety of spirits, lemons, sugar, bitters, segars, and tobacco; it really makes one feel thirsty, even the going into a bar. Here you meet every body and every body meets you. Here the senator, the member of Congress, the merchant, the store-keeper, travellers from the Far West, and every other part of the country, who have come to purchase goods, all congregate.

Most of them have a cigar in their mouths, some are transacting business, others conversing, some sitting down together whispering confidentially. Here you obtain all the news, all the scandal, all the politics, and all the fun; it is this dangerous propinquity which occasions so much intemperance. . . . .

The consequence of the bar being the place of general resort, is, that there is an unceasing pouring out and amalgamation of alcohol and other compounds, from morning to late at night. To drink with a friend when you meet him is good fellowship; to drink with a stranger is politeness, and a proof of wishing to be better acquainted.

Mr A. is standing at the bar, enter B. "My dear B, how are you?"—"Quite well, and you?"—"Well, what shall it be?"—"Well, I don't care—a gin sling."—"Two gin slings, barkeeper." Touch glasses and drink. Mr A. has hardly swallowed his gin sling, and replaced his cigar, when in comes Mr D. "A., how are you?"—"Ah! D., how goes it on with you?"—"Well, I thankey—what shall we have?"—"Well, I don't care; I say a brandy cocktail."—"Give me another." Both drink, and the shilling is thrown down on the counter.

Then B. comes up again. "A., you must allow me to introduce my friend C."—"Mr A."—shake hands—"Most happy to make the acquaintance. I trust I shall have the pleasure of drinking something with you?"—"With great pleasure, Mr A.—I will take a julep. Two juleps, barkeeper."—"Mr C., your good health—Mr A., yours; if you should come our way, most happy to see you"—drink.

Now, I will appeal to the Americans themselves, if this is not a fair sample of a bar-room.

They say that the English cannot settle anything properly without a dinner. I am sure the Americans can *fix* nothing without a drink.

Drinking, it would seem, is the common cement of society; and the Americans are seriously affronted if an Englishman decline pledging them at any hour. Captain Marryat protests that he was always willing to accommodate them as far as he could.

"There," he observes, "they will at least do me justice"—

That at times I drank much more than I wished, is certain; yet still I gave most serious offence, especially in the West, because I would not drink early in the morning, or before dinner, which is a general custom in the States, although much more prevalent in the south and west, where it is literally, "Stranger, will you drink or fight?" This refusal on my part, or rather excusing myself from drinking with all those who were introduced to me, was eventually the occasion of much disturbance and of great animosity towards me—certainly most unreasonably, as I was introduced to at least twenty every forenoon, and, had I drunk with them all, I should have been

in the same state as many of them were—that is, not really sober for three or four weeks at a time. . . .

I was once looking for an American, and asked a friend of his where I should find him. "Why," replied he, pointing to an hotel opposite, "that is his *licking place*, (a term borrowed from deer resorting to lick the salt;) we will see if he is there." He was not; the barkeeper said he had left about ten minutes "Well, then, you had better remain here, he is certain to be back in ten more—if not sooner." The American judged his friend rightly; in five minutes he was back again, and we had a drink together, of course.

The traveller animadverts severely upon the strange and unseemly custom which prevails in the cities of America, of young married couples taking up their residence, even for years, in boarding-houses, from mistaken notions of economy. He could generally tell, by the marked difference of manners, whether a lady had a house of her own or lived at a hotel. This is a degree of intelligence in a "foreigner"—as the Americans now term the English—which ought to alarm American husbands, and have some effect in stopping a practice so unnatural, we had almost said, in a people still essentially English in their affections and habits. Miss Martineau, who strongly reprobates this mode of living one's whole life without a home, talks of young ladies being *taken* to the piano in a promiscuous company; but Captain Marryat eclipses this—he saw them volunteer their services:—

I have seen them go to the piano without being taken there, sit down and sing with all the energy of peacocks, before total strangers, and very often without accompaniment. In the hotels, the private apartments of the boarders seldom consist of more than a large bedroom, and, although company are admitted into it, still it is natural that the major portion of the women's time should be passed below in the general receiving room. In the evening, especially in the large western cities, they have balls almost every night; indeed, it is a life of idleness and vacuity, of outward pretence, but of no real good feeling.

Scandal rages—every one is busy with watching her neighbour's affairs; those who have boarded there longest take the lead, and every new comer or stranger is canvassed with the most severe scrutiny; their histories are ascertained, and they are very often sent to Coventry for little better reason than the will of those who, as residents, lay down the law.

It is to be hoped that this custom—almost the worst of which we hear in America—of young couples living for years in boarding-houses, will speedily come to be considered as "horridly ungenteel." It deserves a death-blow from whatever quarter.

Captain Marryat has suffered from the American newspaper press, though not more than other travellers; and he denounces it with hearty good will. We have the concurring testimony of all travellers, that if not more dishonest than the press of other countries, the American press is the most gross and scandalous that is tolerated among civilized men.

Detraction Captain Marryat, however, considers a marking vice of all American society. But detraction was never a solitary vice; and the allied family group flourishes and spreads throughout America as at home.

The outward shews, the *decent* hypocrisies of external religion, are the enemies of sound moral sentiment in America, as they must be everywhere. When Captain Marryat was at Detroit, he was placarded in the newspapers for returning some calls on a Sunday; and he relates:—

When I first went to Boston, I did not go to church on the following day. An elderly gentleman called upon and pointed out to me that I had omitted this duty; "but," continued he, "I have had it put into one of the newspapers that you attended divine service at such a church—so all is right." All was right; yes, all was right, according to the American's ideas of "all was right." But I thought at the time that my sin of omission was much more venial than his of commission.

Here the English Sailor has the Boston Saint upon the hip. We fear there really is a great deal of this "all is right" sort of religion in America. It is the natural offspring of fanaticism.

It were greatly to be wished, for the sake of the American people, that Miss Martineau's, and not Captain Marryat's, account of their literary tastes and predilections were the accurate one. But such is not the case. The lady's statement that "Byron was little known," Wordsworth "*much read*," and Mr Carlyle "the most read of any English author," did not stand to reason, to use a homely phrase; and Captain Marryat has taken pains to verify the fact, by appealing to the publishers' ledgers. The Americans have not yet, in their appreciation of books, gone at all a-head of ourselves. The fact is, so far, consoling to self-love. A people burning their Byrons and multiplying their Wordsworths, would have taken us by surprise. We must, however, believe that Hannah More is well known in America. She has had fifty years to take root and flourish, thirty of them before Wordsworth or Byron were much if at all heard of. As *a reading people*, Captain Marryat places the Americans far below the English, and on what seems conclusive data. He excepts newspaper reading.

Captain Marryat appears to have an exceedingly shrewd notion of the *book trade*. That he should have escaped an author's prejudices and prepossessions on the copyright and international copyright questions, was not to have been expected. He is of opinion that the American legislature will not give English authors a copyright in the United States. Were Captain Marryat by any chance to become an American senator, would he consider it right to make this concession? He would better know his public duty.

The oblivious influence of time and distance has not abated Captain Marryat's admiration of the general beauty, or rather *prettiness*, of every class of women in the United States. In a country where neither luxury nor misery are known in the extreme, and which this circumstance alone is sufficient to elevate in the scale of social happiness, good looks are pretty equally distributed. The traveller considers the climate of the Western States more favourable to the duration of the fragile flower, beauty, than the severe climate of the Eastern States, where female beauty is so transitory. The fairer portion of the young ladies—the beauties—are not

spoiled by flattery; as all women in right of sex, and whether lovely and rich, or ugly and poor, are exalted by those chivalrous democrats, whose idea of true gallantry is exactly that of Elia's Susan Winstanley—*reverence of womankood*. And yet Captain Marryat complains that women have not their proper influence in society.—He indulges an opinion much more extraordinary, considering the equality of American society, and the universally early marriages.

However much the Americans may wish to deny it, I am inclined to think that there are more marriages of *convenance* in the United States than in most other countries. The men begin to calculate long before they are of an age to marry, and it is not very likely that they would calculate so well upon all other points, and not upon the value of a dowry; moreover, the old people "calculate some," and the girls accept an offer, without their hearts being seriously compromised. Of course there are exceptions: but I do not think that there are many *love* matches made in America, and one reason for my holding this opinion is, my having discovered how quietly matches are broken off and new engagements entered into; and it is, perhaps, from a knowledge of this fact, arising from the calculating spirit of the gentlemen, who are apt to consider 20,000 dollars as preferable to 10,000, that the American girls are not too hasty in surrendering their hearts.

I knew a young lady who was engaged to an acquaintance of mine; on my return to their city a short time afterwards, I found that the match was broken off, and that she was engaged to another, and nothing was thought of it. I do not argue from this simple instance, but because I found, on talking about it, that it was a very common circumstance, and because, where scandal is so rife, no remarks were made. If a young lady behaves in a way so as to give offence to the gentlemen she is engaged to, and sufficiently indecorous to warrant his breaking off the match, he is gallant to the very last, for he writes to her, and begs that she will dismiss *him*. This I knew to be done by a party I was acquainted with; he told me that it was considered *good taste*, and I agreed with him. On the whole, I hold it very fortunate that in American marriages there is, generally speaking, more prudence than love on both sides, for from the peculiar habits and customs of the country, a woman who loved without prudence would not feel very happy as a wife.

With some circumlocution, Captain Marryat comes to the conclusion, that if the American women have any right to claim superiority over those of Europe in conjugal fidelity, it is only because they are less exposed to temptation. His opinion on this point, after solemn investigation, is, "that human nature is much the same everywhere;" and that the factory girls of Lowell are not more immaculate than those who are probably belied in British manufacturing towns. The women of America are not only physically superior to the men, according to our gallant authority, but their minds are more highly cultivated, and their manners, habits, and tastes are more refined than those of their busy, dollar-gathering lords. Captain Marryat's conclusion is at least characteristic:—

The Americans have reason to be proud of their women, for they are really good wives—much *too good* for them; I have no hesitation in asserting this, and should there be any unfortunate difference between any married couple in America, all the lady has to say is, "The fact is, sir, I'm much too good for you, and Captain Marryat says so." (I flatter myself there's a little mischief in that last sentence.)

Our doubts turn upon the possibility of the women of any society having no influence. Save on board a war-ship, where there are, or ought to be, no women, the fair sex, all the world over, will have influence, be it for evil or for good. The American women, according to the concurrent testimony of different travellers, have a passion for dress, and for expensive articles of dress, not very reconcilable with the chaste simplicity of Republican manners. The ladies, instead of Chantilly veils and Cachmeres, *sport* "seventy-dollar pocket-handkerchiefs;" which costly pocket handkerchiefs are "carried in their hands;" but these may be in addition to every other expensive article of attire. Captain Marryat imagines that the passion for dress is fostered by the general equality, which incites the wealthy classes to the one vulgar distinction in their power, namely, more expensive clothing. And we need not go to America for examples of ladies being angrily jealous of their inferiors and their maids copying or rivalling them in dress. The factory girls of Lowell are fond of dress, and are very smartly clad "in silks, with scarfs, veils, and parasols." Captain Marryat has great doubts, we have intimated, about the vaunted purity of those girls who are "too proud for domestic service;" a pride, by the way, directly opposed to that of the servant girls of England, who fancy themselves entitled to look down upon factory girls, and to whom good service is the object of a laudable ambition. Their pride takes the right direction. He remarks with justice—

What difference there is between receiving money for watching a spinning-jenny, and doing household work, I do not see; in either case it is servitude, although the former may be preferred, as being less under control, and leaving more time at your own disposal. . . When I went to Lowell I travelled with an American gentleman, who will, I have no doubt, corroborate my statement; and I must say that, however pure Lowell may have been at the time when the encomiums were passed upon it, I have every reason to believe, from American authority as well as my own observation, that a great alteration has taken place, and that the manufactories have retrograded with the whole mass of American society. In the first place, I never heard a more accomplished swearer, east of the Alleghanies, than one young lady who addressed me and my American friend.

This was, however, the only instance of swearing that the traveller met with in a female; so it must be a rare vice. Men are met with so eloquent in execration, that they shocked even an old man-of-war's officer. Of one of these tearing swearers on board a steamboat, a Yankee remarked—"Well, I'm glad that fellow has nothing to do with the engines: I reckon he'd burst the *biler!*"

Captain Marryat and Miss Martineau are at one, for a miracle, upon the iniquity of the marriage laws of England, and the necessity of giving greater facility to divorce. Captain Marryat is a Tory—glories in being a Tory—yet he strongly reprobates the barbarism of that law by which, in England, divorce is only obtainable by the rich. Speak of all the men of England being equal in the eye of the law! what purblind, or what squinting eyes Law must have!

Captain Marryat, like other captains, and also

privates, delights in the hackneyed ridicules of a Lady Chancellor being brought to bed, and a General not able to take command because the baby must be suckled; which sort of original arguments he brings against what is called the Rights of Women, as upheld by Miss Martineau, and a few more ladies, and, at most one or two men; but he corroborates all their opinions on the freedom of divorce which should be allowed. Hence his judgment must be unbiassed by those considerations which influence the advocates of the Rights of Women, and is thus entitled to as respectful attention as the strong opinions on this important subject held by Mr Owen, the Rev. Mr Fox, Miss Martineau, and a few more:—

Not only in the United States, but in every other Protestant community that I have ever heard of, divorce can be obtained upon what are considered just and legitimate grounds. It has been supposed, that should the marriage tie be loosened, that divorces without number would take place. It was considered so, and so argued, at the time that Zurich (the only Protestant canton in Switzerland that did not permit divorce, except for adultery alone) passed laws similar to those of the other cantons; but so far from such being the case, only one divorce took place, within a year after the laws were amended. What is the reason of this? It can, in my opinion, only be ascribed to the chain being worn more lightly, when you know that if it oppresses you it may be removed. Men are naturally tyrants, and they bear down upon the woman who cannot escape from their thraldom; but, with the knowledge that she can appeal against them, they soften their rigour. On the other hand, the woman, when unable to escape, frets with the feeling that she must submit, and that there is no help or hope in prospect; but, once aware that she has her rights and an appeal, she bears with more, and feels less than otherwise she would. You may bind, and from assuetude and time, (putting the better feelings out of the question,) the ties are worn without complaint; but if you bind too tight, you cut into the flesh, and after a time the pain becomes insupportable. In Switzerland, Germany, and, I believe, all the Protestant communities of the old world, the grounds upon which divorce is admissible are as follows:—adultery, condemnation of either party to punishment considered as infamous, madness, contagious chronic diseases, desertion, and incompatibility of temper.

The last will be considered by most people as no ground for divorce. Whether it is or not, I shall not pretend to decide; but this is certain, that it is the cause of the most unhappiness, and ultimately of the most crime.

All the great errors, all the various schisms in the Christian church, have arisen from not taking the holy writings as a great moral code, (as I should imagine they were intended to be,) which legislates upon broad principles, but selecting particular passages from them upon which to pin your faith. And it certainly appears to me to be reasonable to suppose that those laws by which the imperfection of our natures were fairly met, and which tended to diminish the aggregate of crime, must be more acceptable to our Divine Master than any which, however they might be in spirit more rigidly conformable to his precepts, were found in their working not to succeed. And here I cannot help observing, that the heads of the Church of England appear not to have duly weighed this matter, when an attempt was lately made to legislate upon it. Do the English bishops mean to assert, that they know better than the heads of all the other Protestant communities in the world—that they are more accurate expounders of the gospel, and have a more intimate knowledge of God's will? Did it never occur to them, that when so many good and virtuous ecclesiastics of the same persuasion in other countries have decided upon the propriety of divorce, so as to leave them in a very small minority, that it might be possible that they might be wrong, or do they intend to set up and claim the infallibility of the Papistical hierarchy?

Captain Marryat becomes more and more heterodox. He objects to the marriage service of the Church—the Church of England!—and, by inference, to that of Rome, of Scotland—of all Christian countries, for in substance they are all alike:—

Beautiful as it is as a service, it is certainly liable to this objection, that of making people vow before God that which it is not in human nature to control. The woman vows to love, and to honour, and to cherish; the man to love and cherish, until death doth them part.

Is it right that this vow should be made? A man deserts his wife for another, treats her cruelly, separates her from her children. Can a woman love, or honour, or cherish such a man?—nevertheless, she has vowed before God that she will. Take the reverse of the picture, when the fault is on the woman's side, and the evil is the same. Can either party control their affections? surely not, and therefore it would be better that such vows should not be demanded.

Captain Marryat goes lengths which we dare not hazard; and yet he does not notice the gross fallacy, grounded on the blind selfishness of human nature, which assumes conjugal infidelity to be comparatively a venial crime in men, chiefly because a spurious offspring cannot be introduced into the family save by the wife. True, Mr A. cannot give a spurious heir to his name and property; that kindness must be conferred upon the family by Mr B.;—but Mr A. may return the obligation to Mr B., which places the families, as to purity of lineage, exactly upon a par; and so far as this great argument goes, equalizes the enormity of the offence, whether the man or the woman be the defaulter. Unless this is admitted, the inevitable conclusion follows—that for Mrs A. to bring her husband a supposititious heir, is the deepest of crimes; but for Mr A. to be the parent of Mr B's. alleged offspring, is scarcely to be considered a fault at all; and, at least, none which will bear comparison with that of his wife, should she be the mother of Mr B's child. Has Bentham exposed this among other fallacies?

Captain Marryat strongly and indignantly repudiates the change of habitual intemperance, which Miss Martineau asserts as "not unfrequent among women of station and education in the most enlightened parts of America." He says,

Miss Martineau is a lady; and, therefore, it is difficult to use the language which I would, if a man had made such an assertion. I shall only state, that it is one of the greatest libels that ever was put into print; for Miss Martineau implies, that it is a general habit among the American women; so far from it, the American women are so abstemious that they do not drink sufficient for their health. They can take very little exercise, and, did they take a little more wine, they would not suffer from *dyspepsia*, as they now do, as wine would assist their digestion. The origin of this slander I know well, and the only ground for it is, that there are two or three ladies of a certain city, who, having been worked upon by some of the Evangelical Revival Ministers, have had their minds crushed by the continual excitement to which they have been subjected. The mind affects the body, and they have required, and have applied to stimulus; and, if you will inquire into the moral state of any woman among the higher classes, either in America or England, who has fallen into the vice alluded to, nine times out of ten you will find that it has been brought about by religious excitement. Fa-

naticism and gin are remarkably good friends all over the world.

When stay-at-home people begin to read and compare the varying and contradictory accounts of travellers in America, we are not surprised that they should fancy themselves better informed and more capable judges of American character and manners, than those who have gallopped or steamed through the States, and lived a few weeks or months here and there in boarding and private houses. It is not in three months nor three years, nor three times three, that the character of a nation is learned. We should like to see any of those travellers dogmatizing upon that subject, with which, from infancy, they have been familiar—their own people and country, and its institutions. Let us mention a case in point, which, though Mrs Trollope's work alone was the cause, is applicable more or less to the books of all American travellers. When that clever and useful, but most uncandid and jaundiced work appeared, there happened to be in a British city, priding itself, with justice, upon its morals, intellectual superiority, and refinement, a young American physician passing the winter, who bore Mrs Trollope's attacks on his country with remarkable good-humour. There was also an American lady, the wife of a professional man, who, after many years of absence from her native country, was only the more patriotic, and who was naturally moved to warm indignation by Mrs Trollope's calumnies and misrepresentations of her beloved native land. It was suggested to her in sport, that an *Anti-Trollope* should be got up, of which the young American should be the editor; herself and her friends furnishing illustrative sketches and anecdotes. Before the project was many hours old, the floods of contemporary scandal, of stories not to be rebutted "of women of station and education"—became quite appalling. The idea of an *Anti-Trollope*, begun in fun, was abandoned in earnest, as a scheme of vicious and unjustifiable retaliation. Indeed it had never been seriously entertained. Some of the failings and vices of home society were not of a kind likely to occur among the American ladies, who, with fewer uses for money for purposes of extravagant luxury, are better supplied. There were anecdotes of ladies, of good station, applying the money received from their husbands' to pay the baker's or the poulterer's bills, to discharge that of the urgent milliner. Contracting debts clandestinely, was a common offence; and another was purchasing goods on credit, and selling them at an under-value to raise money, to meet some pressing demand, which it was necessary to conceal. There was no want of tales of intemperance, and of every kind of vice and failing for the pages of the *Anti-Trollope*; and all were selected from high or respectable quarters. We have never since read the sweeping conclusions of English travellers in America, especially about the state of domestic morals and manners, drawn certainly from narrow and imperfect premises, without remembering the absurd work suggested to divert a lady's spleen, and which would have given nearly as fair a picture of British manners and morals. All the stories would have been positive facts, relating to well-known persons, and told by well-informed and credible parties; yet how false a picture would the Anti-Trollope have exhibited of one of the best portions of British Society!

The patriotism of the Americans, but especially of the ladies, is not the less beautiful, as a national trait of republicans, for being somewhat ridiculous in its assumptions and displays. Captain Marryat's word, Patriotism, is not the true designation of the affection he describes, and which is not peculiar to America. We have no accurate term for this American egotism, which, from pride and rivalry of village, of city, and of county, expands to country; but it is near akin to the sentiment which teaches Liverpool to despise Manchester; Edinburgh to disdain Glasgow; Glasgow to be jealous of the "Modern Athens;" aristocratic Bath to turn up the nose at mercantile Bristol; as well as Boston to despise New York. The feeling is the same everywhere; and we only refer to Captain Marryat for its peculiar manifestations among the American ladies.

There is a great deal of patriotism of one sort or the other in the American women. I recollect once, when conversing with a highly cultivated and beautiful American woman, I inquired if she knew a lady who had been some time in England, and who was a great favourite of mine. She replied, "Yes." "Don't you like her?" "To confess the truth, I do not," replied she; "she is *too English* for me." "That is to say, she likes England and the English." "That is what I mean." I replied that, "Had she been in England, she would probably have become *too English* also; for, with her cultivated and elegant ideas, she must naturally have been pleased with the refinement, luxury, and established grades in society, which it had taken eight hundred years to produce." "If that is to be the case, I hope I may never go to England."

Now, this was *true* patriotism, and there is much true patriotism among the higher classes of the American women; with them there is no alloy of egotism. . .

Among what may be termed the middling classes, I have been very much amused with the compound of vanity and ignorance which I have met with. Among this class they can read and write; but almost all their knowledge is confined to their own country, especially in geography, which I soon discovered. It was hard to beat them on American ground: but as soon as you got them off that, they were defeated. I wish the reader to understand particularly, that I am not speaking now of the well-bred Americans, but of that portion which would with us be considered as on a par with the middle class of shopkeepers; for I had a very extensive acquaintance. My amusement was—to make some comparison between the two countries, which I knew would immediately bring on the conflict I desired; and not without danger, for I sometimes expected, in the ardour of their patriotism, to meet with the fate of Orpheus.

I soon found that the more I granted, the more they demanded; and that the best way was never to grant anything. I was once in a room full of the softer sex, chiefly girls, of all ages; when the mamma of a portion of them, who was sitting on the sofa, as we mentioned steam, said, "Well now, Captain, you will allow that we are a-head of you there." "No," replied I, "quite the contrary; our steam-boats go all over the world—your's are afraid to leave the rivers." "Well now, Captain, I suppose you'll allow America is a bit bigger country than England?" "It's rather broader; but, if

I recollect right, it's not quite so long." "Why, Captain!" "Well, only look at the map." "Why, isn't the Mississippi a bigger river than you have in England?" "Bigger? Pooh! haven't we got the Thames?" "The Thames? why, that's no river at all." "Isn't it? Just look at the map, and measure them." "Well, now, Captain, I tell you what, you call your Britain the Mistress of the Seas, yet we whipped you well, and you know that." "Oh! yes; you refer to the Shannon and Chesapeake, don't you?" "No, not that time, because Lawrence was drunk, they say; but did'nt we *whip* you well at New Orleans?" "No, you didn't." "No? O Captain!" "I say you did not. If your people had come out from behind their cotton bales and sugar casks, we'd have knocked you all into a cocked hat; but they wouldn't come out, so we walked away in disgust." "Now, Captain, that's romancing—that won't do." Here the little ones joined in the cry—"We did beat you, and you know it;" and, hauling me into the centre of the room, they joined hands in a circle, and danced round me, singing—

"Yankee doodle is a tune,
Which is 'nation handy.
All the British ran away
At Yankee doodle dandy."

Captain Marryat does confess that the Americans are a remarkably well-tempered people; which, strange admission! he conceives, arises from democracy; and he has a sound and original theory to account for that gruffness of manner which he believes concomitant with genuine obligingness and civility. He also agrees with Miss Martineau that the Americans are an eminently imaginative people; but this will depend upon what is held to be imagination. We should like to hear other opinions.

In noting the first three volumes of this work, we alluded to the many inconsistencies of opinion which they displayed. Inconsistency is even more palpable in the present series. How is the reader to reconcile the following grave statement with even the very little which has been seen of the American people in our slight account of Captain Marryat's work?—

I would not libel an individual, much less a whole nation; but I must speak the truth: and, upon due examination, and calling to my mind all that I have collected from observation and otherwise, I consider that, at this present time, the standard of morality is lower in America than in any other portion of the civilized globe. I say at this present time, for it was not so even twenty years ago, and possibly may not be so twenty years hence.

After this, it is needless to go farther. Captain Marryat lugs in Dr Channing to corroborate his opinion that the Americans are corrupted and debased by the inordinate pursuit of gain; and Cooper, who asserts that, in America, all the local affections—the domestic and household affections, we presume—are sacrificed to the spirit of gain. But if the authority of that very clever fictionist, and very splenetic and acrimonious individual, be received as conclusive of the degradation of the American national character, it must have also some force in the case of England, on which Cooper's judgments are quite as unjust and as severe; yet, as a judge of English manners, Captain Marryat disclaims the sour and envious Yankee. Without receiving for gospel all that Cooper has said of his countrymen, we imagine that they will not be a whit the worse for hearing it; any more than the grave admonitions of Channing and the vituperations of British travellers. Captain Marryat, entirely to his own satisfaction, comes to the conclusion that the low morality of America is owing to the absence of an aristocracy; but, then, his idea of an aristocracy is not exactly that of "May Fair." They want great, good, and powerful leading men in America—exemplars to be looked up to and imitated; and these, it is inferred, never can be found in a country where the elective system is popular. But is such an aristocracy, one of virtue and intellect, found in England among a nobility who fix the standard of morality, and teach the other classes how to think and to live? It is one of Captain Marryat's maxims that "trade demoralizes;" and, therefore that, traders must have patterns and standards of virtue in an idle aristocracy, whose principal trade is on the turf or at the gaming-table, and whose counting-house is the club-house and the saloons. It is not by the educated and happily-circumstanced middle class that the high tone of English morality is maintained. This Captain Marryat considers a fallacy into which foreigners are betrayed. No; "the nobility and gentry are the persons who uphold this high tone in morality," and the agricultural labourers are those who follow the bright example set by the nobility and squirearchy: in short, with a few grains of truth and sense, Captain Marryat has, on this vexed question, mingled a full bushel of nonsense and gratuitous assumption. His ultimate remedy for all the evils which exist, and which threaten American society, is the immediate establishment of an aristocracy, by means, we should imagine—for the plan is obscure—of a hereditary chamber of senators, and a more aristocratic constitution of Congress.

Great injury is done in America, Captain Marryat conceives, by the facility with which equivocal characters or downright scamps, upon their travels, and under the name of *attachés*, find introductions to the higher circles of England, and to the British Court. A New York editor named Bennet, whom Captain Marryat wants words to paint black enough, was admitted into Westminster Hall on the day of the Queen's Coronation, and was seated among the proudest of the "nobility." The case may be flagrant, but we venture to affirm that, black sheep as this New York journalist may be, he met that day, in Westminster Hall, plenty of persons of his own caste, and of inferior, if not of degrading, callings to keep him in countenance. We, however, sincerely pity the ambassador of Republican Americrica for the *boring* and annoyance with which his fellow-citizens assail him for introductions to Court. If the Lord Chamberlain do not take the matter into his own hands, there ought—since every American must be presented—to be a separate bureau for managing this department, which the intercourse by steam vessels is rendering so onerous.

The concluding volume of the Diary is devoted

to Canada. It is, upon the whole, more moderate in tone than might have been expected.

One chapter in the second volume is headed "Society and the Mississippi;" and, were Captain Marryat's strictures upon the morality of the United States limited to the banks of what he calls the great common sewer of Western America, more respect would be felt for his judgment. Our only object in citing the following brief passage is to give a specimen of the more elaborate and ambitious style of the Diary.

Never, perhaps, in the records of nations, was there an instance of a century of such unvarying and unmitigated crime as is to be collected from the history of the turbulent and blood-stained Mississippi. The stream itself appears as if appropriated for the deeds which have been committed. It is not like most rivers, beautiful to the sight, bestowing fertility in its course; not one that the eye loves to dwell upon as it sweeps along; nor can you wander on its banks, or trust yourself without danger to its stream. It is a furious, rapid, desolating torrent, loaded with alluvial soil; and few of those who are received into its waters ever rise again, or can support themselves long on its surface without assistance from some friendly log. It contains the coarsest and most uneatable of fish—such as the cat-fish and such genus; and, as you descend it, its banks are occupied by the fœtid alligator; while the panther basks at its edge in the canebrakes, almost impervious to man. Pouring its impetuous waters through wild tracks, covered with trees of little value except for fire wood, it sweeps down whole forests in its course, which disappear in tumultuous confusion, whirled away by the stream, now loaded with the masses of soil which nourished their roots, often blocking up and changing for a time the channel of the river, which, as if in anger at its being opposed, inundates and devastates the whole country round; and, as soon as it forces its way through its former channel, plants in every direction the uprooted monarchs of the forest, (upon whose branches the bird will never again perch, or the racoon, the opossum, or the squirrel climb,) as traps for the adventurous navigators of its waters by steam, who, borne down upon these concealed dangers, which pierce through the planks, very often have not time to steer for and gain the shore before they sink to the bottom. There are no pleasing associations connected with this great common sewer of the western America, which pours out its mud into the Mexican Gulf, polluting the clear blue sea for many miles beyond its mouth. It is a river of desolation, and, instead of reminding you, like some beautiful river, of an angel which has descended for the benefit of man, you imagine it a devil, whose energies have been overcome only by the wonderful power of steam.

The early history of the Mississippi is one of piracy and buccaneering; its mouths were frequented by these marauders, as in the *bayous* and creeks they found protection and concealment for themselves and their ill-gotten wealth. Even until after the war of 1814 these sea-robbers still to a certain extent flourished, and the name of Lafitte, the last of their leaders, is deservedly renowned for courage and for crime; his vessels were usually secreted in the land-locked Bay of Barataria, to the westward of the mouth of the river. They were, however, soon afterwards extirpated by the American government. The language of the adjacent States is still adulterated with the slang of those scoundrels; proving how short a period it is since they disappeared, and how they must have mixed up with the reckless population, whose head-quarters were then at the mouth of the river.

But as the hunting grounds of Western Virginia, Kentucky, and the northern banks of the Ohio, were gradually wrested from the Shawnee Indians, the population became more dense, and the Mississippi itself became the means of communications and of barter with the more northern tribes. Then another race of men made their appearance, and flourished for half a century, varying indeed in employment, but in other respects little better than the buccaneers and pirates, in whose ranks they were probably first enlisted. These were the boatmen of the Mississippi, who with incredible fatigue forced their "keels" with poles against the current, working against the stream with the cargoes intrusted to their care by the merchants of New Orleans, labouring for many months before they arrived at their destination, and returning with the rapid stream in as many days as it required weeks for them to ascend. This was a service of great danger and difficulty, requiring men of iron frame and undaunted resolution. They had to contend, not only with the current, but, when they ascended the Ohio, with the Indians, who, taking up the most favourable positions, either poured down the contents of their rifles into the boat as she passed, or, taking advantage of the dense fog, boarded them in their canoes, indiscriminate slaughter being the invariable result of the boatmen having allowed themselves to be surprised. In these men was to be found, as there often is in the most unprincipled, one redeeming quality (independent of courage and perseverance) which was that they were, generally speaking, scrupulously honest to their employers, although they made little ceremony of appropriating to their own use the property, or, if necessary, of taking the life of any other parties. Wild, indeed, are the stories which are still remembered of the deeds of courage, and also of the fearful crimes committed by these men, on a river which never gives up its dead. I say still remembered, for in a new country they rapidly forget the past, and only look forward to the future; whereas in an old country the case is nearly the reverse—we love to recur to tradition and luxuriate in the dim records of history.

Such is the swelling introduction to the history of the buccaneers of the Mississippi—a race of miscreants now nearly extirpated; though the state of society is, in many respects, not much better than before the rifle of the vulgar lawless ruffian had been exchanged for Lynch law and the Bowie-knife of the more respectable citizen. The Bowie-knife is quite a modern weapon. It takes its name from that of the inventor, which, we are sorry to say, is purely Scottish, though Highland Scottish. The inventor asserts that the weapon—now carried in the breast, or somewhere about the person, of all the gentlemen of the Western States—was originally meant for a hunting-knife. Captain Marryat thus describes this savage weapon.

The Bowie-knife is, generally speaking, about a foot long in the blade, single-edged, very heavy, and with a sharp point. It is good either for cutting or stabbing; they are generally worn in the bosom under the waistcoat; but latterly they have made them so long that they cannot be carried there, and are now very frequently worn behind the back in a sheath between the coat and the waistcoat, the handle being on a level with the coat-collar. They are made in this country, I regret to say; the one I have in my possession is manufactured by W. and S. Butcher—no bad name for Bowie-knife makers, if it is not an assumed one.

Duels are now fought with the Bowie-knife, which are arranged with the punctilio of an old clan-fight, by picked champions.

The occupation of Texas has tended to purify Western society by drawing off the more daring miscreants; and the cities, with the necessary help of Lynch law, have set about purifying themselves. An active police has been established in New Orleans, and the example of executing, after a fair trial and conviction, one ruffian in good station, who, in a drunken fit, fell upon the keeper of a hotel and literally cut

him to pieces with his Bowie-knife, has had a very salutary effect. Yet in New Orleans every young man still wears his Bowie-knife even at balls, though this is against the regulations of the police. They fight duels on the instant, and on the slightest provocation; and the use of the knife, is still too common in all the South-Western States. Captain Marryat concludes by pointing out to the ladies of the Southern States one noble object of womanly ambition—one glorious achievement for their country and their posterity. This is an association of which every member should declare that she will neither marry nor admit into her society any man who carries a Bowie-knife or any deadly weapon. We hope to hear of such an association.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS PLATTER.

At last, we have the pleasure of congratulating our readers upon the appearance of a truly original book. We have this, in a quaint old-fashioned little work, translated in apt language, (so as to preserve its race,) from the original German. THOMAS PLATTER, from a poor little goatherd of St Gall, became a travelling scholar, a ropemaker, and Hebrew professor; an armour-bearer and schoolmaster; a soldier; a professor; *i.e.* schoolmaster; a printer in Basle; and again a professor. He was born in the last year of the fifteenth century, and lived to an extreme old age. When very aged, the good man wrote this homely and natural memoir, to oblige his son, Dr Felix Platter.

Thomas Platter, the little orphan goatherd, suffered much in striving to obtain an education; and his life and adventures afford a good, and a very curious, picture of the social state of Switzerland in his time. Though born just as the people of the village were returning from mass on Shrove-Tuesday, and, therefore, believed to be intended for a priest, he lived to put away the errors of Popery, and to become a zealous heretic.

The *travelling scholars* of that age—which in Switzerland, was still that of the Reformation—present a curious feature. They were generally the children of the very poorest people. Tommy Platter, while a shepherd with a relative, attended school with a priest, who beat him cruelly, and taught him nothing. He had a young cousin who had *travelled* or wandered from his native canton to the seminaries of Ulm and Munich, in Bavaria; and Tommy formed the desire of accompanying his cousin Paul. With the priest he had barely learned to sing the *Salve*, and he and the other boys, the priest's scholars, were obliged to sing before the houses of the villagers for eggs to their master. We copy out part of this curious picture of the wandering scholars of those primitive times. Platter relates:—

When Paul wished to wander again, I was to come to him to Stalden. Behind Stalden is a house that is called "Zum Mullibach;" there, my mother's brother, Simon Summermatter, lived; he was to be my guardian, and gave me a golden florin, which I carried in my hand to Stalden, and on the way often looked at it to see whether I had it, and then gave it to Paul. Thus we left the country. Then I was obliged on the road to beg for the necessary money, and also to share it with Paul my Bacchant. At that time schools were not yet established in all places; and young persons who wished to learn anything, or to prepare themselves for any religious office, which at that time required little knowledge, went, either singly or in greater numbers, after renowned teachers. As they were for the most part poor people, they lived on the way on alms. And when the thing degenerated, the great ones were called Bacchants, because they lived well on what was obtained by begging, and led a wild and dissolute life; the little ones were called *a-b-c* fags. They, when the begging was not sufficient, did not make any scruple about stealing, which was called sharp-shooting. They were, however, usually called Scholastics, or Travelling Scholars. So bad were the school-arrangements, until the Reformation made improvements in this department also. On account of my simplicity and provincial dialect, people gave me very liberally. When I passed over the Grimsel, and came at night into an inn, I saw, for the first time, a stove made of tiles of white delft, and the moon shone on the tiles, Then I thought it was a large calf, for I saw only two tiles shining, and thought those were the eyes. In the morning I saw geese, of which I had never seen any before. When, therefore, they set on me hissing, as geese are accustomed to do, I ran away from them with a loud cry, for I thought it was the devil who wanted to devour me. In Lucerne I saw the first tiled roofs, and wondered very much at the red colour. Hereupon we came to Zurich: there Paul waited for several comrades who wished to go with us to Meissen. In the meantime I went for alms, with which I was obliged almost entirely to support Paul; for when I came into an inn the people liked to hear me speak the St Gall dialect, and gave me liberally. . . . . After we had waited for company about eight or nine weeks, we set out for Meissen—for me a very long journey, because I was not accustomed to travel so far, and besides that I was obliged to provide my provisions on the way. We travelled eight or nine together—three little fags, and the rest great Bacchants, as they were called, and I was the smallest and youngest of the fags. When I could not get on vigorously, then my relation Paul walked behind me with a rod or stick, and beat me on the bare legs; for I had no hose on, but bad shoes. I cannot now remember all that befell us on the road; but some adventures I have not yet forgotten. When we were upon the journey, and were speaking of all sorts of things, the Bacchants narrated to one another how it was the custom in Meissen and Silesia for the fags to be allowed to steal geese and ducks, and other articles of provision, and that nothing was done to them on that account if they could only escape from the owner. In my simplicity I believed everything, for I knew nothing of the commandments of God, and had had no experience of the world. One day we were not far from a village; there was a great flock of geese there, and the herdsman was not at hand, but pretty far off with the cowherds. Then I asked my comrades, the fags, "When shall we be in Meissen, that I may throw at the geese and kill them?" They said, "We are there already." Then I took a stone, threw it, and hit one on the foot. The others fled away, but the lame one could not follow. I took another stone, threw it, and hit it on the head, so that it fell down; for when with the goats, I had learned to throw well, so that no shepherd of my age was superior to me: could also blow the shepherd's horn, and leap with the pole; for in such arts I exercised myself with my fellow-shepherds. Then I ran to it, and caught the goose by the neck, and put it under my little coat, and went along the road through the village. Then the goose-herd came run-

ning after, and cried in the village, "The urchin has robbed me of a goose." I and my fellow fags ran off, and the feet of the goose hung out from under my little coat. The peasants came out of their houses with halberds, and followed us. When I now saw that I could not escape with the goose, I let it fall. Before the village I jumped aside into a thicket; but my two comrades ran along the road and were overtaken by two peasants. Then they fell down on their knees and begged for mercy, for that they had done them no harm. When, therefore, the peasants saw that he was not there who had let the goose fall, they went back into the village and took the goose along with them. When I saw how they ran after my companions, I was in a great fright, and said to myself, "O God! I believe that I have not blessed myself to-day," as I had been taught that I should bless myself every morning. When the peasants came into the village they found our Bacchants in the public-house; for they had gone before, and we came after. Then the peasants thought that they ought to pay for the goose, which would have made about two bats (fourpence), but I do not know whether they paid for it or not. When they came to us again they laughed, and asked how it had happened. I excused myself with saying, that I thought such was the custom of the country; but they said that it was not yet time. When, however, some of the Bacchants behaved themselves towards us very rudely, some of us, with Paul, determined to run away from the Bacchants, and go by way of Dresden to Breslau. On the way we had to suffer much from hunger, so that several days we ate nothing but raw onions with salt; some days roasted acorns, crab-apples, and wild pears. Many a night we lay in the open air, because no one would suffer us in the houses, no matter how early we might ask for lodging. Now and then the dogs were set at us. When, however, we came to Breslau there was an abundance of everything; yes, everything was so cheap that the poor fags used to eat too much, and often made themselves sick. At first we went to school in the cathedral of the Holy Cross; when, however, we heard that in the principal parish of St Elizabeth there were several Swiss, we went thither. There were there two from Bremgarten, two from Mellingen, and others, besides a number of Suabians. There was no difference made between the Suabians and the Swiss; they addressed one another as countrymen, and protected one another. The city of Breslau has seven parishes, each a separate school; and no scholar was allowed to go singing into another parish; else they immediately shouted, "Ad idem! ad idem!" Then the fags ran together, and beat one another very sorely. There were, as was said at that time, at once several thousand Bacchants and fags in the city, who all lived upon alms. It was said also that there were some that had been there twenty, thirty, or more years, who had had their fags who were obliged to wait upon them. I have often in one evening carried my Bacchants five or six loads of provisions home to the school where they lived. People gave to me very willingly, because I was little, and a Swiss; for they were uncommonly found of the Swiss. They also felt great compassion with the Swiss, because just at that time they had suffered sorely in the great battle at Milan; so that the common people said, "The Swiss have now lost their Pater-Noster." For, before that, they imagined that the Swiss were quite invincible.

The travelling scholars had an hospital in this town for themselves.

Through the winter, the fags lay upon the floor in the school; but the Bacchants in small chambers, of which there were at St Elizabeth's several hundreds. But in summer, when it was hot, we lay in the church-yard; collected together grass, such as is spread in summer on Sunday in the gentlemen's streets* before the doors, and lay in it, like pigs in the straw. When however it rained we ran into the school; and when there was thunder we sang the whole night, with the Subcantor, responsories and other sacred music. Now and then after supper, in summer, we went into the beer-houses to beg for beer. Then the drunken Polish peasants used to give us so much beer, that I often could not find my way to the school again, though only a stone's throw from it: in short, here there was plenty to eat, but there was not much of study; and of true piety no one had an idea. In the school at St Elizabeth, indeed, nine Bachelors of Arts read lectures at the same hour, and in the same room; still the Greek language had not yet made its way anywhere in the country: neither had any one printed books, except the Preceptor, who had a printed Terence. What was read had first to be dictated, then pointed, then construed, and at last explained; so that the Bacchants had to carry away thick books of notes when they went home.

From Breslau eight of us migrated again to Dresden; we had, however, on the way to suffer much from hunger. Then we determined to separate for one day; some went to see after geese; some after turnips, and carrots, and onions; some about a pot: we little ones however were to procure bread and salt in the neighbouring town of Neumark. In the evening we intended to assemble again outside the city, and there take up our lodging, and cook what we might have.

In this way the *scholars* lived exactly like gipsies, or the predatory trampers of our age, begging and stealing. Our scholar relates—

We came to Munich, where Paul and I found lodging with a soap-boiler of the name of Hans Schrall, who was a Master of Arts of Vienna, but an enemy to the clerical state. Him I helped to make soap, rather more than I went to school; and travelled about with him to the villages to buy in ashes. At last Paul determined to pay a visit to our home, for we had not been at home during five years. Accordingly, we went home to St Gall. Then my friends were not able to understand me, and said, "Our Tommy speaks so profoundly, that no one can understand him." For being young, I had learned something of the language of every place where I had been.

When they returned to Ulm, Paul found an additional *fag* The wretched fags had little time for study, their principal trade being to beg for the Bacchants. Poor little Tommy Platter often suffered severe hunger among his other hardships.

All that I got, I had to bring to the Bacchants, and did not dare, for fear of stripes, to eat even a morsel. Paul had taken another Bacchant to live with him, of the name of Achatius, a native of Mayence; and I, with my companion Hildebrand, had to wait on them both. But my companion ate almost all himself that was given him in the houses. On that account the Bacchants went after him into the street, and found him eating: thereupon they threw him on a bed, covered his head with a pillow, so that he could not cry, and beat him with all their might. That made me afraid, so that I brought home all that I got. They had often so much bread that it became mouldy; then they cut out the mouldy outside, and gave it to us to eat. I was often very hungry, and frost-bitten too, because I had to go about in the dark till midnight, to sing for bread. Now there was, at that time at Ulm, a pious widow, who had a son, Paul Reling, and two daughters. This widow often in winter wrapt my feet in a warm fur, which she laid behind the oven, to warm my feet when I came; gave me then also a basin full of vegetables, and then allowed me to go home.

The tyranny of the Bacchants seems to have been a regular system recognised by everybody; and humane people attempted to screen, but they could not protect, the fags from their cruelty. Tommy ran away from his Bacchant, who vainly attempted to recover his slave or chattel. He went with another boy to Strasburg, and afterwards to Schlestadt, where there was a good school, by which he first profited, and he had now some hopes of yet being a priest.

* It is still not unusal in Poland, on certain festival days or public occasions, to strew a sort of reed or coarse grass in the streets.

When he returned to Switzerland, he found an excellent if rough teacher, who may serve as a specimen of a class, and illustrate a period of transition.

Father Myconius, my new teacher, began at once to read Terence with us, and then we had to decline and conjugate every little word in a whole comedy. He used often to deal with me until my shirt was wet with perspiration through fear, and my eyes were dim; and yet he never gave me a blow, except on one single occasion with the left hand on my cheek. He also read lectures upon the Holy Scriptures, which were visited by many of the laity; for it was at that time that the light of the Gospel was just beginning to rise; although mass and the idolatrous pictures in the churches were continued for a long time after. Whenever he was rough towards me, he afterwards took me to his house, and gave me a meal; for he liked to hear me relate how I had travelled through all the countries in Germany, and what I had everywhere suffered, which I could much better remember then than now. Myconius without doubt was already acquainted with the pure doctrine; but was obliged, notwithstanding, to go to church at Frauenmunster with his scholars to sing the vesper, matins, and masses, and to direct the singing. Once he said to me, "Custos,"* (for I was his Custos,) "I would now rather read four lessons than sing one mass; do me a favour, and sometimes attend to an easy mass, a requiem and such like, for me: I will not let it be unrewarded." With that I was well content, for I was accustomed to that sort of thing, not only at Zurich, but also at Solothurn and elsewhere; for everything was still Popish. Many a one was to be found who could sing better than expound a Gospel, and it was daily to be seen in the schools that wild Bacchants went off, and were ordained, if they could only sing a little, and understood nothing either of grammar or the Gospel. At the time that I was Custos, I often had no wood for the heating of the school. One morning Zuinglius was to preach before day in Frauenmunster, and as they were ringing the bell for service, and there was no wood for heating the school, I thought, in my simplicity, "You have no wood, and there are so many idols in the church?" As no one was there I went into the church to the nearest altar, seized a wooden St John, hurried with him into the school into the oven, and said to him, "Johnny, now bend yourself, you must go into the oven, even though you represent a St John." When he began to burn, there were nasty great blisters from the oil paint. I thought "Now hold still; if you stir, which you however will not do, I will shut to the door of the oven, and you dare not come out, unless the evil one fetches you." In the meantime the wife of Myconius came, who wished to go to church to the sermon, and said, "God give you a good day, my son; have you heated the oven?" I closed the oven door, and said, "Yes, mother, I am quite ready." I would not, however, tell it to her; for if it had been known, it would at that time have cost me my life. In the schools Myconius said, "Custos, you have had famous wood to-day." I thought, "St John deserves the most praise." When we were to sing the mass two priests were quarrelling together, and one said to the other, "You Lutheran knave, you have robbed me of a St John. This they continued a good while. Myconius did not know what the matter was, but St John was never found again. Of course I never told it to any one, till several years after, when Myconius was preacher at Basle; then I told it to him, and he wondered very much, and remembered well how the priests had quarrelled together. Although it appeared to me then that Popery was mere mummery, yet I still had it in my mind to become a priest, and to do the duties of my office faithfully, and deck out my altar smartly. For of real piety I understood, at that time, nothing: all rested merely on outward ceremonies. When, however, Ulrich Zuinglius preached severely against it, my scruples increased more and more in course of time. Otherwise, I had prayed much, and fasted rather more than was agreeable to me; had also my saints and patrons, to whom I prayed: our Lady, the Virgin Mary, that she would be my intercessor with her son; St Catherine, that I might become learned; St Barbara, that I might not die without the sacrament; St Peter, that he would open heaven to me.

He was farther impressed by the preaching of Zuinglius, and he never became a priest; but, on the contrary, a zealous if cautious Reformer, and an ardent student of Hebrew and Greek. Books were still scarce and very dear, as money was then valued. Platter copied over a Hebrew grammar during the hours when he should have slept, and paid the last crown in his possession for a Hebrew Bible, which, with eleven others, was brought from Venice. In those days scholars found no royal road, no easy path to learning; and what they acquired hardly, they prized the more.

One day, Conrad Pur, preacher at Mettmenstetten, in the Canton of Zurich, came; and when he saw me sitting at work over the Hebrew Bible, he said, "Are you a Hebrew? you must teach it to me also." I said, "I know nothing;" but he would not let himself be put off his purpose, till I promised him; for I also thought that by staying longer there I might become a burden to Myconius. I therefore went with him to Mettmenstetten, instructed him in Hebrew, had plenty to eat and drink, and remained seven and twenty weeks with him. From him I came to Hedingen, to pastor Weber, who likewise desired instruction in Hebrew, and remained about twenty weeks with him. After that I came to another pastor at Rifferswyl; he was eighty years old, and wished to begin to learn Hebrew. From him I came again to Zurich. In the meantime there came a very learned young man from Lucern, of the name of Rudolph Collin; he was to go to Constance to receive priest's orders. Zuinglius, however, and Myconius, persuaded him to learn the rope-making trade for his money. When he had married, and become a master, I asked him to teach me the rope-making trade also. He said he had no hemp. Now, just at that time a small inheritance had fallen to me from my mother; for that I bought the master a cwt. of hemp, and learned, till it was used up as much as possible; but had, at the same time, always a desire for study. When the master thought I slept, I got up quietly, struck a light, and had a Homer, and secretly my master's translation, out of which I made notes into my Homer. When I was working at my trade, I took Homer with me. When the master discovered that, he said, "Platere! pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus;" "either study or follow your trade!" Once, as we were eating our supper, and drank water thereto, he said, "Platere! how does Pindar begin." I answered, "Ἄριστον μὲν τὸ ὕδωρ" (Water is the best.) Then he laughed and said, "Then we will follow Pindar's advice, and drink water, because we have no wine." When I had used up the cwt. of hemp, my apprenticeship was over, and I intended to go to Basle. I therefore took leave of my master, as if I was going early next morning; but I went to my old lodging at the house of the hatter's widow, and remained six weeks privately there, and wrote a gloss upon Euripides, that I might be able to take it as well as Homer on the way with me; for I intended also to study on the way. Then I took my bundle, and left Zurich at day-break, came in one day as far as Muttentz, and the next morning to Basle. Here I inquired after a master, and came to Hans Staheli at the Ox-market, whom they called the Red-Rope-maker. They said that he was the rudest master on the whole length of the Rhine, on which account the rope-making journeymen, did not like to be with him, and I found a place open the sooner. When he first employed me, I could scarcely hang up the hemp, and twist it very little. Then the master shewed me his manners, began to fight and to curse, and said, "Go stick out the eyes of the master that taught you; what shall I do with you? you can do

* School-servant in fact.

nothing yet." He did not, however, know that I had not worked up more than one cwt. of hemp in my whole life. That I did not dare to tell him; for he had a very bad apprentice who could work better than I, who treated me very contemptuously, and insulted me. After the master had tried me eight days, I spoke to him in a friendly manner, and said, that he should have patience with me, and give me wages or not; that I would render him faithful service, and write down everything punctually; for no one in the house could write. "I have," said I, "learned little; that I clearly perceive, my master had for the most part no hemp." Thus he allowed himself to be persuaded to keep me, and gave me twopence a-week wages. With that I bought myself candles, by which I studied at night, although I was obliged to work in the evening till the trumpet was sounded, and get up again in the morning at the sound of the trumpet. Yet I was willing to bear that, if I could only learn the trade. In the course of half a year I was able to twist a day's work, and act as foreman. I also worked often, when we made the large ropes or cables, in the sweat of my brow. Then the master used to laugh at me, and say, "Had I studied so much as you, and had such a love for it, I would let the rope-making go where it liked," for he saw well that I had a singular love for books. I had made acquaintance with the pious printer, Andrew Cratander; he presented me with a Plautus, which he had printed in octavo. As it was not yet bound, I took one sheet after the other, and stuck it in a little wooden fork that was split at the bottom, and the little fork I stuck in the hemp. That I read as I went backwards and forwards when I twisted, and then when the master came I threw the hemp over it. Once, however, he caught me in the fact, and behaved very wildly. "If you wish to study," said he, "follow it, or follow the trade. Is it not enough that I allow it you by night, or on a holiday, that you must also read when you twist?" On the holiday, as soon as I had eaten my dinner, I took my little book, went into a summer-house, and read the whole day, till the watchmen of the city gate called. By degrees I made acquaintance with a few students, particularly with the scholars of Dr Beatus Rhenanus. These and others often passed my shop, and spoke to me that I should give up the rope-making trade, and they would recommend me to Erasmus of Rotterdam, who at that time lived at Basle. But it was all of no use, although Erasmus himself came to me once, as I was helping to make a great rope on the Peter's-place; and although, by dint of great trouble and work, I only got bad food, and not enough of that, and in winter had to suffer sadly from cold.

Dr Myconius, with whom he became acquainted, procured him pupils in Hebrew, and the rope-maker, in his little apron, taught students in golden caps, attended by their own servants. When the citizens of the five Cantons were summoned to arms, Platter bore his master's armour to the field. As we proceed, we get more interested in the personal history of Thomas Platter. When he returned from the wars, he relates—

"I remained a while in Zurich with Myconius, and studied. He, together with his wife, recommended me to take his housekeeper Anne to wife, and give up the wandering hither and thither, and then they would make us their heirs. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and after some days we went to Dubendorf, to Myconius' brother-in-law, to church, and celebrated the wedding with such pomp, that there were people at table with us who did not know that it was a wedding. Myconius also owed my wife fourteen florins wages, of which he gave her two florins. With these we went away the first day to Mettmenstetten to the gentleman whom I had taught Hebrew, by way of Lucern, and Sarnen, to Visp in St Gall. At first we visited my sister Christina in Burgenderf; she had there a husband and nine children. That man had two aunts, who were so old that they did not know how old they were, and no one else did. With her we remained till St Gall's day. I had inherited some household furniture that my sister had laid up for me; she also lent me her ass, that I might bring the same to Visp. There then was an empty house with a bed that was not wanted, and we got it lent to us rent free. It was almost the best house in the village, with nice windows that had panes. There all went on well at first. I began to prepare my rope-making trade, and to keep a school. In winter I had about thirty scholars; in summer scarcely six. Each had to pay a penny every quarterly fast, and besides many presents. I had many relations; one brought me eggs, another cheese, or a ball of butter. Also others whose children came to me to school, brought the like: some a quarter of a sheep; those who were at home in the village gave milk, vegetables, jugs of wine; so that seldom a day passed in which something was not given to us. At times we have reckoned at night, that in one day eight or nine different presents had been sent to us. A few weeks before my arrival, several women in Eisterthal, who were in a room together, had spoken of me, how magnificent the first mass would be that I should celebrate, and how large the offerings which I should receive. For of the Summermatters alone, the family of my mother, I had seventy-two cousins, of whom not one was yet married, and who therefore would have been able to carry their offering to the altar themselves. Through my wedding, however, all these splendid hopes were disappointed. When we began our housekeeping, I borrowed fifteen Swiss bats of my uncle, Anthony Summermatter. With that we began to trade, bought wine and sold it again retail; also bought apples which my wife sold again to the boys who would have them; so that we did very well, and had no want. I had never been so well off. The priests, however, were not very friendly to me, although they also did me a kindness, and often invited me as a guest, that I might not take too much to the Lutheran ways. But when I had to go to church, and help to sing the mass, it was a burden to me, and against my conscience, to be obliged to help in the commission of idolatry, to be present and not to be able to speak my mind freely at all times. I therefore began to think over the matter, what I should do in order to get out again, and went to Zurich to consult with Father Myconius. He advised me to leave the place; for that I had prospects of being able to go to Basle again.

Platter had some perilous adventures in crossing the Grimsel, from the intense cold, though it was only the middle of August. He afterwards relates—

When I came home to my wife, she was glad; for the pastor of the village had been seized with the plague, and no one would attend to him. She was anxious as to how it might fare with herself, if she also should become sick. I had also experienced that several years before; for whilst I was still going to school at Zurich, there was a terrible plague also there; so that in the great minster they laid 900 persons in one grave, and in another 700. At that time I went home with others of my countrymen, and had a boil on my leg, which I looked upon as a plague-boil. Then they would scarcely let us in anywhere. I went to Grenchen to my aunt Frances, and between Galpentran, a little village at the foot of the mountain, and Grenchen, in half a day I fell asleep eighteen times. My aunt, however, put on a bandage of herb leaves, and so no evil consequence ensued to me or others; yet neither I nor my aunt was allowed to go near any one for six weeks.

As I was now desirous to leave the country; when the Bishop Baron Adrian von Rietmatt heard of it, he sent his cousin John von Rietmatt to me with a message that I should come to him to Sitten, and become schoolmaster of the whole country, and that a good salary should be given me. I thanked his Grace, but begged several years' more leave of absence, for that I was still young and unlearned, and should like to study more. Then he threatened me with his finger, and said, "O Platter! you would be old and clever enough, but you have something else in your mind; but when we shall

call upon you at some future time, we hope you will be more ready to serve your native country than a foreign land." So I took my baby, that had been born meanwhile—the cradle suspended from a hook on my back—and left the place. The child's godmother gave it at parting a double ducat. Besides that, we had also been given from twelve to fifteen pieces of money. A little household furniture, which we took with us, I carried, and the mother followed after, as a calf the cow. The books, however, I had sent over Berne to Basle; thither we also went by way of Zurich. I carried the child; and a scholar went with us, who helped the mother to carry her bundle. After looking for a dwelling for a long time, we at last got a small house, which was called the sign of the Lion's Head. Dr Oporinus was living in the great court, by the bishop's palace, (where afterwards the Baroness von Schonau lived,) and was schoolmaster at the castle. Through the intercession of pious people, I was appointed assistant to Dr Oporinus; and the gentlemen deputies fixed my salary at forty pounds. So much, they said, they had never given to any one before me. Of this I had to pay ten pounds house-rent; and at that time, too, everything was dear; for a quarter of corn cost six pounds, and a quart of wine eight rapps. The scarcity, however, did not last long. I went to the market and bought a little cask of wine; I think it was an aulm, which I carried home upon my shoulder. During the drinking of this wine, my wife and I had considerable disputes; for we had no drinking vessel but an anker. As soon as we went into the cellar with the anker, immediately there was a quarrel. I said, "Do you drink; you have to nurse." My wife said, "Drink you; you have to study, and to work yourself to death in the school." Afterwards a good friend bought us a glass, in shape something like a boot; with that we went into the cellar when we had bathed. This glass held rather more than the anker. The cask lasted long; and when it was out we bought another. I went into the Hospital, and bought a little kettle and a tub, both of which had holes. Just so I bought a chair, and tolerably good bed, for five pounds. We had not much superfluous furniture; but, God be praised, poor as we were from the beginning, yet I cannot remember that we ever had a meal without bread and wine. I studied every day, got up early, and went to bed late; in consequence I often had headach, and a great dizziness; so that at times I had to hold by the benches.

The Franklin of St Gall was, for a time, corrector of the press, and schoolmaster at Basle, after which he became a master-printer, and, from want of capital, had at first many difficulties to contend with. Yet he throve apace as a printer, and was only induced to become head schoolmaster of Basle, upon the earnest entreaties of the authorities.

The latter end of this Swiss patriarch and scholar was better than the beginning. He tells his son Felix—

However mean my beginning, and however full of danger my life has been, I have, notwithstanding, as you see, arrived at a tolerably comfortable position; for although I had as good as nothing of private property, and my wife possessed nothing, still in time we have arrived at this point, that I, by great application to business, have acquired, in the town of Basle, four houses, with tolerable furniture: also, through the blessing of God, possess an estate with house and farm, besides the official residence at the school; whilst at first I had not a hut in Basle to afford me refuge. And notwithstanding my mean descent, yet God has granted me the honour of having been now thirty and one years professor in the head-school next the university, in the far-famed city of Basle, and of having instructed the child of many an honourable man, of whom many have become doctors, or otherwise learned men; several, and indeed not a few, of the nobility, who now possess and rule over land and people, and others who sit on the judgment seat, and in the council. Also, at all times, I have had many boarders, both of noblemen and other people of consequence, who speak well of me, and shew me all manner of kindness; so that the worshipful town of Zurich, and other places, have sent me presents of their wine of honour. Likewise, in Strasburg, eleven doctors have appeared to my honour because I brought up my dear brother Simon, who is preceptor of the second class there. At Sitten, when they sent me the wine of the city, the curate said, "This wine the city of Sitten sends to our dear countryman, Thomas Platter, as to a father of the children of the province of St Gall." What shall I then say of thee also, Felix, of thy honour and prosperity, that God has granted thee the honour, that thou hast already lived long and happily with thy wife, and hast been known to princes and lords, noblemen and commons. This all, dear Felix, thou wilt acknowledge and own, ascribing nothing to thyself, but giving God alone honour and glory all thy life long: thus thou wilt attain to everlasting life.

Written by Thomas Platter, the 14th of February 1573, the seventy-third year of my age.

Dr Felix Platter assures the courteous reader that his dear father died happy. We have read his memoir with the delight which its simplicity, and its fidelity to the manners of the age and country described, are calculated to excite. We have indeed rarely met with a more curious picture of manners than is exhibited in the small volume which we now cordially recommend to our readers.

A SLOW COACH!

BY THOMAS TROTCOSEY, ESQ.

If ever again I hazard a visit to a country cousin! Here am I, barely escaped from being crushed as flat as a fashionable novel; and all from having had the forty-blockhead power of a prosy country gentleman laid upon my poor shoulders! I shall never get over it! I feel—(to borrow a simile from Tom Moore, who, superabounding as he does, may readily spare one to friend or foe)—I feel as a bottle of champagne when released from its cork. I seem to tread on air; or rather, to cut through it, per force of some unimaginable steam power, hitherto unattempted on either side the Atlantic! and all because, for the last four days, I have been matched against a slow coach.

I have been staying—my kind readers must be indulgent if I twaddle a little about my country cousins—I have been staying with my relations, the Slubberlys, at a homely country seat on the borders of Hunts. *They* call it Beds; but the crows, and other county authorities, persist in Hunts. Moreover, the estate consists of a couple of hundred miry acres, of the true Huntingdonshire complexion. The nature and character of my worthy kinsman, meanwhile, are as fair as those of his property are foul; and his

comely rib is almost as good a creature as the squire. They have a fine family of heavy ill-built boys, with florid good-humoured faces, that proclaim them disposed to be as hospitable hereafter as their parents, their mouths being always open; and though much is seen to enter, nothing is ever heard to come out. The girls too—there are three of them—are thick well-intentioned creatures, with rude health and rude manners, who eat and race about like horses; to which powerful quadrupeds they are invariably compared by their father, in point of strength and activity.

I was invited to Slub Hall expressly to meet an eccentric kinsman of mine and the Slubberlys'; a certain Mr Lucius Junius Brutus Widgeon, who has been grilling in great prosperity for the last fifty years, in one of the southern States of America. The terror of abolition has, however, lately seized upon his soul; and, renouncing the land of liberty, where slavery is to be abolished, he has migrated to Europe with the intention of naturalizing himself in whatever country he may chance to find the laws most propitious to the exercise of domestic tyranny. The whole Trotcosey family are, of course, considerably interested in his movements; for he is known to have upwards of three hundred thousand pounds to give away—by will—(people of his kind never bestow a stiver otherwise than per last will and testament;) and previous to embarking at the Tower Stairs for Constantinople *via* Antwerp, Ulm, Vienna, Pesth, as per steam navigation charts set down, L. J. B. W. was invited to spend a week with the Slubberlys; who considered it an act of justice towards their second cousin, to afford me the same advantages as themselves, as a pretendant to a legacy.

"The old fellow is monstrous particular, I can tell you," observed Slubberly, who had walked a mile and three-quarters, through a stiff clay after a stiff rain, to meet me at the coach; "If you've views upon him, you must remember to be upon your p's and q's."

"Or else I may never get to the L. S. D.s, eh?"

"If you mean to get into his good graces, for instance, you must never attempt to poke the fire, or tilt your chair, or fold back a pamphlet, or double the newspaper, or cool green tea in a saucer, or do anything at all pretending to be comfortable," resumed Slubberly, evidently sore on the subject of our kinsman's exactions.

"All these things are foreign to my habits," said I.

"Mr Lucius Junius Brutus Widgeon has been with me only two days," resumed the squire, "yet he has managed to take exception against almost every member of my family! The girls talk too loud, he says, while the boys don't talk at all; and he pretends to find fault with Mrs Slubberly's habits of crossing her legs, rubbing her keys, and pressing him to eat, when his appetite seems squeamish! I wish you better luck with him, my dear coz; but trust me, you'll find his favour a dear pennyworth."

"The only luck I wish myself as regards so exceptious a gentleman, is to be as little as possible in his company," said I. "I saw old Widgeon once, for half-an-hour, at a family hotel in Great St Helen's, soon after he landed in England, and he seemed to resent it as an offence of mine, that he was lodged where he was so bitten by indescribables the first night, as to have variegated his face with lumps, like a field overrun with new-turned molehills. How the creatures had managed to perforate his skin I can't imagine; for it exactly resembled the scaly armour encasing the limbs of a tortoise."

"Such as it is, I wish I or one of mine were *in* it," cried Slubberly, laughing at his own wit. "I'm told he has a clean fifteen thousand a-year, and all amassed by slave-driving! How horrible!"

"Lucky his skin's so thick, Slub., for he must have had rubs now and then, eh?" said I, as we floundered along through the mud.

"Hard as they are, they don't seem likely to rub him out," retorted my cousin, in the same vein. "Though upwards of seventy, the old chap is as brisk as bottled beer; up at six, down at seven, and afoot all day afterwards—I never saw such a fidget! He is on the full trot and full worry every instant of his *existence*."

"From the habit of keeping a look-out upon a population in whom he must always have been suspecting sinister intentions," said I. "The judgment of Providence has decreed, you see, that the slave-owner's mind shall never be at ease: he is already a soul in torment. But here we are, thank Heaven, at the gates of Slub Hall."

Every living soul belonging to the hospitable house, (with the exception of Lucius Junius Brutus,) was assembled on the door steps to greet us; hatless, bonnetless, shawlless, yet without apprehension of the malady which the French call "*le catchcold;*" albeit the chilly gusts of an October evening were whirling round the yellow leaves of the shrubbery into their faces. They were overjoyed to see the goodman, from whom they had parted only an hour before; and equally overjoyed to see the goodman's cousin, whom they had not beheld for six years, and threw their blue-mottled arms around the neck of the former, with a heartiness of tug which made me tremble.

When we reached the parlour, I found Lucius Junius Brutus ensconced by the fireside in a huge leathern arm-chair, (looking like a green Cancale oyster in its shell;) but he barely noticed my entrance by a blink of the eye. In return for my polite inquiries after his health, he at length deigned to exclaim—"Hope I'm very well? You hope no such thing, sir; or you'd have warned me against running my head into this accursed ague trap! When you saw me last, sir, I was stewed to whit leather in a city inn in the dog-days; preyed upon like a cask of muscovado by the flies; and now, sir, I'm congealed, mummified; I might have been dead a month, and I should not be more thoroughly benumbed; and, instead of being stung by vermin, I am worried with the nauseous civilities of these Slubber-

lys!" (Involuntarily I looked round to advertise him of their presence.) "Ay, ay; I know they're hearing what I say, but I can't help it. They would invite me into their foggery, and they'd fain croak me to death, now they've caught me; so e'en let them take the consequence."

This was a sorry beginning; but the matter did not mend as it proceeded. The Slubberly lads opened their mouths an inch or two wider than usual, on hearing, for the first time in their lives, their parents rebuked; while the poor girls perched themselves on the edges of their chairs, with their hands crossed, boarding-school-wise, in an attitude so unnatural to them, that, instead of looking content, they looked sulky.

"Did you ever see such a hole?" cried Lucius Junius Brutus, as I approached the window, by way of concealing the expression of my face; "A strip of lawn like a yard of damaged green baize, and a haha to divide it from a turnip-field; (I smell it from here—their turnip-field!) and then, a damp gravel walk, that zigzags in and out through a belt of Canada poplars, as if on an exploring route in search of the picturesque. I should die of the dumps if I spent a week here! Why, look at the very crows, sir," said he, (raising his grasshopper chirp to a shriek, as he pointed to a couple of grey Royston crows perched upon the lawn,) "even the crows look dull and muzzy at Slubberly Hall!"

"I bring you good news from town, sir," said I, hoping to dulcify his sourness. "The steamers have arrived, and America is prepared to meet her engagements to the utmost dollar."

"What the devil's that to me, sir; d—— America," quoth the amiable Mr Widgeon; "I've turned my back upon her for ever, and rejoice that it sometimes gives me an opportunity of flinging her a kick in the face. She may meet her engagements this time; but after the trouble people have been at with them, who'll care to form new ones? No, sir; the Seven Stars have set. She'll be heard of now and then, by way of a wonder, like her own sea-serpent; but, betwixt whiles, the civilized world will forget her very existence!"

The old gentleman had almost ranted himself warm by this apostrophe, for a deeper streak of yellow began to overspread his parchment cheek. Unluckily, Mrs Slubberly, on hospitable thoughts intent, saw fit to inform me that my "things" were taken to my room, and that it wanted only a quarter of an hour of dinner.

"What, the deuce! you don't mean the poor man, shivering from his journey, to figure in a pair of damp nankeens by way of compliment to your ugly misses in their pinafores," cried Lucius Junius Brutus, angrily.

"Certainly not; but being aware, my dear sir, of Mr Trotcosey's respect for yourself, I thought he would be glad to get rid of his muddy boots."

"Oh! you thought his damp boots more disagreeable to *me* than to *him*? Very creditable to your understanding! very much on a par with your usual perspicuity, ma'am."

"Besides, we are expecting Mr Cubick to dinner," pleaded the lady of the house, with admirable forbearance.

"What, ma'am! Am I to be again trampled down by that huge bonassus of dulness?" shrieked little Widgeon. "The fellow dined here yesterday. Do you feed the whole parish every day in the week? If so, I'm not surprised to hear that the Slub estate is mortgaged."

"Unluckily, my dear sir," pleaded the mild moiety of my worthy cousin, "I had invited Mr Cubick to dine here every day of your visit, by way of making up a whist table for you, before he had incurred your displeasure."

"Whist! hush! whist!" interposed Widgeon.

"And as poor Mr Cubick is our nearest neighbour," resumed Mrs Slubberly, "I really cannot venture to hurt his feelings."

"Oh! the only feelings then you don't care about hurting, are those of folks who reside at a sufficient distance from Slubberly Hall? An additional motive for settling at a thousand miles' distance," cried Mr L. J. B. W. "Now, look ye here, Mr Trotcosey, (as you're going to be fool enough, I see, to shuffle and put on your best coat for these people,) please to remember, sir, that if you don't relieve me from the conversation of this Mr Cubick—that is, if you don t stave off the country bear from me—I'll never see your face again so long as I live; and, what's more to your purpose, I take it, you shall never hear a word more of me after I'm dead!"

Thus touched in the tenderest part, (for however deaf or dull elsewhere, one can always hear and understand through that acute organ the pocket,) I resolved, as I arranged my white cravat, with a scrupulous neatness, worthy the "young men" of Waterloo House, to attack Mr Cubick, tooth and nail; or rather, to suffer myself to be attacked by him, so as to secure the infirmity of my kinsman, Mr Lucius Junius Brutus Widgeon. I had no conjecture what the said Cubick might be. This was my first visit to Slubberly Hall, and I had therefore never been required to love its neighbours as myself. But I now determined, whether as ally or antagonist, to monopolize the object of my cousin's antipathy.

"The Slubberlys, both squire and squiress, are people who never shine more than when at the head of their hospitable table. Their round good-humoured faces are a certificate of the wholesomeness of the cheer, which is of the nature described by the proprietors of French boarding-houses, and "invented for the use of schools," as *une nourriture saine et abondante*; that is, as good as one usually finds it, where the mistress of the house is not too fine a lady to have an eye to the cookery, or the master too fine a gentleman to inspect the materials of which it is composed. Now Slubberly, according to a filthy figure of speech idiomatically English, kills his own meat; and, in purity of fruit and vegetable, is an embodied "Mawes' Complete Gardener," just as his lady is a concentrated "Rundell's Domestic Cookery." I was therefore prepared, by my anticipations and a cold drive of forty-

three miles, to dine like a beef-eater; always with deference to my duties as regarded Mr Cubick, of which, when we sat down to table, I had formed no competent idea.

Isaac Cubick, as far as *I* knew of him, was a man of the physical calibre of the renowned Samuel Johnson; square, heavy, heath-trained, colossal; imperfect of vision and condition, with a hesitation of speech almost amounting to a stammer, and a hesitation of mind amounting to—one hardly knows what. I was placed beside him by the providence of my hosts; who, of the two evils of making him close neighbour or opposite neighbour to their fractious kinsman, had chosen the least; and before I got back into the drawing-room, three hours afterwards, I felt as if I had swallowed six Norfolk dumplings, and as if the heady port, by which they were washed down, and which Lucius Junius Brutus swore was corked, was, on the contrary, leaded. I never sank under the society of so dull a day! We all know Plutarch's story of the soldier, who, when he became proprietor of the head for which a cowardly king had offered in reward its weight in gold, extracted the brains, and filled the vacant space with a heavier metal. That head, I suspect, had been, by some anatomical legerdemain, transferred to the shoulders of Mr Isaac Cubick!

Between myself and the reader, with whom I love to feel on confidential terms, I have a horror of what is called "a superior man." A sensible fellow is a charming companion; but a sensible man, a man who has outlived every tittle of the boy, and with whom one must take things logically, is, to me, as the *caput mortuum* of human nature. I had not been forced by Isaac Cubick to render a reason for all my words, and an authority for all my facts, more than three hours, before I felt much as at about the seventeenth day of a typhus fever!

And then when I retired to rest, in a state of complete moral collapse, I knew that I had to bear it all over again on the following day. He, indeed, had whispered to me at parting, as the ghost to Richard—

"Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!"

And heavy enough he sat! Cubick is, in fact, one of those tedious rascals who know a little, a very little, of everything; just enough to afford them the power of asking questions, and just enough to render it hazardous to make them the victims of a hoax. Of all bores, a smatterer in knowledge of this description is the greatest. Circumstantial as an attorney's bill, he is always descending to first causes, in cases where it suffices to pounce upon results. He is sure to interrupt an agreeable anecdote by a call for names and dates; and detains one so long in relating a good story, that the patience of the party is exhausted before one reaches the point. I never met with so ruthless an *atomiser* of the nothings of this world.

It stands to reason, that, considering the violence of party-opinions concerning the abolition question, it must be the last topic of conversation acceptable to poor Widgeon. Yet, instead of adhering to the wisdom of the proverb, "*Il ne faut pas parler de corde dans la maison d'un pendu*," no sooner did Cubick find himself in company with the ex-planter of Carolina rice, than he began belabouring him with questions, like the History of Greece hammered at by Pinnock's Catechism. "He was glad," he said, "to have it in his power to ascertain from the fountain-head, whether such and such statements were to be depended upon;" proceeding to enumerate all the raw-head and bloody-bones stories ever promulgated by anti-slavery societies; all the awful tales of negro insurrections and barbarous resolutions; winding up with Lynch law and the present state of the public mind in America concerning Abolition!

All this time Lucius Junius Brutus' fury kept him speechless; and Cubick too enthusiastic to discern the expression of his countenance, and too deaf to detect the intonation of the interjections which, ever and anon, burst in gasps from his lips, prosed on with the deliberation of a hackney coach engaged by the hour. He would have been at it, perhaps, till this moment, had I not leapt into the gulf, and astonished him with a daring invention on the spur of the moment, some fib, Satan knows how enormous, the scene of which lay in New Zealand, the present favourite vantage ground of all the inventive!

He immediately began to surmise, from the importance and novelty of my intelligence, that I was fresh from town, and to assail me with queries which assuredly had not met my ears for some two years past; such as, "Was the Queen tallor short, dark or fair?—the ministry fair or foul, and likely to be long or short? Was Mrs Maclean of Cape Coast Castle Miss Landon of London, and Miss Landon of London the L. E. L. of the booksellers? Was Mr Lockhart of the *Quarterly* any relation to Mr Lockhart the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott? Was it true that Mr Babington Macauley had been appointed to a judgeship in India, and that Lord Brougham was likely to return to the woolsack? Was Sir Lytton Bulwer really separated from his wife, and were *they ever likely* to come together again?" All the hoaxes, in short, which I had supposed to have been run down and demolished two or three years ago, were reproduced, one by one, from his bag, and turned out anew, without a spark of life left in them to take the field!

Next day matters were worse. A more familiar acquaintance caused him to unbosom a fresh supply of these worn-out topics; and, instead of allowing me to produce a new batch in my turn, he rejected my anecdotes as too strange, my news as too original. The Princess de Guéménée (of Anne of Austria's time) was renowned, among other oddities, for her passion for the smell of Paris mud. As she was once accompanying the Queen through one of the filthiest streets of the city, her Majesty deigned to inquire whether the mud through which they were passing, was of the

right sort? "It has no flavour, madam: it is too new; *it is not ripe enough!*" replied the lady in waiting. And so was it with Cubick and my London gossip! Like Lord Palmerston, he had never heard of the Daguerreotype. The name of the Bude light was a fable to him; and "photogenic" I had to explain syllable by syllable. He was persuaded that Charles Kemble was the present manager of Covent Garden, and Fanny still its Juliet. He fancied the author of "Ion" synonymous with the author of the great Welsh aqueduct. He believed that the Turks were still beturbaned, and the Greeks still be-Turked. And, on receiving a hint that *nous avions changé tout cela*, he insisted on being formally set right; chose to have dots placed over all the i's, and crosses over all the t's; for Isaac Cubick's, "I do not exactly comprehend," "foretells the nature of a tragic volume" of interrogatories, to those better informed than himself.

"How long are you going to stay in this d—— place?" abruptly demanded Lucius Junius Brutus, hobbling after me into my bedroom, the second night of my visit. "I have desired my people to secure post-horses in the morning. There is a vacant corner in my chariot up to town; you may either take it or let it alone."

I chose to let it alone. It did not suit me that the good Slubberlys should suppose I had any hand in robbing them of the company of our millionary cousin; and I consequently not only took upon my shoulders the undisturbed enjoyment of Mr Cubick's society for two days longer, but have lost all chance of a nook in the last will of the Carolina planter. Moreover, since I commenced the foregoing detail of my woes, certain aguish shivers and shudders have come over me, warning me to be-take myself, without loss of time, to my sulphate of quinine. Slub Hall has assassinated me in cold blood; but, to the day of my death, I shall never feel morally certain, whether the damps to which I appear to have fallen a victim, arose from the wet haha dividing the lawn from the turnip-field, or from the society of that dense fog, Isaac Cubick, Esq., *alias*, THE SLOW COACH!

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY R. M. MILNES, M.P.

"Beg from a beggar—Deark d'on dearka."—IRISH PROVERB.

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,
When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care;
A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor;—
A thought whose home is paradise—
The charities of Poor to Poor.

It were not for the Rich to blame,
If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn;
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife—
Is not for *them* to understand:

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil;—
To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
And, sleepless, meet the morrow's toil;—
The gifts, not proffered once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years;—
And, when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears!

What record of chivalrous deed,
What virtue pompously unfurled,
Can *thus* refute the gloomy creed
That parts from God our living world;
O Misanthrope! deny who would—
O Moralists! deny who can—
Seeds of hereditary good,
Deep in the deepest life of Man.

Therefore lament not, honest soul!
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou might'st so well control—
Those luxuries of charity.
Manhood is nobler, as thou art;
And, should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
To hold unchanged thy loving will?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble, mind,
And madden that debased before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy;
And industry the bliss supplies,
Which mere possession might destroy.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

MISS LAWRANCE has completed the interesting work, of which we had the pleasure of giving an account about a year ago. In addition to the memoirs of former English Queens, she has written those of Margaret of France, the consort of Edward I.; Isabel of France, the consort of Edward II.; of the wives of Edward III., Philippa of Hainault, and Anne of Bohemia; and, descending in order, she stops short with Elisabeth Wydeville,* the consort of the last Plantagenet.

In penning those memoirs, the principal object of the author has been to give a familiar picture of the birth-time of our political institutions, commerce, arts, poetry, and language; and in this aim she has best succeeded. Some historical mistakes are cleared away, light is thrown upon obscure points, and justice done to the true character of the English Queens; but these matters are of trivial interest compared with what concerns the entire people, and which has descended to our own times. An introductory chapter, in which a survey is taken of the social

* Commonly Woodville; but great learning is now displayed in spelling names.

state of the people of England during the middle ages, might give the eager, hard-tasked citizens of our refined times the spleen, or fill them with envy, when they look upon the comparative ease and leisure of the men, and the dignified station held by the women,—when wives were still helpmates. Without feeling the same profound admiration for the conventual female schools that is entertained by Miss Lawrance, we own the sweetness and beauty of her picture. The condition of the women—of the housewives—corresponds exactly with the condition of the women of Norway, of good station, in the present day; and it would have been strictly applicable to the ladies of Orkney and Shetland, and those of the Highlands and Hebrides, as well as to remote parts of Ireland, up to a very recent period. Nor are those honourable occupations and responsible duties yet wholly gone in the British dominions.

FEMALE EDUCATION, AND THE DUTIES OF WOMEN OF CONDITION IN THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

It is difficult to ascertain from what source those writers, who have represented the ladies of the middle ages as ignorant even of writing, could have derived their information. Romance and chronicle alike describe them as being well accustomed to the pen; and it may also be remarked, that, when Robert d'Artois sought for a skilful writer to forge several legal documents, it was a woman who executed the task, and executed it so well that the fraud was undiscovered for some time. Nor were the ladies of this period uneducated, even according to modern views. After French ceased, in a great measure, to be the language of the upper classes, it was still taught; while Latin made a necessary part of a convent education. It was only during the middle ages, that the world ever saw a regular provision made for the instruction of women; and at a period so unjustly termed barbarous, there were noble institutions, which, in conformity to the Benedictine rule, apportioned part of their wealth expressly to this important purpose. In consequence of convents being considered as establishments exclusively belonging to the Latin church, Protestant writers, as by common consent, have joined in censuring them, forgetful of the many benefits which, without any reference to their peculiar creed, they were calculated to confer. Although providing instruction for the young, the convent was a large establishment for various orders of women. There were the nuns, the lay-sisters—always a numerous class—and a large body of domestics; while in those higher convents, where the abbess exercised manorial jurisdiction, there were seneschals, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, grooms, indeed the whole establishedment of a baronial castle, except the men-at-arms and the archer band. Thus, within the convent walls, the pupil saw nearly the same domestic arrangements to which she had been accustomed in her father's castle; while, instead of being constantly surrounded by children, well-born and intelligent women might be her occasional companions. And, then, the most important functions were exercised by women. The abbess presided in her manorial court, the cellaress performed the extensive offices of steward, the præcentrix led the singing and superintended the library, and the infirmaress watched over the sick, affording them alike spiritual and medical aid. Thus, from her first admission, the pupil was taught to respect, and to emulate, the talents of women. But a yet more important peculiarity did the convent school present. It was a noble, a well endowed, and an independent institution; and it proferred education as a boon. Here was no eager canvassing for scholars, no promises of unattainable advantages; for the convent school was not a mercantile establishment, nor was education a trade. The female teachers of the middle ages were looked up to alike by parent and child; and the instruction so willingly offered was willingly and gratefully received; the character of the teacher was elevated, and, as a necessary consequence, too, was the character of the pupil.

And well fitted to perform the wide range of duties, which in that early day was required of each mistress of a household, were the pupils of the convent school. While to play on the harp and citole, (a species of lute,) to execute various kinds of the most costly and delicate needlework, and in some instances to "pourtraye," were, in addition to more literary pursuits, the accomplishments of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the functions which the mistress of an extensive household was expected to fulfil were never lost sight of. Few readers are aware of the various qualifications requisite to form the "good housewife," during the middle ages. In the present day, when household articles of every kind are obtainable in any country town, and, with few exceptions, throughout the year, we can know little of the judgment, the forethought, and the nice calculation which were required in the mistress of a household consisting probably of threescore, or even more persons, and who, in the autumn, had to provide almost a twelvemonth's stores. There was the firewood, the rushes to strew the rooms, the malt, the oatmeal, the honey—at this period the substitute for sugar—the salt, only sold in large quantities, and if in the country, the wheat and the barley for the bread—all to be provided and stored away. The greater part of the meat used for the winter's provision was killed and salted down at Martinmas; and the mistress had to provide the necessary stock for the winter and spring consumption, together with the stock-fish and "baconed herrings" for Lent. Then, at the annual fair, the only opportunity was afforded for purchasing those more special articles of housewifery which the careful housewife never omitted buying. The ginger, nutmegs, and cinnamon for the Christmas posset, and Sheer Monday furmety; the currants and almonds for the Twelfth Night cake, (an observance which dates almost as far back as the Conquest;) the figs, with which our forefathers always celebrated Palm Sunday; and the pepper, the saffron, and the cummin, so highly prized in ancient cookery. All these articles bore high prices, and, therefore, it was with great consideration and care that they were bought.

But the task of providing raiment for the family also devolved on the mistress; and there were no dealers, save for the richer articles of wearing apparel, to be found. The wool that formed the chief clothing was the produce of the flock, or purchased in a raw state; and was carded, spun, and, in some instances, woven, at home. Flax also was often spun for the coarser kinds of linen, and occasionally woven. Thus the mistress of a household had most important duties to fulfil; for on her wise and prudent management depended, not merely the comfort, but the actual well-being, of her extensive household.

AMUSEMENTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

Numerous and pressing as were the occupations even of the high-born, at this period, the lives of females did not wear out in a weary and ceaseless routine of domestic duties. The pleasant calendar of our forefathers was marked with many a red-letter day; and the swiftly recurring festivals of the Church furnished holidays in which the whole people, with one heart and mind, participated. Christmastide, so long before its coming hailed by the daily service in the church, and the holy carol by night, when the hall was dressed with holly, and the Yule log brought in, and every woman throughout the land laid aside her distaff, as a religious duty, from Christmas eve to the morrow of Twelfth Day, and when the feasting in the royal hall sometimes extended even to Candlemas. Then, after "Black Lent," came Easter, and, after the hearths, on holy Saturday, were duly cleaned and decked with green boughs, and early spring flowers, mistress and handmaidens alike prepared for the whole succeeding week to keep holiday. And then followed Pentecost; at the monarch's court the chief of the three great festivals, because the gentler season, and the lengthened days, afforded facilities to the nobles, from the most remote parts, to appear and proffer their annual "suit and service." And here the lady, displaying her richest apparel,

her brow wreathed with springtide roses, joined in the royal procession to the Minster on Whitsunday, and sat spectatress of the tournament, on the following days. At this season too the civic companies went in procession and, in many parts of the kingdom, performed their miracle plays; and to these the poorest housewife in her annual kersey gown could go, *for the wish of excluding the lower orders from any sport or amusement formed no part of the custom of those days.* And after the amusements of the morning closed, while knights and ladies partook of the royal banquet at Westminster, the brethren and sisters of the trade guilds of the country towns, and of the wealthy Livery Companies of London, feasted as merrily in their halls. Wherever the feast was spread, during the middle ages, there the presence of the ladies was invited, and the grave "marchaunts" of the city, no less than the chivalrous nobles, seem to have held the opinion of Sir Amadis of Gaul, that "a feast without the ladies is like a holiday without the sun."

The various pleasant meetings of neighbours, which have before been referred to, filled up the intervals between the great Church festivals; the fairs, mostly held during autumn, afforded, to the middle and lower classes, opportunities both for business and amusement; while, within the domestic circle, a spirit of kindliness prevailed that sweetened daily labour by the alternation of sports and pastimes. A pleasing picture is represented by Fitz-Steven, in his description of London in the twelfth century, where he represents the citizens as seated at their doors during the summer evening, and the household maidens "leading the dance," in the streets. The willingness of the fathers of our city too, that their apprentices should enjoy suitable recreation is proved by many a rule and by-law of the Livery Companies, which determine as specifically and as authoritatively the hours of amusement as the hours of labour.

Have all of us, unfortunate wights that we are, lived too soon or too late? Certainly we have not hit the true time. Perhaps Miss Lawrance, who is an enthusiast of the past, has shewn us only the brighter side of the picture; not that we measure the happiness of a people by the decreased number of their sources of innocent enjoyment and refined pleasure, and the augmented numbers of their household accommodations, spoons, and platters.

We do not exactly know why we are disappointed to find that Jack Cade was, after all, a sort of gentleman; as much a gentleman, for example, as John Wilkes; but such seems to be the fact. "The rascal commons" never have risen alone, whatever they may do.

The period of which Miss Lawrance treats in this volume, was the palmy days of chivalry; and many a gallant tournament is described, and the whole institutions and usages of chivalry are captivatingly unfolded. Within her limits, also, there falls the springtime of English poetry; and the early poets are, accordingly, pleasantly and comprehensively discussed. Chivalry expired with the Plantagenets, though its memory lingered. The last of the great combats was that between Lord Scales, the brother of the Queen, (Elizabeth Wydeville,) and the Bastard of Burgundy. As the Eglinton Tournament is not yet quite forgotten, we shall extract this gentle passage of arms from Miss Lawrance's animated pages.

This celebrated combat, which cast the last gleam of expiring chivalry over this dark and mournful period, had its origin in the playful fancy of the Queen, who, during the Easter festival which preceded her coronation, caused some of the ladies of her court to meet her brother, Lord Scales, as he returned from his devotions in the chapel at the palace of Shene, and fasten on his leg a gold collar, from which depended a *fleur de souvenance*, made of jewels. This gift the chivalrous Lord Scales instantly recognised as a summons to him to perform some gallant feat of arms. He, therefore, the very next day, wrote a letter to Count de la Roche, the bastard of Burgundy, one of the most valiant knights of the age, declaring that, "in worship of our Lord, the glorious Virgin, and St George, veray tutor and patron, and cry of English men; also for the gloriose scole and study of armes, and for the vailliance therof to my power to mainteyne and followe; and for to voide slothfulnesse of tyme loste, and to obeye and plese my feire lady—I Antony Wydeville"—have taken in charge to accomplish the following feats of arms. He then proposes to run a course "wyth grounden spere hedis," then "sette the handes to the sharp swerdes, thirty-seven strokes to be smyten betwene us two;" that the next day they shall fight on foot with spear, axe, and dagger, "until oon of us be borne to the erthe, or the weapon points be broken." This letter was sent some time after by the Chester herald, who went in great pomp to Brussels, and presented it with a fitting speech, to which the bastard of Burgundy answered right courteously. . . . . Almost two years elapsed ere the combat took place; and then, at the close of May, 1467, the bastard of Burgundy, accompanied by many knights and esquires, to the number of four hundred, arrived at Gravesend, where they were received by the garter-king-at-arms, by whom he was conducted to London and presented to the King. The day of combat was fixed for the 11th of June, and the lists, ninety yards in length and eighty in breadth, were prepared at the east side of Smithfield. Hither, on the appointed day, the King and Queen, and a large company of the nobles came. The King occupied a pavilion, and sat there, "clothed in purple, with the garter, and holding a thick staff in his hand; "and truly," says Olivier de la Marche, who was present, "he seemed a person well worthy to be King; for he was a fine prince, and tall, and well-behaved." An earl held the sword a little on one side of him, and he was surrounded by twenty counsellors, "all with white hair;" and at the foot of this pavilion were two seats, the one for the constable, and the other for the marshal. Then the noble knight, the Lord Scales, "royally beseen" on horseback, came to the barriers, with two helmets borne before him by two nobles, while four followed, bearing two spears and two swords. Nine attendants followed, the first leading his own steed, trapped with white cloth of gold and the red cross of St George, and the others most splendidly adorned. The bastard then advanced, with a similar train, his steed trapped with crimson, garnished with silver bells. He proceeded to the King, and there announced that he was ready "to fulfil the actes of armes;" proclamation was then made, the constable commanded the herald to cry *Lesses aller*, and then the two knights ran a course courageously. The Lord Scales, on this occasion seems to have gained a slight advantage, and the sports closed for the day. On the morrow, the combat was on foot; and the King, having expressed his fear that danger might ensue from the sharp spears, directed that the fight should be with axes and daggers. They commenced with axes; and smote many thick strokes, until Lord Scales struck his antagonist on the side of his visor; "then the King, perceyving the cruel assail, cast hys staff, and with high voice cried, 'Whoo.'" They now presented themselves before the King, who commanded them to take each other by the hand, and so love together as brethren in arms, the which was done of right good will, and so ended this celebrated combat.

Miss Lawrance points out the historical errors and mistakes of Shakspeare; and, no doubt, her emendations are correct; but Shakspeare had never taken a vow of fidelity to the letter of history. He was its lord, not its vassal; a *Maker*, not a chronicler. Our author's tastes give her, though a sound Protestant, a leaning

to what she courteously denominates the *Latin Church*. Some of its worst corruptions are of comparatively modern date; and the following is one:—

It is important to bear in mind that the Latin church offered no opposition to the reading of the Scriptures by the laity, until a very late period; and that Archbishop Arundel, in his answer to Wickliffe, expressly asserts that there were translations previously to his, existing in the English tongue. There were other means too by which religious instruction was diffused among the people. The sermons of the itinerant preachers, which, judging from the only specimen hitherto discovered, provided simple and clear instruction for the wayfaring man; the miracle plays to which our forefathers so eagerly pressed, where, in the midst of the most homely and often ludicrous details, close and spirited versions of Scriptural passages will be found. But whatever might be the extent of the religious knowledge of the people at large, one portion of Scripture, which was more than any other incorporated with the formularies of the Latin church, was familiar to their minds—the Gospels. It was from them they derived those lessons of kindliness and benevolence which they so touchingly displayed, and the miracles, but above all, the parables of our Saviour, were wrought upon the arras, embroidered by the lady, painted in the royal hall, chased upon the royal plate, and formed the never-failing theme of the homily of the learned clerk, and the address of the wayside preacher.

THE BARBARISM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

We are apt to forget that the unrivalled archer-band that shared with our chivalry the glory of Cressy and Poictiers, and the stout yeomanry who presented so steadfast a front at Azincourt, were not regular troops, but the peasantry of old England, summoned from their pleasant fields, and cherished homesteads, to display on the plains of France that prowess, which, until then, had found no scope save in the friendly contests of the village. . . .

The peace of the metropolis and the security of its inhabitants seem to have been as well preserved during the 14th and 15th centuries, as in the present day. This probably was chiefly owing to the vigilant care which the livery companies exercised, not merely over the members of each guild, and their apprentices, but over all their workmen. And when we remember that every shop along Westcheap, and part of Ludgate Hill, exhibited its articles for sale on a sloping board, without even the partial security of glass windows; and that these consisted of the richest silks, the costliest furs, the most expensive spices, and gold and silver plate, and jewellery, so splendid, that Westcheap became celebrated, even in foreign lands, for its display; surely the principle of honesty, or the fear of punishment, must have been strong among the lower orders, to prevent them from seizing such tempting spoils. And peace seems to have been well preserved on occasions of public festivity, without the intervention of an armed force. In the civic processions, if the Lord Mayor were a goldsmith, the most gorgeous display of plate was made; if a mercer, the richest gold baudekin" decked the pageants; and yet the city annals do not furnish a single instance of a procession being thrown into confusion and robbed. Many a queen, with her attendant ladies, decked with the costliest jewels, the trappings of their palfreys adorned with the richest silks and goldsmith's work, have rode along, from the Tower to Smithfield, unguarded, save by their knights and esquires, "in weeds of peace," nor was the slightest insult or injury ever offered to them.

The period has been termed barbarous;—to compar it with the present day would be unjust; but, comparing the general state of society during this period, with that in the 16th and 17th centuries, we may fairly question the correctness of the phrase. During the rule of our illustrious Plantagenets, the use of torture, to which so many fell victims in the reigns of the Tudors, was absolutely unknown; and executions for treason, in themselves rare, were very rarely accompanied by those horrible details, which, throughout the 16th century to the close of the 17th, indeed even later, were never omitted. The Star Chamber, and the High Commission Court, were alike unknown to these earlier days, when, if injustice were perpetrated, it was not under the forms of law. Nor were the disgraceful punishments of the Stuart times inflicted during these ages, when, if the brand were applied, it was on the convicted thief, not upon the man of birth and education. Nor, in viewing the condition of the middle and lower classes, is there any proof that the 16th and 17th centuries stood on high vantage ground compared with the middle ages.

Clearly we have lived either too late or too soon.

TO A ROBIN.

THOU, sweet one, that so lonely
Pourest thy simple song,
Thou lingerest, and thou only,
Of all the vocal throng.
The merle hath hushed her wailing,
The thrush, his mellow trill;
But thou, with love unfailing,
In music greet'st us still.
Tho' chilling snows surround thee,
And all looks dread and drear,
Another year has found thee
Unchanged, still warbling near.

The gay lark carols lightly;
But 'neath a warm spring sky,
When the sun he meets shines brightly,
And all breathes harmony
From the general joy he borrows
The brilliance of his tone;
For each breast leaves its sorrows,
And is buoyant as his own.
His song is like the gladness
From the untried heart that springs,
Ere the first cloud of sadness
It's dark'ning shadow brings.

When a summer moonlight glistens,
And a south-wind fans his wings,
And when his own rose listens,
Then the sweet night-bird sings.
But, ah! when roses wither,
When south-winds die away,
Depart they not together,
That heavenly strain and they?
Like passion's witching, lending
A charm, to lure us thro'
Youth's gilded hours, but ending
With life's short summer, too.

But thou!—what different feeling
Thy liquid notes impart—
In wintry weather stealing
Thro' cold air, to the heart.
They tell—tho' Care has bound us
In his chain, of trials wrought—
One friend still hovers round us;
We bless them for the thought.
They are like the love we cherish
When youth's vain dreams are o'er,
Which sees all beauty perish,
Yet clings to us the more.

SARA.

CARLYLE'S CHARTISM.*

This is, in many respects, a very remarkable Essay, and one which, by leading men to think, must do good.

At present, it is a doubt with many, whether the insecurity and peril which, at this dark crisis, threaten the stability of social order in England, arise from real misery, or chiefly from speculative and imaginary causes. Mr Carlyle appears a believer in the real existence of those social ills, whose origin and presence he intimates by signs and figures, fables and emblems, as if proclaiming—"He that hath an ear to hear let him hear."

It seems his philanthropic purpose to suspend a few filaments of truth over the fermenting chaotic mass, around which its weltering elements may take form, order, and lucidity; but although the presence of these slender filaments cannot altogether miss the intended effect, they are not always immediately perceptible to ordinary optics.

Lest the truths which he displays be too dazzling, the expositor deems it necessary to interpose a certain hazy atmosphere; or to supply the spectators with smoked glasses, to spare or aid weak vision in the season of eclipse. Mr Carlyle's dogmas and opinions, when translated, out of his peculiar and often beautiful phraseology, into the humble vernacular, seem those of a philosophic Ultra-Radical of a new type; one, moreover, who, for the sake of a more marked individuality, cultivates a few innocent crotchets; as one man ties his cravat in a certain way, and another sets his hat at a particular angle, in order to be distinguished, in the crowd, from the herd of vulgar men. With these peculiarities, which belong more to manner than to substance, there are, in Mr Carlyle's doctrines, much to admire and to study. They have been and are those of many good and enlightened men. If he occasionally enunciate them with what may seem "affectations, look ye, and pribble prabble," even this may have a use; as, to resume our figure, the very high or low, or broad or narrow brim of the hat, or the odd cut of the coat, may attract attention to the wearer, and thence to the sage and the teacher.

If the philosophical-Radical be the general and tolerably correct designation of Mr Carlyle's body of notions in this pamphlet, he also comes forth in the novel, more ephemeral, character of a Tory-Radical; which is the approved name, with a certain party, for every man of large views and liberal sentiments, who does not place implicit faith for social salvation, only through the Bed-Chamber Whigs. It was formerly known that Mr Carlyle was anti-Malthusian, anti-New-Poor-Law, and anti-*Laissez-faire*; which last principle he seems to misapprehend; but never before that he was anti-Whig. Though we have popularly described Mr Carlyle as a philosophical Radical, his actual faith, as revealed through mists and clouds, approximates as nearly to Toryism of a new type—to a kind of Utopian Toryism; nor yet, as he might say, "altogether new." It is a kind of heroic Toryism, or intellectual and philosophic Feudalism established in the social body, and derived directly from the gods; a system in which Heaven, the universal bestower, is the alone superior; and the men of genius and goodness, the philosophers and the gifted, are the chiefs and chieftains, the leaders and ministers. All we docile vassals are, of course, under this beatific regimen, to be well taught, well fed, well clothed, and fitly prepared, by a discipline of virtue, for a happy eternity. Although we had no doubts about this alleged hierarchy of Nature's direct ordination, we are certain that very many centuries must elapse before the stamp, the badge of the captains and leaders of the race, can be readily or safely recognised; and are, therefore, disposed to take matters, in the meantime, as, they are, and to make the best of them.

As men of the heroic type, as the guides and philosophers of their kind, Mr Carlyle appears to consider our present rulers, administrators, and legislators, stark naught. He is, as we have hinted, a Tory-Radical. After the oppression and injustice of many centuries, they have, he alleges, invited the starving and malecontent people to a Barmecide Reform-Feast, which turns out an insulting mockery; and to which, besides, we may add, there is not, as in its prototype, any prospect of a merry and substantial ending.

Mr Carlyle, among other topics of censure, laughs, as every man of common sense must, at the boast of Chartism being put down by the Reform Ministry, and "in the most effectual and felicitous manner." His intimations of popular grievances, old as the annals of the world, and now existing, rampant, "deep-rooted, far-extending," though wrapt up in fable, parable, and emblem, are sufficiently intelligible; but the statement of these grievances, though sometimes hazy, is unfortunately much clearer than the character of the remedies; about which we are left much in the dark. *Laissez-faire* is proscribed as a doctrine of fools;—but what are rulers to do? They are to make the people happy and contented;—but how?

We are not quite correct in describing Mr Carlyle as a Radical; he is, at best, on some points, scarce a half Radical. He seems to repudiate self-government; and he proposes none other, save what is conveyed in those dark hints about the human demigods, who, in the coming golden age, are to direct all earthly affairs, and who even now might educate, plant colonies, and direct the energies of the masses. Popular election, representative government, he appears to consider comparatively worthless, as remedies for the social and moral ills that afflict the

* Chartism. By Thomas Carlyle. 8vo. London: James Fraser.

country: in short, we do not at all times quite understand Mr Carlyle, and we are far from being satisfied that he perfectly understands himself. So, when he mutters like an oracle, and gesticulates like a conjuror, drawing his airy or earthy circles, and waving his magical wand, we just wink, and let it pass. But there are better things in his revelations; subtle truths, and quaint devices to give them poignancy; and by these we are attracted.

Justly, for example, does he regard the most virulent of the varied forms which popular discontent is assuming, as symptoms merely of the festering distemper gnawing at the core of the body politic; as boils breaking out on the surface, which indicate the vitiated state of the humours; "ways of announcing that the disease continues there, and that it would fain not continue there." He remarks—

Delirious Chartism will not have raged entirely to no purpose, as indeed no earthly thing does so, if it have forced all thinking men of the community to think of this vital matter, too apt to be overlooked otherwise. Is the condition of the English working people wrong; so wrong that rational working men cannot, will not, *and even should not rest quiet under it?* A most grave case, complex beyond all others in the world; a case wherein Botany Bay, constabulary rural police, and such like, will avail but little.

According to Mr Carlyle, when he speaks the plainest,—as a thoughtful wise man, and not as an utterer of dark sayings,—the wisdom of the British Parliament directs itself to every question save that mighty one, more pressing than all the rest put together—"*The Condition-of-England question.*"

We have heard it asked, (he says,) why Parliament throws no light on this question of the Working Classes, and the condition or disposition they are in. Truly, to a remote observer of Parliamentary procedure, it seems surprising, especially in late Reformed times, to see what space this question occupies in the debates of the nation. Can any other business whatsoever be so pressing on legislators? A Reformed Parliament, one would think, should inquire into popular discontents, *before* they get the length of pikes and torches! . . The condition of the great body of the people in a country, is the condition of the country itself: this you would say is a truism in all times; a truism rather pressing to get recognised as a truth now, and be acted upon in these times. Yet read Hansard's *Debates*, or the morning papers—if you have nothing to do! The old grand question, whether A is to be in office or B; with the innumerable subsidiary questions growing out of that, courting paragraphs and suffrages for a blessed solution of that: Canada question, Irish Appropriation question, West India question, Queen's Bed-chamber question; Game Laws, Usury Laws; African Blacks, Hill Coolies, Smithfield cattle, and Dog-carts—all manner of questions and subjects, except simply this, the alpha and omega of all! Surely honourable members ought to speak of the Condition-of-England question too. Radical members, above all; friends of the people; chosen with effort by the people, to interpret and articulate the dumb deep want of the people! To a remote observer they seem oblivious of their duty.

Mr Carlyle proceeds—

Why are the working classes discontented; what is their condition; economical, moral in their houses and their hearts, as it is in reality, and as they figure it to themselves to be; what do they complain of; what ought they, and ought they not to complain of? These are measureable questions; on some of these any common mortal, did he but turn his eyes to them, might throw some light.

We have already regretted that Mr Carlyle should imagine that the truths which, as a High Priest, he reveals, are so overpoweringly dazzling that they cannot be presented to vulgar visual organs without the accompaniment of his German smoked glasses. These instruments, in mere matters of taste, may give factitious gorgeousness of colouring; intricacy and even grandeur of form; breadth, and the hazy vagueness which borders on the sublime: but, in affairs of profound interest, as in matters of business and detail, and especially in the developement of those systems by which the world is to be regenerated, they sadly impede that quick, clear, apprehensive vision which ought to distinguish philosophers and legislators who aspire to instruct their fellow-men. In the meantime, we take the essay *Chartism*, or the Signs of the Times, as they are expounded by Mr Carlyle, as we find it; recondite, subtle, and, in the pure sense of our ancestors, *witty*, though not always very intelligible or practical. There is a chance that a good many hand-loom weavers may understand these dark utterances, or fancy they do: but if many members of Parliament pretend to do so, our charity will not stretch so far as to cover their ignorance with its mantle.

Mr Carlyle has no faith in statistics. He is right, if he only means the reports of Parliamentary Commissions; yet statistics are as sure as figures, which, again, may be made to prove anything, though never that two and two are less or more than four. Mr Carlyle means that he has no faith in those fallacious statistical reports of national prosperity, and of the people's well-being, which are, from time to time, promulgated by Whig or by Tory governments, in order that persons of substance, with bowels, may eat their beef and drink their wine in security and comfort, untroubled by the fear or grief of thinking that their neighbours have neither bread nor beer; or by the fear that working men, industrious, skilful men, who have none of these good things of their own, may think of (Chartist-wise) appropriating a portion of those of their neighbours, and affirming that they have good right to it. This has hitherto been one great use of statistics. It is failing: but statistics remain an exact and potent science, not to be despised by the philosophic statesman.

Mr Carlyle likes the harsh, ill-considered New Poor-Law Bill as ill as he does soothing and delusive Parliamentary statistics. He is right again. Had it been possible to give society a fair new start, wise men might have repudiated a Poor Law in any shape. As it was, a better and more gradual measure might have been devised, and a fairer field chosen, in which to make trial of it. It was barely possible to set in operation a worse-timed scheme, independently of its inherent defects.

We are frequently taunted with being blind idolaters of Lord Brougham; assimilating, in this particular instance, to Mr Carlyle's hero-

worshippers. When any one can point out to us a public character more worthy of trust and honour, we shall at once transfer our highest homage to his shrine: but, in the meantime, among the blemishes of our heroic man, there was, as we ventured to think, his hasty approval of the New Poor Law; warmly supported, by the way, by those who now the most pertinaciously misrepresent and calumniate him. "Time enough to hollo when you are out of the wood," was our remark when Lord Brougham, with benevolent exultation, boasted of the incalculable blessing which this harsh measure was speedily to confer upon the labouring classes. This was six years since. Health and purification may yet come from this harsh cure of an acknowledged distemper; but the foretaste has been irritating and bitter, without being at all sanative. Of the New Poor Law, Mr Carlyle is hopeful; and yet he appears to think worse of it than we did at its worst, and when the Bishop of Exeter displayed deeper insight into human feelings, and the actual condition of the people, than the most Liberal statesmen who took the other side. We have not forgotten that the New Poor Law was, to the full, as much a Tory as a Whig measure; as strenuously supported by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as by Lord Brougham* and Earl Grey. Mr Carlyle hopes that the New Poor Law may be preliminary to some great change; when the benevolent and enlightened rich will take charge of the ignorant and misled poor. We indulge the higher hope that it may be the means of making the industrious classes take charge of themselves, and of banishing the causes of extreme poverty altogether. Until these classes do so, they will assuredly never be properly cared for.

To shew that Mr Carlyle is in the black catalogue of Tory-Radicals, we cite the following passage:—

How Parliamentary Radicalism has fulfilled this mission, intrusted to its management these eight years now, is known to all men. The expectant millions have sat at a feast of the Barmecide; been bidden fill themselves with the imagination of meat. What thing has Radicalism obtained for them; what other than shadows of things has it so much as asked for them? Cheap Justice, Justice to Ireland, Irish Appropriation Clause, Rate-paying Clause, Poor Rate, Church Rate, Household Suffrage, Ballot Question "open" or shut: not things but shadows of things: Benthamee formulas; barren as the east wind! An Ultra-Radical, not seemingly of the Benthamee species, is forced to exclaim:—"The people are at last wearied. They say, Why should we be ruined in our shops, thrown out of our farms, voting for these men? Ministerial majorities decline; this Ministry has become impotent, had it even the will to do good. They have called long to us, 'We are a Reform Ministry, will ye not support *us*?' We have supported them; borne them forward indignantly on our shoulders, time after time, fall after fall, when they had been hurled out into the street, and lay prostrate, helpless, like dead luggage. It is the fact of a Reform Ministry, not the name of one, that we would support! Languor, sickness of hope deferred, pervades the public mind; the public mind says at last, Why all this struggle for the *name* of a Reform Ministry? Let the Tories be Ministry if they will; let, at least, some living reality be Ministry!" . . . Men who rebel, and urge the lower classes to rebel, ought to have other than formulas to go upon. Men who discern, in the misery of the toiling complaining millions, not misery, but only a raw material which can be wrought upon, and traded in, for one's own poor hidebound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living fellow-creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are "masses," mere "explosive masses for blowing down Bastilles with," for voting at hustings for *us*: such men are of the questionable species! . . . Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly, with all force of obligation, to obey. Parents, teachers, superiors, leaders, these all creatures recognise as deserving obedience. Recognised or not recognised, a man *has* his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up, degree above degree, to heaven itself and God the Maker, who made his world not for anarchy but for rule and order! It is not a light matter when the just man can recognise, in the powers set over him, no longer anything that is divine; when resistance against such becomes a deeper law of order than obedience to them; when the just man sees himself in the tragical position of a stirrer up of strife! Rebel, without due and most due cause, is the ugliest of words: the first rebel was Satan.

But how, in these circumstances, shall we blame the unvoting disappointed millions that they turn away with horror from this name of a Reform Ministry, name of a Parliamentary Radicalism, and demand a fact and reality thereof? That they too, having still faith in what so many had faith in, still count "Extension of the Suffrage" the one thing needful; and say, in such manner as they can, let the suffrage be still extended, *then* all will be well. It is the ancient British faith; promulgated in these ages by prophets and evangelists; preached forth from barrel-heads by all manner of men. He who is free and blessed, has his twenty thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence in national palaver; whosoever is not blessed but unhappy, the ailment of him is that he has it not. Ought he not to have it then? *By the law of God and of men, yea;—and will have it withal!* Chartism, with its "five points," borne aloft on pike-heads and torchlight meetings, is there. Chartism is one of the most natural phenomena in England. Not that Chartism now exists should provoke wonder; but that the invited hungry people should have sat eight years at such table of the Barmecide, patiently expecting somewhat from the name of a Reform Ministry, and not till after eight years have grown hopeless; this is the respectable side of the miracle. . . . . .

That this Poor-Law Amendment Act, meanwhile, should be, as we sometimes hear it named, the "chief glory" of a Reform Cabinet, betokens, one would imagine, rather a scarcity of glory there. To say to the poor, Ye shall eat the bread of affliction, and drink the water of affliction, and be very miserable while here, required not so much a stretch of heroic faculty in any sense, as due toughness of bowels. If paupers are made miserable, paupers will needs decline in multitude. It is a secret known to all rat-catchers: stop up the granary crevices, afflict with continual mewing, alarm, and going-off of traps, your "chargeable labourers" disappear, and cease from the establishment. A still briefer method is that of arsenic; perhaps even a milder, where otherwise permissible. Rats and paupers can be abolished; the human faculty was from of old adequate to grind them down, slowly or at once, and needed no ghost or Reform

* We have heard one of the idolaters of Lord Brougham broach the strange hypothesis, that in supporting the rash, if not stringent and tyrannical Poor Law, his Lordship must have had an after-thought, a concealed purpose, of instigating the people; pricking them forward, by famine and torture, to right themselves, and settle society on a fair basis.—Would Brougham otherwise have supported such a measure, with the Corn Laws in existence; a most unequal pressure of taxation; and all the restrictions on industry in full force? Had Lord Brougham seen the question in this light, we are sure he would not; yet we strongly doubt our friend's inference deduced from the part which Lord Brougham actually took.

Ministry to teach it. Furthermore, when one hears of "all the labour of the country being absorbed into employment" by this new system of affliction, when labour complaining of want can find no audience, one cannot but pause. That misery and unemployed labour should "disappear" in that case is natural enough; should go out of sight,—but out of existence? What we do know is that "the rates are diminished," as they cannot well help being; that no statistic tables, as yet, report much increase of deaths by starvation: this we do know, and not very conclusively anything more than this. If this be absorption of all the labour of the country, then all the labour of the country is absorbed.

To believe, practically, that the poor and luckless are here only as a nuisance to be abraded and abated, and in some permissible manner made away with, and swept out of sight, is not an amiable faith. That the arrangements of good and ill success in this perplexed scramble of a world, which a blind goddess was always thought to preside over, are, in fact, the work of a seeing goddess or god, and require only not to be meddled with: What stretch of heroic faculty or inspiration of genius was needed to teach one that? To button your pockets and stand still, is no complex recipe. *Laissez-faire, laissez-passer!* Whatever goes on, ought it not to go on; "the widow picking nettles for her children's dinner, and the perfumed seigneur delicately lounging in the Œil-du-Bœuf, who has an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and name it rent and law? What is written and enacted, has it not black-on-white to shew for itself?

Mr Carlyle passes a sound judgment on the Irish Question.

The time has come when the Irish population must either be improved a little, or else exterminated. Plausible management, adapted to this hollow outcry or to that, will no longer do; it must be management, grounded on sincerity and fact, to which the truth of things will respond—by an actual beginning of improvement to these wretched brother-men. In a state of perennial ultra-savage famine, in the midst of civilisation, they cannot continue. For that the Saxon British will ever submit to sink along with them to such a state, we assume as impossible.

Such passages as the following are the glory of the Essay:—

CONDITION OF THE LABOURING PEOPLE.

That the condition of the lower multitude of English labourers approximates more and more to that of the Irish competing with them in all markets; that whatsoever labour, to which mere strength with little skill will suffice, is to be done, will be done, not at the English price, but at an approximation to the Irish price: at a price superior as yet to the Irish, that is, superior to scarcity of third-rate potatoes for thirty weeks yearly; superior, yet hourly, with the arrival of every new steamboat, sinking nearer to an equality with that: half a million hand-loom weavers, working fifteen hours a-day, in perpetual inability to procure thereby enough of the coarsest food; English farm-labourers at nine shillings and at seven shillings a-week; Scotch farm-labourers who, "in districts the half of whose husbandry is that of cows, taste no milk, can procure no milk:" all these things are credible to us; several of them are known to us by the best evidence, by eye-sight. With all this it is consistent that the wages of "skilled labour," as it is called, should in many cases be higher than they ever were: the giant steam-engine in a giant English nation will here create violent demand for labour, and will there annihilate demand. But, alas! the great portion of labour is not skilled: the millions are and must be skilless, where strength alone is wanted; ploughers, delvers, borers; hewers of wood and drawers of water; menials of the steam-engine, only the *chief* menials and immediate *body*-servants of which require skill. English commerce stretches its fibres over the whole earth; sensitive literally, nay, quivering in convulsion, to the farthest influences of the earth. The huge demon of Mechanism smokes and thunders, panting at his great task, in all sections of English land; changing his *shape* like a very Proteus; and infallibly at every change of shape, *oversetting* whole multitudes of workmen, and as if with the waving of his shadow from afar, hurling them asunder, this way and that, in their crowded march and course of work or traffic; so that the wisest no longer knows his whereabout. With an Ireland pouring daily in on us, in these circumstances; deluging us down to its own waste confusion, outward and inward; it seems a cruel mockery to tell poor drudges that *their* condition is improving.

New Poor Law! *Laissez-faire, laissez-passer!* The master of horses, when the summer labour is done, has to feed his horses through the winter. If he said to his horses—"Quadrupeds, I have no longer work for you: but work exists abundantly over the world: are you ignorant (or must I read you Political-Economy Lectures) that the steam-engine always, in the long-run, creates additional work? Railways are forming in one quarter of the earth, canals in another, much cartage is wanted; somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, doubt it not, ye will find cartage: go and seek cartage, and good go with you!" They, with protrusive upper lip, snort dubious; signifying that Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, lie somewhat out of their brat; that what cartage may be wanted there is not too well known to them. *They* can find no cartage. They gallop distracted along highways, all fenced in to the right and to the left: finally, under pains of hunger, they take to leaping fences; eating foreign property, and—we know the rest. Ah, it is not a joyful mirth, it is sadder than tears, the laugh Humanity is forced to, at *Laissez-faire* applied to poor peasants, in a world like our Europe of the year 1839!

It is not possible to approve too highly of the spirit which dictates this; yet it appears to us that there is considerable fallacy in Mr Carlyle's interpretation of the principle of *Laissez-faire*. It is not one upon which legislators or governments have ever honestly acted, else we should have had, for example, no Corn Laws, no food imposts, for the benefit of the landed class; no unequal taxation; no restrictions on commerce. The principle of oligarchical governments, instead of being *Laissez-faire*, may be more truly described as the disposition to intermeddle wherever mischief was to be done and advantage obtained for the ruling class, and *Laissez-faire* where there was a probability of benefit to the people from interposition.

Mr Carlyle is not blind to the faults of the working classes. The dark facts exposed on the trial of the Glasgow weavers, last year, for unlawful combination, afford a text on which the Scotch La Mennais thus comments:—

Not loyal loving obedience to those placed over them, but a far other temper must animate these men! It is frightful enough. Such temper must be wide-spread, virulent among the many, when, even in its worst acme, it can take such a form in a few. But indeed decay of loyalty in all senses, disobedience, decay of religious faith, has long been noticeable and lamentable in this largest class, as in other smaller ones. Revolt, sullen revengeful humour of revolt against the upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal superiors command, decreasing faith for what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes. Such spirit may be blamed, may be vindicated; but all men must recognise it as extant there: all may know that it is mournful, that unless altered it will be fatal. Of lower classes so related to upper, happy nations are not made! To whatever other griefs the lower classes labour under, this bitterest and sorest grief now superadds itself: the unendurable conviction that they are unfairly dealt with, that their lot in this world is not founded on

right, not even on necessity and might, is neither what it should be, nor what it shall be.

Or why do we ask of Chartism, Glasgow trades-unions, and such like? Has not broad Europe heard the question put, and answered, on the great scale; has not a French Revolution been? Since the year 1789, there is now half a century complete; and a French Revolution not yet complete! Whosoever will look at that enormous phenomenon may find many meanings in it, but this meaning as the ground of all: that it was a revolt of the oppressed lower classes against the oppressing or neglecting upper classes: not a French revolt only; no, a European one; full of stern monition to all countries of Europe. These Chartisms, Radicalisms, Reform Bill, Tithe Bill, and infinite other discrepancy, and acrid argument and jargon that there is yet to be, are our French Revolution: God grant that we, with our better methods, may be able to transact it by argument alone!

A little more Tory-Radicalism, and one passage to shew that our oracle is not a theoretic Tory, though he sometimes looks very like one, and we have done with this remarkable treatise; and, first, of Established Churches.

For a Priesthood, whatsoever its titles, possessions, professions, there is but one question: Does it teach and spiritually guide this people, yea or no? If yea, then is all well. But if no, then let it strive earnestly to alter; for as yet there is nothing well! Nothing, we say: and indeed is not this that we call spiritual guidance properly the soul of the whole, the life and eyesight of the whole? The world asks of its Church in these times, more passionately than of any other Institution any question, "Canst thou teach us or not." A Priesthood in France, when the world asked, "What canst thou do for us?" answered only, aloud and ever louder, "Are we not of God? Invested with all power?"—till at length France cut short this controversy too, in what frightful way we know. To all men who believed in the Church, to all men who believed in God and the soul of man, there was no issue of the French Revolution half so sorrowful as that. France cast out its benighted blind Priesthood into destruction; yet with what a loss to France also! . . Does the British reader, safe in the assurance that "England is not France," call all this unpleasant doctrine of ours idealogy, perfectibility, and a vacant dream? Does the British reader, resting on the faith that what has been these two generations was from the beginning, and will be to the end, assert to himself that things are already as they can be, as they must be; that, on the whole, no Upper Classes did ever "govern" the Lower, in this sense of governing? Believe it not, O British reader! Man is man everywhere; dislikes to have "sensible species" and "ghosts of defunct bodies" foisted on him, in England even as in France. How much the Upper Classes did actually, in any the most perfect Feudal time, return to the Under, by way of recompense, in government, guidance, protection, we will not undertake to specify here. In Charity-Balls, Soup-Kitchens, in Quarter-Sessions, Prison-Discipline and Treadmills, we can well believe the old Feudal Aristocracy not to have surpassed the new. Yet we do say, that the old Aristocracy were the governors of the Lower Classes, the guides of the Lower Classes; and even, at bottom, that they existed as an Aristocracy, because they were found adequate for that. Not by Charity-Balls and Soup-Kitchens; not so; far otherwise! But it was their happiness that, in struggling for their own objects, they *had* to govern the Lower Classes, even in this sense of governing. For, in one word, *Cash Payment* had not then grown to be the universal sole nexus of man to man.

In plain terms, Mr Carlyle considers that the feudal times were better than those in which we live, for both the rich and the poor. This is an opinion which, if not agreeable to reason, is captivating to the imagination. In a chapter headed, "*Not Laissez-faire*," Mr Carlyle proposes his remedies, or how "an Aristocracy, in these present times and circumstances, should set about governing the Under Class;" and quaintly and pointedly he describes that strife of factions which we have hitherto been contented to call governments, "when hungry Greek meets hungry Greek on the floor of St Stephen's;" and at once settles that this fashion of government will no longer serve.

The toiling millions of England ask of their English Parliament, foremost of all, Canst thou govern us or not? Parliament with its privileges is strong; but Necessity and the Laws of Nature are stronger than it. If Parliament cannot do this thing, Parliament, we prophesy, will do some other thing and things which, in the strangest and not the happiest way, will forward its being done—not much to the advantage of Parliament probably! Done, one way or other, the thing must be. In these complicated times, with Cash Payment as the sole nexus between man and man, the Toiling Classes of mankind declare, in their confused but most emphatic way, to the Untoiling, that they will be governed; that they must—under penalty of Chartisms, Thuggeries, Rick-burnings, and even blacker things than those. Vain also is it to think that the misery of one class, of the great universal under class, can be isolated, and kept apart and peculiar, down in that class.

This chapter is somewhat wordy and inconclusive; and, as we have said, though Mr Carlyle is clear that a great deal might be both done and undone, he never commits himself to details. It would have been something to have indicated one safe preliminary step, were it but one; and we are left in doubt whether he does not consider even extension of the suffrage a wild illusion, from the manner in which it is alluded to in an extract given above. In education, about which he quibbles, he appears to have some faith, and, like others, little present hope: but, on this head, as on others, when *things* come to be grappled with, Mr Carlyle rather seeks to evade handgrips and a throw, and quaintly gives us to perceive that much may be said on both sides. We leave our intelligent readers to unriddle the following passage for themselves, acknowledging ourselves somewhat at a loss:—

We can conceive, in fine, such is the vigour of our imagination, that there might be found in England, at a dead-lift, strength enough to perform this miracle, and produce it henceforth as a miracle done; the teaching of England to read! Harder things, we do know, have been performed by nations before now, not abler looking than England. Ah me! if by some beneficent chance, there should be an official man found in England who could and would, with deliberate courage, after ripe counsel, with candid insight, with patience, practical sense, knowing realities to be real, knowing clamours to be clamorous and to seem real, propose this thing, and the innumerable things springing from it; woe to any Churchism or any Dissenterism that cast itself athwart the path of that man! Avaunt, ye gainsayers! is darkness and ignorance of the alphabet necessary for you? Reconcile yourselves to the alphabet, or depart elsewhither! Would not all that has genuineness in England gradually rally round such a man; all that has strength in England?

Now, we are condemned to the sad belief that, if an angel from heaven "proposed the thing," he would be opposed for a longer period than we care to reckon. A practical scheme of education, which, if not the best, would be infinitely better than none, might be founded on the simple principle by which small communities co-operate

under the authority of an Act of Parliament, to clean, light, and watch their villages and towns. Take, for example, the Police Bill of Edinburgh, and apply its provisions to popular education. Every householder who pays a £5 rent, and upwards, is rated, and pays in proportion to his rent. Every householder, female as well as male, has a vote in annually electing the Police Commissioners of their Ward, and, through these, the business of watching, lighting, &c., &c., is smoothly and easily managed, as that of infant and elementary instruction might be, could those who long lay by, content to see the people perishing in ignorance, only be persuaded still to act upon the principle of *Laissez-faire*. But this, their selfish fears and the love of domination, for the sake of its advantages, will not permit.

Emigration is another and the only other tangible remedy for existing evils that Mr Carlyle indicates in his own quaint manner; and he leaves off with a piece of characteristic anti-Malthusianism, and an account of the atrocious and absurd book he names *Marcus'* pamphlet, which we had, till now, fancied a joke, like Swift's plan for keeping down the population by feeding the people of England with the children of Ireland. After the severe castigation which Christopher North, Esq., bestowed upon Mr Loudon, the dictionary-maker, for his delicate warnings to working men, about the sin or folly of marrying and having children, or more than two, after they had gotten rich, we had fancied that no sane man would again have ventured on this slippery ground. Of *Marcus*, who is a real hard substance, not a grinning phantom, Mr Carlyle reports:—

> A shade more rational is that [plan] of those other benefactors of the species, who counsel that in each parish, in some central locality, instead of the Parish Clergyman, there might be established some Parish Exterminator; or say a Reservoir of Arsenic, kept up at the public expense, free to all parishioners; for which Church the rates probably would not be grudged. Ah, it is bitter jesting on such a subject. One's heart is sick to look at the dreary chaos, and valley of Jehosaphat, scattered with the limbs and souls of one's fellow-men; and no divine voice, only croaking of hungry vultures, inarticulate bodeful ravens, horn-eyed parrots that do articulate, proclaiming, Let these bones live. . . . . This *Marcus'* pamphlet was the book alluded to by Stephens the Preacher Chartist, in one of his harangues: it proves to be no fable that such a book existed; here it lies—"Printed by John Hill, Black-horse Court, Fleet Street, and now reprinted for the instruction of the labourer, by William Dugdale, Holywell Street, Strand," the exasperated Chartist editor who sells it you for threepence. We have read "Marcus;" but his sorrow is not divine. We hoped he would turn out to have been in sport; ah, no, it is grim earnest with him; grim as very death. Marcus is not a demon author at all: he is a benefactor of the species in his own kind; has looked intensely on the world's woes, from a Benthamee Malthusian watch-tower, under a Heaven dead as iron; and does now, with much longwindedness, in a drawling, snuffling, circuitous, extremely dull, yet at bottom handfast and positive manner, recommend that all children of working people, after the third, be disposed of by "painless extinction." Charcoal-vapour and other methods exist. The mothers would consent, might be made to consent. Three children might be left living; or, perhaps, for Marcus' calculations are not yet perfect, two and a half. There might be "beautiful cemeteries with colonnades and flower-plots," in which the patriot infanticide matrons might delight to take their evening walk of contemplation, and reflect what patriotesses they were, what a cheerful flowery world it was. Such is the scheme of Marcus; this is what he, for his share, could devise to heal the world's woes.

Is it surprising that there should be Chartism, and Swinging, and every sort of destructive agent, tearing the society in pieces in which such topics can be gravely discussed, as the only remedies for those evils by which it is devoured?

RICH AND POOR.

BY R. M. MILNES, M.P.

When God built up the dome of blue,
And portioned earth's prolific floor,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the Rich and Poor;
And till that vault of glory fall,
Or beauteous earth be scarred with flame,
Or saving love be all in all,
That rule of life will rest the same.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are framed for weal or wo:—
But to th' Eternal Law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so.
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
One truth outshining bright and clear;
The Wealth is only Hope and Joy,
And Poverty but Pain and Fear.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from Nature's hand;
The peasant boy as great and gay
As the young heir to gold and land.
Their various toys of equal worth;
Their little needs of equal care;
And halls of marble, huts of earth,
All homes alike endeared and fair.

They know no better! would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So power should find and leave us free;
So pride be but the owner's curse;
So, without marking which was which,
Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
What paupers are th' ambitious Rich!
How wealthy the contented Poor!

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours *must* be the better part,
Whatever else besets our way.
Each day may bring sufficient ill;
But we can meet and fight it through,
If Hope sustains the hand of Will,
And Conscience is our captain too.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our January Number.)

CHAPTER III.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," said the philosopher; and that knowledge of the world, of Life, and of "the Town," is power to gull the town handsomely, at least for a time, if not finally to lead it by the nose, thought Professor Cripps. This sort of knowledge, with its many subordinate requisites and appliances, was already in the possession of the principal branch of the talented Cripps family; and they had fairly taken post in that arena where those faculties are most successfully cultivated, and displayed to the best advantage.

"Right, right, Sir George; *London*, after all, is the great magnet, the grand mart for talent. Sir, I have lost twenty years of my life!" Thus spoke "*Professor Cryppes, Mus. Doc. No.* —, *Regent's Park*," so designated on his handsome cards of address, as he looked round the elegant saloon of his new dwelling, and almost fancied that his life, for the last month, had been a fairy tale. But there are no effects without adequate causes, save, perhaps, in novels; so we shall glance back for an instant upon those which had produced this sudden and brilliant transformation; not that all was yet gold that glittered in the establishment of Professor Cryppes.

Let us first, however, bestow a word upon talented families in general. There are persons so ill-natured as sometimes to term them adventurers, swindlers, and what not. We are, we trust, more just and discriminating. Though it be not, at all times, easy to trace the exact line which divides classes that are so apt to converge into each other, from having no original fixed position in society, success, we should say, is the general distinction of a *talented family* or individual, as opposed to the *adventurers*; who, without the presence of that essential element to British respectability, may remain, though gifted with the higher quality of genius, adventurers or swindlers to the last hour of their career. Talented families are found, in every luxurious society, the instruments of its amusements and pleasures: but the mixed government and free institutions of this happy country, which throw open the path to wealth and to the highest distinction, to every man possessed of ability, perseverance, and honourable ambition, are alleged to be peculiarly favourable to the developement of talent. And it does happen that a scheming, supple, servile lawyer, of obscure birth, may, once in a half century or so, creep very high; or the tutor or chaplain of an influential patrician house be somewhat oftener beheld transformed into a bishop; though one never hears of a General being found in the ranks, or an Admiral before the mast. Talented families, in their first generation at least, are rarely met in the regular or learned professions. The education of their members is usually accidental and immethodical; and their highest line of enterprise is generally confined to the arts, and the lower walks of literature. They are painters, players, sculptors, adepts in new petty inventions of the decorative kind, quack-doctors, ushers, itinerant-lecturers on elocution, dentists; manufacturers of shoe-blacking, patent coffee-powders, and soda-water. They are, in short, to be found in all the fluctuating grades of middle-class society, though more generally among its loose-fish and *raffish* members. It is not less true that, in Talented Families, are found many of those individuals who form the grace and ornament if not the strength of society. The Sheridans, the Burneys, the Kembles, and, in their own walk, the Porters, for example, belonged to the better order of *talented families*. From such households have arisen individuals illustrious from genius and worth, and not a few charlatans, impudent pretenders, and worthless though successful political adventurers.

London, as Professor Cryppes and Sir George Lees have declared in the eyes of our readers, is the great mart of such families; which, like all other families, succeed best when numerous and united. As a general rule, they may be pronounced eminently successful, when, after struggling on through one generation, they fairly emerge and take place in the next, and when all the daughters make good matches, and all the sons obtain lucrative posts. A nice moral sense, a scrupulous conscience, and a dignified self-respect, would be serious obstacles to the success of a Talented Family: but, on the other hand, regular conduct, so far as the observance of the decorums and appearances, and the most punctilious attention to pecuniary engagements, are as indispensable to success as good lodgings and handsome dress. Such individuals as Sheridan or Wilkes, gifted with consummate ability, or insuperable effrontery and ready wit, might, in their own day, have got off from the tribunal of decorum by pleading the dispensing power of genius; but this plea would scarcely avail even those great geniuses in our *moral* age, and would at once be quashed if urged by inferior rogues. A woman, by surpassing beauty and accomplishments, or a man, by fine address and great intellectual power, may succeed for a short time, in spite of reckless extravagance and irregularity of life; but Professor Cryppes was early aware, however unsteadily he might at times act upon his convictions, that, in England, the foundations of solid prosperity are not so laid. It was, however, equally his belief, that the enterprising spirit which "bodes a robe of gold and wears it," when accompanied by knowledge of the world and a modest assurance, will generally realize its own ambitious expectations; where reflecting and strait-laced persons may regard them as altogether extravagant or preposterous. They look only to the ends, and the small means for accomplishing them, which they, burthened with

conscience, have power to employ, without capacity of taking into account all the resources of unrestrained talent.

The nicety in such cases lies in hitting the delicate medium, and seizing Time by the forelock; of taking prompt advantage of that tide in the affairs of men, which our Mr and Mrs Cripps both fancied set strongly in for them on the evening of their Musical Soirée, and when, accordingly, they launched their adventurous bark, without a moment's delay. There was no sleep for their eyes on that night; nor had our poor heroine, their young inmate, enjoyed four hours of repose, when she was abruptly roused by Miss Cripps, attired in travelling costume, and in the highest spirits, joyfully announcing the sudden journey, and entreating her to dress herself in all haste. Miss Cripps could imagine only one cause of dubiety or delay—the attention necessary to trunks and bandboxes.

"How wildly you do stare, Mademoiselle! quite an Ophelia," cried the excited young lady. "Never mind about your dresses and things; mamma and Susan will manage all that. Just dress in anything. Here is your black silk ——; and throw your cloak over all. Do let me shake you up, Gabrielle. Here is Susan with a cup o. coffee for you. My mother and father have not been in bed at all. As soon as papa learned, after they went, that our gentlemen were booked for London for this morning, he got our places. Fancy the delightful chance of having such fellow-travellers as Sir George and Mr Herbert."

"But why should I go—to London—so abruptly;—why with these gentlemen?" said the bewildered girl, folding back her hair under her nightcap, as if to clear her brains.

"Gracious, Mademoiselle! surely you are not awake yet; surely prudery does not go the length of not being able to sit in the same stage-coach with gentlemen whom we know, and under the protection of Mr Cripps."

The heart of Miss Cripps was on this cast. Her father, as the most delicate means of carrying his own purpose, had said—"If you can get my pupil ready in time, you shall both go to town with me, Maria; *both*, or neither."

"Do, dear Mademoiselle, get up; I assure you Mrs Cripps is not in the humour of listening to *whys* and *wherefores* this morning; and papa is so anxious that you should have the immense advantage of seeing the *Pasta* before she leaves England. Fancy, Gabrielle, how delightful! London! Pray do make haste; that's the coach horn, I am sure; and mamma scolding below, and papa swearing. The coach is to take us up; think how kind! Here, Susan, sleepy Susan, do lace Mademoiselle's stays;" and the half-mad Miss Cripps darted away, as Violet began, with trembling hands, and painful and confused thoughts, to dress herself. Her reason chided her alarm. She was under the protection of her master; sooner or later she was aware the family were to remove to London; Mrs Somers Stocks had made no sign; and, above all, the sorrows of another at this moment came in contrast with her own lighter grief; for here was Susan breathing in despairing accents:—

"O Violet! how I wish that I were you—going to London!" And, after a pause, spent in stay-lacing, to recover breath and courage, she went on:—"Perhaps, dear Violet, you will hear something of one of whom you must have heard, though I never could find courage to speak of—*him*. Quintin knows him well, and also his haunts. I know how foolish I am: but I am indeed very wretched; and not one of my own family, not even one, to pity me. You know how hard my mother is on some points; you know the unhappy affair which drove him away? For months now, long, long, dreary months—years of misery they seem—I have not even heard his name whispered. You know all that; but not how deeply, how tenderly, with all his faults"——

"Yes, dear Susan; if I can give you comfort, rely on me," replied Violet, turning round and kissing the pale face of her friend, now interesting, nay, almost beautiful, from emotion, in spite of its natural homeliness of feature; and as Susan fervently returned the embrace, she hastily placed a letter in the bosom of Violet's dress, which the latter had not heart to forbid. She had heard of the unfortunate and indiscreet attachment of Susan to a young man who had been a clerk in the banking-house of Mr Somers Stocks, and who had been dismissed for some of those improprieties which commercial men cannot, ought not, to overlook; and thrown, with all his weaknesses about him, into the wilderness of London. In the hurry and tumult of her own feelings, Violet could still sympathize with the deeper unhappiness of her young friend; though short time was allowed for thought or word, when a new train of ideas was awakened in her fancy, as the lamps of the coach flashed, for an instant, against the stately columns of the new bank. "What must *he* think of this sudden journey—of my change of purpose; for sure he heard, last night, my application to Mrs Stocks, when, like a fool, I ran away?" was the timidly admitted and rapidly discarded idea, as Sir George Lees and Miss Cripps exchanged salutations; and the former, in answer to the young lady's inquiry, replied that "Mr Charles Herbert was aloft."

When the travellers stopped for breakfast, Violet declined to alight. She "had breakfasted;" and, at mid-day, the new M.P., apparently bored by the taciturnity of the lackadaisical *Prima Donna*, and the flippancy of her companion, requested Herbert to exchange seats with him for a stage, that he might enjoy a cigar, and a sight of the country. To the courteous, if somewhat over lively greeting of Mr Herbert, which jarred upon her feelings, the *Prima Donna* replied by a silent bow, pressed herself yet closer up into her corner, and drew her cloak more tightly around her. The sudden change of purpose of the young lady, in whom he had felt a rather singular interest, had passed for a moment unpleasantly across the memory of Herbert: but, bowling along, at a spanking rate, through an

open country, in a clear bracing winter's morning, it is probable that the *insides* had thought more about the outsides than the latter had leisure to reciprocate.

"I am afraid you have had a chill drive, Mademois"—— Herbert's feelings checked him. He remembered Juliana Stock's affecting history of the nickname, and would not, could not, adopt the style of the Cripps family; and one glance at the averted countenance, turned to the window, as if gazing out into the country, completely recalled his feelings of the former night. Juliana's "Fair Lily" was drooping, bent by the storm, "surcharged with rain." The few more words which he addressed to Violet, were spoken in a voice which had softened involuntarily with the changed character of his feelings. There is, perhaps, no expression of sympathy more touching to delicate sensibility, than that which cannot be counterfeited, cannot deceive, the tones of the voice, involuntarily attuning themselves to the tone of the heart that is spoken to, more by their music than by any form of words. Violet half looked up; but she did not yet reply.

"Mademoiselle Gabrielle is scarcely awake yet," said her lively companion, as if to atone for Violet's want of courtesy. "Our journey was rather an *impromptu*, in which I delight. Mademoiselle so longs to hear Pasta; and I am wild to meet my brother; and, to say truth, to be in London."

To Violet the painful thought would ever return as they journeyed, "What must he think of me; and what does it signify what he thinks." As they drew nearer the metropolis, deep, long-buried memories awoke in her heart. It so chanced that the whole W—— party were now inside, as Mr and Miss Cripps had insisted upon accommodating every one. The afar-off hum of London, the low growling thunder of its mighty voice, and the sight of the lamps, together, probably, with the rapidity with which wine, which must be paid for, had been swallowed by Mr Cripps, after dinner, had raised the spirits of the long-exiled man to an extravagant pitch. He talked incessantly, became boastful and hyperbolical, and pointed out, at intervals, the rapid succession of objects, with the authority of a man to the manner of town-life born.

"What a philosopher you are, Miss Hamilton!" whispered Charles Herbert, leaning over, towards the wrapped-up silent *Prima Donna*, who had declined to dine, as she had to breakfast, from very shame of shewing her tear-stained, wan face, and who, for many miles back, had not spoken one word. "I had imagined it impossible for one so young to enter mighty London for the first time without some token of excitement."

"But this is not the first time—oh no!—not the first!"——

The rest of the reply was lost in the inaudible or inarticulate voice, which silenced Mr Herbert's observation. Violet well remembered that, when between six and seven years of age, she had come from her convent in France to London with her father, on their way to Scotland. She remembered something of the river and the ships, and, especially, of a dismal chamber in the Tower, in which the two boy princes, the sons of Edward the Fourth, were said to have been murdered. But her most vivid memory was, sleeping in a crib in her father's chamber at the hotel, lest, as he said, she should be stolen; and of a kind Scottish woman, hired to be her attendant to Scotland. These were a few, among the multiplicity of broken images, which floated back upon the mind of the orphan girl, and shut out present scenes. That sense of utter loneliness and desolation; that sinking and inanition of the affections of the heart, to which we give the name of low spirits; was stealing over her. In all that "Mighty Heart," throbbing tumultuously around, there was no memory or thought for her—no place for her image. It would have been a relief could she, at that moment, have recalled one human being, as existing in London, whom she had ever before beheld or spoken to. When Mr Charles Herbert placed her in the hackney coach, which was to convey the Crippses to the hotel selected, Violet felt as if she parted with a friend; almost her last friend; yet they were not even acquainted. This day their intercourse had been merely in dumb show; and when he returned to the coach door, saying, "You have dropped this letter, ma'am,"—as he held out the epistle of Susan Cripps, which had fallen from Violet's dress, in getting from the mail-coach into the other vehicle—from fear that Susan's secret might be detected, and a nameless feeling of shame and vexation, she blushed and faltered, and, eagerly grasping at the letter, forgot to return thanks to its preserver. "A billet-doux, ready prepared," said Maria Cripps, with a laugh.

Prompt, active, and indefatigable person as was Mr Cripps, and much as lay before him to do, nothing could be accomplished that night, though much might be planned and discussed. He was still in unusual good humour and good spirits. Tea was ordered, and was immediately followed by a slight supper and mulled wine, as "Mademoiselle had fasted all day." A hundred plans for pleasure and amusement were chalked out; visits to the theatres and concert-rooms holding the first place. The season was just opening; and London promised to be unusually full and gay. It was the first year of a new Parliament, and of a new and popular reign. Mr Cripps enjoined his pupil to sleep long, and recover her spirits and good looks before she faced London; though they were to be quite incognito, save to a few particular friends, until Mr Cripps had got a house. A house, a *good* house, was his first object. "Much, young ladies, very much depends on the sort of house and establishment one launches with in London," was his text. Violet strove to be edified by the sermon; strove to be grateful and cheerful, and to school her reason to her fortunes.

Fatigue and exhaustion seconded the kind injunctions of Mr Cripps; and his pupil slept profoundly, long after the complicated machinery of the Modern Babel was snorting and roaring

around her. When she descended late to the drawing-room, which Mr Cripps had engaged, that gentleman had gone abroad. Breakfast stood untouched; Miss Cripps had not appeared; and Mike Twig, with an extra polish on his shoes, and an extra brush on his blue livery, (both in honour of London,) stood at the door, in waiting. Violet thought of Susan's letter: Would Mike prove either an intelligent or a faithful emissary? for, beyond the simple name, "Mr Robert Mortimer," Susan's letter bore no address; the want of that was no small part of Susan's affliction.

Violet's pride and delicacy revolted from tampering with the awkward booby, who amused her by his more awkward imitation of the airs of the alert and smartly-dressed waiters, whisking about the passages, or lounging in the outer lobbies. Mike placed a chair for her; poked the fire, in their style; and pushed over the morning papers, in which his master had been house-hunting. The imitation was hopeful: Mike was an improvable subject.

CHAPTER IV.

A house is, as Professor Cryppes had remarked, a most important affair to every man settling in London. In country towns, a family may give the respectability to a dwelling which, in London, they must borrow from it. There the man belongs rather to the house than the house to the man. But to an unknown professional man, or an artist, a dwelling is more than to any one else. A house is much, but a locality, be it street or square, row or terrace, is often more. The long estrangement of Mr Cripps from the metropolis, though he had made a run up occasionally, to refresh his musical tastes, had thrown him far behind the age in knowledge of eligible localities. It was an anxious subject; and, like the Irishman's pig, Mr Cripps, on his mind's locomotives, "ran up all manner of streets." In his heyday of youth, some of the Picadilly streets were "tiptop;" such a place as Upper Baker Street, most respectable; and Harley Street, if somewhat *passé*, still almost an aristocratic quarter; Grosvenor Street and Albemarle Street, were then more than unexceptionable; and New Bond Street, for a professional man, had its eligibilities. A fashionable quarter was, at all events, indispensable; and, that gained, not to be too far out of the way of the Clubs, the State offices, and the Houses of Parliament, came next: but the great desideratum was, to unite a good style of house with some regard to economy. Even frugal Mrs Cripps herself had said—"Now Cripps, don't be pennywise." For the Professor was, in theory, a rigid economist; as he well knew that no man could long get on agreeably who did not manage, by hook or by crook, to make both ends meet on the 31st of December; and his only mistake was the capital one, of imagining that impossible results were to be brought about by that knowledge of the Town on which he piqued himself, together with Mrs Cripps' management. Now, that a guinea (and, still more easily, a thousand of them) will, in London or anywhere else, go farther under one system of economy than another, is undeniable; but we defy it to do the *fair* business of two, or even of one and a half:—Mr Cripps' details were faultless, it was the magnitude of his scale that was wrong.

He had taken a cabriolet on this morning, and driven to several places, which, by the antediluvian notions of 1814, were perfectly unexceptionable; and was still absent, thus engaged, when Mike Twig announced to Violet, as he nearly swung the door off its hinges,

"Maister Squintin Cripps, Marmozell;" and a phenomenon of the Yellow Glove School entered. Violet had previously seen some rather remarkable specimens of the genuine provincial dandy, and caricature engravings of rampant metropolitan samples: but the real and tangible Jack Quintin Cripps out-Heroded all her imaginary Herods. Every point about him—person, features, and equipments—appeared the very caricature of exaggerated low dandyism: his mother's large nose—not Roman, but approaching the order—was enlarged to absurdity; an eyeglass, fixed permanently in his left eye, could not conceal a comical, rather than disagreeable, obliquity of vision; and from the bristly jungle covering the most of his face, those features looked fiercely forth, the whole crowned by the admired and studied disorder of a redundant fell of coarse black hair. Violet could scarce take note of the accoutrements of this extraordinary personage, of the embroidered satin cravat, the ditto waistcoat, the snip-tailed amber-coloured coat, the French *bootikins*, into which midland-county feet were most mercilessly squeezed—and the badge of the order, the yellow (soiled) gloves—from very wonderment at the wearer, and the air with which, by a swinging bow, he threw himself forward, hat in hand, *à la* ——. But we must not mention the ultra-exquisite, whom Jack Cripps had the audacity to copy, as happily as a man-monkey may a monkey-man. "I have produced a sensation," was Jack's thought. "Such a figure for Maria to rave so much about," was the thought of Violet. "Oh, enviable eyes of sisterly affection, what *glamour* lurks in ye!"

In the meantime, Mike Twig, totally forgetting his manners, with the door-handle in his paw, gazed upon the transfiguration of Jack—like Tam O'Shanter upon the madly hilarious dance of the witches—

> Glowered like ane bewitched,
> And thought his very een enriched,

and at a loss where to fix his chief admiration. It must probably have been on the mustachios, which, from that day, Mike began to cultivate on his own upper lip.

"I presume I have the honour to see Mademoiselle Gabrielle, the talented pupil of Professor Crypp-es," said the figurant, with another swinging bow.

"If you address me, sir, I am called Miss Hamilton," said Violet, with sudden dignity. She had risen without advancing.

"And I am, at your service, Ma'm'selle, Mr

John Quintin Crypp-es. I must introduce myself, I find. The Governor is abroad, it seems; and I suppose my sister, whose note I found at my chambers, when I returned from the—the opera, this morning, has not appeared yet. Will you, Mister—what is your name? My father's man, I suppose you are? Will you inform Miss Crypp-es that Mr Quintin Crypp-es is below?"

"Dunna ye know mae, then, Meister Squintin?" grinned Twig, "Mikie Twig; but I has growed some, I reckon." And Mike drew up his head like a plough-boy at his first drill, as if pleasantly conscious of the change for the better in person and demeanour, which had rendered Mr Squintin oblivious of an old friend.

"Sir!" enunciated the dandy, in a voice meant to change Mike Twig into stone, and which for the moment did freeze his smiling cheeks into the consistence of ill-set, muddy jellies, "carry my message to Miss Crypp-es, fellow."

"A wull tell Miss Polly," said Mike, doggedly, and rather slamming the door,—that favourite organ, upon which an angry domestic plays off his wrathful fancies.

"Where can Professor Crypp-es have picked up that animal? His good-nature is ever leading him into such scrapes." No reply.

"Chawming mawning this, Ma'm'selle!" And now Mr Quintin exhibited his paces and dress, to the admiration of the young lady, by lounging about the room. "I understand that my friend, Mr Charles Herbert, and Sir George Lees, travelled up with my father yesterday?"

Violet bowed slightly; scornfully thinking, "His friend! Mr Herbert never even spoke to him, I am sure."

"Hot work at the election, I understand. No doubt, the W—— Dons fancy *they* carried it; not aware of the great guns bearing on them from the centre, the London Press, Mademoiselle—thunder directed by—to speak more plainly——"

"Quintin! dear Quintin!" exclaimed Miss Cripps, jumping into her brother's arms with real joy.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The lovely face of Violet kindled into sweet smiles, as she beheld the affectionate greeting; and she turned next to the placable domestic, whose mouth, that potato and bacon-trap so abhorrent to Mrs. Cripps, widened from ear to ear in sympathy.

"Dear Quintin, I am so overjoyed to meet you in London! How charmingly you are dressed, and looking so handsome; don't you think so, Gabrielle? But you never saw my brother before. Let me introduce you; Mademoiselle, papa's pupil, of whom you have heard so much. My eldest brother, Mr John Quintin, Mademoiselle:—there now, do be friends!" and the introduction ended in a giggling whisper, which made Mr Quintin fix his eyes, as directly as apparently they could be fixed on any object, upon Violet.

"We will be quite one family, by and by, Quint.; and you such an acquisition to us as a beau; for, at first, we shall have so much to see, you know. But you don't inquire for the poor souls in dull, stupid W——. Thank my stars, we have cut it at last!"

"How are Suke, and Neddy, and the old lady, and little Emmy?—does she grow up a beauty, the little creature?"

"Quite lovely, I assure you. Is not my sister Emily quite a beauty, Mademoiselle?"

"She is a very sweet, pretty girl, indeed," replied Violet, glad to be able to say this much with a safe conscience; for the youngest Miss Cripps was certainly a pretty girl. Mr Quintin was protesting the delight it would give him to run about everywhere, to fashionable sights and places, with his two beautiful sisters, and their "chawming" friend, when "the Governor," as he affected to call his father, returned from his early house-hunt, and, after a cordial greeting, breakfast was begun. As it proceeded, Mr Cripps made a furtive examination of his elder hope; who was now in full career of second-hand metropolitan small-talk. Whatever personal improvement was apparent the paternal heart of Mr Cripps acknowledged to the utmost: but, to his critical and experienced eye, many faults were visible in those very points on which Mr Quintin prided himself most,—dress, air, and language; faults which might have been overlooked in a high-born, superlative coxcomb, but which would never pass in a Jack Cripps, who had his way to push by talents and address, and neither fortune nor connexion to bear him out. Mr Quintin was loud in speech; so loud in laughter as to horrify the nerves of the old Court-bred singing-boy of Windsor; dictatorial, and affected. But his father was aware that Jack did not wholly want for the instinct or the tact necessary to the success of talent; and his own experience was fully equal to giving both paternal hints and checks. Both were required.

In the meantime, the conversation turned upon the search for houses, which, after breakfast, Mr Cripps proposed to resume with the ladies.

"Hang it, Governor," said Jack, with a touch of swagger which delighted his sister, "you surely do not intend to plant yourself, and grow into house-leeks and cabbages in those dingy holes? Whereabouts *is* Harley Street? Depend upon it, I know something of the town. There is an order of persons who may live anywhere—your old-fashioned, high nobility—Duchesses of three tails, as my friend Barker calls them: but, for persons of our style, the Regent's Pawk, sir, or that vicinage, is the thing."

Mr Jack Quintin squeezed an egg-shell in confirmation of this decision; and Miss Cripps exclaimed—"O yes, the Regent's Park; I vote for it; Mrs Herbert lives there, and Sir George." The elder Cripps was rather nettled by the disparagement cast by implication on his knowledge of "the town" by his gifted son—and before his daughter and his pupil too. There might be something in what Quintin alleged; and it is certain that the character or fair fame of a street, like that

of a woman, once whispered away, can never be restored, though those having an interest in the buildings and ground-rents cannot sue for damages. But with all this momentary superiority of knowledge as to the localities calumniated, Mr Cripps felt that the young gentleman knew the town only on its surface; and feared, moreover, that he had fallen among a horridly bad set of under-bred fashionables and literati.

"Have you forgotten how to speak English since you came to London, Jack," said the father. "Say *Park*, if you please, sir, and leave under-bred persons to establish their claims to fine breeding by slang and superfine pronunciation." Mr Cripps himself spoke English with such perfect purity and nicety, and freedom from all peculiarity of accent, that, when he had first settled in W——, it became a doubt, with the higher classes of that town, whether he was a native Englishman or not; so much had early association with the "best society" simplified his speech.

Mr Jack was, in his turn, offended at the open rebuke on a point where he was keenly susceptible; but he affected to laugh while he repeated *Parrr-k* with a running fire of *r's* like a Norman or Northumbrian; and his father prudently reserved his opinion on Jack's slang and strange "set-out' for a morning, for a private opportunity. The only caution, or rather command, which he directly and decidedly gave was, that Mr Jack should not venture to introduce any one of those five hundred learned friends of his who had each a play coming out at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, an article on the Turf to appear in the next *Quarterly*, or a historical painting in progress, by private command of his Majesty, until his father or mother gave permission. Jack was sulky for a minute, not more, for the ladies were now equipped to go out.

Though the senior Cripps was satisfied that he knew "the town," from its core to its cuticle, much better than his son, the industrious Jack, might, he thought, in his few well-employed months, have learned something of its ever-changing garbs and usages, which had escaped his sire. He had daily perambulated every fashionable quarter, and freely ranged from the Opera-House, on the one hand, to the lowest haunts where pleasure is sought and life seen, on the other. New shops, fashionable tailors, popular eating-houses, clubs, and hells, &c., &c., were, at least externally, quite familiar to him; and this "Regent's Pawk" sounded well. Jack knew of one very elegant though small house, exquisitely furnished, and to be let on very moderate terms.

"'Tis only a bachelor establishment," said Jack; "you would require to huddle; but, it is exquisitely appointed, and the reception rooms are splendid; the coach-house and stables, first-rate. No more knowing fellow in the city of Westminster, than was the Honourable Frederick Shuffleton."

"And where has he shuffled to?" inquired Miss Cripps.

"Levanted, my dear, to Brussels, I believe, or somewhere at these German watering-places, where black-legs most do congregate, to see if he can't find a Hungarian, a Russian, or, haply, an American pigeon. Plucked himself, he plucks again."

"And his creditors let his house for him. Well, Jack, what is your wonderfully cheap—supposing the place should suit my views?"

"Oh, not above some fifty or eighty guineas a-month! The house is small; but a conservatory—capital place for a sly flirtation—capital coach-house and airy stables for four horses. I have seen them."

"For which papa has no manner of use, you know," said Miss Cripps, looking at papa, suggestingly; as if prompting, if not a new chariot, yet some sort of showy vehicle of the genus phaeton.

"You don't suppose, Pol, that the Professor is to pad the hoof among his fashionable pupils, or, on rainy days, job a cab? That would be no go. What lady, as Barker said to me when we talked the thing over, would give five sovereigns for a half-hour's lesson for her daughter, if the *Maestro* walked up to her door on his own legs, and left his clogs and Mackintosh with the porter? —No, no, pretty Pol, that won't do."

Mr Cripps' opinion of his son's wisdom rose with every word.

"The Barker you mean is the clever journalist, Jack? We must know *him*. He has some place in society; and the pen *is* an instrument!"

"You need not call me Polly, however, Quintin," said Polly, in a tone of pique. "It is vulgar, and I hate it:—that was an old quarrel of ours. But I fancy you are quite right about the difference, to a professional man in London, of walking and riding in his own carriage. I have often heard my mother say, that, till papa got a pupil among the County people at W——, he had scarce one pupil." But, Jack Quintin could not tarry for his mother's words of wisdom. "Not call you Poll, my dear; for sure I did not call you Polly? I shall though. You like to be called Maria, perhaps?"

"'Tis my baptismal name, Jack."

"And you may use it again in your marriage settlements, and in your will; but, till then, I shall call you Poll. The Marias are all gone down in fashionable life, down to the basement floors and the provinces, with the Lauras and Louisas, and Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. In drawing-rooms and green-rooms, it is now Jack and Kate, Meg and Ned, Pat and Poll."

Mr Cripps feared there might be some truth in the vulgarity hinted at by his son. The elegant manners of his youth were evidently at a discount in fashionable life. Nobody seemed to mind anybody or anything, save their own ease and convenience; and the only recognisable rule of good breeding, was the greatest amount of selfish enjoyment and egotistical indulgence, with the least possible interference with the selfishness or egotism of one's neighbours.

"Suppose, Jack, we take a look of this toy-

shop, or bird's cage, at eighty pounds a-month. It may amuse the ladies."

Mr Cripps rung to order Mike Twig to call a coach.

"*Valentiers, mon chere gouverneur,*" cried the elastic Jack, springing to his feet.

"However you manage about Poll and Suke, I don't choose to be 'the governor,' sir."

"Million pardons, *aimable papa*; the Professor, only."

Jack bowed, and his father smiled. The compact was established; the honorary dignity ratified. The idea, though Jack's, was good. Something of the kind had before crossed the mind of the Professor. He was not like Juliet. To lovers, there may be nothing in a name, though very much to a talented gentleman, hunting for patronage, among the vulgar great, in the jostling herds of London.

"Mike, call a coach, and look it be a decent one, with brutes not quite fit for the knacker's yard." Jack interfered

"With deference, Professor, I say no; from sunrise to gas-blaze, there is no longer any *hackney* medium between one's own bit of blood or one's own carriage, and one's proper legs; unless a man is on a lark, or bound for his solicitor's or his banker's, or a visit, on the sly, to some of the by-streets."

"What percize species of wehicle would you want, sur," inquired Mike Twig, desirous of displaying the knowledge he had already attained of the names of queer conveyances never seen in W——.

"The Professor don't require a coach, Mister Michael; you may withdraw. . . . . Never, Poll, my love, throw away a Mike upon a lout like that, or any menial. Mike, like Jack, is for our familiars; that easy familiarity among ourselves, in our ordinary intercourse, which is now the order of the day, renders it indispensably requisite to be strictly punctilious with our domestics. Were the creature your brother, you could only call him Mike. I can't imagine, by the way, what tempted you to lumber yourselves with the animal: he is far too overgrown for a tiger, too clumsy for a page; and he knows nothing of town, or of his duties."

They were now at the door of the hotel.

"Shall I have the honour of giving my arm to la Belle Hamilton, as De Grammont says—ah, the witty rogue;" and Jack suited the action to the word. Violet shrunk back among the attendant and observant waiters. The elder Mr Cripps was more than suspicious that the flashy cravat and waistcoat, and swallow-tailed amber coat, and dirtyish yellow gloves, were not quite apropos to morning pedestrian exercise. He came to the instant rescue of Violet, with, "Jack, take care of your sister;" and the somewhat discomfited Jack walked off; but soon rallied. The girls might not be quite the thing; their W—— bonnets were of a past mode; but it was something to have the amber swallow-tail, with its gilt buttons, seen in Regent Street, near a petticoat of unsuspected character. Jack's acquaintance in London did not yet lie among young ladies to whom very particular introductions were required. He had got much better on among the men than the women. The English are a sadly unsocial set. He might have said, with Lord Dudley—"There is not a respectable house in London into which I can walk and get a cup of tea." Now, he had, in his own town, mother, sisters, sweethearts; and it did him good this morning to be in female society once again. Besides, the girls were worth casting a second look after, at least at so early and empty an hour, in any street of Westminster. Polly Cripps was what is termed a showy girl. Without peculiar grace or elegance, she had a good figure; carried her head well; beat time wonderfully well to Jack's pace, for a rustic then first on the stones; and had enough, and to spare, of fresh complexion, with large black eyes which might be defined, mathematically, as superficies, "having length and breadth, but no depth." They deepened in time. Polly already made more violent use of these orbs than her father fancied in good taste, or altogether to the purpose, though they were eyes which the mass admire in prescriptive right of colour.

As they advanced, Mr Jack looked back at proper junctures, to establish publicly his claim to the intimacy of the respectable, compact, and neatly-dressed little gentleman in black, and the sylph-like creature that hung on his arm.

The spirits of Violet improved with the air and the animated scene around her. She was particularly attracted by the print-shops; and Mr Cripps was desirous of gratifying her curiosity, especially as it afforded him an opportunity of keeping an eye on his offspring, and estimating their real standing in street society. In the course of the walk, two or three young men, also of the order of *les gants jaunes*, nodded familiarly to Jack as they passed, and honoured his companion with a broad stare; and two other young men, resembling rakish medical students, in pea-jackets, with knowing caps set to the side of their heads, and cigars on full puff, who were much oftener to be found walking the streets than the hospitals, honoured their friend Jack Cryppes and his companion with a deliberate survey. While Violet stood absorbed in the plate of a Holy Family, from a painting by Raphael, Mr Cripps could hear the one say—

"What bouncer is that Cryppes has picked up? She goes well on her pasterns."

"Don't you know her? Sir George Lees' mistress; an extravagant little devil. She has about cleared out Lees. And now that he has got into the House, and must do the moral, I fancy, he has no objection that Cryppes, or any one else, get the reversion of her."

"You are wrong, my Trojan; that girl is not Lees' mistress. I have seen the real nymph in his phaeton fifty times; and I believe I should know every kept woman in May Fair, or belonging to it."

"To be sure you must be deeply learned, Tom; this is your *second* winter."

"That is the girl who came out at the Adel-

phi last Wednesday. She is paying off Cryppes for getting Barker to puff her, by taking his arm, the puppy, just up two streets, before, as she thinks, any one is abroad."

"Mercenary jades all of them, Dick. It is not what a man is, but what he has to pamper their vanity, that one of the harpies thinks of."

"Why, Tom, thou art an absolute philosopher this morning; a sage, a Hippocrates, a Galen. I fear me the expected remittance has not come to hand. Have you quarrelled with ——?"

The loitering pair of friends got beyond earshot of Professor Cryppes, whose attention was by this time otherwise engaged. A middle-aged, handsome-looking man, well put up, and admirably well-appointed, from the trouser-strap, under the sole of the boot, to the bridle-rein, so jauntily held in doe-skin gauntlet; a man that, in the Professor's younger days, wont to be described as "a Parkish" or "Hyde-Park-looking" cavalier, faced his West End charger up to the edge of the pavement, and graciously extended a forefinger to salute Jack Cryppes, evidently for the purpose of taking a bold scrutinizing stare at the lady in company. Even the easy self-possessed Miss Cripps seemed somewhat abashed and indignant, until Jack stopped short to announce to the rest of the party his friend Colonel Rivers, one of the most stylish fellows of his years in London, who would be their neighbour if they took Shuffleton's house. "He has contrived to fix himself," said Jack—"as one of his most ostensible ways and means—upon a widowed sister, with a single heiress and a fat jointure. I wish mother or daughter would take me. Don't you think they might do worse, Poll?"

"How you do rattle, Quintin; you will make Mademoiselle stare as if you were in earnest."

"Earnest! and am I not? . . There, next house, a capital one, dwells another wealthy widow, Charles Herbert's stepmother; a devilish fine woman she is, and in such excellent preservation, that I dare say Herbert sometimes wishes there were no such canonical prohibition as 'a man may not marry his stepmother, his father's wife.' I would not make bones about accepting her;—that's her house—the third off, with the what-d'ye-call-'ems in the balcony."

"Camellias," said Violet, looking with admiration upon some beautiful and tree-like specimens of the camellia, set out for air on this soft and sunny winter's morning. A lady of very youthful appearance, in a handsome morning-dress, was giving orders to a footman about placing the jars; and Violet fancied, though it might be only fancy, that she had disappeared abruptly before her business was completed, as if dissatisfied by the staring of the undaunted Jack and the very curious Miss Cripps.

"Marry you, indeed!" was Violet's thought. "That lovely, graceful woman, a Mrs Jack Cripps!" The idea diverted her, and so did the odd person from whom it sprung; so unconsciously impudent, and yet occasionally so clever and amusing in his impudence.

"Did you see Mrs Herbert, Gabrielle? Such a love of a cashmere over her dress; a clear-muslin morning robe, lined with pale lilac, and a Mary Stuart cap; I have seen nothing so truly elegant. Blowzy Mrs Somers Stocks wont to wear a Mary Stuart" ——

"Apropos, Poll, how is my little sweetheart, Juliana," interrupted Jack. "She will be worth a Jew's eye by-and-by, that girl; . . but there is your home, ladies; that is, if the Professor does not play stingy."

Mr Jack Cripps rung at the gate of a very pretty house, somewhere between the style of the cottage ornée and the ornamented suburban villa. There were, at least, abundant white-plaster architectural enrichments of all sorts, French plate-glass windows, a veranda, shrubs, winter flowers, verdure and all in the highest order.

"So finished, and in such exquisite taste," said Jack. "It is a nonesuch."

"So enchanting!" exclaimed Miss Cripps.

"So fresh and airy,—and so sweetly clean," said Violet.

"Atweel an' it is clean, if it be nae mair," said the respectable-looking matron who admitted them, and who lived in the house to shew it.

"Do you like it, Mademoiselle?" inquired the gratified Mr Cripps, pleased to see his pupil take interest in anything. "Then, I hope, we shall find a pretty apartment for you, and your music, and books."

"Oh, never mind me," replied Violet; "all houses are much the same to me."

The custodier of this fairy palace, whose homely or uncouth appearance formed a grotesque contrast with the flimsy elegancies around her, stood ready with her keys. The furniture, if not the richest that could be procured, was of a description which surpassed all the previous ideas of Mr Cripps and his daughter, notwithstanding their experience at the Grove, where the purse of the doting old banker had been an Aladdin's lamp to his gay young bride, realizing honeymoon dreams of enchantment. In this small establishment there was an exquisite adaptation of the parts to the whole; a selection of whatever Taste, as the Minister of luxurious refinement, could procure from France, England, or the East; of whatever Italian Art could contribute to embellish and enrich, or the most refined English notions of comfort and domestic privacy suggest for personal accommodation. Every one was delighted, but Miss Cripps was enraptured. The music-room, one of the suite of drawing-rooms, was declared exquisite; and the pale yellow silken-damask furniture, and rich golden, or golden-like fringe of the suite, left her, she declared, "nothing to wish for." As the gentlemen went off to examine the stables, she protested that Mrs Cripps would be quite satisfied with the kitchen range and the closets. Violet admired the implied condescension.

"Is it not a perfection of a house, Mademoiselle?"

"It is very pretty—for London, very. One

can see the blue sky—to-day, at least; and there is a promise of verdure and flowers." And though there was neither sea nor river, hill nor meadow, village church nor farm house, cot nor mill—essential attributes of a home view to the imagination of Violet—she again said, "It is very pretty, indeed, for London."

"For London! really, Gabrielle, one might fancy sometimes you had dropt out of the moon. What place is there, on the face of the earth, to be compared to London."

Violet sighed deeply.

"The young Miss may think, that brave and bonny as the muckle Toun is, it's no just *hame*," said the old housekeeper. Violet looked up with eager emotion; while Miss Cripps stared at the odd-looking creature, Dutchwoman or Scotchwoman, most probably the former; for Miss Cripps had seen both Jeanie Deans and Moggy Macgilpin on the stage at W——, and the old woman's dress, though peculiar, was not like theirs in the least. But this idea, with Miss Cripps, was short lived. The mirrors, the stoves, the couches, the ottomans, the pier-tables, the large China vases, in one room, and the endless nicknackeries in all, were to be examined; and were each, down to footstools, and bell-ropes, and gilt-bellows, and feather-dusters, themes of admiration. Polly finally tested the truth of every looking-glass; proved the softness and elasticity of every *fauteuil*.

"O do, Violet, coax Papa to take this darling pet of a house," exclaimed the young lady, now squatted, *à la Turque*, on an ottoman, in the attitude which she had heard was become fashionable among English fine ladies, though the more prudish still scrambled to their perpendicular legs when gentlemen were approaching.

"I wish he may better bruik it than him that's left it," said the old housekeeper, in an accent much more broadly Doric than the Doric of these refined days; for she had left her native country nearly forty years before, and still retained in original perfection, the sweet speech on which sad innovation has been made.

"You are from Scotland?" said Violet.

"Indeed am I; and, what's mair, I'm neither ashamed of my kintra nor my tongue. Whatfor should I?"

"I know not, I am sure," said Voilet, smiling. "Proud rather, I should say."

"Ay, that is as it may be; though pride is no for man, let a be woman. But there's flory fules frae my kintra that's ashamed of baith the ta'en and the tither; the mair misleared are they for their pains. Scotland may hae gude reason to be ashamed o' them:—they hae nae reason, I trow, to be ashamed o' Scotland. Na, na."

Violet was amused and pleased with this natural ebullition of nationality, and paid some compliments to the old lady's country; while the latter peered closer into her face, as they stood alone.

"The other Miss named ye Violet. She'll Miss mair than she'll Catch that ane, or I'm mista'en;" and the old woman grinned scornfully at the grimaces which Polly Cripps was making to her own image reflected in the mirror, ere she continued—"I went *hame*, about a dozen years syne, wi' a widow gentleman, who had a dochter, a bairn named Violet, to take care o' her; and a bonny, weel-conditioned bit lassie she was, poor motherless thing." Violet was now gazing intently into the old woman's face, as if trying to remember its features. "Ye canna be—such a lang slender miss as ye are, just like a willow wand—the Major's wee Miss Violet, that was sae fond o' our auld-warld tales o' the Riding times, and our ballants, sic as 'Gil Morice;' and wha grat sae sair for the 'Bawbes in the Wude.'"

"I do hope I am, though," said Violet, holding out her hand, while a glow of pleasure kindled at her heart, which had not visited her bosom for many months. "And you—you are—I am almost sure—my most kind nurse Marion Swinton. Is it not so?"

"Gude be about us!—and its yoursel! But I'm no a gentle Swinton; only Linton, hinny—though the Lintons had their day. And the Major? Oh, I see—I see—poor dear young leddy! I'm a rash woman o' my tongue, and wae to vex ye; but I meant nae ill.

"I am sure not," said Violet, trying to restrain her tears.

"Ay, hinny, ye maun e'en try to be resigned to His will, wha orders a' things richt. A' flesh is grass, and the glory o' man like the flower o' the field. First the mother ta'en away; and sair, sair the Major took that to heart: he never could name her name. Then the father; the parent stem, cut down, or e'er the blossom could weel susteen its ain wecht. But ye maun strive to be resigned to His will. . . . . And it will be like, an uncle, or some ane near o' kin, ye are bideing wi' now?" continued the Scotswoman, in whom the unconquerable spirit of curiosity, inborn, and cherished by early habits, was as sharp as on the day when she, and every man, woman, and child, "up the Water, and down the Water," knew exactly what every other man woman, and child was saying, doing, or project ing. The teeming wilderness of London had not, in thirty years, been able to extinguish this hereditary disposition; the natural growth of a thinly peopled country; and it now mingled strongly with more kindly and delicate feelings.

The tears of Violet could no longer be restrained as she tried to whisper, "No friends!—no kin!" And she retreated to a window.

With a natural, if not very amiable, mixture of kindly interest and eager curiosity, Mrs Marion Linton, leaving Violet to recover her composure as she might, applied for information to Miss Cripps, who was again upon the ottoman, acting the languishing sultana.

"So Miss Violet has lost her father, poor dear. And she wadna be that ower weel left, I'm jalousing. Short outcome frae the half-pay, Miss; and, it may be, that same forenailed. The Major, though nae sma drink, as we say at *hame*, in the way of blude and connexion, wasna ower walthy in warld's gear—

which to some is a snare. It's no ay the warld to the worthy, I trow, in this dispensation o' Time."

"I don't understand Scotch," replied Miss Cripps, disdainfully: and the Scotch blood flew up.

"Scotch! Ca ye that Scotch? My truly, I hae knappit English ower lang wi the best o' ye no to be able to speak your tongue now, to my sorrow, when it suits my turn. Scotch, quo she!"

Miss Cripps rose with dignity, and walked to a window; but instantly started, exclaiming, "Heavens, Gabrielle! there is Charles Herbert below, with Papa and Jack. He is entering the house, I declare!"

"And a good right *Maister* Charles Herbert has to do that same, Miss," said the housekeeper, laying strong emphasis on the *Maister*, so unceremoniously dispensed with by Miss Cripps. "A gude right to come into his ain cousin Maister Shuffleton's house, although I hadna sent for him on particular business.—Come away, Maister Charles," continued the old lady, smiling very graciously, her opinion of the '*sponsibility* of the candidates for the lodging, rising considerably from their apparent intimacy with Herbert.

"Good morning, Mrs Linton. I have been out of my duty to you: but I only found Mr Shuffleton's letter when I returned from the country last night, enjoining me to write him how you and the turtle-doves were flourishing."

"Bravely baith, Mr Charles," replied the companion and contrast to turtle-doves, with those radiant smiles which shewed how prime a favourite Herbert was. They were evidently upon the most cordial terms. The old lady took the liberty of offering him refreshments for his friends, probably with a hospitable eye to her newly-discovered friend, "Miss Violet."

Mistress Linton was a person of trust; she was honoured to carry keys, both of cellars and cellarets, which she did with sobriety and fidelity that did credit to her country. She might also have an eye, in her civilities, to the letting of the premises; for, although she neither admired "the young fule, wi' the hassock o' hair on his mouth," nor "the upsettin' Miss," the old gentleman in his blacks looked like a respectable person, who could pay his way; and he, moreover, "wore linens like a drap o' May dew." Mistress Linton had her own way of judging of character and circumstances—and she was seldom far wrong.

When the young girl, who acted as her adjutant, or orderly, returned after her, carrying a tray, Herbert was paying his respects to Violet in the window.

"His presence be about us!—an' do ye ken Miss Violet too! This *has* been a mornin' for the forgathering o' auld freends. Ane might think the fairies and warlocks had been among us; for Miss Violet is just a bairn o' my ain, if I may be sae bald; and a bonny bairn she was—and will be again; wan and shilpy as she now looks in this reeky unhalesome toun. . . . But d'ye think the gentleman, your friend, is like to come to terms for the house?—for I have ither twa or three jobs i' my offer."

The confidential business of Mistress Linton for some years back, had been that of taking charge of the houses of absent families of distinction which were to be let; and she had found it both profitable and creditable. Business of this sort now quite flowed upon her. If houses were to be let furnished, she could guess, at a glance, who would take proper care of the furniture; and who would promptly pay the rent; or the reverse. And her fidelity and shrewdness had so generally recommended her, that if Mrs Linton had been able to divide herself into quarters, she would have found two houses to take care of for each. Her first impression of the Cripps party had not been favourable: but she was a Scotswoman; Miss Violet Hamilton appeared domesticated among them, and Mr Charles Herbert was their friend.

Whether this young gentleman shirked appearing *en famille* in very public and fashionable streets with so gay and striking a division of the Talented Family, or whether he really had the document to seek out and despatch by that day's post to his cousin at Brussels, of which he spoke, he remained to search for it, with the help of Mrs Linton; and perhaps with another thought. He had been much struck with the manner of Violet on the former day. He had followed the party for some time, when she was walking with little Cripps. It was the first time, save for a few hurried moments, on the morning of the hustings, that he had seen her in day-light. She was beautiful—yes, very beautiful; and there was around her the "something than beauty dearer"—sympathy, affinity, fascination. Charles Herbert did not then attempt to trace the source of the emotion or interest with which this fair girl was suddenly inspiring him. He pitied her; that he distinctly knew. And she seemed so ingenuous, so sweetly modest, so unlike all around her, so ill-placed; so truly the "fair lily" of Juliana Stocks. Mr Herbert escaped out of the maze of reverie by thinking, "She is a fine-spirited girl that Juliana Stocks, and will turn out a fine woman, in spite of her mother's nonsense."

"This looks like—this is, the paper which Mr Shuffleton wants—'MS. *Hints for the Game of Short Whist, by the late Colonel S*——.' Yes, this is it. And so you knew Miss Violet Hamilton in Guernsey? You have been a great traveller, Mrs Linton."

"'Deed, sir, I did nae sic thing. It was at *hame* (her constant term for Scotland) that I kenn'd Miss Violet, and her father, the Major, afore her; though as to what Hamiltons they properly belong I never could get satisfaction. The Hamiltons lie mostly west awa, the way of Lenerickshire and Renfrewshire. And I'm no just sure—that is, a'thegether sure—whether the Major was hame-born, or in America. I defy ye, now, to ken a Scot by his mother tongue; were

it but the skipper o' a Berwick smack, they maun a' knap and yaff English. When I gaed hame with the Major and Miss Violet, I met a sair change, let me tell ye, on the kintra, Mr Charles: but as for speakin' English, ye ken we beat ye clean at that, like a' thing else, ance we begin." And Mistress Linton gave a patriotic chuckle.

"You went with them to Scotland, then?"

"Ay, to be sure I did, wi' the Major and his little daughter; I was head cham'ermaid—that's, I had charge o' the napery, in thae days, at the hotel where they put up—M——'s, that now is: but a thought o' hame often cam owre my heart; there was a chield—but, touts, what need I tell you o' that! I had eneuch o' warld's gear gathered amang ye; and I thought if I could get a bit cot-house, like, and a kail-yard, about the Borthwick water-side, and sit under a gospel ministry; though Lon'on is no scant o' savoury preachers, nor yet o' kirk ordinances, I maun say that for't; and if I might, after my experience, set a pattern to the wives o' the parish, and marbe mortify a trifle for the poor in the hands o' the Kirk Session, and set up a bit grave-stane to my honoured and godly parents, under which I might at last lay me down in peace mysel', as the Psalmist says"——

"But you came back to London," interrupted Herbert, anxious to come to the main point; though in so fair a train of obtaining the whole personal history of Mistress Marion Linton.

"Ye may say that;—cam back! and am mair than ashamed o't. But I found some alteration yonder; and though in spirituals, and the wechtier matters o' the law, we may hae the heels o' the English—which they darna deny!—yet there are a hantle slaistry, clarty ways o' doin' about a house, and a table, that I had fallen out o' the use o', to say nae worse, while in Lon'on."

"But Major Hamilton? he was a gentleman;—a man of good family, I mean. His profession made him a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Maister Charles! Gude save us!" cried Mistress Linton, making wide her gleg, grey-green eyes, in very wonderment; "wasna he a Major o' Licht Horse, a Hamilton, and a Scotsman? I'll uphaud him gentle to the day o' Judgment, if I should haud him by the lug till then—ay, every inch o' him; though the gentry at hame have a confoonded trick o' pride, in stapping a' into the auldest son and trooping aff the lave wi' deil-be-licket, an it be na a bit post, or a commission at an orra time; and that foul-mouthed tinkler ye ca' Cobbett, casting it in our teeth, till I'm sure, if I had the means, I would rather pay it out o' my ain pouch than disgrace the kintra. . . . You English have more sense than divide your gear amang your bairns that gait."

"It is an abominable trick, indeed, Mrs Linton: then, I fear, the Major was not very rich?"

"Ye may say that. Rich! And the puir young leddy. Do ye ken onything, Maister Charles, of how she gets her bread? She says she has neither kith nor kin alive; and she does na look very fit for hard wark neither; though, to be sure, there's the manty-making line was ance very respectable for born gentlewomen at hame, as weel as the millendrey and the gum-flowers. Your ain mother, Maister Charles, could put mony a bit job in Miss Violet's way for a word o' your mouth. She is bound up in you, that leddy; and the best of leddies she is. It was her wished me to this hoose."

Charles Herbert could stand this maundering no longer; so he left his garrulous informant abruptly; and, without answering one of her official queries relating to the probable solvency of the house of Cripps.

* * * * *

A month had passed; the domestic arrangements of Professor Cryppes were completed, though his family had not yet joined him; his house was open to company; and, much to the relief of Violet, he had peremptorily settled that Mr Jack should remain in the Temple, and cultivate the muses, politics, and knowledge of the town; merely graced by the knowledge diligently spread among his cronies, that he had a handsome sister, and a father, the celebrated Professor Cryppes, who had a fine house, and kept an equipage, somewhere about the Regent's Park.

During this eventful month, the Professor had been most diligent in the use of every possible means available to Talent; but his patient labours and admirable tact, while his fortunes were thus between winning and losing; must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Poetical Works of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer.

THE first complete edition of the works of the most eminent of the Poets of the People has appeared, in a form which renders it universally accessible. The contents of four ordinary volumes of poetry are given in one, at the cost of four shillings; and in a handsome form, and clear type. Since the works of Burns were presented to the world, no such popular gift as this has been bestowed upon working, thinking, feeling, immortal men. For us to speak at this time of the day of Elliott and his poetry, would be more than superfluous; though we wish we could here refer to the high, but not more high than just, opinions of the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, while Bulwer was its editor; all pronounced when Elliott was much less truly appreciated as a poet than he is now; and since which period nearly all his admirable lyrics, those compositions in which are combined the strength with the beauty of his genius, have appeared.

Maxwell's Life of Wellington. Vol. I., octavo, pp. 512.

This is what publishers call a *crack* book in all the exterior appliances. It is well printed; handsomely embellished with original portraits, vignettes, and scenic plates; and furnished with useful military maps and plans of the principal battles in which the Duke has been engaged. The more important portion of the work, the Life, is from the pen of Mr Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," who, we believe, served in the Peninsular war. The Duke of Wellington, in his Despatches, has written his own public life. These only require to be condensed, arranged, and interwoven with the leading historical incidents of the last forty years, to present the world with a biography of Wellington in the best possible form, as it is in substance a personal narrative—almost an autobiography. Mr Maxwell appears to have accomplished his task with judgment and care, as if stimulated by a high sense of the delicate and honourable office he assumed, in being the biographer of the most sagacious and fortunate soldier and statesman of our age. The half of the first volume is occupied with the Duke's Indian campaigns; and it closes with the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Tagus, after the death of Sir John Moore. What the reader misses in this Life, and in every other, of Wellington, is personal history; traits of character: but for these we fear that few or no materials exist. How much interest does the intermixture of personal history give to the Life of Nelson.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays.

The First Part of an edition of the works of these twin writers, has been published by Moxon. An Introduction, by Southey, is announced. Moxon has also added to his Unique Cheap Library, the "Essays of Elia," and published "Shelley's Prose Works," on which we may have something to say hereafter. Another of these publications is Pringle's charming book, "A Residence in South Africa," of which we have so often spoken with praise and affection that we fear to say more on the subject.

De Foe's Works.

An edition of this popular favourite is appearing in the cheap form. It commences with "Colonel Jack." In a popular select library, a good deal of De Foe might be spared; but this is meant to be a complete work; and the author is well worthy of entire preservation. Besides being sound in his opinions, he is genuinely and racily English.

Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

A fourth volume has been added to those published some months back; and, perhaps, a fifth may yet make its appearance, which will be so much the better. The contents, save a few speeches delivered at the period when all the British world was mad, and when wits kindled into orators and poets, consist of well-remembered papers in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is a real misfortune to an author, (or his publishers?) when no sweet oblivious syrup has made him be forgotten in the periodical works, before he re-appears in the collected volume; and to this, we apprehend, our author must submit, so far as reading persons of mature age are concerned. Under such misfortune, an author ought to be, nowadays, easily consolable. In the notes to these papers, and they are far too few, we find that Mr Sydney Smith does not consider the New Poor Law "admirable," as he describes it, an ill-considered measure; and he raises our opinion of the sagacity, be it for evil or good, of the Duke of Wellington, when he states that the wary Duke wished that it should be first tried in a few counties round London; counties where a tight hand could be held over insurgents and chartists. In another note, which Mr Smith fancies it needful to preface with—"I was a sincere friend to Reform; I am so still"—he expresses uneasiness at the reform we have witnessed having been so violent in its progress. He is alarmed at the yeomanry—which should never, according to the Whig faith, have been up—being put down, as he imagines, to please the Radicals; but, as we believe, to lessen local Tory power. Again, he is pleased to term the Cheap Postage, forced on the Whigs by the People, Radical, Whig, and Tory—"The nonsensical Penny-Post Scheme;" which indicates a state of opinion so very far behind 1840, that we shall say nothing about it.

"Sincere friend of Reform" as Mr Smith is, he believes that both Whigs and Tories have been far too yielding, or too much afraid of the People; and, as regards the former, for a reason of all imaginable reasons the most singular, "because they have become Ministers upon principles of chivalry and gallantry." Does he mean, since the affair of the Bed-Chamber women? With his "one principle" of public conduct, we can entirely agree; though, we are sorry to say, that ministry has never yet been seen in England that acted upon it—"Do what you think right, and take place and power as an accident!" Upon any other plan, office is labour, shabbiness, and sorrow." It may be so; but it may, at the same time, be salary, patronage, and power. We fear Mr Smith is neither an admirer of female heads of the Church nor of the State. In a brief note, referring to Neckar's proposal for modelling the government of France on that of Britain, but correcting the abuses which have crept into the English Constitution, and among other corrections, re-establishing the salique law; our author remarks, slily—"A most sensible and valuable law, banishing gallantry and chivalry from cabinets, and preventing the amiable antics of great statesmen." In a note upon a passage more than insinuating the fallibility, the mere human nature of bishops, this clergyman remarks—"I have seen, in the course of my life, as the mind of the prelate decayed, wife-bishops, daughter-bishops, butler-bishops, and even cook and housekeeper-bishops."

Arago's Life of Watt.

Messrs Adam and Charles Black have republished the translation of Arago's Memoir, which lately appeared in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. Lord Brougham's account of the discovery of the composition of water, and Lord Jeffrey's eulogy on Watt, together with a paper on the advantages of machinery, form, with the Memoir, a homogenous small volume, full of interest to patriotic men and men of science.

Pictures of the French by Themselves,

Are still coming out. They are searching and graphic; but we could wish the French had something better, now and then, to tell of themselves. These pictures convey a dark, disagreeable, and certainly a one-sided view of French Society. There are, however, truth, beauty, and thoughtfulness in such sketches as the *Char-woman (Femme de Menage)* and the *Canut*, the nickname for the silk-weaver of Lyons. The full length of the *Canut's* figure in his holiday dress is inimitable. It must have taken many generations of weaving to have reduced the *Canut* to his present dwindled and distorted *physique*; and there is no caricature about him. The condition of the *Canut* seems, however, better than that of the opera-

tires in our large towns, and greatly superior to that of our hand-loom weavers. He works in his own house; which is not a palace, nor very well furnished, though it possesses comforts. He has no glass in his windows; oil-paper being the bad substitute: but he has bow-pots with jillyflowers and wallflowers, somewhat like his brethren in Spitalfields; and a jar of plums and cherries preserved in brandy, which he offers to his friends and visiters. He gets three meals a-day. For breakfast, indifferent cheese flavoured with garlic; butter and bread, of course. In France, bread is, indeed, the staff of life. For dinner he has pickled pork, potatoes, and cheese; cheese again at supper, and stock-fish, which to him equals turbot or salmon. His ordinary beverage is wine at threepence a bottle, which in France, should be so despicable tipple; but the *Canut*, in bad times, is frequently obliged to content himself with water. He rises early to his loom, and goes late to bed; but he enjoys a nap in the middle of the day, and Sunday and Monday are entire holidays. On Sunday morning he goes to the barber and gets rid of the filth of the week; goes to the market-place; discusses the prospects of trade; and, after dinner, walks, plays at bowls, or goes a-fishing. In the evenings he goes to the theatre, or sings drinking songs in a public house with his friends, and gets a little tipsy. When he marries, all this is reformed. He now shaves himself; no more frequents public houses; and goes only once a quarter to the theatre, with his wife; regularly attends mass, and amuses himself, with his family. The *Canut's* constant luxury is snuff; he does not smoke. He enjoys three great holidays a-year—Easter Sunday, Whit Sunday, and Christmas Day. "They generally 'go off' with great eclat. For these occasions, are particularly reserved a leg of mutton, a turkey, and a favourite dish of sausages. The *Canut* knows no greater luxuries; and the discussion of these delicacies is seasoned by cheerful conversation, hearty laughter, and comic songs."—Happy *Canut!* Conceive a Turkey in the cellars of Manchester! Such *Pictures of the French* we do like as this of the *Canut*, and a few more; but of some of them, the less we hear the better.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

The cheap edition of this work, published in parts, is now completed. The book should have had an editor, and a few explanatory and illustrative notes. Yet, take it all in all, few more desirable popular collections of poetry could have appeared than this, which, sixty years since, revived the spirit of Gothic and National poetry in England and Germany, and helped to give us a Wordsworth and a Scott.

Love; a Play in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles.

We only notice this new drama, (which, before the 1st of February, 1840, many must have seen performed, and many more perused,) to congratulate our readers on the public taste shewing one healthy and natural symptom, in the unfailing admiration felt for Knowles' genial and hearty productions. He does not belong to the classical school, nor yet to the romantic, nor the sentimental, nor the Satanic, nor to any other sect or school whatever, save nature's elementary one; and he is felt, understood, and prized, sometimes, perhaps, for the mere truth of his aims and the simplicity of his means; and this is not the least satisfactory ground of gratulation, if not to the author, yet to the critic, desponding over the symptoms of decaying or corrupted literary and dramatic taste.

Encyclopædia of Field Sports. Parts II. & III.

Once for all, we must notice this as a *genuine* work; at once popular and learned, and over-brimming with knowledge, presented in the most captivating form. The superabundant tiny vignettes are truly illustrative, and most creditable to the designer. Part II. contains, among other attractive sections, cricket, golfing, bowling, archery, &c. &c.; and then the author plies the reader with a little of the solid matter of natural history and animal physiology—the history and the philosophy of field sports being intended to proceed amicably, and hand in hand; blending the useful with the agreeable.

Remarks on Arago's Statements Regarding the Invention of the Steam-Engine. By Hugo Reid.

Mr Reid and other men of science imagine that the French *savan* has done but scanty justice to Watt, and the other eminent Englishmen who preceded him in the discovery of the application of the powers of steam. Mr Reid read his "Remarks," before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, without any idea, apparently, of their going farther: but the other members of the Institution, participating in his patriotic jealousy for the honour of Old England and its men of science, it was suggested by them that the Essay should be published. It is not at all unlikely that M. Arago may partake, in some degree, of the patriotic vanity which is said to distinguish all Frenchmen. But we can give no opinion on the subject, save that, as Mr Hugo Reid has devoted very great attention to the steam-engine, he must be eminently qualified to decide whether Arago has been more true to the glory of France than to the glory of science.

Lithograph of the Ornamental Designs of Watteau.

A selection of these designs has been finely and accurately lithographed by Mr William Nichol, of this city. The plates are of the exact size of the originals, and may, indeed, be regarded as *fac similes*. They will, at least, give students in the art of design, as it is subservient to the decoration of apartments, furniture, and furniture fabrics, a perfect idea of the luxuriant and florid, though, to our feeling, somewhat meretricious style of Watteau.

Short Whist. By Major A.

This seems a competent plain guide to the favourite English game at cards. Where the author is at a loss, in a disputed rule, he consults that great authority, Charles Lamb's friend, Mrs Battle. But we doubt if she could have countenanced short whist. Indeed, Major A. admits as much. Mrs Battle liked to fight it out to the full ten points. Major A. repudiates gaming; but short whist is a considerable approximation to gaming, or at least towards gaming temptations, when compared with Mrs Battle's stubborn game. Major A.'s work appears to be an authority with the modern London clubs, in which the rules of the game have undergone considerable reformation since they were fixed by Hoyle and the wisdom of our ancestors.

Extracts from Holy Writ and Religious Authors; intended as Helps to Meditation and Prayer. By Captain Sir Nesbit J. Willoughby.

This work is intended principally for soldiers and seamen; and its brief texts and apt sentences are probably better adapted to promote their knowledge of Scripture than more elaborate treatises. The compilation is printed for gratuitous circulation.

Essays on Poetry and Romance. By George Moir, Professer of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh. Reprinted from the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

A useful and perfectly safe guide this to the young student in polite literature. There is nothing bold, paradoxical, or innovating in Mr Moir's theories or canons. He walks by the light, and almost in the footsteps, of *The Edinburgh Review*; and illustrates his critical opinions by drawing, aptly and copiously, upon Scott, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and other critics. This, is indeed, the great merit of the treatises.

A considerable part of the volume is devoted to "A Treatise on Rhetoric," by W. Spalding, Esq., Advocate, less superficial, and displaying more originality and self-reliance, than the essays on the more popular subjects: but, unfortunately, from its very nature, much less attractive to the readers of Encyclopedias. Mr Moir is of opinion that Scott—the author of "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Kenilworth," "Waverley," and "Old Mortality," who is found inferior to other fictionists in several points, "yields to the author of 'Anastasius' *in depth of feeling*;" and that Mrs Inchbald's second novel, "Nature and Art," is justly reckoned much inferior to her "Simple Story." There is no accounting for tastes!

Voyage of the Dutch Brig of War Dourga, in the Moluccan Archipelago, and the Southern Coast of New Guinea.

These voyages were made during the years 1825-26. The narrative of them is translated from the Dutch of the navigator Kloff, by George Earle, author of the "Eastern Seas," who may be supposed at home on this ground. Our rapidly increasing Australian settlements, and our Indian dominions, give great importance to those intermediate regions, which were the scene of Kloff's investigation. But the work in question is, in the meanwhile, mainly interesting, from the description of the natives of the various islands at which the Dourga touched. Captain Kloff visited people in every stage of civilisation under the highest.

Wright's Life and Campaigns of Wellington. Vol. I. Pp. 476.

How many volumes there may be of this Life we cannot tell: but the first brings the Memoirs down to the Battle of Vimeira. Contemporary Chronicles and Registers, and the recent publications connected with the Duke of Wellington, have afforded the compiler a store of valuable materials, of which he appears to have made good use. The work will, with many, have value from the portraits alone. They are numerous, and well executed; already including many of the eminent commanders and statesmen of the era. Among these are *Cornwallis*; the *Marquises of Wellesley, Anglesey,* and *Hastings*; *Lord Lynedoch*; *Sir David Baird*; *Sir George Murray*; *Lord Castlereagh*; *Lord Grenville,* &c. &c. The Life is, in fact, a picture-gallery.

The Maiden Monarch; or, the Island Queen. A Romance in two volumes.

This is the dream of some philanthropic enthusiast, which it would be easy to ridicule, were the attempt either just or wise. So far is such a design from us, that we earnestly wish our gracious Lady may read and profit by the example of the Maiden Majesty of Utopia. The purpose of the romance would sanctify greater absurdity than is found in it.

Part I. Malte Brun and Balbi's Systems of Geography. Abridged. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh.

This is an important work, for which the publishers, as we learn from their prospectus, have organized an efficient and powerful staff. The preparation of the additional materials—those connected with Statistics, Political Geography, and Topography—have been going forward for several years. The First Part has reached us too late to permit of any detail being at present given of the plan or contents.

Mudie's Moral Man. Mudie's Social Man.

These are distinct and separate treatises, with connexion in their purpose. The first work treats of the moral nature, training, and duties of man, in a free, discursive, and practical manner, but with a methodical arrangement. The second work may be regarded as the completion of the System of Mudie's popular Moral Philosophy, and Whole Duty of Man.

Grecian Stories. By Maria Hack.

These historical narratives, for juvenile readers, are composed on the popular plan of the entertaining and instructive stories of the authoress, relating to England in the olden time. They will be valuable, especially to the non-classical, as an accurate picture of Greece, its annals, and its great men.

Gilbert's Modern Atlas. Part I.

Of this Atlas, we are hardly yet qualified to speak. It is not a very cheap work; but it is a handsome, and may turn out a good one. The first part contains a neat coloured map of the globe. The descriptive letterpress is by H. Ince, M. A. It is clearly arranged, in short sections. The size of the Atlas is unexceptionable; it is a super-royal quarto; not so large as to be cumbrous and unwieldy on a table, nor yet so small as to tease the student with the minuteness of the parts traced.

The New Year's Party. By the Rev. Thomas Aveling.

A story of a domestic and religious character, very neatly printed, and done up in a small tome, and ornamented with engravings.

Reminiscences of an Old Traveller. By Thomas Brown, Esq.

A third edition, with considerable additions, of a volume of agreeable gossip, gathered during tours, at different periods, over nearly the whole of the interesting parts of the Continent.

The Life and Services of Nelson.

This is Vol. I. of a handsome reprint of Clarke and Macarthur's Life; issued by Fisher and Son; and embellished by numerous portraits of distinguished naval officers.

The Poultry-Yard. By Peter Boswell Greenlaw.

A useful treatise this, we presume, as the writer has shewn the utmost deference and attention to the opinions of the great authorities of the poultry-yard—Mowbray, Dickson, Cobbett, Remaur, &c. &c. It is also very amusing reading.

The Ball we Live on. By the Author of a Teacher's Tales.

A delightful little book this for young persons, combining geography and the knowledge derived from books of travels, with the interest and amusement which is sure to fix such information in the memory.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT was opened, on the 16th of January, by the Queen in person. The speech from the Throne announced her Majesty's intended marriage, and expressed confidence that a provision would be made for the support of an establishment suitable to the rank of the Prince and the dignity of the Crown. It then referred, in vague terms, to the affairs of Spain; the Levant; Persia; the quarrel with China; the success of the Military Expedition in India, to the West of the Indus; the affairs of Canada; the State of the Municipal Corporations in Ireland; and the measures recommended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in England, in relation to the Church. The reduction of the Postage, and the existing commercial embarrassments, were then shortly noticed; and the speech closed with an allusion to the spirit of insubordination in the manufacturing districts. The omission of the declaration that the intended husband of the Queen was a Protestant, led, as might have been anticipated, to complaints on the part of Sir Robert Inglis, in the One House, and of Lord Winchelsea, in the other, in which, we regret to say, the Duke of Wellington joined. Lord Winchelsea indulged in his annual tirade against O'Connell, with more than his usual violence. Lord Brougham went at great length into the alarming state of the country, and recommended the Repeal of the Corn-Laws and Extension of the Franchise, to put down Chartism in Britain, and the payment of the Catholic priests for tranquillizing Ireland. Lord Stanhope proposed his cure for all evils, to be the Repeal of the New Poor Law, and "An Action *on* the Currency," that is, a flood of paper money. The case of Stockdale occupied the whole time of the House of Commons on the second night of its sitting. Stockdale was called in and examined; and, after a long debate, Lord John Russell's motion, 'that he had been guilty of a high contempt and breach of the privileges of the House,' was carried by 249 to 100; and it was subsequently resolved, that he be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, by a majority of 239 to 135. The general opinion appears to be, that, in this dispute, as on former occasions, the House will be worsted by the courts of law.

ENGLAND.

CORN-LAWS AND CHARTISM.—We regret to find that the Chartists are, in many places, both in Scotland and England, still opposing the Repeal of the Corn-Laws; and, as the landed interest is too powerful for the middle class, the provision-monopoly may be considered secure for the present. Whether the Chartists are advancing their chance of obtaining the Extension of the Suffrage by their conduct on the Corn-Law question, may well be doubted. To pretend, as is still done, that the Repeal of the Corn-Laws would reduce wages, can impose on no one who has either reflected on the subject, or attended to the experience of the last three years, during which, wages, so far from rising with the price of corn, have, in most places, been steadily declining. That the Tories are at the bottom of this opposition on the part of the Chartists, we do not believe; but certainly it is, *for the present*, a very effectual means of embarrassing the Corn-Law Repealers.

WAR WITH CHINA.—The Duke of Wellington said that this country ought not to engage in a little war: but we are about to engage in a war which is not only exceedingly little, but which is, moreover, exceedingly unjust, and its littleness is aggravated by the peculiar period at which it arises. It is well to keep in view the origin of this quarrel. Opium has been, for centuries, a contraband article for importation into China; and, although it may have been, for a long period, smuggled into the country in small quantities, the trade in this article was very inconsiderable till of late years. About thirty years ago, however, the trade began to increase. During the first ten years of the present century, the import of opium into China did not exceed 2,500 chests, of about 150 pounds each; in 1822, the import was 4,628 chests; in 1831, 20,000 chests; in 1836, 26,018 chests. The Government of China has issued edict upon edict against the importation of this drug, but without effect. In deference to this prohibition, the East India Company never embarked in the trade, which has always been in the hands of private individuals, and nine-tenths of it in those of British merchants. Neither have the Hong or security merchants engaged in it. The opium is kept on board receiving ships, lying at a short distance from the coast; and the price being paid, generally in silver, and always before hand, an order is given for the delivery of the opium. The smugglers come alongside of the vessels during the night to receive it, and they contrive to land it, "putting," as Mr M'Culloch says, "the naval force, the custom-house establishment, and police of the empire, at defiance." The Chinese Government, at length resolved to make a vigorous effort to put an end to this smuggling trade; the more especially as the increasing consumption of opium was producing the most injurious effects on the health and morals of the people. In order to effect this object, they did precisely what we ourselves, and every other nation in Europe, does every day, in the same circumstances: they seized and confiscated the contraband article; and, of course, refused to make any compensation for an act they had the most undoubted right to make. Indeed, the smugglers never thought of asking compensation from the Chinese Government till the British Government refused to honour their drafts for the price of the opium seized. This perfectly justifiable act of the Chinese we have laid hold of as a cause of quarrel; and it was aggravated by a circumstance which shortly afterwards occurred. A party of sailors, landed from an English vessel, had a squabble with the inhabitants of a village, killed one of them outright, and maltreated many others. The Chinese authorities demanded that the sailor should be delivered up. Mr Elliot, the British superintendent, refused the demand, on the ground that the Chinese would punish him, not more severely than they would have punished a Chinese under such circumstances, but more severely than *we* would have punished a British subject for a like offence. Now, we must demur to this doctrine of international law. Were a Chinese subject to commit a crime in this country, would our judges ever think of setting about an inquiry as to what would have been the punishment in China, and award that to the culprit, instead of punishing him according to our own law? Assuredly not; and how does the case of the English sailor committing a crime in China differ from the case we have put? People who go to foreign countries, at peace with us, are protected by the laws of those countries, on the one hand, and are liable to be punished for the crimes they may commit in the foreign country according to the laws of that country, on the other. He who objects to the laws of foreign countries should keep himself out of their reach, by staying at home.

The real cause of the quarrel, however, is, that the Chinese insist upon putting down a contraband trade, which every British subject in China knew was contraband, as much as a French merchant, resident in this country, knows, that if he import brandy from France, without paying the duty, it is contraband, and that it will be seized, to a certainty, by our Government, if they can find it out. What would be thought if the Frenchman insisted on compensation for the seizure from our Government, and if the French nation, on our refusal, sent a fleet into the Thames and declared war in consequence? There have been many frivolous pretexts got up for war by the people who stay at home and profit by the expenditure it occasions, and who take good care to keep out of the way of all possible risk of incurring any

of the hardships or dangers of war; but not one so unjustifiable as the present.

What increases the contemptible nature of this war is, that we have, at this moment, the means of getting into a "great" war, according to the great Duke's advice, on precisely the same grounds. The Yorkshire manufacturers, or their consignees, have been cheating the United States of their customs, by putting coarser woollen cloths on the outside of the bales of woollens intended for the American market, than the cloths contained within them; whereby they are passed at the American custom-houses for a lower duty than they ought to pay. Now there is no doubt this fraud has been carried on a long time, and latterly, at least, to a very considerable extent. On finding it out, however, the American Government did precisely what the Chinese have done. The whole woollens were seized and confiscated; and no one has ever once imagined that the smugglers ought to get compensation, either from the American Government or the British. We deprecate war in all its shapes; and we suspect that, if those who, upon every trivial occasion, call out for it, were to be put in the brunt of the battle, fewer wars would take place among mankind. But if we are to have a little war with the Chinese; if we are to compel them, by fire, murder, and devastation, to buy our opium, and thereby demoralize and poison their own people: we ought also to have a great war with the people of the United States, and try to compel them to take our woollen goods at a lower rate of duty than they have hitherto chosen to exact. Nothing can, in truth, be more ridiculous than to engage in a war,—and it is alway impossible to see, in the present state of politics, what may be the end, or who may be the parties who may soon be implicated,—merely that eight or ten British merchants may be enabled to make money by poisoning the Chinese. Indeed, we have some doubt if the suppression of the trade would not be more advantageous to us than the Chinese. It is surely a great piece of folly to pay four or five millions a-year for dried leaves, when it is not improbable an equally agreeable decoction as that made from them might be manufactured from our native plants.

Local Legislatures.—We are mistaken, it seems, in supposing we were the first to propose this remedy for the evils attending the present management of Parliamentary business. We are told that Mr David Prentice, of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, agitated the subject in that paper for twenty years. However that may be, we never saw the proposal there or elsewhere; but it is of little consequence who first made it, and we hope the periodical press will give us their assistance in enforcing it on public attention. Self-government is the foundation of political liberty; whereas the concentration of all power in one hand, or in one place, is the first step to despotism. As we formerly explained, the rapid growth of despotism in this country is sufficiently apparent; and on this ground, as well as on those we have repeatedly enumerated, Local Legislatures are highly desirable.

Since the above was in types, we are glad to observe that the attention of the periodical press, both Whig and Tory, has been awakened to the inconvenience of legislation for local matters being carried on in London. We do not, however, approve of the suggestion which has been made, of a commission to sit in Edinburgh to take the evidence of witnesses to be reported to Parliament. The same persons who hear and see the witnesses examined should also decide on the evidence. Proofs by commission were found intolerable in the Court of Session, and led to the unsuccessful experiment, of substitution of trial by jury in civil cases. Of the general appreciation of this mode of trial by the practitioners and public, we have had additional proof since our last number. Of thirteen cases, set down for trial at the Christmas recess, only three have been tried: all the rest have been compromised or delayed. Any one who wishes to know what proof by commission is, should attend one of those taken in the Sheriff Courts. If the establishment of Local Legislatures be considered too bold a step to be taken all at once, what is there to prevent committees of Parliament sitting in Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen, as well as in London? If they sat during the vacation, their sittings would not interfere with their more important public duties; and, if they were paid for their attendance, probably a sufficient number of members could be found for the performance of the duty.

The Penny Postage has at last been obtained, and much sooner, we confess, than we expected. But, for what reason we have never seen explained, the prepayment has not been made compulsory. We hope it will yet be done, and that it is only delayed till the stamps are ready. If not enforced by law, it may at least practically be enforced, by the public refusing to receive all unpaid letters; and were two or three of the leading public bodies to meet and pass resolutions, not, on any account, to receive an unpaid letter, prepayment would become universal; whereas, at present, nearly one third of them are unpaid. As most people write as many letters as they receive, the prepayment would be a saving to the public, as prepaid letters cost only one half of those posted unpaid; while any deficiency in the revenue would be to a great extent made up by saving on the keeping of money accounts in the Post Office. We are glad to find that the anticipations of the advocates of the Penny Post are likely to be realized; for, while correspondence has already been increased fourfold, the Post Offices have found no difficulty in getting through their business. Were prepayment made compulsory, and the stamps in operation, still greater facilities would be afforded to the officials. The reduction of the weight allowed to be carried by the Local Penny Post, from four ounces to half an ounce, has been complained of. An ordinary proof sheet weighs more than half an ounce, without an envelope, and an account of any length cannot be despatched for a single rate. Could the weight carried by the Local Penny Posts be increased to one ounce, it would be found a great convenience by the public. We are glad to find that the stamps will soon be ready, as the prepayment is at present, in all cases, troublesome, and, in some instances, not practicable.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The gazettes, both of London and Edinburgh, continue to be filled with bankruptcies; and the numbers, instead of decreasing, continue to augment. In the week ending 14th January, fourteen sequestrations were announced in the Edinburgh Gazette; a number unprecedented, in an equal period, since 1825–26. Of late, at Manchester the market has been firmer; and as money seems, of late, to have become more plentiful on the Continent, and the rate of discount has been much diminished, it is hoped that the distresses in the manufacturing districts have reached the lowest point of depression. The distress, however, of the operatives is most severe. At Tewkesbury, for example, a great proportion of the stocking-weavers are unemployed. Those who are employed, only earn 5s. a-week: out of which 2s. 3d. must be deducted for frame-rent, and other unavoidable expenses; leaving under 5d. a-day for the support of a man, and, in some instances, a wife and family. In many others of the manufacturing districts, the operatives are not better off.

AGRICULTURE.

From all that we can learn of the late crop in Scotland as well as England, it is likely to turn out deficient; and prices of grain are steadily, though slowly, rising. The wet weather, which has continued, with only the interruption of a day or two, for some weeks past, has almost entirely put a stop to the sowing of wheat; and the only field-labour that is going on steadily is draining. If starvation, therefore, be essential to obtaining the Extension of the Franchise, and the other points of the charter, we are likely to be enfranchised in the course of another year. If, however, the working-classes obtain no more advantage from obtaining the right of voting, than the middle class has done from the Reform Bill, we suspect that it will be found a very inadequate remedy for their grievances.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1840.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

QUEEN of our hearts! true marriage
Is made of solid bread.
Want's many-childed pestilence
That curseth board and bed—
That ghostly league of Wo with Crime,
To which starved men are driven—
Though marriage called, by law-made saints,
Hath other names in heaven.

Lady! may all the blessings
Which thou wouldst give to all
Who call thee Queen, or God their Lord,
On thee, thrice blessed, fall!
If thou wouldst *will* that every pair
Should live in love for ever,
May He return thee good for good,
And Love desert thee never!

But Want and Crime, Victoria,
Law-wedded in this land,
Are curses, million-multiplied,
That frown on every hand:
And thou wilt wake, with him thou lov'st,
From short and troubled slumbers,
If law of thine deal lessening loaves
To Famine's doubling numbers.

Where'er they are, thy kinglings
Sow baseness, cant, and pride;
The name of their feudality,
By wretched men is sighed.
At home, abroad, the millions groan,
The hopeless thousands perish;
And hatred of their race accursed,
Gaunt orphan victims cherish.

Then be a *Man*, Victoria,
If thou wouldst reign a Queen!
Wise *must* thou be, and *brave*, and all
That Honour's best have been,
If thou wouldst tame the Feudal Beast,
Whose Hydra-headed howling
Appalls the demons whom he serves,
And Ruin, o'er him scowling.

Remember Austria's daughter!
And, lest thy true heart fail,
Ask—What were they for whom she died,
When banded Kings turned pale?
Around her, throne and altar fell,
In thousand fragments shivered;
Because she hearkened unto men
Who *would* not be delivered!

Beautiful as the cistus,
That o'er the ouzle's nest
Stoops, when the moorland clouds lie down
On Evening's lap to rest,
Art thou, my Queen!—the morning dews,
Upon the orchard blossom,
Are not more pure than is the heart
Within thy royal bosom.

But can the Queen be happy,
If millions round her weep?
While Albion's men heave hopeless sighs,
Can "Hope's Victoria" sleep
In Love's elysium? No! for thou,
On bliss-bathed roses sleeping,
Wouldst wake to grieve with starving Toil,
And Worth in dungeons weeping.

The woodbine's clustered beauty,
That hides the youngling thrush,
And weds the wild hedge-rose, when morn
Shakes dews from tree and bush,
All trembling, like the skylark's wing,
Would dread his voice of gladness,
And hate the marriages of spring,
If they were dowered with sadness.

Behold that silent captive,
Apprenticed to the tomb!
His heart-worn features! glimmering through
The dull, damp, prison gloom!
Roden? or Bradshaw, is he called?
Shaw? Oastler? Greg? O'Connor?
No! What his crime? Say, hath he sold
His memory to dishonour?

Hath he traduced a nation,
Because three hundred years
Have seen her trampled People drink
Subjection's bitter tears?
All other shame hath he eclipsed—
Barbarian, Greek, and Roman;
Blaspheming all blest names in one,
The sacred name of Woman?

Hath he betrayed the People
Unto the People's foes?
Mean triumphs given to paltriest men,
Whose gods are bonds and blows?
Deceived the poor, the ever-wrong'd?
And, factious, noisy, froward,
Urged them to unpartaken death—
A cruel, skulking coward?

No! He whose spirit dieth
Beneath that dungeon's pall,
Proclaimed "That all men brethren are,
For God is sire of all!"

Oh, Lady, if thy heart were stone,
This tale of tears would move it!
The man thou see'st is—guileless, brave,
Kind, child-like William Lovett!

And names of crimeless sorrow
Are whispered; yea, and heard,
When wide-wing'd trouble hovers o'er
Doom'd empires, like a bird;
Till, wildly, old subverted states,
While tears of blood are gushing,
Create the force that crusheth power,
Like upturned oceans rushing!

At voluntary tumult
Misrule may smile or frown;
Not mobs that *will*, but mobs that *must*,
Bring throned Oppression down!
And wise are they, who timely hear
The gentle voice which pleadeth,
That self-endangered Pride would grant
The safeguards it most needeth!

Sheffield, 9th Feb. 1840.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE VETO QUESTION.*

The conflict which has, for some time past, been raging within the arena of the Church of Scotland, is one which, arising out of discussions purely conventional, does not attract the attention of strangers until the accumulated fervour of the combatants has forced it upon general notice, in a form in which it is difficult to distinguish the original elements of the strife. At the present moment, our neighbours of England and Ireland, with, perhaps, a few of the less interested or less observant among ourselves, can distinguish little in the general hubbub but a confused discharge of outlandish missiles, going by the hard names of Vetoes, Calls, Dissents, Declarators, Suspensions, Interdicts, Takings on Trial, &c.; while the combatants appear under the disguises of Probationers, Presentees, Lords Ordinary on the Bills, First and Second Divisions, Outer and Inner Houses, Commissions, Presbyteries, Moderators, and Messengers-at-Arms. Intending,—as a party not interested in the discussion, farther than as it is a passage in history,—to state our opinion, of the merits of the struggle, and of the actuating motives of those engaged in it, we think it right to give, in the first place, a brief narrative of the whole transaction, for the benefit of the uninitiated.

Patronage, or the right to present a qualified person to a benefice in the Church of Scotland, has existed as an article of property, generally, but not necessarily as a feudal right. With a very few exceptions, chiefly in the case of public bodies, it has been at the unlimited disposal of the proprietor. In general, it may be said that the existing patrons are the representatives of the founders of the respective benefices. The Crown holds many patronages, which, before the Reformation, were in the hands of the Pope, the prelates, and the monastic establishments. In the oscillations between Presbytery and Episcopacy, which followed the Reformation, the right of patronage underwent some temporary vicissitudes: but no measure of importance in relation to the present subject took place until the year 1649. An act was then passed, which, describing patronage as "an evil and a bondage, under which the Lord's people and ministers of this land have long groaned," abolished the system thenceforth, and enacted that Presbyteries should proceed to ordain and collate, "on the suit and calling, or with the consent of the congregation, on whom none is to be obtruded against their will;" leaving it to the General Assembly to give their own directions for the enforcement of the provision. At the Restoration, this Act was "rescinded," along with all the others that had been passed since the commencement of the dispute with Charles I. Patronage was again abolished by the Scottish act of 1690, c. 23; and as the nature of this enactment has been much founded on in the course of the present dispute, its provisions demand some attention. It vested the presentation to the benefice in the heritors or landed proprietors of the parish, being Protestants, acting along with the elders. The congregation had the right of dissent, stating their reasons; on the validity of which the Presbytery had the privilege of deciding. On the other hand, the patrons were to receive compensation from the heritors;

* The paper on this subject, in our last number, was, as we stated in a note, by a Liberal *Churchman*; who, in expressing his approval of the Church of Scotland's present movement, as a *step* towards the concession of the "Rights of the Christian People," spoke his own sentiments, and not ours. Possibly the pursuit of the shadow may ultimately awaken a desire for the possession of the substance; but it is assuredly not the object of the present clerical agitators, that the people should, in reality, obtain the choice of their own pastors. Were this the real object of the agitation, Voluntaries as we are, we should wish it heartily God speed.—Ed. T. M.

amounting, in each case, to 600 merks—about £33: 6s. sterling. This was, in short, a compulsory sale, and so it was viewed by the act of the 10th of Queen Anne, which restored patronage: the right of presentation was reserved to those heritors and elders who had paid for it; and in the cases in which this was done, the patronage is still administered in terms of the much-talked-of act of King William. Singularly enough, the privilege was so little coveted by the heritors and elders, or the money was of so little moment to the patrons, that the bargain was only fulfilled in three instances: in most cases, we presume, the parties by a compromise allowed matters to remain as they were.

There is little doubt that the statute of Queen Anne was dealt out, by her half Jacobite Ministry, as a blow to Presbyterianism; and it probably had the effect of reviving the slumbering enthusiasm for something like popular election. The fire so rekindled, smouldered on till the year 1733, when Erskine and his followers attested their disinterested zeal for the cause they had adopted, by seceding from a Church which demanded, in return for the protection and support of the State, an homage in which they could not concur. After the Secession was completed, the Church of Scotland, freed of its hotter spirits, was a respectable body for, an establishment, and innocent in proportion to its want of fervour. With the exception of a few by-strokes against Episcopalians, Catholics, and philosophical innovators, it was as peaceful as it is possible for a church, invested with exclusive privileges, to be. The enthusiasm of those who possessed any, was directed to the utilitarian object of augmentations of stipend. With a comprehensive foresight directed towards war prices and the pressure of the Corn Laws, it became the leading object of their ambition to get their salaries commuted into "victual" or grain. "That struggle for victual on the part of ministers," as Sir John Connell calls it, in his eminently dry Treatise on Tithes, was, at the commencement of the present century, crowned with well-earned success.

The country clergy of the day troubled themselves not with State affairs, or vexing questions about the pedigrees of churches. Enough that they had the stipend, the manse, and the glebe. Next to these things, their duties to their parishioners occupied their thoughts; *after* which, it may charitably be supposed that a discreet conviviality, such as country air and good exercise would season them to accomplish with credit, came in for its share of attention. The public business of the Church was generally left in the hands of the more eminent and gifted men of the profession; of whom several were the ornaments of the age. These men had studied history and philosophy, and knew that Church establishments are things which, if stretched too far, would crack; and, acting on their knowledge, they obtained for themselves and their followers the characteristic name of Moderates. Before we tell how a different rule came to be adopted in the Church, let us first explain briefly the nature of the Church judicatures, in which the contest has been proceeding.

The lowest judicature of the Kirk is the session, consisting of the parish clergyman and two or more elders. These latter are elected by the session collectively, when a vacancy occurs, or it is considered expedient to increase the number. The candidate is announced to the congregation, that they may dissent: but, as the merits of their objections are subject to the approval of the session, the election is, of course, simply in the hands of the latter, or rather of the clergyman. The next grade is the Presbytery; including all the parochial clergy of a certain district, any Professor of Divinity there may be within it, and a lay elder from each parish. Collegiate charges have the effect of generally giving the clerical members a majority in this court. The reader will keep in view that it is with Presbyteries that the ordination and admission of Presentees lie; and that they have thus had to bear the brunt of the Veto war. Next come we to Synods, which are simply conglomerates of Presbyteries, from which they are also courts of appeal. The mighty General Assembly is the highest court. It consists of clergymen and elders from the various Presbyteries; the respective numbers being from time to time adjusted by Acts of Assembly. There are likewise elders chosen by the royal burghs, and representatives from universities, and from churches in India. The number of members is about 400, of whom about 170 may be laymen.

It is well known that the General Assembly is attended by a Commissioner as the representative of the Sovereign, who trails the clergy in procession through Edinburgh, gives them dinners, and sits over them, "like a star apart," while they are wrangling and storming below. The relation of this dignitary to the Assembly is one of the most nicely poised balances which the art of compromise has hitherto accomplished; and, like all such exquisitely adjusted instruments, it is for ornament, not use, being likely to topple down on the first jerk of practical application. The Commissioner opens the Assembly by reading his commission. The Moderator politely expresses how rejoiced all the members are to receive so distinguished a guest; and then adds a protest that the Assembly meets, not as convened by any earthly head, but under the sanction of "its only head and ruler, the Lord Jesus Christ." This latter statement is a stage "aside," which there is no necessity for the Commissioner hearing, and which it would be quite imprudent in him to listen to. When the session is at an end, the Commissioner adjourns the Assembly to a certain day, in the name of the Sovereign; whereupon the Moderator, not having heard one word of what he has said, adjourns it in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; by a wonderful train of coincidences, invariably hitting on the very same day. There was one assembly—that of 1638, lately commemorated at public meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow—which remained sitting after a dissolution under pain of treason.

At the commencement of the reign of William III., when the Presbyterians, having gained the victory, chafed at any attempt to check them in the career of reprisal, a similar scene was on the eve of being attempted, but was checked by a timely concession, as to the oaths to government. Both parties were naturally a little afraid of each other: but if the wild Churchmen had not accepted the compromise, there is little doubt that the firm hand of the Dutchman would have put them down, as that of Oliver Cromwell had done forty years earlier. The question of the Assembly's Independence of the State, has been latterly lulled to sleep in the prudent arms of those who led the Councils of the Church: but it is a sort of babe easily wakened; and we are much inclined to think that the wild work now going on will rouse it into fractious activity. We cannot well see, indeed, how the hot spirits who have headed the career of the independence party, can, consistently with the principles they avow, continue to assent to so eminently childish a compromise; and we are not unlikely to see another Church assemblage put down by the law as easily as the convocation of England was by George I.; but whether as noiselessly, may be a matter of doubt.

And now to the passing of the Veto Act. This was a law of the Assembly, by way of instruction to Presbyteries, that when a licentiate is presented to a vacancy by a patron, if a majority of the male heads of families, *communicants* in the parish, object to him as their pastor, he shall not be taken on trial for ordination and induction. The act declaring this principle was passed in 1834; its practical operation has been regulated by an annual act. Before this alteration, Presbyteries, having the power of admission to the benefice, might reject the presentee if they found him disqualified; and it was competent for members of the congregation to plead grounds of disqualification for their consideration. The plea of the Church has therefore been, that as they had the right of dictating the suitable qualifications for the ministry, it was quite within their province to decide that acceptability to the majority of the heads of families in communion with the Church should be an indispensable requisite. To let strangers understand the full merits of the dispute, it may be observed that, in Scotland, ordination as a clerk, and collation to the benefice, are acts performed on the same occasion—the reception of the licentiate's presentation. In England, the priest is ordained to the holy office, independently of any connexion with a particular charge. The Church Government stamp is impressed on him, and he is then freely set up for sale to any one who wants the commodity. The inquisitorial spirit of Presbyterianism has managed this matter better for its own interest: the authorities will not fully certify the man till they know where he is going, and what he is to do. Nay, it is a rule of the Church, that a clergyman cannot be transferred from one benefice to another without the consent of the Presbytery he is about to leave, who must discover that his change of residence is "for the glory of God." The permission is seldom requested, unless there be an increase of stipend; and that is always sure to be found "for the glory of God." The regulation is, like many others connected with the Church, likely to continue the longer in theory that it is not attempted to be enforced in practice.

The Veto Act worked to perfection so long as no one disputed its operation. In the renowned case of the presentation to Auchterarder, however, the presentee having been vetoed, and rejected by the Presbytery, brought an action of declarator in the Court of Session, on the ground that, as his presentation was valid and legal, the Presbytery were bound to take him on trials in the usual manner, and, if they found him properly qualified, to admit him to the charge. The Court took the simple view which our Courts of Law, as guardians of civil rights, must take in all questions regarding the proceedings of privileged bodies, be they military, clerical, or corporate: They asked whether the Church, in the exercise of its privileges, as given and limited by law, had attempted to interfere with private rights; and finding that it had interfered with the right of patronage, (which, whether a good right or a bad one, was constituted by act of Parliament,) they decided that the proceeding of the Presbytery was illegal. Then came an appeal to the House of Lords; where Lord Brougham, coming to the same conclusion, gave forth his reasons with all that distinct and cloudless logical accuracy which in him is so singularly blended with a copious and rapid eloquence. "It does so happen," he remarked, "that in a case which has undergone so much discussion below—which has given rise to so great divisions among the Judges below—which has been argued on each side at such length, both at the bar and on the bench, both in Scotland and here—it does so happen that I have been, with the utmost diligence, seeking for difficulties, and found them not." The Assembly met about two months after this decision, in 1839, and the question was, whether they should submit, steer a middle course, or resist. The last proposition was carried. It was argued, that the Church, having taken the litigation to the House of Lords, virtually acknowledged its jurisdiction in the matter. This was sneered at most emphatically. The clergy maintained that they only wanted a decision in their own favour: they did not by any means promise to submit to an adverse judgment; and very consistently was it so maintained on Church principles, which are to take all that is given or can be got, but to concede nothing. While the Church was thus discharging her blank blunderbusses, the Court of Session commenced a scattered fire of "interdicts," not so sonorous, but much more deadly in their effect. An interdict is somewhat like an injunction in England—an order by a Civil Court, prohibiting individuals from doing some particular act, under pain of punishment for contempt if they disobey. In the case of the parish of Lethendy, the Pres-

bytery of Dunkeld were "interdicted," at the instance of a vetoed presentee, from taking a second presentee on trials. They disobeyed the interdict, and were brought before the bar of the Court accordingly. There was much discussion as to what should be done with the reverend gentlemen; for the Court felt some compunction about committing them forthwith to prison—the usual practice on such occasions. It was settled that, as this was the first offence of the kind, the Lord President should dismiss them with a solemn reprimand, and a warning that whoever committed a similar act should be punished.

The next interdict, in the case of the parish of Daviot, in Inverness-shire, was of a very sweeping nature. A majority of the heads of families in communion (amounting to seven) were prohibited from vetoing. Here the question naturally occurs, Would the Court have prohibited the members of a Voluntary congregation from merely meeting to express their dissent in similar circumstances? No, indeed. The reason of the prohibition, in the instance in question, was, that the dissent, if of a particular kind—that is, if accompanied with a valid reason—had a certain legal effect, by the law of the Church, as ratified by the law of the land; therefore the Court prohibited the dissent from being vitiated by being tendered in any other than the valid and legal manner. Thus is an Established Church bound over, hand and foot, to the rules which the State shall lay down for it.

The case of the Presbytery of Strathbogie comes next. A presentation had been given to the parish of Marnoch, and the presentee was vetoed. This was just before the decision in the Auchterarder Case. The Presbytery had already, as will be seen, given a negative effect to the veto: but, after the decision of the Court of Session, a majority of their number wished to obey the law, as interpreted by it. On this point, the question came before the Assembly of 1838; by which the Presbytery was imperatively commanded to put the Veto Act in force. The patron, in the meantime, on the understanding that his first presentee was virtually rejected, presented another licentiate. This rendered it necessary for the former to look after his interest; and he did so, by getting the Court of Session to interdict the Presbytery from inducting any other person. Having thus stopped the mouth of his adversary, he proceeded to state his own case, by raising an action of declarator in the Court of Session; and the Presbytery resolved to suspend proceedings till the question should be decided. This resolution was carried by appeal to the Synod and the Assembly. The case was left over by the Assembly to its "Commission," of which anon; and the first deliverance of that body is before us, but, as we do not understand it, we cannot give its substance.

In June, 1839, the vetoed presentee obtained a decree of the Court of Session, finding the Presbytery bound to take him on trials, and, if he were found qualified, to admit him as minister. After some little finessing—for the Moderator, being a vetoist, threw difficulties in the way of the proceedings—the Presbytery at last held a meeting, at which they resolved, by a majority, that they should take the presentee on trials. This resolution was brought before the Commission, in terms of a direction by the Assembly to report any change of circumstances to that body.

And now come we to the act which, if it cannot be in one way or other backed out of by the Church, must inevitably lead to its breaking up. The Commission met immediately after this act of contumacy. The Independency clergy flocked in hot and fierce: those on the opposite side, not having the interest of vengeance to urge them, were not so eager. There was one of those overwhelming majorities which drive such bodies out of their senses. The temper of the meeting cannot be better illustrated than it is in the commencement of the report of a speech delivered to it by Dr Bryce, who moved that the Commission should approve of the conduct of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, in giving effect to the decree of the Court of Session. The proposal was met with "loud laughter." A recommendation to obey the law appeared in so overwhelmingly ludicrous a point of view to the reverend gentlemen, that they could not restrain their mirth. Of course, the most violent resolutions that could be proposed were adopted. The proceedings of the Presbytery were declared "deliberate contumacy of the authority of the General Assembly and of this Commission, and a gross malversation in the exercise of judicial functions;" and were finally annulled. The members of Presbytery who had agreed to them were suspended from their ministerial functions, and other clergymen were appointed to perform their duties. The effect of all this was, to turn the popular feeling in a very different direction to what was wished. The congregations of the seven suspended clergymen held meetings, and passed resolutions to stand by their pastors. The Church demanded "Clerical subordination." The inhabitants of Strathbogie called for relief from clerical despotism. This incident was truly much against the cause of the Church, so far as appearances went. She wished to assume the sackcloth of the oppressed,—she marched forth in the harness of the persecutor. But there were more effectual means at hand than public meetings. The sentence of the Commission had to be executed from the pulpits of the suspended clergymen, by certain ministers appointed for the purpose. The seven applied for and obtained, from the Court of Session, an interdict, prohibiting all persons from intruding on their churches for any such purpose. The High Churchmen appointed to perform the message of wrath, had thus to act a scene on the voluntary system, by preaching in dissenting chapels, in taverns, or on the wayside.

On the 29th of January last, occurred another scene, bringing us a step nearer to the plot. The members of the Presbytery of Strathbogie met to transact business; suspended and unsuspended: the former constituting a majority of seven to

four. The first policy of the latter was, not to acknowledge the existence of the former; they were suspended clergymen, and, therefore, not clergymen at all. A majority can generally carry on the farce of overlooking a minority: but it is very difficult for a minority to do so by a majority, and so it was found in this instance. The four had some advantage at the first onset, by having the Moderator on their side, who refused to acknowledge that the seven were anything. The majority, however, soon settled that point, by deposing the Moderator and choosing a new one. The two bodies then separated, each content to be "the Presbytery" on its own principles. The Presbytery of seven, proceeded to take the presentee on his trials. The four endeavoured to accomplish a *coup de main* by electing their representatives for the next General Assembly. They might have spared themselves the trouble; for, according to the laws of the Church, they were not entitled to do so for more than a month later. Before separating, they issued handbills, warning the parishioners of the seven not to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the rites of marriage, nor baptism for their children, from their pastors, as the ceremonies would be void and null; "a proceeding," says the Tory paper (*The Aberdeen Constitutional*) in which we find the report of the affair, "unparalleled, we believe, in any Christian country, unless, indeed, it find a precedent in the papal interdicts of the middle ages."

To zealous and conscientious supporters of the Church of Scotland, who are not too much infatuated by partisanship, to see the obvious tendency of these incidents, the prospects of their favourite establishment must assume the most gloomy and disastrous hue. To the friends of Voluntary Church principles, the whole tissue of events is merely a phase of the natural workings of an Established Church, leading to this satisfactory conclusion, that such institutions, when their powers are unscrupulously stretched, are found to contain the elements of self-destruction in their bosoms. These are not times when vigorous experiments can be tried upon such aged subjects; and we think we can perceive signs, that the more majestic establishment of our neighbours is beginning to exhibit internal symptoms prognosticating a similar result.

As we have already said, we do not see how anything but some accident, beyond the range of our anticipation, can prevent the Church of Scotland from being broken up. The seven ministers of Strathbogie have stuck close by the directions of the lawful courts; and if all who are of their side, follow the same sure guidance, they must be brought victoriously through. The Court have taken up the view, that the Veto Act is an attempt to interfere with a civil right, and they have practically intimated that they will protect from injury any body of men who are acting in accordance with the law so declared. The General Assembly may depose and excommunicate. The Commission attempted to suspend, but the Court interfered. What is to prevent it from likewise laying its prohibitory hand on the Assembly? But it may be said that the Commission exceeded its authority; and in the admission by the Church of such a supposition, we see the only outlet she has. The act was indeed beyond the proper jurisdiction of the Commission, which, being but a committee of the Assembly, (though of the whole house,) is not entitled, and could not consistently be empowered, to act in a new emergency; but is merely authorized to try the points especially and individually committed to it by the Assembly, and report its decisions for approbation.*

Do we then view a passive resistance to the law (if we can call it in this instance passive) with great abhorrence? No, indeed; but it is a sort of proceeding, the merit of which must be specially measured by its objects. We approved of the resistance of John Thorogood, because it was, in its nature, a public demonstration of the pressure of an iniquitous impost. We condemn the resistance of the Scottish clergy, because we see distinctly that they are fighting the old battle of priestcraft, for the aggrandizement of their own establishment. Believing their objects to be thus dangerous, however, and such as it is the duty of the community at large to resist, let not our appreciation of them be misunderstood, with reference to the character of the men who are at the head of the attack. A struggle for the aggrandizement of a peculiar order and creed, we admit, may not only have for its companion, but frequently calls into action, much personal disinterestedness and purity of feeling. Deeply are these virtues impressed on the history of the most illustrious campaign, for the spread of priestly influence, that ever was laid before the world—the progress of the jesuits. Whether it was to brave a tyrant monarch, or to infuse, through the medium of abject submission, their subtle reasoning into the rough bosoms of a savage populace—whether it was to bask in the noxious sunshine of a court, or to pursue the more congenial task of patient study, through endless mazes of thought and research in dingy libraries; wherever, in any form, by the exercise of courage or humility, energy or patience, the interests of the order were to be served—the self-devoted bosom was prepared for the sacrifice. It was not to invest their order, far less themselves, with the vulgar power of physical dominion, or the tinsel of rank, that all this was done; but to found an empire in the hearts and consciences of a diversified multitude of human beings, that, striking the roots of their influence with individual mankind far and deep, they should cast a corresponding shadow over the mass. Modified by the age in which he lives, Dr Chalmers is a jesuit of the less gross material. To the charge of pursuing either profit or the aggrandizement of his personal dignity, he is not amenable. His whole energies are put forth in

* As the Commission sits in absence of the Commissioner, this may be considered an approach to the rupture between the Crown and the Kirk, which we have above contemplated.

the support of his order; and that order is a mixture of Toryism and the Church of Scotland. At one time he is found struggling to increase the Church interest in the universities, in the election of a rector or the choice of a professor. Anon he is assisting a parliamentary Tory candidate to take the field under the banners of the Church. A police ward consisting chiefly of Tories, who do not wish to be troubled about small matters, agree to give no opposition to a Liberal candidate for the commissionership: but the doctor cannot put up with such backsliding, and he is up early, urging all the pious women to do their duty. Suddenly he starts in a more majestic field, and exhorts "England's conservatives, through England's Churchmen," to support the Veto. All this may be quite disinterested, but it is not the less mischievous.

Some of the friends of the Veto assume for it the quality of liberality, and, we believe, a few of them are under a hallucination that such is its characteristic. Were we addressing ourselves merely to home readers, it would be unnecessary to expose this fallacy: the next to unanimous voice of the Liberal press on the subject, is a sufficient index to the public feeling and knowledge on the point. For the benefit of more distant readers, however, who may be unable to reconcile some peculiarities in this question with the position we have taken up, it may be well to give a few explanations. In the first place, then, many of the Tories are opposed to the Veto. They have pretty substantial reasons. Some of them are proprietors of patronages, the value of which they do not feel any inclination to assist in reducing. Others do not like to see a church not rich enough in general to open up a field of ambition to members of the aristocracy, strengthening and enlarging itself into a rival power to their own. In this they are simply acting the Henry to Thomas-a-Becket; and it is the duty of sound Liberals to endeavour to break down the power of both. But there is a circumstance which has proved itself far more anomalous to strangers, in the existence of a body, not numerous, but certainly pretty influential, who unite the politics of the Whigs with the principles of zealous Churchmen. It will have been noticed above, that a large proportion of the constituent members of the Church courts are Laymen. This not only gives an internal strength to the Presbyterian system, which no other can well compete with, but bestows on it an aspect of fearless liberality. Let not the reader, however, hastily conclude that these Laymen are independent parties, taken from the community at large; they all, by virtue of a strict system of qualification, issue from the bosom of the Church. In polemical assemblies there is, necessarily, much speaking, of a very captivating and elevated cast; and so, ambitious young gentlemen, members of the bar especially, are taught to look forward to the Church Courts as arenas for their eloquence. It happens thus, that, at their first entrance on life, they become deeply embued with a clerical *esprit de corps*; and in this manner are the Church Whigs of the Edinburgh Parliament House to be accounted for.

So much for an explanation of the reasons why there are Tories against the Veto, and Whigs for it, among Laymen. Among the Clergy, whatever the opponents of the Veto may be, its supporters seem to be (if we may judge by their other proceedings) Tories to a man. They say they are struggling for the People! How is it that, in their multifarious agitation, they have found but one form in which to do so? Do they support the Ballot? the Repeal of the Corn Laws? The Extension of the Suffrage?—Not they, indeed. We might have had to furnish a list of measures, of a very different tendency to which they have given assistance, had not, Dr Chalmers relieved us of the labour, in his address to the Clergy of England, where he says—

"The attempt is making to prejudice the minds of Englishmen with the idea that the Church of Scotland, participating in the wayward spirit of the age, has embarked in a reckless career of innovation. Let me assure you, my friends, of the grossness of this misrepresentation. At that very meeting of the Assembly's Commission, where, by an overwhelming majority of at least four to one, we instructed the Presbytery of Auchterarder to abide by our Ecclesiastical procedure, and that, notwithstanding any mandates or interdicts which might be laid upon them by the civil courts, we sent a unanimous petition to Government against their scheme of education. In all the great questions which affected the vital interests of Protestantism, we have made common cause with yourselves. On the spoliation of the Irish Establishment; on the topic of an entire and unmutilated Bible in every national school; on the control and guardianship of the Church over our seminaries of learning; on the vast importance to the best interests of society of maintaining, or rather extending, the ecclesiastical endowments of other days; *on these, and all other kindred objects, we have fought side by side with the Churchmen and Conservatives of England.*"

Dr Chalmers might have particularized their services at the last general election; how clergymen, disabled from the performance of their pastoral duties, crawled along to the polling places, to see how their flocks conducted themselves; how Kilmarnock was taken by storm. He should not have forgotten the national fast "for the sins of the land," held, by order of the Assembly, in 1835, when Sir Robert Peel was driven from office.

At the commencement of this struggle, the cry of the independence party was for "the privileges of the Christian people," reminding one of Robespierre's favourite appeal to the *pauvre peuple—peuple virtueux*. Latterly, this has been superseded by more characteristic appeals to "Prerogatives," "Independent co-ordinate jurisdiction of the Church," "subordination to Church judicatories," &c. The term "insolence," especially in the mouth of one meek clergyman, is often used to characterise those who are opposed to the domination of the Church.*

* We wish we could find room for a few extracts from the "Letter to John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty," by the Rev. William Cunninghame, commencing thus:—"Sir, I have read the whole of your bulky letter to the Lord Chancellor. It was a very tedious and irksome task; one which I believe few have yet completed, and which

In the following quotation from the speech of Dr Chalmers, to the Assembly of 1839, may be found the tone adopted by the Church party in its mildest form.

"It is an entire misconception, that the Church has given up her power to the people, by the Veto Law. By that law, the presentation may be said to be shared between two parties, the patron and the people; signed by the one, and virtually countersigned by the other. The Presbytery still retains the same power of check and control over the presentation in this form, which we contend that it ever had over the simple nomination of the patron. We are not the registrars either of the patron or of the people. We are judges of the qualifications and of the *special fitness* as much still as ever; and, moderating in the call between the two parties as heretofore, we can lay our interdict both on the unworthy client of the patron, and on the unworthy favourite of the multitude."

But a sentence in the manifesto of the committee appointed by the Assembly to urge their cause, is perhaps still more clearly emphatic. "It is an utter mistake," they say, "to imagine that the present struggle of the Church is only for the Veto Law, or for any single statute in our ecclesiastical code: it is for the integrity of our legislative and judicial power in things ecclesiastical, as heretofore exercised for more than one hundred and fifty years." In short, the Church, setting up a rivalry with the courts of law, says—"There are two co-ordinate jurisdictions. We have our province, you have yours: we do not wish to invade your prerogatives; but you must not invade ours,—and this is one of ours." Now we may conclude this subject with the simple remark, that for a body enjoying exclusive privileges, and who consider it their interest and duty to support and enlarge those privileges, to be entitled to decide on their extent, to the exclusion of the courts of law, which have the administration of the interests of the community at large at their disposal, is a proposition too preposterous to be entertained in any country which is not prepared to subject itself to the despotism of a priesthood.

So much for the merits of the Veto, as proposed to be converted into law by the sole authority of the Church Courts. A few words now as to the question, whether those who are seeking this privilege from the Legislature ought to be supported. And here let us observe that this is comparatively a trifling question; and the objections, if our readers will admit them to be objections, which we may have to the project, are merely shades of difference, when compared with our abhorrence of the privileges claimed by the Church Courts. It is proposed that certain persons should have the power of objecting to the appointment of a clergyman at a certain stage. This stage is, however, their first acquaintance with him; knowing that, if he get over the first difficulty, he is secure for life, he may assume a false character, to gratify the arbiters of his fate. If the Vetoists are sincere in their wish that a clergyman should not be at the head of a congregation to which he is not acceptable, why not give them the power of removal? Again, why limit the right of dissent to the male heads of families in communion with the Church? These are generally but few in number: in the case of Daviot, they amounted to only ten. Why should not the whole congregation—nay, why should not the whole parish join in the choice? The Churchman will smile at this; for he has his reasons, and they are very cogent. Church ordinances are not with us as they are in England, privileges to which the people are entitled: they are boons which the Church confers, and which she may refuse when she thinks fit. Curiously applicable to the use that may be made of this power is the following extract from a report of a meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, on 29th January :—

"Mr Runciman called the attention of the Presbytery to a subject of great importance. Great irregularity was found to exist in the churches in Edinburgh, by persons being allowed to pass from one church to another, without being called upon to shew a certificate of character signed by their last minister. This was an evil which had increased to an extent which their country brethren could scarcely credit. He feared that, from this state of things, it frequently happened that persons were admitted to the privilege of Christian communion, both for themselves and their children, who, if a certificate of character had been required, would have been unable to obtain one. In the present righteous struggle in which the Church was engaged, to give the people a voice in the appointment of their ministers, it became them to be more careful than ever to exclude all improper and unworthy characters from her communion. He hoped the Presbytery would give this subject their serious consideration."

It is easy to foresee what elements may be requisite to constitute "good character," in the eyes of a church which punished one of its ministers for dining with Mr O'Connell. A patron is a man taken from Protestants at large; he may be an Episcopalian or a Dissenter. From such hands the Church wishes the power to be taken, that it may be put into the hands of a body who, having the appearance of popularity, owe their existence to the Church, and may be expanded or contracted at her will. Over their

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not very many will accomplish." The whole of this production is so fresh and vivid a revival of old polemical fury, so grand a specimen of Hildebrandism, that nothing ever penned by Lamb or Landor can be compared with it as a restoration of olden literature. The reason is simple: these literary men did but imitate; but Mr Cunningham is the actual Mucklewrath revived. There is one short passage of most amusing simplicity. The author expresses an anxiety that the side opposite to his own "should be fairly attempted by some person of competent talent and learning"—fondly imagining for the moment that it was within the bounds of possibility that he could admit any man, differing in opinion with himself, to be possessed of any one praiseworthy quality. Suddenly he is aroused from his hallucination by a practical appeal; and he shews his restoration to himself in a note, commencing thus:—"While this letter has been passing through the press, I have read Part I. of 'Remarks on the Tracts on the Intrusion of Ministers, by the Rev. James Macfarlane, of St Bernard's.' Mr Macfarlane is certainly *not the kind of person* whom I had in view when I wrote the sentence in the text. He seems to be scarcely capable of comprehending a train of argument, and, still less, of producing anything like consecutive reasoning of his own. Part I. is directed chiefly against the tracts of Mr Candlish, whom Mr Macfarlane treats with great insolence. The idea of such a man as Mr Macfarlane treating with insolence such a man as Mr Candlish is absurd and ludicrous in the extreme."

communicants the clergy hold despotic sway; they naturally wish to increase the value attached to the qualification, by enlarging the privileges which it confers on the recipient.*

*Since this paper was written, the Dissenters have moved; and the imagination that, for the first time in the annals of Church history, a corporation of endowed ecclesiastics, really and for direct and honest purposes, wished to place more power in the hands of "the Christian people," must vanish with a breath. The backwardness of the leaders of the Scottish Dissenters, or of the Secession Church, has contributed not a little to a delusion which may well be prevalent in England and Ireland, since it has misled many intelligent persons among ourselves. This delusion is, that the Veto, or Non-Intrusion question, which threatens to turn the Kirk fairly on her beam-ends, really embodies some vestige of Liberal principle, the object of which is to enlarge the freedom of "the Christian people." The leaders of the Dissenters, who have come forward at last to unveil the deception, may either have been quietly lying by to give the "wild men" scope to play their fantastic tricks; or they may have participated in the general delusion; and, in the latter case, how could they refuse to co-operate in the generous effort made by even Tory clergy, for the relief of "the Christian people?" This term, be it remarked, the Veto clergy restrict exclusively to the comparatively few individuals, the male heads of families, in the different parishes, *being communicants* of the Church; the ministers and self-elected elders of which church, be it further observed, hold as decidedly the power of saying who shall or shall not be *communicants*, (and thence entitled to use the Veto,) as do the clergy of the Church of Rome.

To our Southern and Irish readers, whom we do not wish to bore farther with our Kirk squabbles, we may aptly illustrate the Veto question and the mystification attending it, by comparing it to the famous Chandos, or fifty-pound-tenant-at-will clause, introduced into the Reform Bill. The Veto, or Non-Intrusion principle, is precisely analogous, in character and tendency; the landlords being, in the one case, what the Scottish clergy are in the other,—and both arrant self-seekers, under pretence of giving greater freedom to the People. Lord Althorpe and other Whigs at once saw the snake in the grass when this clause was introduced; while Mr Hume and many Radical Members were deceived,—as Liberal Churchmen and Dissenters have been by the Veto measure. Tory and Whig Churchmen were certainly the first to detect, or, at least, the first to denounce the latent objects of the Veto clergy. To extend the elective franchise to small tenants, was, in effect, to enable the landlords to create tools for their purposes; to give the Veto, and to *communicants* only, created by the clergy themselves, is, in like manner, to give the clergy an instrument of their own forming, to be employed by them at their own pleasure, and for their own ends. Under this flagrant delusion, studiously propagated, Liberal men and Dissenters have attended Non-Intrusion meetings, signed Non-Intrusion petitions, and shared in the Non-Intrusion agitation; misled exactly as were Mr Hume and his Liberal colleagues about the artful Chandos' clause for enlarging the constituency. Liberal men have done so in the entire belief that the measure in question was, at least, a step in the right direction; if not equivalent to the abolition of Patronage, and the recognition of the right of the People to choose their own pastors; the grand principle, be it noticed, of Dissent in Scotland, and that which, a century before, gave birth to the Secession Church. The temporary delusion that a Movement of this sort should have been headed by the great apostle of State Endowment and Establishment, Dr Chalmers, has, we believe, served its day; and the Non-Intrusionists must now either widen the basis of the present rancorous and most unchristian agitation, and give the whole "Christian people,"—not the mere handful of Kirk-vassals, "*male heads of families, communicants*," whom they can create or annihilate,—some substantial principle to struggle for, or be wofully disappointed of popular support. It is now manifest that the true object of the struggle is to extend the empire of the clergy, and to set them, as a body, above the law which secures to their Church its daily bread, and guarantees its existence as an Establishment. Dr Chalmers has declared the Veto a "bagatelle," when compared with the audacity involved in the Strathbogie Ministers and parishioners obeying the laws of the land instead of submitting to the arbitrary decree of even a Commission of the General Assembly of the Kirk.—Ed. T. M.

THE MARTYR'S CAIRN.

Grey cairn of the valley, lone rest of the dead!
Long years their dark mosses around thee have spread!
And the brook that they cover runs lowly beside,
Where the deer cometh down from the pines of his pride.

The briefly-told legend that hallows each stone,
No name hath to give, but this record alone:
There sleeps, amidst strangers, one faithful and good,
For truth and for freedom—a witness in blood.

Unseen, through the valley the brook glideth by,
Yet tells to the weary its waters are nigh;
So hid though the Martyr may lie where he bled,
There are words in the silence, and speech from the dead.

Unnamed by the shepherd, are wild blossoms there,
Yet knows he the odour they breathe to the air;
So nameless the sleeper, though his memory still,
And his witness, are sweet to the sons of the hill.

How beauteous and balmy the place of his rest,
With flowers that the sunbeams of summer have drest!
While o'er it is chanting the bird on the bough,
And the wild bee is glad on the heather below.

Returned, on the Sabbath, from worshipping God,
Here the tread of the shepherd falls light on the sod;
When points the grey sire that his children may learn,
And the maiden, half-chid, plucks a flower from the cairn.

The twilight of evening scarce deepens the peace
That there is abiding, though shadows increase;
Though the stream all alone on its journey may keep,
And, sleepless, is lulling the valley to sleep.

And there, when the midnight hath gathered in gloom,
No fears for the timid have place by that tomb;
Nor troubled by moanings, or visions of dread,
Is the calm that is round thee, lone rest of the dead!

THE SONS OF THE SOIL.*

The author of this poem has not aspired to be either witty or imaginative, passionate or romantic. Her aims are neither "to elevate nor surprise;" and she has not very improbably adopted the medium of verse merely to give her earnest lessons, by greater condensation, more terseness and force. Her rhymed couplets are at all times easy, and often graceful, in their flow, although the external garb of her thoughts and sentiments should have been a secondary consideration. The "mere accomplishment of verse" is never wanting, as a few beautiful passages, in the subjoined extracts, will shew. Mrs Ellis' poem may be described as narrative, descriptive, and didactic. The distinguishing attribute of her muse is kind good sense, and thoughtful consideration of the true aims and ends of life, as they are connected with the formation of character, and with the individual and social happiness of rational and immortal beings. If she has any model, it must be Crabbe, without his depressing gloom, and also without his rich peculiar humour. The great blemish of the poem, will, we imagine, be found in its length, as contrasted with the paucity and homeliness of the incidents and characters. Like all the poets, without any exception, Mrs Ellis loves rural manners, haunts, and pursuits, and can barely tolerate large towns and manufactories. Her Sons of the Soil are the farmers and peasantry of England; agricultural labourers; *men*, which she shrewdly remarks, they are still honourably called, in contrast to *hands*, the less flattering and common appellation for mechanics and manufacturers; yet artisan is an honourable denomination. A farmer engages men and boys; a mill-master, or machinist, takes in so many new *hands*; yet we suspect the name is not always the measure of the skill and intelligence of the different classes. Wages might be a fairer criterion. The change of habits among the yeomanry, from simplicity to luxury, and the faulty or vicious system of education adopted for their children, since the long war, with its high prices, converted farmers into sporting gentlemen, and their wives and daughters into fine ladies, with the natural reaction of the system which has produced so much distress, form the subject-matter of the poem. Its opening sees William Herbert the English farmer, and his wife, among the happiest of God's rational creation, lavishly blessed with life's choicest blessings. Our readers may conclude, with some justice, after reading the opening scene, that in what is said above, we have not given half praise enough the mere poetry of a work, which has higher aims than those of "him who playeth sweetly upon the instrument." We take the home-landscape, that in which the farmer's sweet dwelling is embosomed.

* "The Sons of the Soil," a Poem in Twelve Books, by Mrs Ellis.

HOME LANDSCAPE.

'Tis spring's sweet morn; and let our poets say
Whate'er they list, of that cerulean day
That rises o'er Italia's classic shore—
My native land for me! I ask no more.
My native land, clad in her robe of flowers,
Her daisied meadows, and her woodbine bowers;
Her lilachs gay, her bright laburnums, seen,
Like fringe of gold, beneath a mantle green;
Her streams that wander through the shady grove,
With cadence gentle as the voice of love;
Her patient herds that slumber on the lea,
Her gales that waft the honey-laden bee,
Her blooming orchards girt around with may,
That falls like snow, when from the scented spray
The song-bird flutters on his joyous wing,
To soar away to the blue skies and sing;
Her pastures with the yellow cowslip rife,
And sportive lambs, in wantonness of life,
Wildly careering o'er the grassy downs,
Where furze, or broom, the goal of triumph crowns;
Her verdant hills beyond the village spire,
And many a heath-clad mountain rising higher,
Around whose base the circling river winds,
Or through the vale its path of beauty finds.
Such are thy pictures, and I love to dwell
On scenes so long remembered, and so well;
Scenes that I gazed on fondly from my birth,
That made thee then the loveliest spot of earth;
And such thou art, beloved land, to me,
And ever wilt be, come what may to thee.

. . . . . .

Laden with perfume woke the early breeze,
Gorgeous in sunshine stood the ancient trees,
The stately elm and feathery ash, that grew
Around a dwelling almost hid from view:
A long, and low-roofed dwelling, where the door
Looked as if all might enter—rich and poor.
There was no sloping lawn before that spot,
But gravel-walk, and just one little plot
Of new-mown grass, so freshly green and smooth,
It seemed the traveller's weary eye to soothe.
No massive gate of entrance marked the road,
Nor graceful sweep its doubtful welcome shewed;
But, hid beneath a honeysuckle screen,
A garden wicket opened on the green.
While on one side a blooming border lay,
Enriched with fragrant herbs and flowerets gay:
The fairy leaf of classic thyme was there,
The purple pansy, and the primrose fair,
And ancient southernwood, and box, and rue,
And wall-flower sweet, within that garden grew;
While over-head, dispensing rich perfume,
There hung a canopy of roseate bloom,
Or, shaken by the gently waving trees,
A shower of blossoms fluttered in the breeze;
The blushing promise of expectant spring,
Sweet pledge of all the waning year might bring.
These strewed the ground, a carpet far more fair
Than man's ingenious labour could prepare,
With toil of weary hand, and curious care.
High above all, in outline broad and bold,
Stood the tall ash, the elm, and chestnut old,
Stretching athwart that lowly roof their arms,
Faithful through every change, through winds and storms,
Breaking the tempest, sheltering from the rain,
Shadowing from noontide heat that scorched the plain,
Tempering the air with freshness and delight,
Parting the moonbeams into gems of light,
True to the promise of their early prime,
Verdant again with every sweet spring-time.
Such friends were they, those venerable trees;
Boast ye who may of friends more true than these.

The inmates were worthy of their charming abode.

He of soul

" so manly and so clear,
So firm of purpose, upright, and sincere.
Untaught of schools, yet filled with noble aims,
And that high virtue which all praise disclaims,
With patriot fire to emulate a Tell,
And but one weakness—that he loved too well.
Yet she he loved was worthy of his care,
So gentle and so true, so fond and fair,
So self-devoted, looking to the end
For the remoter good, and thus his friend.
Ne'er seeking sunshine from his weary brow,
Nor urging service when his step was slow;
Not tiring his vexed ear with puny grief,
Nor asking, when she ought t' have given, relief.
As some will tax the patience with a train
Of twice-told wrongs, and undeserved pain,
Till very kindness deems its duty is
To wish the sufferer in a world of bliss.
If such things could be, Mary knew them not.
She felt no wrongs, was cheerful in her lot;
To her the sweet return of morning light
Brought a new life, still fraught with new delight;
For she had one to love, and serve, and cheer,
Who paid her back in kindness as sincere;
And both felt bound their earthly course to make
As smooth as might be, for the other's sake.

Mary is, in short, a perfect " wife." The daily habits, pursuits, and enjoyments of this blest pair, are finely described, from the coming of the dawn till evening prayer; and tender, cheerful, and altogether charming domestic pictures they are of the happiest households that our land ever boasted. And

It was no vulgar bliss that crowned their lot—
They were industrious, but they ne'er forgot
The treasures of the mind, the heart's warm store,
Than all their household comforts valued more.
They were untaught, in modern schools at least,
Yet much they loved an intellectual feast.

. . . . . .

There was a niche beside their cheerful hearth,
That held an ancient book-case, with the worth
Of many minds concentrated and clear,
And thoughts that to the reader's eye appear
His own, so natural and familiar.
'Twas not the wealth of circulating lore
That reached the farmer's hospitable door.

Their chosen library consisted of Burns, Thomson, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Addison; good books certainly, though a few additional tomes of the " circulating lore," which Mrs Ellis dislikes, might have varied them occasionally, without any great harm being done. The birth and growth of a son first slightly taints the heart of the manly farmer with something not condemnable, but yet partaking of ambition and worldliness. His three lovely daughters,

Might they not live a different race to be?
Less worn with toil, less ignorant, and rude,
And, if more polished, why not then more good?

The family are at the summit of earthly felicity, the farmer's fields yielding double crops, and the grain-markets giving double prices, when, on a harvest-home night, his wife, after her household duties were fulfilled, strays out below the trees, to enjoy the lovely evening, and her own heavenly musings, until the return of the festive reapers, her beloved husband, and her joyous children. She is suddenly stricken with disease, and by mid-winter it was all over, and William Herbert

Rose the earliest, for he could not sleep,
And walked into his fields, and tried to weep;
But though he put away his manly pride,
Tears were a luxury to him denied.
So he returned, with restless wandering feet—
Where was the welcome his return to greet?
His home was silent, his domestics sad,
His children, in their first deep mourning clad,
Looked half abashed, the younger ones half pleased;
Their girlish airs his goaded spirit teased,
To think the sable trappings of the tomb
Should yield them other thoughts than grief and gloom.

The funeral was over, and the strong-hearted man burying the grief, in which none could sympathize, deep in his own bosom, mingled again with his fellows; to them looking in all things unchanged, and daily increasing in wealth and respect.

However his beautiful and motherless children had learned such lessons, they gradually became, if not dissatisfied with their lot, yet unfitted to make the best and wisest of it. Henry, the only son, became the classic pupil of the curate; and though early trained to agricultural pursuits, and once fond of them, he became discontented, and preferred reading Virgil and Homer to rustic toil.

Whence came such thoughts? There was a secret store,
A precious pile of circulating lore
Brought by his aunt from the next market town,
And every week a fresh supply came down.
These had he found, and greedily devoured,
While the sweet poison o'er his bosom poured.
Here had he learned what time could ne'er untaach,
By all that sage might say or pastor preach;
And, absent moody dreamer as he was,
His aunt looked on, nor knew to check the cause.
Matilda Herbert was more fair than wise—
She had not dim, but undiscerning eyes.
Books were to her amusement, nothing more—
To kill the weary time she read them o'er.
So that a maiden loved, a hero bled,
Enough for her, the volume soon was read.
She had been trained in city schools, and thought
Good manners should at any price be bought,
Good clothing and good looks beyond even these,
Nor failed good furniture her eye to please.
Thus she looked down upon the farmer's home,
And deemed it much to quit the town, and come
To scenes so humble, rustic, and obscure,
Which, but for novels, she could ne'er endure.
Still she was kind, and had the heart to love
Sweet children, if they would but learn to move
Softly and gracefully, and curtsy low,
And go about as well-bred children go.

The three daughters are well discriminated. Each is beautiful and amiable, and possessed of the finest qualities of heart and mind; but none are faultless save Martha, the cheerful, active-minded, useful, and helpful Martha, who alone of the sister-band reaps the full reward of her good principles and good sense, in a union with a wealthy and respectable tradesman in a neighbouring town, contracted half in defiance of the sneers of her refined aunt, and the derision of her brother and sisters, which only ended when the engagement was fairly concluded.

But this anticipates the course of the narrative, which first presents us with the complete transformation of the delightful old-fashioned farm-house into a villa, with a Grecian portico, a lawn, and sweep, and grounds; and the departure of the daughters to be accomplished at a fashionable boarding-school. This revolution is worked by the pertinacious teasing of the silly, romanti

and super-refined aunt. In the meantime, the love of gain steals more and more into the heart of the farmer, who even begins to love the war and hate the French; for

> " How can he, burning with this patriot ire,
> A lower price for English grain desire."

Father and aunt alike desired to find a *good* school for the girls; but, unfortunately, the aunt's ideas of that desideratum, were those that determined the selection, and she

> ——— " believed those schools were *good*
> Where vulgar persons never might intrude.
> Where terms were high, and ladies all were taught
> To sit, and stand, and curtsy as they ought;
> To sing with skill, to touch the harp with grace,
> To paint a landscape or a human face;
> To speak Italian, French, and sometimes Greek,
> To write in angles sharp, and lines oblique.
> These were the schools Matilda Herbert meant
> By good, and here the wondering girls were sent.
> For she was one who brought her ends about
> By talking long, and wearing patience out;
> And little knew her brother of the skill
> To win or wind a woman to his will.
> Thus inly wishing that her words would cease,
> He oft resigned, for very love of peace.

Left alone with his son, the farmer now attempted to make a man of the handsome and intelligent youth, who, between the idle love of books, and the desire of being a gentleman, was, with a hundred natural good qualities, in the fair way to ruin.

Martha was one of those happy creatures, whom a romantic aunt's "*good* school" cannot spoil. The gentle and tender Lucy was less fortunate; and to the haughty and splendidly beautiful and high-souled Helen was left the completion of the revolution which her foolish aunt had begun. When Helen returned from school,

> All was so rustic, some things were so mean,
> She never thought her father's home had been
> So little like a gentleman's abode,
> " And then, again, that stupid line of road!
> Why not a sweep?"
>
> The farmer looked, and saw
> 'Twas easy there a gentler line to draw.
>
> " Why not an avenue? Those trees cut down
> Would leave a road for every passing clown;
> Here *we* might come, between these elms so dark,
> That stand so well, and make the field a park."

The career of mischief is now fairly entered on: the farmer is living in a splendid mansion, furnished with expensive elegance, one want drawing on another; and his children, in manner, appearance, accomplishments, and uselessness, may, save Martha, vie with those of any country gentleman. And his poetess inquires, why, if the tradesman has his suburban box, and his carriage, and livery servants, and the man of looms buys estates, dines with the magnates of the land, and obtains a title for his son,—why the ambition of the farmer alone should be curbed and scouted—why of him alone it should be cried—

> " Put down, put down;
> Bind to his native earth the adventurous clown,
> Wring from his hold this luxury and excess,
> Double his rent, or make his profit less."

Mrs Ellis indulges in some rather inconclusive reasoning on the relative merits of agriculture and manufactures; for how " the land is sacrificed to serve the State," it is not easy to say. Indeed, the very reverse is the fact. The State, if by that we understand the commonwealth, is sacrificed to serve, if not the land, not the farmer, yet certainly the landowners. She does not like railroads and " moving Hecla's," or, as we presume, locomotive machines; and the picture she presents, is far from one that can gratify poetical taste, as they smoke, and snort, and tear along, through the sweet rural retreats, the hamlets, and villages, and farmy fields of England, the very embodiment of blind brute force.

> Scorching the bloom of paradise beneath,
> Sending afar their sulphur-tainted breath,
> Uprooting all her rural green abodes,
> To make the landscape one vast map of roads—
> One universal workshop, roaring wide,
> Between the realms of waves on either side—
> One mighty engine, labouring, forcing, heating,
> With its ten thousand human pulses beating.

Heaven forefend! The poetess returns to the children of the deserted soil, the farmer's children. The gentle and rather melancholy and helpless Lucy; the energetic, cheerful, and decided Martha; and the beauty and genius of the family, the accomplished, aspiring, and haughty Helen—ever more ardent in the love of the beautiful than the true—too high flown for sober happiness—and finding her punishment in her ambition. We shall present the sisters in contrast in a single but comprehensive point:—

> Martha was musical, and had the skill
> To sing and warble like a woodland rill;
> But Helen loved the science, and her ear
> Was pained by sounds to untaught minstrels dear.
> Thus many a joy her happier sister knew,
> Was unrevealed to her exalted view;
> And while on Martha's brow contentment sat,
> Helen aspired to share some loftier fate.

Yet there is, with all this, the fondest affection, and much of the irrepressible true enjoyment of fresh, buoyant youth, among the farmer's children, when the heads of the whole family, save those of Martha and her father, are turned, by a casual visit from their landlord and his fashionable guests—carriages, outriders, ladies on ambling palfreys, and their gay attendant cavaliers. The scene is clever, and from the life. A groom announced, in passing, that the party were to call at the villa-farm-house, on their return. " Lord William Douglas, and all."

> " Now, mercy on us!" cried the maiden aunt,
> Lost to her dignity, " How much I want
> Even yet to finish off the drawing-room.
> Brother! young ladies! Henry! Martha! come,
> There is no time to lose."
>
> The news was told;
> The farmer heard it with expression cold;
> His sister wondered how such men were made,
> So little natural feeling they betrayed.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Henry declared he never would appear—
> Not he indeed! Why should such guests come there?
> Yet was he missing ere the appointed hour,
> In secret yielding to the magic power
> That ruled his toilet, where a charm was thrown

Around his form, not strictly Nature's own.
'Twas Lucy's part to gather flowerets gay,
Contrast their tints, and form the rich bouquet;
But, while her fingers trimmed the roses fair,
She quite forgot her own soft waving hair.
Not Helen thus unmindful. O'er her brow
The sable bands were smoothly taught to flow,
Leaving the outline of her Grecian head
In all its classic purity displayed.
Nor stooped that head to look on trifles low;
Her aunt, her sisters might their care bestow
On needful viands, or well-dusted chairs,—
The books, the pictures, she alone prepares,
Spreads out the annuals, brings the engravings down,
With the last noval lately come from town,
Lays her portfolio just to catch the view,
Opens the music most approved and new,
Brings out the sofas farther from the wall,
Displaces chairs and ottomans, that all
May wear an aspect more familiar,
As if the family lived always there.

And now at last, the eventful moment come,
Matilda Herbert hastens from her room,
With looks that seemed to say—"Well, this is life."
Yet how unlike to William Herbert's wife.

The vain conductress aunt ardently hoped the great folks would see something in her doings to admire; but, no!

Vain hope delusive! What to them were all
The various colours blending on the wall?
More rare, and more attractive to their sight,
Was the cool dairy, and the milk so white,
The kitchen, graced with pewter and with tin,
And the back-door, where fowls would fain come in—
Those pretty fowls the ladies loved to feed,
Casting them down sweet cakes instead of bread.
Pleased with the pastime, all things else forgot,
Perversely still they gathered round that spot;
While farming men passed out, and still they stood,
Charmed with the novelty of scenes so rude.

Amazed, indignant, looked Matilda then,
To see the rolling gait of those coarse men;
And, worse than all, the bucket's rattling sound
Assailed her ear with horror most profound.

. . . . . .

Soon passed that hour. The lordly train were gone,
The farmer's family were left alone;
And even those who wished them gone before,
Felt a strange void when that bright scene was o'er.

Shortly after this elevating scene, the sensible Martha learned, from her brother, that their father had been outliving his means; and, like a too, *too* prudent young woman, she at once decided to accept her vulgar tradesman suitor. The following speech rather disenchants the sensible Martha to one's imagination. No well principled woman ever married more simply for a respectable and comfortable home, and for the relief of her father's sinking fortunes.

"Is this the case?" said Martha; "Then I know
At once, dear Henry, what I ought to do.
Smile not—yes, I will give you leave to smile,
And my fixed purpose will declare the while.
I love the man—at least, I think I could,
Who oft provokes your mirth in jesting mood;
And I will love him better, for I see
There is more need than once there seemed to be
For us to seek, beyond our native hearth,
Some lasting shelter, and some home on earth.

As true a specimen of female vanity and helpless selfishness as the aunt herself, and much less amiable than the farmer's daughters, is Emma, the sister of Martha's husband, to whom Henry becomes attached. Emma is "a town-bred maid,"

Whose fairy foot, small waist, and pallid cheek,
The tenderest mould of human form bespeak.
She was an orphan, left in childhood lone,
No mother's love around her cradle thrown—
Her helpless infancy her only dower.
And thus her brother, from its earliest hour,
In all things else a prudent man and sage,
Had watched too fondly o'er her tender age;
Had spared her youth with discipline to train,
And thus consigned her to a world of pain.
True, she appeared most gentle, kind, and fair,
As untried characters so often are;
But a spoiled child to feeble woman grown,
Let no man love—the cost will be his own.

The delicate, helpless, mincing Emma, is altogether a portrait worthy of Crabbe. In their nutting rambles, while the young farmer, at whose rustic garb his merry sisters gaily laughed, was leaving the harvest-field to help them to pull down high boughs, and lay stepping stones across the brooks for them, the town-bred maid required more attention.

"The feebler Emma, hanging on his arm,
Asked, without words, protection from all harm.
For she, unused to scenes so strange and wild,
Shrunk back from danger, like a timid child;
Declared she never could the streamlet pass,
And looked for poisonous adders in the grass.
While trembling, laughing, she would step within
The brook's clear margin, with her slipper thin,
Then say she needs must die, for never yet
Had she escaped from cold, with feet so wet.
Oh, pretty airs of female helplessness!
Weak in yourselves, what influence ye possess,
What power to win the lordly heart of man,
When neither common sense nor wisdom can.
Grant WE, the charm of weakness is not all,
The foot that steps aside must needs be small.
Vain childish fear must tinge a lovely brow,
And fair must be the lip whence folly's accents flow.

Paying the due meed to female beauty and grace, Mrs Ellis unveils the stern realities of life, and thus reasons of the lover transformed into the unhappy husband of one of those fair, fragile, and helpless, beauties:—

But when he brings his beautiful ideal
To share a world like ours—so stern and real—
To face the tempest and endure the storm,
With tears and terrors that have ceased to charm;
When sordid cares, a restless host arise;
When beauty fades, and youth's warm vigour dies;
When dormant temper wakens, wild and fierce,
And childhood's ceaseless cries, that wound and pierce;
When sickness comes, and penury, and pain,
With all the ills that follow in their train;
Oh, who would dare to meet the woes of life,
And share its sorrows with a pining wife?
Who would commit his children to her care,
Or seek her sympathy his grief to share?
Who would expect, when trials pressed him sore,
The timid trembler could his peace restore?
Or who would wish, beside his feverish bed,
The feeble thing that could not raise his head?
With nerves too delicate to feel at home
Where sickness saddened, or where death might come?

No! let not sterling virtues lose their worth
Before these graces of unnatural birth,
Forced into life by artificial means,
To make all women goddesses or queens.

We advise young ladies to commit this extract to memory,—to get it by heart. Love called the active virtues of Henry into exercise, even love

for the helpless damsel whose very charming helplessness (at least as men in love say) endeared her the more; and he attends to his farm-business, though still liking too well to course or shoot for a day with Lord William.

The gentle Lucy also finds a lover, to whom she devotes the whole treasure of her deep affections. He is a young collegian, who obtains the parish living on the death of the old pastor.

This, in the conclusion, is another Crabbe-like episode; and we are unwilling to mutilate its beauty. Lucy had become the teacher of the village children, the visiter of the cottages of the poor and the sick; and she watched by the deathbed of her beloved instructor and friend, the old pastor, until—

At length the scene was closed, and Eustace prayed,
In seeming fervency, beside the maid,
That he might catch that mantle as it fell,
And in that parting spirit's glory dwell.
It was a solemn scene, and Lucy felt
The sordid world before her vision melt,
With all its weariness, and all its strife,
Lost in the balance with eternal life.
Oh, could we linger by the bed of death,
How might we trample earthly scenes beneath!
But soon there comes a morrow less sublime,
And we return to grovelling things of time.
'Twas thus with Lucy, though her faithful heart
Asked only with one treasure not to part.
Yet that she hoarded with a miser's care;
Pure though it seemed, perchance it was her snare.
Eustace was pastor of that village now,
And oft with Lucy in her walks would go
To hear the blessings of the needy poor
Welcome her step at every cottage door.
Why should they dwell apart? They long had known
And oft acknowledged that their hearts were one.
So Eustace won at last her free consent,
And on the embassy of hope he went.
It was one bright and smiling summer's day,
When all around, in heaven and earth, looked gay,
And Lucy sate within a cool alcove,
Sweet flowers beside her, and blue skies above.
Fair child of peace, with sunlight on her brow,
If there be real happiness below,
'Twas hers in that bright golden hour to know.
Yes, she was happy—happy even here;
For she had much to hope, and nought to fear.

. . . . . .

At length she heard a footstep on the grass,
And saw a shadow o'er the threshold pass.
She raised her eyes. What could there be to chase
The smile of gladness from her lover's face?
Yet so it seemed; but he began to speak,
And she looked down, to hide her blushing cheek.

"Lucy, I know not how to act a part.
Grieved, disappointed, you shall know my heart.
I told your father of our plighted love,
And much he seemed our union to approve;
Called you, as oft he does, his favourite child,
And, while he sighed to part with you, still smiled
To think a home—a surer home, he said,
Than he could offer—soon would shield your head.
I know not why, but something struck my mind
Strange in his manner, though it seemed so kind;
At length the truth was told—would you believe,
Your father can no marriage portion give!"

"And is that all?" said Lucy. "Heed it not.
We can be happy in the poorest cot!"

"Poetic visions, Lucy, charm not me,
Have I not lived such happiness to see?"

"Then what remains?" she asked, with timid voice.
"Can we not wait? or has your heart a choice?"

"Yes, we could wait, if there was ought to cheer,
Or brighter promise for the coming year."

"Then, what remains?" asked Lucy, once again,
Her pale lip quivering with a thrill of pain.

"I scarcely know," said Eustace; "but I think
'Twere madness thus to venture on the brink
Of hopeless poverty, with no pretence,
But creature-love, for tempting Providence.
You know my yearly stipend is but small:"

He should have seen her turning to the wall
As if the stones could pity; and the blush
That grew upon her face, the burning gush
Of woman's feeling, o'er her brow and cheek,
And flashing eye that used to be so meek;—
It passed—and never marble looked more pale
Than Lucy, while she listened to his tale.

He marked her not, his eye was cold and clear,
Fixed on a bed of withering roses there;
He marked her not, for different thoughts possessed
His anxious mind, and laboured in his breast.
At length he spoke—

"The more I view the case,
The more I see that misery and disgrace
Await our union; yet it seems not well
That our decision I alone should tell."

Lucy looked up; she did not quite perceive
His real meaning, or could not believe.
At length, however, it was made more clear;
She heard—and understood—and shed no tear.
He took her hand, she drew it not away,
'Twas cold as marble, and she let it stay.

"You comprehend my meaning?"

"Yes, I do."

"I thought you must, for all I say is true.
And I am pleased we can so well agree.
It makes the trial easier far to me.
And you will say it was your own desire,
Not mine, that our engagement should expire?"

"I will."

"Farewell then, Lucy, ever dear;
I'm glad your judgment is so cool and clear.
True, I can ne'er be happy as with you,
But something to my station still is due;
And I, to give that office more respect,
A portion with my partner must expect."

"Enough," said Lucy; "I can understand."
And coldly she withdrew her captive hand.

"Farewell!" he said, and left her standing there,
Like some mute sculptured image of despair.

This is surely poetry of no ordinary kind; it aptly introduces an eloquent homily against a worldly spirit, and "the root of all evil," and the pursuit of temporal enjoyments, which priest, philosopher, and poet disclaim, all agreeing that

"This world is worthless—we but pilgrims here."

The moral poetess is well entitled to ask—"Are they all sincere?"

And not the preacher only, but the sage,
And the stern satirist who condemns the age,
The sentimentalist, and poet too,
Have they not all one secret end in view?
To please the grovelling world they so despise,
To hide their faults and frailties from her eyes?
Whate'er betide their happiness the while,
To court her favour, and secure her smile?

Yes; and this lovely isle, from shore to shore,
Beats with the tumult—echoes with the roar—
The strife of hand—the mastery of mind—
Conflicting interests in one combat joined,
To gain the eminence of worldly fame,
And from the dust of earth create a name.

The heartbroken Lucy in time gave up her idol, subdued her repinings, and returned to

her soothing ministrations in the hovels of the sick and the poor. She had found a strength that was not her own; but not for the gentle and pious maiden, silently ripening for heaven, can we longer turn aside, beautifully as her placid resignation and fervent sustaining faith are depicted. Her coldhearted selfish lover demands more attention; he who could

——— speak in silvery tones, and soft,
With bland expression, more inviting oft
Than real kindness clothed in homely dress,
Though for the hour of trial, how much less!

It was Lucy's fortune still to encounter Eustace by the sick-bed of the old villagers, to whom she was as a ministering angel.

'Twas strange that Lucy now could calmly hear
The voice that once had been too kind and dear;
And raise her eyes unblushing to that face,
Nor linger, lines of beauty there to trace.
Yet such things have been: and she was not one
To shrink from tasks of duty when begun.

. . . . . .

'Twas in such confidence, that Lucy heard
That well-known voice—yes, every tone and word;
But joined not in familiar converse there;
Apart she sate; she did not choose to share
Social communion, or exchange of thought,
With one whose hand by money might be bought.
Yet, had she said good-night, and left that scene,
Perchance his patronising care had been
Extended to her solitary walk;
So she remained, to hear the poor man talk
Of all his sorrows; while the pastor told
Of consolation; but with look so cold,
And tone so regulated, smooth, and mild,
As never yet the sorrowing heart beguiled.

At length he rose; and Lucy breathed again
When he was gone, with less oppressive pain;
And hastened forth to meet the chilly blast,
While deepening shadows o'er her path were cast.

It was a cold March evening, and there blew
A piercing gale; and Lucy, shivering, drew
Her cloak around her frail and slender form,
That bent beneath the anger of the storm.

The gentle sufferer died, speaking words of solemn and effectual warning to her beloved parent.

In the meantime, Lord William Douglas, having turned over the leaves of the brilliant Helen's music, and partaken of the farmer's hospitality, on many a winter's night, after the chase was over—cheering all hearts by his grace and condescension, and, gaining the affections of the lovely but aspiring girl—"mounts and rides away," leaving her most unlike her saintly sister Lucy—the unresisting prey to disappointment and misery, yet not quite deprived of all hope. Meanwhile, Henry marries, and too soon, in spite of the warnings of his sage sister Martha, who would have had him wait until his bride had gained more sense and experience; and, above all, the valuable lesson, especially to women,

"That earthly happiness must ever flow
Back to ourselves, from bliss that we bestow."

We cannot forsake the gentle Emma; the maiden, the bride, and the wife are worthy of each other; and what an impressive lesson to women is conveyed in some of these lines:—

This cause the orphan to her future home,
Recked not she thought a lovely bride should come.
Nor spared her brother aught, nor Martha's hand
Withheld whate'er its bounty could command.
And Emma took their gifts with smiling brow,
As if it was their duty to bestow,
Hers to receive. Oh! ignorance of right!
How oft this poor dependence meets the sight,
And pains the heart, even in our favoured land,
Where women cannot, will not, understand
How they may lean on others, and depend,
Yet never know what constitutes a friend;
How they may be both gentle and refined,
Yet want the noblest attributes of mind;
How they may charm the ear, and please the eye,
Yet live unhonoured, and unmourned-for die.

The honeymoon passed, and Henry, pressed by the serious cares of life, and distressed for his father, has no patience with the pretty trifler.

Henry was changed even now, and Emma felt
Her tears had somewhat lost their power to melt.
One only purpose seemed to fill his mind,
It might be noble, but it scarce was kind
To leave her gentle charms, once loved so well,
For coarse rude men who came to buy and sell.

Poverty or, if not yet actual poverty, pressure was by this time creating secret discontent, and even fomenting quarrels in the once happy and united household of the farmer. Matilda, the elegant aunt, and her brother, blamed each other, and openly recriminated. The quarrels of the two mistresses of the family are very delicately touched. Every one was willing to make great, but not solitary sacrifices of luxuries for the general good.

Say not that straitened means bring nought to dread
Save in the actual want of daily bread.
They bring the very worst of human ills,
The bitterest draught our earthly cup that fills:
They bring domestic strife—contention—spleen—
And envy, mother of the deadliest sin—
Injurious thoughts—imbittered words, that burn
And goad the writhing spirit to return
The pain it suffers on the offender's head.
Then say not poverty brings nought to dread.

At the close of a very bad and late harvest, the landlord invited his tenantry to a feast, with all that ostentatious insolence of manner with which such vassal festivals are sometimes conducted. Servants and satellites, wives and daughters, the farmer and his ploughman, were indiscriminately summoned; for the ancient hospitalities of the Baron's Hall, the roast beef and plum-pudding times, were to be gloriously revived.

The compulsory banqueting, and promiscuous rejoicing, were anything but pleasant to many of the guests invited. Our farmer's family wished that they had been

Passed by—forgotten—anything but asked.
How should their hatred of the thing be masked?
To go, a vassal rather than a guest,
And sit with hungry boors at that great feast!
It was too humbling to their secret pride;
And yet their landlord's bidding they must bide.

The farmer hoped that the invitation boded that great reduction of rent, rendered so needful by the bad seasons, and the fall of the markets; Emma fancied her husband would like to shew off his lovely bride; and the enamoured Helen, whose secret pride revolted against the degrading exhibition, imagined that she had seen Lord William's servant passing, and that his

master must consequently have returned. The farmer's family went rather as spectators than actors in the motley scene, where

Still swelled the moving pageant on the sight:
Dames from the dairy, milkmaids red and white,
These clad in russet, those in silken sheen,
Jockeys in boots, and clowns in coats of green;
While gliding here and there, amongst the rest,
Were statelier matrons fashionably dressed,
With silent daughters just returned from school,
Beating the air with fans, to keep it cool.
There too was seen that noblest form of man,
Built upon Nature's most majestic plan:
Firm, tall, and free, his shoulders broad, and bold,
His sturdy hand well used to grasp and hold;
His mien erect, his foot placed on the ground
With purpose fixed, and dignity profound;
His temples wreathed with natural waves of hair,
His manly forehead smooth, and calm, and fair,
Contrasting well with the deep bronze below,
And sunny tints upon his cheek that glow.
Such were the men that Britain once could boast,
Whose homes adorned her land, from coast to coast;
Untaught in Attic lore, unskilled, perchance,
To tread the mazes of the graceful dance;
Yet firm to sanction, and defend her laws;
Shepherds at home, but soldiers in her cause;
And proud at heart to bear her honoured name,
Yet still more proud of her unsullied fame.
Where are they now? Go ask the western waves—
The southern billows, where they find their graves?
Search the wild prairie, trace them o'er the plain,
Where the log-cabin shields them from the rain;
Or track the wide Australian wastes, and say,
How fare the sons that England sends away?

Like the (ideal?) English yeoman of the genuine old breed looked our farmer, who, with his graceful daughter on his arm, somewhat scornfully viewed the revel. The Tory landlords, we presume, are not finding these feasts of the vassalage to answer. One occasionally hears of them, here and there, but never of their repetition. One popularity ball suffices them for twenty years. Lord William entered among the noble throng, who rushed in by a side door in a sparkling galaxy, to grace, for an hour or two, the assembled boors by their presence. A radiant foreign beauty was hanging upon his arm, on whom all his attentions were bestowed; and he cut the farmer and his daughter—nor was this "the unkindest cut." Helen—the despairing and mortified Helen—would have left the place, but her father, who silently sympathized in her wounded feelings, could not be the first of the honoured guests to take his departure. The ladies of the Hall at length retired; the menials entered; and the mirth grew louder and more enlivened; and then, in the words of the wretched Helen, afterwards poured forth upon her gentle sister's breast,

Douglas returned, and now he came alone,
All the proud revellers but him were gone.
He came with smiles upon his altered brow,
And the poor farmer's daughter he could know:
Could touch her hand familiarly, and say
How well she looked, how happy was that day.
I fear there was a blush upon my cheek
As he drew near; and when I tried to speak,
I could not quite my trembling voice control;
For something came like gladness to my soul,
After long grief. But, oh! it passed away,
And left such blackness!

The next summons of the jovial tenantry into the presence of their generous landlord is to hear that their rents, which they had confidently expected were to be lowered, were to be increased. Their landlord was going abroad, and must have money, come what would. Some pleaded, some raved, some rode off in sullen despair, and some desperately drank on.

Our farmer was now compelled to discharge those supernumerary helps—the aged and the orphan—so long retained about the farm, because they had always been there and knew no other home. Discontent with their hard-hearted employer spread among the starving labourers and villagers, even while his heart was bleeding at turning them away.

The farmer and his son still struggled manfully on, until another bad harvest completed their ruin. A year of scarcity followed, and the extremity of distress led many to emigrate. The Farmer also was bound for a far and unknown land. This was his last resource.

The three day's auction, the farewell taken of the household gods, and of the graves of his wife and daughter, are, if rather long-drawn out, very touchingly described. The feeble-minded and feeble-framed Emma remains true to her original character. The bustle, the agitation, the confusion, and the misery, mingling with the hopefulness of a general embarkation, pass before us. And now the emigrant ship is afloat—and now

Cold dreary twilight clothed the earth and sea;
But not the nearer forms of misery.
For there were shrieking babes, untended all,
And wretched men, who answered not the call
Of helpless wives. Most desolate of these
Was Emma, bending on her feeble knees,
Pleading, with all the eloquence of tears,
That Henry yet would spare her tender years,
Her gentle frame, and send her to the shore,
With her poor child, safe from the billows' roar.
Then did she pray for shelter from the storm,
And threw her arms around his manly form.

"Spare me!" she cried; "my aching brow is bare,
And the rude gale plays wildly with my hair—
That flaxen hair, of which each separate tress
Thou oft hast counted in thy tenderness,
Deeming no beauty like the cheek that now
Leans on thy bosom pale as winter's snow.
O shield me from the storm! Thou once wert kind—
Can fear or danger warp thy constant mind?"

Why turns he not? That voice could once have won
His ear from music. Has its sweetness gone?
No; but he sees that distant line of shore,
And knows, and feels, he ne'er shall see it more—
That gentle slope—that range of wood-crowned hills—
He sees them all—his eye with anguish fills.
He had a Briton's heart, and loved the land—
The very soil on which he used to stand.
Proud of his country's noble name was he,
Proud of her laws, and boasted liberty;
And while he gazes through the gathering gloom,
Injustice seems to mingle with his doom.

And thus, with the silent meditations of the expatriated father, who sat apart, his chastened and pious mind dwelling on the scenes of his once happy life, closes "The Sons of the Soil"—a poem, engaging from the truth and tenderness of sentiment, and beauty of description, and far more valuable for the moral lessons it inculcates.

THE STORY OF ANGO;

THE MERCHANT PRINCE OF DIEPPE.

BY MRS GORE.

PART IV.

The lowliness of gratitude with which these royal favours were acknowledged, served to cement the good-will subsisting between the Sovereign and his subject. Scarcely had winter reassembled the courtiers of Paris, under the groined roofs of the Louvre, than the Viscount and his lovely lady were among the most favoured guests of the King; and Bianca, of whom such scenes were the natural atmosphere, had the gratification of displaying the rich jewels and Oriental stuffs, lavished upon her by her husband, in rivalship with the splendours of the royal favourite, Diane de Poitiers, at that moment in the zenith of her charms.

It was whispered, however, among the courtiers, that it was neither to execute the registries of his patent of nobility, nor even to figure in the pageants of the Court, that Ango visited the capital. The rich burgher had long acted as auditor to the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, and, by prudent management, doubled the revenues of his See; and it was now surmised that Francis himself, whose wars had exhausted his treasury in the earlier portion of his reign, was fain to mortgage to the Governor of Dieppe, in exchange for a loan of considerable amount, his crown lands in Normandy and the adjacent province.

Certain it was, that though Ango was known to have claimed a military escort for the transport of a considerable treasure to the capital, the troop was at once dismissed in Paris: the Lady Bianca's litter being escorted, on their return to Dieppe, by his own people only. Yet so far from his revenues being diminished by this transfer of property, never had Ango's speculations been bolder, or his habits more magnificent, than during the ensuing year. Under his government, the castle and fortifications underwent complete reparation; the harbour and jetty were improved; and the city gates restored and crowned with towers. The beautifully sculptured treasury and winding staircase, still extant in the Church of St Jacques du Haut Pas, were a tribute from the munificence of Ango; and the Chapel of St John, in that of St Remy, was dedicated to his patron Saint, by the new Viscount. On every side were to be seen proofs of his liberal zeal for the benefit of his native city. It sufficed for Ango to address a petition to the King, for his desires and those of his fellow-townsmen to be granted; the importance of such a subject being thoroughly appreciated by Francis, who had been right glad to seek assistance from Ango, in arming the Channel fleet equipped at Havre, Honfleur, and Dieppe, to prevent the English from fortifying the town of Boulogne. For the Governor of Dieppe was no longer the petty trader, the owner of a poor squadron of merchant vessels, but the haughty master of twenty sloops of war! More than once, the crews of his merchantmen, trading with the Moluccas and the coast of Malabar, had come to serious disputes with the Spanish, Flemish, and, above all, the Portuguese settlers, jealous of his pretensions; and in several severe engagements with foreign frigates, the star of Ango had prevailed, and his people come off victorious.

On one disastrous occasion, however, a vessel belonging to one of his fleets, having been separated, by stress of weather, from her convoy, fell into the hands of the Portuguese, already incensed against the noble mariner of Dieppe by former successes; when the crew was inhumanly massacred, and the vessel, with its rich cargo, steered in triumph into the Tagus.

Furious at his loss, and still more irritated by the insult which he had the arrogance to conceive was offered to his flag, Ango swore to be revenged; and, having issued orders for the arming of his ten finest vessels, with eight others of inferior size, and, in addition to their crews, about a thousand men, mercenaries attached to his service, he prepared to make a descent upon the coast of Portugal, and retaliate the injury he had sustained.

The expedition sailed; and the first intelligence of its safe arrival in the Tagus brought also to the delighted Ango news of perfect success. Several villages on the banks of the Tagus had been ravaged and destroyed by his men; and the conflagration of one of these, within a league of Lisbon, struck terror into the inhabitants, unable to comprehend such an attack on the part of Frenchmen, the allies of their King.

A still greater panic, however, was excited when several valuable Indiamen, falling in with Ango's vessels which were cruising at the mouth of the harbour, were instantly captured! Unable to believe such an exploit the work of privateers, the Portuguese government, regarding it as a declaration of hostilities on the part of Francis I., despatched a deputation to the palace of Chambord, where the King was residing, to demand the cause of so gross a violation of international law.

For some time the King of France attached little faith to the representations of these delegates. Satisfied that no hostile instructions had been issued by his admiralty, and that, without such orders, the boldest captain of his fleet would not, on any provocation, proceed to acts of violence, he attempted to persuade the Count d'Olivares, and the noble gentlemen by whom he was accompanied, that the whole statement originated in misconception. On learning,

however, from the Ambassador Extraordinary, that the flag, under which these outrages were committed, bore for ensign and device a sphere or terrestrial globe, surmounted by a crucifix, with the legend—"*Spes mea Deus, à juventute meâ*," Francis recognised at once the blazon of the Governor of Dieppe.

"'Tis Ango who hath taken this quarrel on his hand!" cried the King, turning towards his astonished courtiers. "'Tis Ango who hath declared war against the King of Portugal!"

Count d'Olivares, with an obsequious obeisance, ventured to demand of his Majesty in what quarter of the world the dominions of the said King Ango might be situated; and, had not a violent burst of laughter from the King testified to the assembled courtiers, that his Majesty was disposed to make the arrogance of the Dieppois captain a matter of merriment, they were prepared to treat the presumption of their countryman as a treasonous offence against the crown.

"Be pleased to inform my good brother of Portugal," said the King, perceiving the Ambassadors to be both astonished and mortified by his mirth, "that I trust nothing will in future occur to disturb the pacific relations now happily established between Portugal and France. Assure him that it is not *I* who have insulted his flag and ravaged his territories, but a captain of one of my ports; a man who, being rich and independent as a prince, seems disposed to usurp royal authority. Or rather, if my advice have any weight, ere ye return to Lisbon, proceed at once to Dieppe, whereof this bold man is Commandant, and make such terms with him as ye may. Trust me, gentlemen, Ango is not a man to be trifled with."

On this hint, Count d'Olivares and his suite withdrew from Chambord; while Ango, premonished of their arrival and errand by a private message from the King, prepared in haste to receive them with regal magnificence, at Varengeville; and the Portuguese nobles are said to have asserted, on their return to Lisbon, that the mode of Francis' Court at Chambord was rude and insignificant, compared with that of Ango the Dieppois, in his manor; more especially when, after having entertained them right royally, he acceded to their entreaty that his fleet should be instantly recalled, conditioning only that, for the future, the captains of the King of Portugal would evince more respect towards the flag of France.

But though the Portuguese, trembling for their possessions on the coast, and Francis, labouring under heavy obligations towards his overweening subject, saw fit to submit to his insolent aggressions, the fellow-townsmen of Ango, the companions of his youth, the witnesses of his growing prosperity, began to lose all patience with his assumption. The Commandant of Dieppe had now taken to himself a guard of honour, by which he was surrounded whenever he went abroad, so as to be inaccessible to the burghers and captains, his kindred and friends, and established himself as Governor in the castle. His beautiful dwelling on the harbour, was shut up and abandoned; while, from the towers of the lofty fortress, he exercised his almost regal authority over the town. Ango's indignant fellow burghers had scarcely patience to be treated as subjects, by one whom they had never ceased to regard in the light of a prosperous equal.

On one occasion, the town-council having presumed to resist a command issued by the Viscount for the imposition of a new rate of harbour duty, Ango appeared in person (for the first time since his accession of rank) among the notables; and, upon their venturing to persist in their resistance, he, who had made war with impunity upon kings, proceeded so far as to inflict a blow upon Jacques Morel, one of the most active of his opponents. Ere his choler had subsided, a missive was brought to the fortress, addressed to the Governor, by the simple name of "John Ango," requiring him to visit his sister, who was lying sick and infirm in the convent of St Mary.

"What hast thou done?" demanded the feeble voice of the nun, when Ango, obeying the summons, took his seat beside her humble pallet. "Hadst thou not enemies enough already, that thou must fain spit upon the beard of the son of our father's friend? Jacques Morel hath vowed that thou shalt atone in dust and ashes the wrong thou hast this day dealt him in the fulness of thy pride!"

"I have chastised the insolence of greater men than an Admiral of fishing smacks," said Ango, disdainfully.

"The fishing smacks of Jacques Morel have searched the depths of the Gulf of Ormus, and bandied buffets with the Atlantic waves," replied Sister Genevieve. "Such as he is to-day, such yesterday was our father. He was our playmate too, Ango, and more than our playmate; for well knowst thou, that but for thy sister's weaknesses, he had been at this hour thy brother."

"It was thyself who chose to break the bond of betrothment," replied her brother; "but, trust me, hadst thou not retreated from the contract, never would I have bestowed my sister's hand, at the altar, on a petty trader of Dieppe!"

"Thou mightst, at least, abstain from loading him with insult," persisted sister Genevieve; "less for *his* sake than thine own; for, thick as are these convent walls, a whisper hath already reached mine ear that Jacques Morel vows deadly vengeance against thee and thine."

"His vengeance be on my head, then," quoth Ango, with a contemptuous smile. "The good castle of Dieppe containeth dungeons for the correction of evil minds; and, ere the soldiers of my garrison would permit this Dieppois chapman to smite a blow against their Governor"——

"Thy thoughts are too much bent upon deeds of violence," remonstrated the nun. "Mischief shall hunt the violent man; and he who smiteth

with the sword shall perish by the sword. But there are other blows, my good brother, which may attaint even the Commandant of Dieppe. Before the tribunals of the law all men are equal; and, lo! it is in a court of justice that thou, even thou, the Governor, shalt be called upon to render thine account!"

"The Chancellor is my good and noble friend," observed Ango, sternly; "the fiscals are my creatures; the President of the Tribunal of Commerce holds his appointment from my recommendation. I have no fear but that my case, whatever it be, will meet with gentle dealing."

"If thy cause be a strong one, thou art wise to invoke justice," said Sister Genevieve, almost re-assured by his coldness. "Nevertheless, should the sire Morel's accusation prove a just one, that, being, in the year of Grace 1524, thy partner in divers expeditions and undertakings, thou hast frustrated him of his lawful share of certain prizes and captures, effected by vessels armed under your joint authority and at your united cost."

"'Tis false as hell!" cried Ango, furiously.

"Heaven send that the Admiralty of Paris (before whom he is about to sue out his process) be of the same opinion!" replied his sister, unmoved by his violence.

"The Admiralty of *Paris*?" cried Ango, in a tone of consternation.

"Of Paris!—For how, at Dieppe, could Morel have obtained justice against the commandant? The fiscals are, as thou didst now assert, thy creatures; and——"

"How knowest thou of Jacques Morel's intention?" cried Ango, impatiently. "Despite the seeming seclusion of this holy house have the sisters of St Mary liberty to play the gossip with members of the town-council, more especially with such as have been of old their suitors and servants?"

"Thou hast forgotten, then, amid the pomps of thy new seigneury," observed his sister, "that our holy mother, the Superior, is sister of Jacques Morel, as I of his adversary? Even the interests of her flock have not rendered the good Abbess insensible to the wrongs of her brother's house; and, lo! on learning the grievous news, that he had been smitten on the cheek in full council, by Ango the governor, the venerable woman entreated the prayers of the community, that God might incline the heart of Jacques Morel to mercy, lest he should deal ruin and disgrace to one who hath been in his time a liberal benefactor to the convent."

"My humble thanks to the pious lady mother," cried Ango, bitterly. "But let her reserve her prayers for the plight of her brother, who may find my armed hand upon his neck sooner than he conjectures!"

"Say not so, O my brother!" was the earnest reply of sister Genevieve. "The King, thy master, by whom thine acts, whether for good or evil, have been hitherto upheld, lieth on his death-bed. Nor Francis, nor the poor nun thy sister, shall ever again stand in the flesh before the face of God. Take it, therefore, on the word of a dying woman, that, when the breath of the King goeth forth, thy prosperity will also wax to an end. The tribunals of the kingdom will exult in dealing harshly with one who hath so long defied their authority; and when Francis is in his grave, the upstart Viscount will find bitter enemies among the nobles of France; and the mariner, John Ango, bitter accusers among the burghers, his sometime equals!"

"Enough, enough!" cried the governor, rising hastily from his stool. "Suffice it that thou hast already bred disquiet in my household, by inciting my only son to rebellion. But for the abetting of thine evil counsel, Theodore Ango had been even now the husband of the high and puissant 'Demoiselle d'Amboise, kinswoman of my Lord the Cardinal, by whose interest I were enabled to laugh to scorn the tribunals of the Admiralty. Whereas, behold! the youth is a wanderer in foreign lands; and there shall abide till I have in writing his promise to resign his idle passion for a girl of the People, the plebeian niece of Jacques Morel."

"That writing thou wilt never have!" answered the nun, with firmness. "I know my nephew's heart, and sooner than break the solemn covenant of troth-plight into which he hath entered with Isabeau Morel, Theodore will live and die an exile. Mine eyes shall behold him no more, my lips counsel him no further, but I die in the solemn persuasion, that my father's grandson and representative on earth, would renounce all chance of worldly happiness rather than be forsworn."

A few more weeks, and the passing bell of the convent of St Mary announced that sister Genevieve had entered into her rest. Yet already her predictions had been partly accomplished. The commandant of Dieppe was unable even to cast his love-offering upon the grave of the poor nun, having been summoned to appear before the tribunals of his native country for malpractices and felonious dealing! The town and garrison were now agitated by the most violent commotions. Ango had been removed to Paris under an armed escort, that seemed to announce the harshest intentions towards the accused; and, notwithstanding the favour which his bitter opposition to the Protestant cause in Normandy might have been expected to secure from the bigoted counsellors of the young King who had succeeded to the throne of Francis I., it was rumoured that the cause of Ango was prejudged. In spite of the eloquence of the men of the law engaged in his behalf, the accused was accordingly condemned, by a unanimity of voices, to pay, not only to Jacques Morel the amount of his demand, but a fine of ten thousand marks to the King for breach of commercial law; and, in default of payment, to be incarcerated in the royal prison of the Petit Châtelet.

These exactions, however, heavy as they were, constituted the least painful part of Ango's

punishment. Previous to the promulgation of his sentence, a successor had been appointed to his government of the Castle of Dieppe; and the new commandant, a kinsman and partisan of the family of Morel, having ejected the goods and household chattels of his predecessor, the rich hangings and sculptured cupboards of Ango had been seized upon by the populace, and converted into a bonfire, the flames of which, rising from the high cliffs beyond the citadel, were apparent as far as the manor of Varengeville, and many leagues out at sea.

Released from prison, after payment of the exorbitant charges of his process at law, Ango, broken in health, and impaired in fortune by his recent calamities, would gladly have refrained from returning to the scene of his humiliation. He saw that the loss of the King, his master, was the signal of his ruin. He began to place implicit faith in the predictions of the sister, now lost to him for ever; and, shorn of his beams, reduced to the insignificance of a private station, could scarcely support the idea of confronting the scornful looks of his fellow-citizens. Still, the sanguine nature of his spirit forbade him to despair. To return to his native place was inevitable: since in speculations connected with the harbour, and in land adjoining the town, were invested the remains of a fortune shattered by ostentation, and reduced by the award of justice; nor could he refrain from flattering himself that, even yet, judicious ventures might repair the injuries he had sustained. The star which had so long prospered his undertakings, could not have set for ever.

On arriving in Normandy, however, the mortified man had not courage to reappear in his place in the town-council of Dieppe. Secluded in his manor house, it was thence he issued instructions to his captains and dockmasters: and, profiting by his absence, new accusations were soon brought forward against him in the Assembly of Notables. Encouraged by the success of Jacques Morel, many who had hitherto lacked courage to denounce the malefactions of the royal favourite, loudly accused him of peculation in his office, as comptroller of the salt and grain duties of the harbour. The accounts of the last twenty years were called for and re-examined; when peculations of so gross a nature became apparent, then it was clear the whole remaining fortune of Ango would be insufficient to replace the deficit. His houses, his lands, his noble pictures, his rich plate, became the spoil of his enemies; being forfeited to the Crown by a decree of the fiscal court, and hastily and cruelly bought up by the readiest bidders. Confined in the miserable prison adjoining the fortress of the Pollet, to which, in the plenitude of his power, he had consigned so many a fellow-citizen, Ango waited in anguish of spirit to learn that the last penny of his property had been divided, and the period of his punishment expired. To die would have been a blessed escape from the bitterness of his fate; but, fallen as he was, he felt it his duty as a man to meet the fulness of his destinies. For, lo! Bianca yet lived and looked to him for support. Sick and infirm, unable to share his captivity, or even to visit him in prison, supported by the charity of a former tenant of one of his numerous farms, the lady Bianca despatched daily messages to the Pollet, bidding the captive rise superior to misfortune, and reminding him that the proofs of tenderness he had once lavished on his wife, were poor in account compared with the sacrifice of living for her sake, amid the cares and privations of poverty. And thus, the fond affection, the origin of his ambition, now served as a talisman to preserve him from despair.

Amid the general wreck of his property, the manor of Varengeville had been purchased, at an inconsiderable price, by the rich burgher Jacques Morel; and his enemy now ruled in his place! Nevertheless, the chastening hand of God had so subdued the haughtiness of Ango, that he resolved, on his deliverance from prison, to take his staff in his hand and seek the humble farm in which his afflicted partner abided, albeit from its poor casement the stately bowers of Varengeville were painfully visible.

Had the sentence of Ango included only the forfeiture of his fortune, the purpose of Providence had been unfulfilled, and the proud man perished in his impenitence. But solitude had effected wonders; had bound that stubborn heart, and broken that ambitious spirit; till, through the fractures, religion poured her healing balm, and enabled him to work out his salvation. While communing with himself in the silence of his imprisonment, Ango learned to revile his former hardness of heart; his unparental severity towards the son whose presence would have been his sustainment in sorrow, his unbrotherly rejection of the counsels of his sainted sister. That he had not altogether neglected, in his day of prosperity, the cause of the poor and needy, was owing to the gentle instigations of Genevieve; and now, all the alleviation of his wretchedness consisted in the remembrance of his faithful service to the Church, by sending messengers of peace to the savage countries, with whose unenlightened children his vessels held traffic; and by endowing, to perpetuity, religious and charitable foundations for the benefit of his native town.

The happy influence of his sainted sister still served to soften and encourage his afflicted soul. In his dreams, he oftentimes beheld her crowned with the palms of beatitude, and surrounded with the spirits of just men made perfect, bidding him submit himself humbly to the rod of affliction, and trust in the mercy of his chastiser. "Thou hast a loving and duteous son who will still yield comfort to thine old age," seemed evermore to issue from the lips of the spirit in bliss; and Ango, who, for months past, had not dared to turn his thoughts towards the banished Theodore, upon whom, at parting, he had pronounced a fearful malediction, began to call to mind the sweetness of filial love, and to believe that Heaven, in its mercy, might yet restore the lost one to his arms!

"From those for whose advancement I laboured, I met with nought but ingratitude!" faltered Ango, on waking, to find his pallet of rushes wet with tears; "but, lo! my heart whispers that the youth with whom I have dealt so harshly, will render me a blessing for every curse!"

It was at noonday that the period of Ango's imprisonment expired; but so great was the interest excited in his favour by the patience with which he had supported his humiliation, that he found no difficulty in obtaining leave to shelter himself, till nightfall, within the prison walls, so as to escape the insults of the populace. He had signified to his wife, to have a horse and guide in attendance before the church of St Marie des Grêves, at sunset; and from thence, after performing his devotion at the shrine of Notre Dame de bon Secours, which, in happier times, he had erected in gratitude for the deliverance of one of his argosies from shipwreck, he took his silent way, in company with the peasant despatched by the lady Bianca, to bring him to her presence.

It was a chilly autumn evening. Shrill gusts arose at intervals from the sea, and drove athwart the heights crowned by the lonely chapel of Candecôte. The fields were at rest, save when a solitary bittern rose from the marshy meadows of the valley of Arques. The boor by whom the unhappy man was conducted, plodded onwards in sullen taciturnity; and Ango, dispirited by the anticipation of beholding upon the countenance of his beloved wife the ravages effected by misery and privation, could scarcely support the sadness of his soul. So often as he had traversed that road, in all the elation of triumph! So often as he had escorted from the Castle of Dieppe to Varengeville the litter containing his lovely lady, preceded by a guard of honour, and accompanied by the promising youth, his son! And now a sullen peasant was all his escort; his hapless wife was pining away unto death, the pensioner of the poor; and as to Theodore, even his parents knew not whether he still survived, or to what savage shore and cruel straits he might have been driven by the persecutions of his father.

The night drew on to utter darkness; and Ango's eyes, blinded with tears, marked not what road they were taking. His soul was back in the mystery of years, his heart was heavy with self-reviling; and it started him from a reverie as of deep sleep, when the guide, suddenly checking his horse, bad him alight, for that his journey was accomplished.

"How is this?" cried Ango, on discerning that, instead of the rude gates of a farm house, the man held open the postern of a long stone wall. Suspecting an ambush, he began to repent having ventured forth unarmed with a stranger; when, lo! the lights from within the edifice that confronted him, on closing the postern, seemed to revive half obliterated recollections; and a death-like sickness came over him when he found that he was standing on the well-known lawn of Varengeville. He had been betrayed, then, into the presence of his enemy.

Already faint with exhaustion, and the excitement of the preceding hours, Ango fell lifeless to the ground. On his restoration to consciousness, centuries seemed to have passed over his head. He was no longer the same Ango, the same humiliated outcast. He was at Varengeville. He was reclining on a bed in his own favourite chamber; and beside him, with her hand fast locked in his, stood Bianca, his own beloved Bianca, pale indeed, (and with her paleness rendered still more dazzling by the mourning weeds in which she was attired,) but gentle and affectionate; *more* affectionate, *far* more gentle than in their days of prosperity.

In a moment, her thin wasted hand was pressed to his lips, while his finger, pointing to the sable dress she wore, seemed to indicate the question he had not strength to utter—"Hath the worst befallen us? Are we childless?"

Bianca was spared the necessity of reply. Ango now perceived that they were not alone; and the deep sobs of the person who was kneeling at the extremity of the couch, indicated that it was one who took part in all their joys and sorrows.

"Where am I, and who is this compassionate stranger?" faltered Ango, drawing his wife gently towards him.

"You are in your own house, and in presence of your exemplary son," replied Bianca, placing her hand upon the head of the youth, whom, with a burst of relieving tears, Ango strained in ecstasy to his bosom.

"Varengeville is yours again, my beloved father," exclaimed Theodore, when the first burst of emotion between them had subsided. "The tidings of your disasters reached me not till a year after the transmission of the sad intelligence by the father of my affianced wife. Deeply grieved that the accusation brought against you in a moment of exasperation should have proved the origin of such extensive and unforeseen misfortunes, our friend armed and despatched a vessel to Goa, whence I had already sent tidings to his daughter of my safety and faithful affection; and six months ago, I sailed from India on my return, to tender to my parents the first fruits of my industry and enterprise. To me hath our repentant enemy surrendered this house and its dependencies; and henceforth, as heretofore, you are master at Varengeville. I shall but crave harbourage under your roof for myself and one gentle being, from whom I beseech you, my father, no longer to withhold the benediction, without which our union were accursed in the eye of Heaven!"

To resist the entreaty of the son thus happily restored to him, was impossible. It was not without a struggle that Ango consented to clasp hands in amity with the man who, provoked by repeated insults and aggressions, had undesignedly wrought the double work of vengeance; nevertheless, when he saw with what sincerity

of sympathy Morel lent his aid to redeem the wreck of his fortunes, and conciliate in his behalf the good-will of his fellow citizens, he opened his arms to his repentant friend, and consented to efface the recollection of all former feuds, by the union of their offspring.

Relieved from its cumbrous load of ostentation, the Manor of Varengeville, as the abode of a family affecting only the condition of thriving burghers, and faithful subjects of the King, became a far happier spot than at the epoch of its more ambitious destinies. Ango rejoiced to resign to his son the care of his commercial enterprises; limiting his own efforts to the arrangements and cultivation of the delicious gardens of the Manor, and to the task of retiring, hand in hand, with his altered and subdued partner, into the vale of years.

A new generation had arisen around his knees ere he was summoned to his great account; a generation bearing the united names of Ango and Morel, to whom their grandsire's last admonition was couched in nearly the words of the dying Wolsey!—

> I charge ye, fling away ambition.
> By that sin fell the angels. How then shall man,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it.

The Manor-house, now converted into a farm, still retains striking traces of the remarkable man by whom it was called into existence. Carved medallions of stone, containing heraldic devices, heads of negroes and Indians, (the people of the countries with whom the rich burgher of Dieppe held traffic,) still adorn the external walls, as well as portraits of Francis I. and Diana of Poitiers; some vestiges also remain of the far-famed frescos which adorned the chimney pieces; and an open gallery of carved stone, adorned with Saxon arches and columns, might afford a model to modern architects. But the full-length portraits of Ango and his wife, which, till within a few years, were to be seen enchased in the wall above a stone mantelpiece of rich design, have wholly disappeared; as well as the marble slab which, after his inhumation in 1550, in the Church of St Jacques, in the chapel bearing his name, was placed, by the pious care of his son over the remains of John Ango.

A far more permanent testimony to the career of Ango, is borne in the decline of the town of Dieppe, accounted, before his time, one of the most flourishing in France. From the moment of his elevation, not a petty capitalist of the place but aspired to the honour of nobility. The high-sounding title of "Viscount" Ango, diverted all their thoughts from their herring and cod fisheries, and oriental commerce. The passion for ennoblement became universal; and being judiciously played upon by the King's ministers, ever ready to bestow tinsel in exchange for gold, scarcely an independent merchant of the burgh but was enabled to sport his hour in the glittering courts of royalty. The sole object of the industry and enrichment of the Dieppois, appeared the acquirement of empty honours; and the burghers thus ennobled, soon followed up their madness by consecrating their sons to the army and the church, with a view to the acquirement of further honorary distinctions. Commerce was gradually neglected, and civic duties were disregarded.

By degrees, the dockyards of Dieppe fell into decay. The port no longer sent forth adventurous fleets to the great Indies, or hazarded establishments in the western hemisphere. Its efficient men were fighting in the civil wars, or making congees at the Louvre, St Germains, or Versailles. The whole navy of a town which had once exulted in the princely privateers of Ango, capable of striking terror into Kings, became finally reduced to a few fishing boats, with some score or so of ill-built brigs, trading with Norway for her deals, and Gascony for her wines. Even the magnificent churches of St Jacques and St Remy, lacking the wealthy patrons who had loaded them with benefactions, fell into decay; but *this* defacement is not wholly attributable to the neglect of the notables of the city.

When in the zenith of Ango's pride and prosperity, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, about to embark from Dieppe for Scotland, condescended to become his guest; the host of the young Queen took delight in pointing out to her royal notice, that not a man among the two thousand wearing his colours, who were ranged along the harbour to do her honour, was infected by the doctrines of the new schism of Protestantism.

"Have a care, Master Ango!" was the reply of the royal daughter of the house of Guise; "You have unsafe neighbours here; and spiritual infection, God wot, is easily extended."

The words of Mary of Scotland were more speedily verified than might have been expected. Within a year, the worship of the Huguenots was established in the town of Dieppe; and within two, John Knox, the Reformer, was preaching the new doctrines, unmolested, in the Cathedral of St Remy! Some years later, one of the severest actions of the Leaguers was fought in the adjoining valley of Arques, in whose castle Henry IV. had taken up his position.

True to the faith of his ancestors, and schooled by the wise lessons of Sister Genevieve and the afflicting example of his parents, Ango the younger held with moderation the even tenor of his way. By the intermarriage of his only daughter with the great nephew of Jacques Morel, the manor of Varengeville was preserved for nearly a century in the family; which, in the reign of Louis XIV. became extinct. From that period, the lands were divided; and the house, degraded by neglect, was converted into a farm. Yet even now, when visited by travellers attracted by the beauty of its site, and the interest of remains so valuable as authentically characteristic of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, the manor of Varengeville is pointed out by the peasants of the environs as "*La maison d'Ango!*"

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS, FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our January No.)

IMMEDIATELY below the little village of Clappersgate, in which the Scottish ladies resided —Mrs Millar and Mrs Cullen—runs the wild mountain river called the *Brathay*, which, descending from Langdale head, and soon after becoming confluent with the Rothay, (a brook-like stream that comes originally from Easedale, and takes its course through the two lakes of Grasmere and Rydal,) finally composes a considerable body of water, that flows along, deep, calm, and steady—no longer brawling, bubbling, tumultuous—into the splendid lake of Windermere, the largest of our English waters; or, if not, at least the longest, and of the most extensive circuit. Close to this little river, Brathay, on the farther side, as regards Clappersgate, (and what, though actually part and parcel of a district that is severed by the sea, or by Westmoreland, from Lancashire proper, is yet, from some old legal usage, denominated the Lancashire side of the Brathay,) stands a modest family mansion, called Low Brathay, by way of distinction from another and a larger mansion, about a quarter of a mile beyond it, which, standing upon a little eminence, is called High Brathay.

In this house of Low Brathay lived, and continued to live, for many years, (in fact, until misery, in its sharpest form, drove him from his hearth and his household happiness,) Charles L——, the younger;—on his own account, and for his personal qualities, worthy of a separate notice in any biography, howsoever sparing in its digressions; but, viewed in reference to his fortunes, amongst the most interesting men I have known. Never do I reflect upon his hard fate, and the bitter though mysterious persecution of body which pursued him, dogged him, and thickened as life advanced, but I feel gratitude to Heaven for my own exemption from suffering in that particular form; and, in the midst of afflictions, of which two or three have been most hard to bear, because not unmingled with pangs of remorse for the share which I myself may have had in causing them—still, by comparison with the lot of Charles L——, I acknowledge my own to have been happy and serene. Already, on my first hasty visit to Grasmere in 1807, I found Charles L—— settled with his family at Brathay, and a resident there, I believe, of some standing. It was on a wet gloomy evening; and Miss Wordsworth and I were returning from an excursion to Esthwaite Water, when, suddenly, in the midst of blinding rain, without previous notice, she said—Pray, let us call for a few minutes at this house. A garden gate led us into a little shrubbery, chiefly composed of lawns beautifully kept, through which ran a gravel road, just wide enough to admit a single carriage. A minute or so saw us housed in a small comfortable drawing-room, but with no signs of living creatures near it; and, from the accident of double doors, all covered with baize, being scattered about the house, the whole mansion seemed the palace of silence, though populous, I understood, with children. In no long time appeared Mr L——; soon followed by his youthful wife, both radiant with kindness; and it may be supposed that we were not suffered to depart for some hours. I call Mrs L—— youthful; and so I might call her husband; for both were youthful considered as the parents of a numerous family, six or seven children then living—Charles L—— himself not being certainly more than twenty-seven, and his "Sophia" perhaps not twenty-five. On that short visit I saw enough to interest me in both; and two years after, when I became myself a permanent resident in Grasmere, the connexion between us became close and intimate. My cottage stood just five miles from Brathay; and there were two mountain roads which shortened the space between us, though not the time nor the toil. But, notwithing this distance, often and often, upon the darkest nights, for many years, I used to go over about nine o'clock, or an hour later, and sit with him till one. Mrs L—— was simply an amiable young woman, of pleasing person, perfectly well principled, and, as a wife and mother, not surpassed by anybody I have known in either of those characters. In figure she somewhat resembled the ever memorable and most excellent Mrs Jordan; she was exactly of the middle height, and having that slight degree of *embonpoint*, even in youth, which never through life diminishes or increases. Her complexion may be imagined, from the circumstances of her hair being tinged with a slight and not unpleasing shade of red. Finally, in manners, she was remarkably self-possessed, free from all awkward embarrassment, and (to an extent which some people would wonder at in one who had been brought up, I believe, wholly in a great commercial town) perfectly lady-like. So much description is due to one, who, though no authoress, and never making the slightest pretension to talents, was too much connected subsequently with the lakers to be passed over in a review of their community. Ah! gentle lady! your head, after struggling through many a year with strange calamities, has found rest at length; but not in English ground, or amongst the mountains which you loved: at Versailles it is, and perhaps within a stone's throw of that Mrs Jordan whom in so many things you resembled, and most of all in the misery which settled upon your latter years. There you lie, and for ever, whose blooming matronly figure rises up to me

at this moment from a depth of thirty years! and your children scattered into all lands.

But for Charles L——, he, by his literary works, is so far known to the public, that, on his own account, he merits some separate notice. His poems do not place him in the class of powerful poets; they are loosely conceived—faultily even at times—and not finished in the execution. But they have a real and a mournful merit under one aspect, which might be so presented to the general reader as to win a peculiar interest for many of them, and for some a permanent place in any judicious *thesaurus*—such as we may some day hope to see drawn off, and carefully filtered, from the enormous mass of poetry produced since the awakening era of the French Revolution. This aspect is founded on the relation which they bear to the real events and the unexaggerated afflictions of his own life. The feelings which he attempts to express were not assumed for effect, nor drawn by suggestion from others, and then transplanted into some ideal experience of his own. They do not belong to the mimetic poetry so extensively cultivated, but they were true solitary sighs, wrung from his own meditative heart by excess of suffering, and by the yearning after old scenes and household faces of an impassioned memory, brooding over vanished happiness, and cleaving to those early times when life wore even for *his* eyes the golden light of Paradise. But he had other and higher accomplishments of intellect than he shewed in his verses, as I shall presently explain; and of a nature which make it difficult to bring them adequately within the reader's apprehension. Meantime, I will sketch an outline of poor L——'s history, so far as I can pretend to know it. He was the son, and probably his calamitous life originally dated from his being the son, of Quaker parents. It was said, indeed, by himself as well as others, that the mysterious malady which haunted him, had been derived from an ancestress in the maternal line; and this may have been true; and, for all that, it may also be true that Quaker habits were originally answerable for this legacy of wo. It is sufficiently well known that, in the training of their young people, the Society of Friends make it a point of conscience to apply severe checks to all open manifestations of natural feeling, or of exuberant spirits. Not the passions—they are beyond their control—but the expression of those passions by any natural language; this they lay under the heaviest restraint; and, in many cases, it is possible that such a system of thwarting nature may do no great mischief; just as we see the American Indians, in moulding the plastic skulls of their infants into capricious shapes, do not, after all, much disturb the ordinary course of nature, nor produce the idiots we might have expected. But, then, the reason why such tampering may often terminate in slight results is, because often there is not much to tamper with; the machinery is so slight, and the total range within which it plays is perhaps so narrow, that the difference between its normal action and its widest deviation may, after all, be practically unimportant. For there are many men and women of whom I have already said, borrowing the model of the word from Hartley, that they have not so much passions as *passiuncles*. These, however, are in *one* extreme; and others there are, and will be, in every class, and under every disadvantage, who are destined to illustrate the very opposite extreme. Great passions—passions pointing to the paths of love, of ambition, of glory, martial or literary—these in men—and in woman, again, these, either in some direct shape, or taking the form of intense sympathy with the same passions as moving amongst contemporary men—*will* gleam out fitfully amongst the placid children of Fox and Penn, not less than amongst us who profess no war with the nobler impulses of our nature. And, perhaps, according to the Grecian doctrine of *antiperistasis*, strong untameable passions are more likely to arise, even in consequence of the counteraction. Deep passions undoubtedly lie in the blood and constitution of Englishmen; and Quakers,* after all, do not, by being such, cease, therefore, to be Englishmen.

It is, I have said, sufficiently well known that the Quakers make it a point of their moral economy to lay the severest restraints upon all ebullitions of feeling. Whatever may be the nature of the feeling, whatever its strength, utter itself by word or by gesture it must not; smoulder it may, but it must not break into a flame. This is known; but it is not equally known that this unnatural restraint, falling into collision with two forces at once, the force of passion and of youth, not uncommonly records its own injurious tendencies, and publishes the rebellious movements of nature, by distinct and anomalous diseases. And, further, I have been assured, upon most excellent authority, that these diseases, strange and elaborate affections of the nervous system, are found *exclusively* amongst the young men and women of the Quaker society; that they are known and understood exclusively amongst physicians who have practised in great towns having a large Quaker population, such as Birmingham; that they assume a new type, and a more inveterate character, in the second or third generation, to whom this fatal inheritance is often transmitted; and, finally, that, if this class of nervous derangements does not increase so much as to attract public attention, it is simply because the community itself—the Quaker body—does not increase, but, on the contrary, is rather on the wane.

From a progenitrix, then, no matter in what generation, C. L—— inherited that awful malady

* In using the term *Quakers*, I hoped it would have been understood, even without any explanation from myself, that I did not mean to use it scornfully or insultingly to that respectable body. But it was the great oversight of their founders, not to have saved them from a nickname, by assuming some formal designation expressive of some capital characteristic. At present one is in this dilemma; either one must use a tedious periphrasis, (*e.g.*, *the young women of the Society of Friends*,) or the ambiguous one of *young female Friends*.

which withered his own happiness, root and branch, gathering strength from year to year. His father was a banker, and, I presume, wealthy, from the ample allowance which he always made to his son Charles. Charles, it is true, had the rights of primogeniture—which, however, in a commercial family, are not considerable—but, at the same time, though eldest, he was eldest of seventeen or eighteen brothers and sisters; and of these, I believe, that some round dozen or so were living at the time when I first came to know him. He had been educated in the bosom of Quaker society; his own parents, with most of their friends, were Quakers; and, even of his own generation, all the young women continued Quakers. Naturally, therefore, as a boy, he also was obliged to conform to the Quaker ritual. But this ritual presses with great inequality upon the two sexes; in so far, at least, as regards dress. The distinctions of dress which announce the female Quaker, are all in her favour. In a nation eminent for personal purity, and where it should seem beforehand impossible for any woman to create a pre-eminence for herself in that respect; so it is, however, that the female Quaker, by her dress, seems even purer than other women, and consecrated to a service of purity; earthly soil or taint, even the sullying breath of mortality, seems as if kept aloof from her person—forcibly held in repulsion by some protecting sanctity. This transcendant purity, and a nun-like gentleness, self-respect, and sequestration from the world—these are all that *her* peculiarity of dress expresses; and surely this "all" is quite enough to win every man's favourable feelings towards her, and something even like homage. But, with the male Quaker, how different is the case! *His* dress—originally not remarkable by its shape, but solely by its colour and want of ornament, so peculiar has it become in a lapse of nearly two centuries—seems expressly devised to point him out to ridicule. In some towns, it is true, such as Birmingham and Kendal, the public eye is so familiar with this costume, that in *them* it excites no feeling whatever more than the professional costume of butchers, bakers, grooms, &c. But in towns not commercial—towns of luxury and parade—a Quaker is exposed to most mortifying trials of his self-esteem. It has happened that I have followed a young man of this order for a quarter of a mile, in Bath, or in one of the fashionable streets of London, on a summer evening, when numerous servants were lounging on the steps of the front door, or at the area gates; and I have seen him run the gauntlet of grim smiles from the men, and *heard* him run the gauntlet of that sound—the worst which heaven has in its artillery of scorn against the peace of poor Man—the half-suppressed titter of the women. Laughing outright is bad, but still *that* may be construed into a determinate insult that studiously avows more contempt than is really felt; but tittering is hell itself; for it seems mere nature, and absolute truth, that extort this expression of contempt in spite of every effort to suppress it.

Some such expression it was that drove Charles L—— into an early apostacy from his sect: early it must have been, for he went at the usual age of eighteen to Cambridge, and there, as a Quaker, he could not have been received. He, indeed, of all men, was the least fitted to contend with the world's scorn, for he had no great fortitude of mind, his vocation was not to martyrdom, and he was cursed with the most exquisite sensibility. This sensibility, indeed, it was, and not so properly any determinate passion, which had been the scourge of his ancestress. There was something that appeared effeminate about it; and which, accordingly, used to provoke the ridicule of Wordsworth, whose character, in all its features, wore a masculine and Roman harshness. But, in fact, when you came to know Charles L——, there was, even in this slight tinge of effeminacy, something which conciliated your pity by the feeling that it impressed you with, of being part of his disease. His sensibility was eminently *Rousseauish*—that is, it was physico-moral; now pointing to appetites that would have mastered him had he been less intellectual, and governed by a less exalted standard of moral perceptions; now pointing to fine aerial speculations, subtle as a gossamer, and apparently calculated to lead him off into abstractions even too remote from flesh and blood.

During the Cambridge vacation, or, it might be, even before he went to Cambridge—and my reason for thinking so is, because both, I believe, belonged to the same town, if it could not be said of them as of Pyramus and Thisbe, that "*contiguas habuere domos*"—he fell desperately in love with Miss Sophia P——n. Who she was I never heard—that is, what were her connexions; but, I presume, that she must have been of an opulent family, because Mrs P——n, the mother of Mrs L——, occasionally paid a visit to her daughter at the lakes; and that she brought with her a handsomely-appointed equipage, as to horses and servants. This I have reason to remember, from the fact of herself and her daughter frequently coming over on summer evenings to drink tea with me, and the affront (as I then thought it) which Wordsworth fastened upon me in connexion with one of those visits. One evening,

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A pang of wrath gathered at my heart. Yet why? One moment, I felt, indeed, that it was not gentlemanly to interfere with the privileges of any man standing in the situation which I then occupied, of host; but still I should not have regarded it, except from its connexion with a case I recollected in the previous year. One fine summer day, we were walking together—Wordsworth, myself, and Southey. Southey had been making earnest inquiries about poor Lloyd, just then in the crisis of some severe illness, and Wordsworth's answer had been partly lost to me. I put a question upon it, when, to my surprise, (my wrath internally, but also to my special amusement,) he replied that, in fact, what he had said was a matter of some delicacy, and not quite

proper to be communicated except to *near friends of the family*. This to me!—O ye Gods!—to me, who knew, by many a hundred conversations, how disagreeable Wordsworth was, both to Charles L—— and to his wife; whilst, on the other hand—not by words only, but by deeds, and by the most delicate acts of confidential favour—I knew that Mr Wilson (Professor Wilson) and myself had been selected as friends in cases which were not so much as named to Wordsworth. The arrogance of Wordsworth was well illustrated in this case of the L——s.

But to resume L——'s history. Being so desperately in love with Miss P——n, and his parents being rich, why should he not have married her? *Why* I know not. But some great obstacles arose; and, I presume, on the side of Miss P——n's friends; for, actually, it became necessary to steal her away; and the person in whom L—— confided for this delicate service, was no other than Southey. A better choice he could not have made. Had the lady been Helen of Greece, Southey would not have had a thought but for the honour and interests of his confiding friend.

Having thus, by proxy, run away with his young wife, and married her, L—— brought her to Cambridge. It is a novel thing in Cambridge, though not altogether unprecedented, for a student to live there with a wife. This novelty L——exhibited to the University for some time; but then, finding the situation not perfectly agreeable to the delicate sensibilities of his young wife, L—— removed, first, I think, to Penrith; and, after some changes, he settled down at Brathay, from which, so long as he stayed on English ground—that is, for about fifteen or sixteen years—he never moved. When I first crossed his path at the lakes, he was in the zenith of the brief happiness that was granted to him on earth. He stood in the very centre of earthly pleasures; and, that his advantages may be duly estimated, I will describe both himself and his situation.

First, then, as to his person, he was tall and somewhat clumsy—not intellectual so much as benign and conciliatory in his expression of face. His features were not striking, but they expressed great goodness of heart; and latterly wore a deprecatory expression that was peculiarly touching to those who knew its cause. His manners were free from all modes of vulgarity; and, where he acquired his knowledge I know not, (for I never heard him claim any connexion with people of rank,) but a knowledge he certainly had of all the conventional usages amongst the higher circles, and of those purely arbitrary customs which mere good sense and native elegance of manner are not, of themselves, sufficient to teach. Some of these he might have learned from the family of the Bishop of Llandaff; for with the ladies of that family he was intimate, especially with the eldest daughter, who was an accomplished student in that very department of literature which L—— himself most cultivated, viz., all that class of works which deal in the analysis of human passions, or attempt to exhibit the developement of human character, in relation to sexual attachments, when placed in trying circumstances. L—— corresponded with Miss Watson in French; the letters, on both sides, being full of spirit and originality; the subjects generally drawn from Rousseau's "Heloise" or his "Confessions," from "Corinne," from "Delphine," or some other work of Madame de Stael. For such disquisitions L—— had a real and a powerful genius. It was really a delightful luxury to hear him giving free scope to his powers for investigating subtle combinations of character; for distinguishing all the shades and affinities of some presiding qualities, disentangling their intricacies, and balancing, antithetically, one combination of qualities against another. Take, for instance, any well-known character from the drama, and pique L——'s delicate perception of differences by affecting to think it identical with some other character of the same class—instantly, in his anxiety to mark out the features of dissimilitude, he would hurry into an impromptu analysis of each character separately, with an eloquence, with a keenness of distinction, and a felicity of phrase, which were perfectly admirable. This display of familiarity with life and human nature, in all its masqueradings, was sometimes truly splendid. But two things were remarkable in these displays. One was, that the splendour was quite hidden from himself, and unperceived amidst the effort of mind, and oftentimes severe struggles, in attempting to do himself justice, both as respected the thoughts and the difficult task of clothing them in adequate words; he was as free from vanity, or even from complacency in reviewing what he had effected, as it is possible for a human creature to be. He thought, indeed, slightly of his own powers; and, which was even a stronger barrier against vanity, his displays of this kind were always effective in proportion to his unhappiness; for unhappiness it was, and the restlessness of internal irritation, that chiefly drove him to exertions of his intellect; else, and when free from this sort of excitement, he tended to the quiescent state of a listener; for he thought everybody better than himself. The other point remarkable in these displays was, (and most unfavourable, of course, it proved to his obtaining the reputation they merited,) that he could succeed in them only before confidential friends, those on whom he could rely for harbouring no shade of ridicule towards himself or his theme. Let but one person enter the room of whose sympathy he did not feel secure, and his powers forsoook him as suddenly as the buoyancy of a bird that has received a mortal shot in its wing. Accordingly, it is a fact that neither Wordsworth nor Coleridge ever suspected the amount of power which was latent in L——; for he firmly believed that both of them despised him. Mrs L—— thought the same thing. Often and often she has said to me, smiling in a mournful way—"I know too well that both Wordsworth and Coleridge entertain a profound contempt for my poor

Charles." And, when I combated this notion, declaring that, although they might (and probably did) hold very cheap such writers as Rousseau and Madame de Stael, and, consequently, could not approve of studies directed so exclusively to their works, or to works of the same class, still that was not sufficient to warrant them in undervaluing the powers which Mr L—— applied to such studies. To this, or similar arguments, she would reply by simply shaking her head, and then sink into silence.

But the time was fast approaching, when all pains of this kind, from supercilious or well-founded disparagement, were to be swallowed up in more awful considerations and fears. The transition was not a long one, from the state of prosperity in which I found L—— about 1807–10, to the utter overthrow of his happiness, and, for his friends, the overthrow of all hopes on his behalf. In the three years I have assigned, his situation seemed luxuriously happy, as regarded the external elements of happiness. He had, without effort of his own, an income, most punctually remitted from his father, of from £1500 to £1800 per annum. This income was entirely resigned to the management of his prudent and excellent wife; and, as his own personal expenses, separate from those of his family, were absolutely none at all, except for books, she applied the whole either to the education of her children, or to the accumulation of all such elegancies of life about their easy unpretending mansion, as might soothe her husband's nervous irritations, or might cheer his drooping spirits, with as much variety of pleasure as a mountainous seclusion allowed. The establishment of servants was usually limited to six—one only being a man servant—but these were well chosen; and one or two were confidential servants, tried by long experience. Rents are always low in the country for unfurnished houses; and even for the country, Low Brathay was a cheap house; but it contained everything for comfort, nothing at all for splendour. Consequently, a very large part of their income was disposable for purposes of hospitality; and, when I first knew them, Low Brathay was distinguished above every other house at the head of Windermere, or within ten miles of that neighbourhood, by the judicious assortment of its dinner parties, and the gaiety of its *soirées dansantes*. These parties were never crowded; poor L—— rarely danced himself; but it gladdened his benevolent heart to see the young and blooming floating through the mazes of the dances then fashionable, whilst he sat by looking on, at times, with pleasure from his sympathy with the pleasure of others; at times pursuing some animated discussion with a literary friend; at times lapsing into profound reverie. At some of these dances it was that I first saw Wilson of Elleray, (Professor Wilson,) in circumstances of animation, and buoyant with youthful spirits, under the excitement of lights, wine, and, above all, of female company. He, by the way, was the best male dancer (not professional) I have ever seen; and this advantage he owed entirely to the extraordinary strength of his foot in all its parts, to its peculiarly happy conformation, and to the accuracy of his ear; for, as to instruction, I have often understood, from his family, that he never had any. Here also danced the future wife of Professor Wilson, Miss Jane P——, at that time the leading belle of the Lake country. But, perhaps, the most interesting person in those parties, from the peculiarity of her situation, was Mrs L—— herself, still young, and, indeed, not apparently exceeding in years most of her unmarried visiters: still dancing and moving through cotillons, or country dances, as elegantly and as lightly as the youngest of the company; still framing her countenance to that expression of cheerfulness which hospitality required; but stealing for ever troubled glances to the sofa, or the recess, where her husband had reclined himself—dark foreboding looks, that saw but too truly the coming darkness which was soon to swallow up every vestige of this festal pleasure. She looked upon herself and her children too clearly as a doomed household; and such, in some sense, they were. And, doubtless, to poor L—— himself, it must a thousandfold have aggravated his sufferings—that he could trace, with a steady eye, the continual growth of that hideous malady which was stealing over the else untroubled azure of his life, and with inaudible foot was hastening onwards for ever to that night in which no man can work, and in which no man can hope.

It was so painful to Charles L——, naturally, to talk much about his bodily sufferings, and it would evidently have been so unfeeling in one who had no medical counsels to offer, if, for the mere gratification of his curiosity, he had asked for any circumstantial account of its nature or symptoms, that I am at this moment almost as much at a loss to understand what was the mode of suffering which it produced, how it operated, and through what organs, as any of my readers can be. All that I know is this:—For several years—six or seven, suppose—the disease expressed itself by intense anguish of irritation; not an irritation that gnawed at any one local spot, but diffused itself; sometimes causing a determination of blood to the head, then shaping itself into a general sense of plethoric congestion in the bloodvessels, then again remoulding itself into a restlessness that became insupportable; preying upon the spirits and the fortitude, and finding no permanent relief or periodic interval of rest, night or day. Sometimes L—— used robust exercise, riding on horseback as fast as he could urge the horse forward; sometimes, for many weeks together, he walked for twenty miles, or even more, at a time: sometimes (this was in the earlier stages of the case) he took large doses of ether: sometimes he used opium, and, I believe, in very large quantities; and I understood him to say that, for a time, it subdued the excess of irritability, and the agonizing accumulation of spasmodic strength which he felt for ever growing upon him, and, as it

were, upon the very surface of his whole body. But all remedies availed him nothing; and once he said to me, when we were out upon the hills —"Ay, that landscape below, with its quiet cottage, looks lovely, I dare say, to you; as for me, I see it, but I feel it not at all; for, if I begin to think of the happiness, and its various modes which, no doubt, belong to the various occupants, according to their ages and hopes, then I *could* begin to feel it; but it would be a painful effort to me; and the worst of all would be, when *I had* felt it; for that would so sharpen the prospect before me, that just such happiness, which naturally ought to be mine, is soon on the point of slipping away from me for ever." Afterwards he told me that his situation internally was always this—it seemed to him as if on some distant road he heard a dull trampling sound, and that he knew it, by a misgiving, to be the sound of some man, or party of men, continually advancing slowly, continually threatening, or continually accusing him: that all the various artifices which he practised for cheating himself into comfort, or beguiling his sad forebodings, were, in fact, but like so many furious attempts, by drum and trumpets, or even by artillery, to drown the distant noise of his enemies; that, every now and then, mere curiosity, or rather breathless anxiety, caused him to hush the artificial din, and to put himself into the attitude of listening again; when, again and again, and so he was sure it would still be, he caught the sullen and accursed sound, trampling and voices of men, or whatever it were, still steadily advancing, though still, perhaps, at a great distance. It was too evident that derangement of the intellect, in some shape, was coming on; because slight and transient fits of aberration from his perfect mind, had already, at intervals, overtaken him; flying showers, from the skirts of the clouds, that precede and announce the main storm. This was the anguish of his situation, that, for years, he saw before him what was on the road to overwhelm his faculties and his happiness. Still his fortitude did not wholly forsake him, and, in fact, proved to be far greater than I or others had given him credit for possessing. Once only he burst suddenly into tears on hearing the innocent voices of his own children laughing, and of one especially who was a favourite; and he told me that sometimes, when this little child took his hand and led him passively about the garden, he had a feeling that prompted him (however weak and foolish it seemed) to call upon this child for protection; and that it seemed to him as if he might still escape, could he but surround himself only with children. No doubt, this feeling arose out of his sense that a confusion was stealing over his thoughts, and that men would soon find this out to be madness, and would deal with him accordingly; whereas children, as long as he did them no harm would see no reason for shutting him up from his own fireside, and from the human face divine.

It would be too painful to pursue the unhappy case through all its stages. For a long time, the derangement of poor L——'s mind was but partial and fluctuating; and it was the opinion of Professor Wilson, from what he had observed, that it was possible to recall him to himself by firmly opposing his delusions. He certainly, on his own part, did whatever he could to wean his thoughts from gloomy contemplation, by preoccupying them with cheerful studies, and such as might call out his faculties. He translated the whole of Alfieri's dramas, and published his translation. He wrote and printed (but did not publish) a novel in two volumes; my copy of which he soon after begged back again so beseechingly, that I yielded; and so, I believe, did all his other friends: in which case no copy may now exist. All, however, availed him not; the crisis so long dreaded arrived. He was taken away to a lunatic asylum; and, for some long time, he was lost to me as to the rest of the world. The first memorial I had of him was a gentleman, with his hair in disorder, rushing into my cottage at Grasmere, throwing his arms about my neck, and bursting into stormy weeping—it was poor L——!

Yes, it was indeed poor L——, a fugitive from a madhouse, and throwing himself for security upon the honour and affection of one whom with good reason, he supposed confidentially attached to him. Could there be a situation so full of interest or perplexity? Should any ill happen to himself, or to another, through his present enlargement—should he take any fit of vindictive malice against any person whom he might view as an accomplice in the plans against his own freedom, and probably many persons in the neighbourhood, medical and non-medical, stood liable to such a suspicion—upon me, I felt, as the abettor of his evasion, would all the blame settle. And unfortunately we had, in the recent records of this very vale, a most awful lesson, and still fresh in every body's remembrance, of the danger connected with this sort of criminal connivance, or passive participation in the purposes of maniacal malignity. A man, named Watson, had often and for years threatened to kill his aged and inoffensive mother. His threats, partly from their own monstrosity, and from the habit of hearing him for years repeating them without any serious attempt to give them effect—partly also from an unwillingness to aggravate the suffering of the poor lunatic, by translating him out of a mountaineers liberty, into the gloomy confinement of an hospital—were treated with neglect: and at length, after years of disregarded menace, and direct forewarning to the parish authorities, he took an opportunity (which indeed was rarely wanting to him) of killing the poor gray-headed woman, by her own fireside. This case I had before my mind; and it was the more entitled to have weight with me when connected with the altered temper of L——, who now, for the first time in his life, had dropped his gentle and remarkably quiet demeanour, for a tone, savage and ferocious, towards more than one

individual. This tone, however, lurked under a mask, and did not come forward, except by fits and starts, for the present. Indeed his whole manner wore the appearance of studied dissimulation, from the moment when he perceived that I was not alone. In the interval of years since I had last seen him, (which might have been in 1818,) my own marriage had taken place; accordingly, on turning round, and seeing a young woman seated at the tea-table, where heretofore he had been so sure of finding me alone, he seemed shocked at the depth of emotion which he had betrayed before a stranger, and anxious to reinstate himself in his own self-respect, by assuming a tone of carelessness and indifference. No person in the world could feel more profoundly on his account than the young stranger before him, who in fact was not a stranger to his situation and the excess of his misery. But this he could not know; and it was not, therefore, until we found ourselves alone, that he could be prevailed upon to speak of himself, or of the awful circumstances surrounding him, unless in terms of most unsuitable levity. One thing I resolved, at any rate, to make the rule of my conduct towards this unhappy friend, viz., to deal frankly with him, and in no case to make myself a party to any plot upon his personal freedom. Retaken I knew he would be, but not through me; even a murderer in such a case, (*i. e.*, the case of having thrown himself upon my good faith,) I would not betray. I drew from him an account of the immediate facts in his late escape, and his own acknowledgment that even now the pursuit must be close at hand; probably, that his recaptors were within a few hours' distance of Grasmere; that he would be easily traced. That my cottage furnished no means of concealment, he knew too well; still in these respects he was not worse off in Grasmere than elsewhere; and, at any rate, it might save him from immediate renewal of his agitation, and might procure for him one night of luxurious rest and relaxation, by means of conversation with a friend, if he would make up his mind to stay with us until his pursuers should appear; and them I could easily contrive to delay, for at least one day and night, by throwing false information in their way, such as would send them on to Keswick at least, if not to Whitehaven, through the collusion of the very few persons who could have seen him enter my door. My plan was simple and feasible: but somehow or other, and, I believe, chiefly because he did not find me alone, nothing I could say had any weight with him; nor would he be persuaded to stay longer than for a little tea. Staying so short a time, he found it difficult to account for having ever come. But it was too evidently useless to argue the point with him; for he was altered, and had become obstinate and intractable. I prepared, therefore, to gratify him according to his own plan, by bearing him company on the road to Ambleside, and (as he said) to Brathay. We set off on foot: the distance to Ambleside is about three and a half miles; and one-third of this distance brought us to an open plain on the margin of Rydalmere, where the road lies entirely open to the water. This lake is unusually shallow, by comparison with all its neighbours; but, at the point I speak of, it takes (especially when seen under any mode of imperfect light) the appearance of being gloomily deep: two islands of exquisite beauty, but strongly discriminated in character, and a sort of recess or bay in the opposite shore, across which the shadows of the hilly margin stretch with great breadth and solemnity of effect to the very centre of the lake, together with the very solitary character of the entire valley, on which (excluding the little hamlet in its very gorge or entrance) there is not more than one single house, combine to make the scene as impressive by night as any in the lake country. At this point it was that my poor friend paused to converse, and, as it seemed, to take his leave, with an air of peculiar sadness, as if he had foreseen (what in fact proved to be the truth) that we now saw each other for the final time. The spot seemed favourable to confidential talk; and here, therefore, he proceeded to make his last heart-rending communication: here he told me rapidly the tale of his sufferings, and, what oppressed his mind far more than those at this present moment, of the cruel indignities to which he had been under the necessity of submitting. In particular, he said that a man of great muscular power had instructions to knock him down whenever he made any allusion to certain speculative subjects, which the presiding authorities of the asylum chose to think connected with his unhappy disease. Many other brutalities, damnable and dishonouring to human nature, were practised in this asylum, not always by abuse of the powers lodged in the servants, but by direct authority from the governors; and yet it had been selected as the one most favourable to a liberal treatment of the patients; and, in reality, it continued to hold a very high reputation. Great and monstrous are the abuses which have been detected in such institutions, and exposed by Parliamentary interference, as well as by the energy of individual philanthropists: but it occurs to one most forcibly, that, after all, the light of this Parliamentary torch must have been but feeble and partial, when it was possible for cases such as these to escape all general notice, and for the establishment which fostered them to retain a character as high as any in the land for enlightened humanity. Perhaps the paramount care in the treatment of lunatics should be directed toward those appliances, and that mode of discipline which is best fitted for restoring the patient finally to a sane condition; but the *second* place in the machinery of his proper management, should be reserved for that system of attentions, medical or non-medical, which have the best chance of making him happy for the present; and especially because his present happiness must always be one of the directest avenues to his restoration. In the present case, could it be imagined that the

shame, agitation, and fury, which convulsed poor L——, as he went over the circumstances of his degradation, were calculated for any other than the worst effects upon the state and prospects of his malady? By sustaining the tumult of his brain, they must, almost of themselves, have precluded his restoration. At the side of that quiet lake he stood for nearly an hour, repeating his wrongs, his eyes glaring continually, as the light thrown off from those parts of the lake which reflected bright tracts of sky amongst the clouds fitfully illuminated them, and again and again threatening, with gestures the wildest, vengeance the most savage upon those vile keepers who had so abused any just purposes of authority. He would talk of little else; apparently he could not. A hollow effort he would make, now and then, when his story had apparently reached its close, to sustain the topics of ordinary conversation; but in a minute he had relapsed into the one subject which possessed him. In vain I pressed him to return with me to Grasmere. He was now, for a few hours to come, to be befriended by the darkness; and he resolved to improve the opportunity for some purpose of his own, which, as he shewed no disposition to communicate any part of his future plans, I did not directly inquire into. In fact, part of his purpose, in stopping where he did, had been to let me know that he did not wish for company any further. We parted; and I saw him no more. He was soon recaptured; then transferred to some more eligible asylum; then liberated from all restraint; after which, with his family, he went to France; where again it became necessary to deprive him of liberty. And, finally, in France it was that his feverish existence found at length a natural rest, and an everlasting liberty; for there it was, in a *maison de santé*, at or near Versailles, that he died, (and I believe tranquilly,) a few years after he had left England. Death was indeed to him, in the words of that fine mystic, Blake the artist, "a golden gate"—the gate of liberation from the captivity of half a life; or, as I once found the case beautifully expressed in a volume of poems, a century old, and otherwise poor enough, for they offered nothing worth recollecting beyond this single line, in speaking of the particular morning in which some young man had died—

"That morning brought him peace and liberty."

Charles L—— never returned to Brathay after he had once been removed from it; and the removal of his family soon followed. Mrs L——, indeed, returned at intervals from France to England, upon business connected with the interests of her family; and, during one of those fugitive visits, she came to the Lakes, where she selected Grasmere for her residence, so that I had opportunities of seeing her every day, for a space of several weeks. Otherwise, I never again saw any of the family, except one son, an interesting young man, who sought most meritoriously, by bursting asunder the heavy yoke of constitutional inactivity, to extract a balm for his own besetting melancholy, from a constant series of exertions in which he had forced himself to engage, for promoting education or religious knowledge amongst his poorer neighbours. But often and often, in years after all was gone, I have passed old Brathay, or have gone over purposely after dark, about the time when, for many a year, I used to go over to spend the evening; and, seating myself on a stone, by the side of the mountain river Brathay, have stayed for hours listening to the same sound to which so often C—— L—— and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe—the sound of pealing anthems, as if streaming from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral; for such a sound does actually arise, in many states of the weather, from the peculiar action of the river Brathay upon its rocky bed; and many times I have heard it, of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting—distant, solemn, saintly. Its meaning and expression were, in those earlier years, uncertain and general; not more pointed or determinate in the direction which it impressed upon one's feelings than the light of setting suns; and sweeping, in fact, the whole harp of pensive sensibilities, rather than striking the chord of any one specific sentiment. But since the ruin or dispersion of that household, after the smoke had ceased to ascend from their hearth, or the garden walks to re-echo their voices, oftentimes, when lying by the river side, I have listened to the same aerial saintly sound, whilst looking back to that night, long hidden in the forest of receding years, when Charles and Sophia L——, now lying in foreign graves, first dawned upon me, coming suddenly out of rain and darkness; then—young, rich, happy, full of hope, belted with young children, (of whom also most are long dead,) and standing apparently on the verge of a labyrinth of golden hours. Musing on that night in November, 1807, and then upon the wreck that had been wrought by a space of fifteen years, I would say to myself sometimes, and seem to hear it in the songs of this watery cathedral—Put not your trust in any fabric of happiness that has its root in man, or the children of men. Sometimes even I was tempted to discover, in the same music, a sound such as this—Love nothing, love nobody, for thereby comes a killing curse in the rear. But sometimes also, very early on a summer morning, when the dawn was barely beginning to break, all things locked in sleep, and only some uneasy murmur, or cock-crow, at a faint distance, giving a hint of resurrection for earth and her generations, I have heard, in that same chanting of the little mountain river, a more solemn if a less agitated admonition—a requiem over departed happiness, and a protestation against the thought that so many excellent creatures, but a little lower than the angels, whom I have seen only to love in this life—so many of the good, the brave, the beautiful, the wise—can have appeared for no higher purpose or prospect than simply to point a moral, to cause a little joy and many tears, a few perishing moons of happiness and

years of vain regret,—No! that the destiny of man is more in correspondence with the grandeur of his endowments; and that our own mysterious tendencies are written hieroglyphically in the vicissitudes of day and night, of winter and summer, and throughout the great alphabet of Nature. But on that theme—Beware, reader! Listen to no *intellectual* argument. One argument there is, one only there is, of philisophic value: an argument drawn from the *moral* nature of man; an argument of Immanuel Kant's. The rest are dust and ashes.

PARVENUS.

It may be observed that whenever people wish to say an eminently uncivil thing in the civilest manner, they have recourse to that oleaginous language which smooths down so many difficulties—the language of lovers and diplomats—the language of universal humbug. Of late years, accordingly, the designation Upstart has been pretty generally paraphrased by the coteries into "*Parvenu*;" inasmuch as, in these days of progression, the class in question is getting up a majority, and begins to command the bows and congees of mankind. Almost every great measure of recent accomplishment has been effected by the upstarts; and we cannot, for the life of us, conceive why some courteous noun-substantive of English derivation, cannot be found or imagined to specify a class so valuable to the interests of society. Strictly speaking, the word *parvenu* implies only a person who, from a low state, has attained distinctions of wealth and station. Intrinsically, it has no ignominious meaning; but the usage of society has endowed it, like that of upstart, with a tincture of baseness.

In point of fact, a sovereign on his throne may be a *parvenu*. Leopold and Otho are *parvenu* kings, as much as * * * * the member is a *parvenu* esquire. Napoleon was a *parvenu*—Canning a *parvenu*; several of our highest legal functionaries, of our most eminent statesmen, can be no otherwise interpreted. Yet, the same scornful thrones and dominions of the fashionable world, who cast the name of *parvenu* in the teeth of men whose department of distinction does not happen to lie betwixt the wind and their nobility, would never dream of thus opprobriating the great names stamped current by the universal voice, as belonging to the aristocracy of immortal fame. Even yesterday, even to-day, we have popes, cardinals, archbishops, chancellors, cabinet ministers, academicians, senators, painters, poets, sculptors, constituting the highest illustration of this and other realms, who rose from the lowest order of society to do honour to the highest; honour equal in degree to the very odour of gentility, emanating from the order ennobled by centuries of do-nothingness. Why, therefore, apply the term *parvenu*, by which such persons are commonly designated, in the same vilifying sense in which it specifies the opulent tallow-chandler who, having achieved his hundreds of thousands, retires to his villa at Hornsey, to mount sham cannon on a miniature rampart before his door? his only notion of the value of wealth being the power it confers of eating a better dinner, drinking stronger liquor, and sleeping fourteen hours of the four-and-twenty, instead of half-a-dozen?

To people of this egoistical disposition alone, would we apply the word *parvenu*; if, indeed, it is to be included in future codifications of the land's language. We would have a *parvenu* understood to mean any person who, having attained rank or riches, renders them subservient only to his personal gratification. One of the most opulent individuals in Europe is the Marquis de Las Marismas, whom the euphony of his newly acquired title does not prevent the Parisian sauce-boxes from pointing out as Agnado, the *parvenu*. In the French metropolis, he lodges in a magnificent hotel; his country-seat is a splendid *château*, formerly the residence of the mother of the present king of the French; and the Parisians who remember him a few years ago carrying about samples of Havannah cigars and Malaga wine, can never resist their inclination to beard him with the name of *parvenu!*

Never was designation less appropriately applied. Agnado is a man of birth and education, who having, like Rothschild, attained enormous wealth by the ability of his financial combinations, applies his princely fortune to the most princely purposes—to the protection of the arts, the encouragement of science, and the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The new Marquis' noble gallery of pictures is open to the public with as much liberality as that of the Louvre; and, in the vicinity of his country seat, he has created roads and bridges, of which the former royal proprietors never dreamed; nay, better still, he has endowed school-houses, and instituted prizes for rural merit, which will cause his name to be remembered with blessings in the land, when those of his aristocratic neighbours, *de pure sang*, have mouldered in the dust. This man should be no more called a *parvenu* than Cardinal Wolsey.

In such a country as ours, on the other hand, (a country regarded by certain continental kingdoms, as in itself a *parvenu*—as having been habited in skins of beasts, or wearing its own tattooed, when they were clothed in purple and fine linen; or having dieted on hips, haws, and acorns, when they were inventing *soufflées*, and spicing their broths,) nothing can be more absurd than the affectation of false pride with which we disgrace our honest nature. A few months ago, precisely when our popular prints were recording, extracted from the journals of a recent traveller, the vulgarisms of Brother Jonathan, as those of a mere *parvenu*, an untutored rustic not

yet instructed how to behave himself, a leading French journal put forth a letter from its London correspondent, containing a criticism on the Italian Opera of London, couched as follows:—"The company which last winter enchanted the refined taste of the elegant audiences of Paris, is at this moment performing in what is called the Queen's Theatre. Our orchestras, milliners, coiffeurs, all the adjuncts of fashionable life, are, in fact, now in London. *As the master sends out after dinner to his valet the fragments of his meal, we despatch the scraps of our gay season to the English capital!*" Gracious Powers! the *beau monde* of London—the world which calls itself exclusively "the fine"—the modern "three thousand"—the circle of circles—the coterie of coteries—the world that "gilds its gold, paints its lilies, and throws fresh perfume on the violet"—the world that finds not the common earth good enough to tread on, branded by a French *feuilletoniste* as a *parvenu!*

But it is not because open to the insults of courtiers, earlier enlisted than herself in the great feudal conspiracy of Europe against the liberties of mankind, that England ought to blush for the vulgarity of her false pride. Her own perceptions ought to have instructed her that the greatness of her power consists in the very class which she presumes to vilify by the malice of a name. While she lies slumbering in the lap of the Dalilah, Fashion, whose sharp-witted implements are rending away the accessories which constitute her strength, the wise portion of mankind look on and smile at her fatal delusion. Some day or other, perhaps, after suffering persecution and learning mercy, she will begin to understand that, instead of stigmatizing as *parvenus* persons who live in the exercise of faculties and virtues becoming the man of birth and education, it behoves her to salute them in the words of Cymbeline, as "The liver, heart, and brain of Britain!"

The only species of upstarts whom she will then dishonour with an epithet of scorn, will be those who have achieved distinction by intrigue or infamy; whether arrayed in mitres or full-bottomed wigs; whether bearing gold sticks or silver, white wands or black rods; whether adorned with ribands, blue, red, or green; or displaying stars as multiplied as those of the milky way.

We have admired at drawing-rooms or levees more than one consequential gentleman in scarlet, padded like a generalissimo, and criss-crossed from stock to waistbelt with orders of every shape, till their expanded chests resembled the nursery game of fox and goose; men who, to the knowledge of the whole army, never smelt powder in the prosperous course of their military lives, saving on the 1st of September, or at a review on Wormwood Scrubbs—these orders and badges, chiefly foreign, being the reward of sneakery of the most contemptible description. Such fellows as these, in spite of their having basked in all the royal smiles of Europe for the last thirty years, we call decided *parvenus*.

We have seen another individual ascend—thanks to a petty accident of inheritance—without education, without merit, from abject poverty to Crœsus-like affluence; the first act of whose prosperity was to spit upon the people from whose ranks he had been promoted. After buying a seat in Parliament, with the express view to make manifest the virulency of his Toryism, this especial upstart purchased a nobleman's daughter to become his wife; and it was some satisfaction to the world that, while he obeyed the promptings of his nature by assisting to trample on the poor, his noble consort avenged their cause by publicly trampling on himself This man, again, we call a decided *parvenue*.

We have seen a woman elevated by a pretty face, adroit cunning, and matchless audacity, from the streets of an Irish country-town, to the ranks of the peerage, who disowns her relations, withholds her charity from an indigent father, her countenance from an obscure sister, and vents upon those, over whose heads she presumes herself to have arisen (her superiors in sense, conduct, and refinement of mind) all the vulgar sarcasms of her hedge and ditch education. This woman, again, we call a decided *parvenue*.

Your *parvenue* peeress, by the way, is one of the most flagrant of the class of upstarts. We could pick out one of these dainty dames from the most motley throng, whether in ball-room, bargain-shop, or any other public place where the *little* great of the female world of London most do congregate. They are to be known by their ostentatious affability of manner, by their elaborate fashionability of dress; their locks always betray the hand of the coiffeur; the atmosphere around them is scented with essences; they seem to be written in italics on the muster-roll of society; for it is impossible not to notice those who bestow so much notice on themselves. A noble woman in mind, as well as birth, is too much accustomed to the precedence so cared for by the *parvenu*, to give it a thought. Her robes of estate hang loosely upon her, like the chaste drapery of an antique statue, not like the frippery of a French milliner; she condescends to no one and assumes over no one; she has no fear of being thought proud. What has she to be prouder of than other people? Custom induces her to fancy that the world is made of lords and ladies, like those among whom her childhood imbibed its earliest impressions.

In the same way, the new peer is generally an uneasy personage; but his awkwardness never resembles that of the *parvenue* peeress. He owes his title to personal distinction of some kind or other, or to a fortune sufficiently important to have secured him a liberal education and access to society; he cannot have been promoted to the pinnacle of the temple by one of those caprices of the blind god which sometimes convert a cinder-wench into an empress. It depends upon himself whether he is to be ranked in the class of PARVENUS.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

(Continued from our January Number.)

I MENTIONED before, that the spot of Jeremy Bentham's birth was in Red Lion Street, Houndsditch, London. The street is a *cul-de-sac* close to the church, and his father's house was the last on the left hand side, and is still existing, pretty much in the same outward condition as it exhibited a hundred years ago; though, in these modern days, a substantial city attorney would rarely dream of dwelling in such a street, or such a neighbourhood; both having become occupied by people less and less opulent, as the more wealthy and higher-stationed gradually withdrew. He had the name of Jeremy given to him, because Jeremiah, as his father said, was a family name; and there was an advantage in curtailing a syllable, and in shewing a preference towards the names of the New Testament over those of the old. Accident brought his father and his mother together at a place of entertainment on or near Epping Forest, called Buckholt Acres. His father fell desperately in love, returned home, and vowed that, if any, the woman he had seen should be his wife. It was a terrible shock to the ambitious purposes of his family, which had already decided that a certain young lady, with a jointure of £10,000, should be united to him. Bentham used to relate, with great glee, how his grandmother made him her confidant, and poured out into his young bosom the expression of her vexation that his father had made so great a mistake. But if ever an amiable woman existed, the mother of Bentham was one.

Bentham's father kept a journal of expenses, written in a strange jargon of bad French, Latin, and English. Under the date of 1744, September 30, is the following entry:—"Pro licentia nuptiale, 19s. 6d. Dat Clerico, 2s. 6d.—£1 : 2s.; and, in the year 1747–8, February 4, appears—"Fils né, apres nommé Jeremy; a quatre heures et demi, mon fils se vait."

On the 15th June, I find—"J. B. jun.—Paid Mr J. Mulford, for a coral, 14s."

Several letters are before me from Mrs Bentham to her husband, which exhibit many of those gentle and beautiful traits of feminine character which I have often heard Bentham attribute to his mother. In one, dated Andover, August 6, 1749, addressed to her husband, she says she had left the stage-coach on her journey, and, on coming back, she found her place, which was with the face towards the horses, occupied by a lady, and says—"I was chagrined by this unlucky accident, knowing I could not sit backwards without inconvenience; therefore, addressing myself to the lady, I hoped it would suit her to sit on the other side; but she assured me it would not. I was obliged to take the middle place: but this did not put me out of temper. She was afterwards extremely obliging, and offered me a bed at her brother's house." I do not know whether this incident was recollected by Bentham, but I remember to have heard him say that a stage-coach was a place where the virtues of prudence and benevolence have often occasion eminently to exhibit themselves, and where lessons of wisdom are sometimes admirably taught. In the same letter, she speaks of her anxiety about "her sweet boy," (Bentham,) and of "an uneasy dream" she had had respecting him. In another letter, of the following week, she writes of the "longing expectation" with which she had waited for her husband's letter, of "the joy of hearing from a beloved absent one;" and implores a frequent repetition of such "absent interviews." She says, "I try to divest myself of all uneasy cares, and think of nothing at home but the joys I left behind—my sweet little boy, and his still dearer papa; though there are little anxious fears about death and fever, and too great a hurry and perhaps vexations in business, which may perhaps overpower the spirits, and I not present to bear my part, and soothe those cares; which, I flatter myself, would be in my power, were it only from my desire of doing it. Shall you see the dear little creature again? I dreamed he had been like to have been choked with a plum stone. Surely nurse will not trust him with damsons. God, preserve him from all evil accidents!" It would appear from this letter that Mr Bentham had some aspirations after a knighthood; for she says—"I am vastly angry with the title of ladyship. I have taken so great a disgust to it that I hope you will *not* get yourself knighted in haste, for I don't believe I shall ever be reconciled to it. It has robbed me, I fear, of some sweet epithets, and exchanged what I value above all the world for an "humble servant." However, it shall not deprive me of a title I value above all others that could ever be conferred on me: even that of your faithful and affectionate wife,

"A. B."

At the time of Bentham's birth, his father's mother was an inmate of the family; living, however, principally at Barking, where they occupied a house, which was her jointure, and in which the whole family ordinarily passed, as a weekly holiday, a portion of Saturday and Monday, and the whole of Sunday. Bentham's father said to him, when he was very young, that, by the blessing of Heaven on his exertions in making a combination between his wife and his mother, he was enabled to keep a country house and a carriage. The paternal grandmother was proud and scornful; the maternal one humble and gentle. The pride of grandmother Bentham was built on an independence of one hun-

dred pounds a-year; and the humility of Grandmother Grove was outpoured into the bosom of young Jeremy; to whom, without any asperity, but with a good-humoured pleasantry, she sometimes expressed her wonderment that the rival for the boy's affections should "hold her haughty head so high." But from the country-house and the carriage, that rival could well look down on those who had neither; and, besides, in early life she had passed some time in the company of ladies of quality, with the daughters of the Earl of Fermanagh, in Ireland, whose dwelling was not far from that of her reverend father. That Earl, or a preceding one, figures in the Memoirs of Count Grammont; and Bentham's grandmother had partaken of the accomplishments, such as they were, which formed part of the education of high-born dames; and had learned to play successfully (so she told her grandson) on the bass viol. Whatever she had learned, however, was all forgotten before Bentham could derive any benefit from it, as he found she could not even teach him the musical notes. Plain in her youth, she had grown graceful and dignified in age; and Bentham, who was early sensible of her weaknesses, found her far from unpleasing to him. When the leaves fell, she migrated from Barking to London; and when the leaves appeared again, she appeared in the country with them. I have heard Bentham mention, more than once, his remembrance of a circumstance that occurred before he was able to walk alone, and which made, he has often told me, the strongest impression on his memory. He had been remarking how much suffering the acuteness of his sensibilities had on many occasions caused him, and that his earliest recollection was the pain of sympathy. "It was at my father's country-house at Barking," he said: "the place and persons present are even now vividly impressed on my memory. My grandfather was then the constant occupant of the house; and my father and mother, with occasional company, came down every Saturday, and returned to town the following Monday. There had been some unusual feasting in the house, and I had been supplied by my nurse, no doubt, to satiety. Soon after, my grandfather came, and I ate something that he offered me. Thereupon came my mother, smiling—she came with her natural claims upon my affections—but it was out of my power to accept her intended kindness, and I burst into tears, seeing the chagrin and disappointment which it cost her. I was then not two years old." And the fact of his age he established by a comparison of dates, persons, and places, sufficient to authenticate his statement. Of the precocity of his powers, I have gathered up many remarkable examples. He knew his letters before he was able to speak. His father was accustomed to mention, and, as he said, "to brag," of his early feats; and he reminded him a thousand times of his infantine literary powers. His father was ambitious—"boundlessly ambitious," to use Bentham's expression; and he wished to inspire his son with a similar passion. "He was always talking to me and to others of my powers," said Bentham; but the estimate which Bentham formed of his father's aptitude for judging rightly was not a high one, and the stimulants applied did not act in the direction which parental pride was constantly pointing out. The old Mr Bentham was a prostrate worshipper of rank and power. He was given to adulation and to servility; and was not very nice about the means he employed to promote his purpose, and advance his supposed interest.

Another instance of precocious mental activity I will give in Bentham's words:—"What I am about to tell you, I have often heard from my grandfather: it occurred before I was breeched, and I was breeched at three years and a quarter old:—One day, after dinner, I was taken to walk with my father and mother, and some of their acquaintance. They were talking, as usual, about matters—I cannot say above my comprehension—but rather distant from, or on one side of my comprehension—matters of complete indifference to me—about Mr Thompson, Mr Jackson, Miss Smith, and old Mr Clark. Not being interested, I soon got wearied and annoyed, so that, unperceived, I escaped from the company, took to my heels, and scampered home. The house was tolerably far off, though in view; and I reached it a considerable time before the arrival of the pedestrians. When they came in, they found me seated at table—a reading desk upon the table, and a huge folio on that reading desk—a lighted candle on each side, (for it had become dark,) and myself absorbed in my studies. The book was Rapin's History of England. I have it still. The tale was often told in my presence, of the boy in petticoats, who had come in and rung the bell, and given orders to the footman to mount the desk upon the table, and place the folio upon the desk, and to provide candles without delay. All this was repeated again and again, and I received the impressions from others. But what I did not receive from others, was the knowledge of the satisfaction with which I read the folio historian. The day remembered by others, was not the first in which I had been delighted. There is nothing sentimental in Rapin, but the facts simply narrated were most interesting to me; those facts I read over and over again; and they excited my sympathies strongly, particularly those which occurred in the Saxon period—Redwald and Edwy, and Rosamond's story above all." In the year 1751, Bentham being then in his fourth year, there is in his father's book of accounts, an entry for "Ward's Grammar, 1s. 6d.; Fani Colloquendi Formulæ, 6d.; and Nomenclator Classicus Trilinguis, 8d., being 2s. 8d. for Jeremy, junior," shewing at what an early age his classical studies began; and in the year 1753, a nicely written scrap of Latin is preserved among his father's memoranda, with this notice:—"Mem. The line pasted hereon was written by my son, Jeremy Bentham, the 4th of December, 1753, at the age of five years nine months and nineteen days;"

and a few days after, is the following entry:—

"Paid Mr Robert Hartley for double allepine for Jerry's coat and breeches, to his pink waistcoat, - £0 12 3"

Long before Bentham was five years old, his father had resumed his own studies in Latin and Greek, in order to officiate as instructor to his boy. I find different fragments written by young Jeremy at the age of four; and I remember he mentioned to me that he learned the Latin grammar and the Greek alphabet on his father's knee. Mr Bentham confessed that, in teaching his son, he had taught himself more than he had been ever taught before. Lilly's Grammar and the Greek Testament were the two principal instruments of instruction.

Bentham's recollection of the scenes of his boyhood was most accurate; and never did he appear more delighted than when speaking of the two spots, Browning Hill and Barking, both country abodes, in which his two grandmothers dwelt. He had, through life, the keenest sense of the beauties of nature; and, whenever he could be induced to quit his studies, his enjoyment of fields and flowers was as acute and vivid as that of a happy child. To Browning Hill, especially, he was exceedingly attached. "It was my heaven," he used to say; "Westminster School my hell; Aldgate was earth, and Barking was paradise to me." When Browning Hill was sold, Bentham wrote the advertisement, in which he has often told me his affections led him to paint it in a romantic way. It had always to him the interest of a novel, in which the principal characters were women, and those women pre-eminently excellent ones. "How well do I recollect," he said to me, not long before his death, "the happy community at Browning Hill! My uncle, to whom it belonged, visited it every two or three weeks, to inspect his little concerns, which were superintended by a bailiff named Maberly, who did all domestic services except waiting at table, and who directed matters so prudently and economically, that the three ladies—my grandmother, my great-aunt, Mulford, and my little aunt, Deborah—lived comfortably upon the estate; and the bailiff himself, without any imputation on his character, was able to occupy a good house, with a considerable shop belonging to it, and, by gradually extending his trade, he became a timber-merchant. He married another servant of the family, and amassed many thousand pounds. Prosperous and fortunate, though in a less degree, was his successor Thomas West, who also married a female servant of my grandmother's; and I heard that they had made themselves a little fortune of £800 by economy and industry. No shadow of reproach was ever cast on the characters of those good people. The history of their management, in all its details, would have been, if recorded, a most instructive one. We had, at Browning Hill, a garden and an orchard, bountifully productive; a large extent of stabling and outhouses; venerable elms, scattered here and there, offered ornament and shade; the access to the estate was over a pleasant green, studded with cottages, in one of which lived a little farmer, of whom I recollect the boast, that he had made his children roll in gold. His successful industry had but accumulated petty gains. We were within hearing of the bells of Boghurst Church, though it was not in the parish in which the house is situated. Dear to me beyond expression, when first it greeted my ears, was the sound of those three bells; one a little cracked, another much cracked, and the third so cracked as to be almost mute.

"At Browning Hill everybody and everything had a charm; even the old rusty sword in the granary, which we used to brandish against the rats, was an historical, a sacred sword; for one of my ancestors had used it for the defence of Oxford against the Parliamentary forces."

Bentham thus gives the particulars of his earliest education:—"I do not exactly recollect how soon I began to write; but I began to scrawl when I began to read, and, among my father's boastings, one used to be, that I learned writing without ever having been taught to write. What the boasting had of truth in it was this, that he had never paid anybody for teaching me. He had always a clerk; never more than one, for his practice was small; and among that clerk's amusements or duties was my instruction. He taught me the rudiments of writing and music. His name was Thomas Mendham. Painful was it, both to hearer and preceptor, to study the application of the art to the violin; for the business of instruction had not then been simplified as it has been since. I was bewildered in a labyrinth, entangled in a maze in which the unintelligible words, a, la, mi, re, be, fa, be, ma, ef, fa, ut, et, qu, sol, re, ut—assailed my ears and eyes. I at last got through, and found myself in possession of a fiddle in miniature, and able to scrape Foote's minuet. At about six years old, I had a regular music-master, whose name was Jones; he was to improve my practice on the fiddle, and my father gave him a guinea for eight lessons. I continued to receive lessons from him until I went to Westminster School. Then I lost sight of him altogether for many years. About fifty years since, I saw him again—a venerable man, above eighty, with the look of a gentleman of the old school; and he still managed, although almost blind, to get a subsistence by accompanying ladies on the harpsichord. I visited him in a house where he had handsome apartments, in Scotland Yard. It was a house built by Sir John, and belonging to Lady Vanburgh. Jones had expressed a wish to see me. He was sliding fast into the grave. There was a servant above the ordinary condition of domestics, who was serving him with the greatest reverence and affection. He took a fiddle, and made me take a fiddle also; but his musical faculties were almost gone. This was in 1775. It was my last visit."

Now and then the musical acquaintances of his father were invited to tea, and Bentham gathered much instruction from practice at these

little family concerts. But he could not get books: he was "starved," to use his own expressions, for want of books.

Bentham was, at this time of his life, so weakly, that he could not mount the stairs without bringing up one leg to the other at every step. In size he was almost a dwarf. He was the smallest boy of his age while at school. At the age of six, Bentham was taken by his father to visit one of the King's valets, who lived in Stable Yard. The conversation was about nothing, and wearied the poor boy; so he escaped, and hid himself in a closet, where he found a copy of Pope's Homer, which he read with extreme satisfaction and avidity, while they were gossiping. Bentham remembered the dinner to the day of his death. He said "the minced veal was shockingly salt," and he wondered that king's valets did not fare more sumptuously than less distinguished persons. Bentham called himself a gourmand, which he never was; though no man enjoyed his meals more, and few men were so attentive to others when at table. About the same period of his life he went to the theatre, for the first time—"I thought myself in heaven," he said, "I was in such an ecstasy. In the play were little cherubims coming down from the sky. Miracles were wrought in my sight. I could not form any idea of heaven beyond what my eyes there saw, and my ears heard."

"I was about six or seven years old, when a Frenchman was introduced into the family, to teach me the language of his country. His name was La Combe—a common name; so having a desire to distinguish himself, and being somewhat of a literary man, he called himself La Combe d'Avignon. His errand to England, then, was what is a frequent errand of his countrymen now, to learn English, and to teach French, and to make one labour afford payment for the other. The terms of payment became, however, a matter of after dispute. My father found him his board, for some time less than twelve and more than six months: but, a sister of my mother's being, during part of the time, an inmate of the house, La Combe considered that to give her the benefit of his instructions was no part of the bargain, though he had benefited by hers. With me there was no quarrel. I was exceedingly fond of him—drowned in tears of sorrow when he left, in tears of joy when he afterwards became an incidental visiter. One sad misunderstanding once took place between us. He had been engaged in writing an English grammar for the use of Frenchmen. One day, he produced a sheet of it, in which he spoke of the *eye* of a person of the female sex. According to the usage of his own language, the word *œil* being masculine, he had rendered *son œil his eye*. 'This will not do, as you are speaking of a woman,' said I; 'I beg your pardon, sir 'but *son* œil must be translated *her* eye.' He was grievously offended. In vain I assured him it was the English idiom. He was a man and a scholar; I was not only a child, but an ignorant and impertinent child. His ill-humour increased, and I left him in a state of exasperation—exasperated against me, and against himself, on account of the ill success of those learned labours, of which I had been the object. This, however, was some time after he had quitted my father's house. His residence in it had been useful and pleasing to me. All the recollections of the toils of learning the grammar were obliterated or absorbed in the delight experienced among the stores of amusement which the language opened to me. My mother—it was a point of principle with her—refused me access to every book by which amusement in any shape might be administered: but the first book that was put into my hands by La Combe was a small collection of fairy tales. It opened with the history of Petite Pouce, and the Ogre Family: then there was Raquette la Houpe, Cinderella, and the Belle de Bois Dormante; and the one of which Fenette was the heroine—Fenette and her naughty sisters, Nonchalante and the other; and the Chat en Bottes. How did I joy over the administration of poetic justice in its most admirable shape, when Nonchalant, the wicked would-be seducer, having popped himself into the barrel full of razors and serpents, which he had prepared for his intended victim, was himself rolled down the mountain in her place!"

Bentham narrated this to me, as if he were still the impassioned boy. "Don't you remember this?" he said. "Don't you know the story?—you ought to know it. A man," added he, with the most amusing gravity—"a man must be extremely ignorant, not to know that such was the fact." After a hearty laugh from me, which was responded to by his benevolent smile, he resumed—

"Here was great delight; but there awaited me delight much greater; and something more than delight. The fairy tales had not affected the moral part of my mind. Another book of far higher character was put into my hands. It was Telemachus. In my own imagination, and at the age of six or seven, I identified my own personality with that of the hero, who seemed to me a model of perfect virtue; and, in my walk of life, whatever it may come to be, why, said I to myself, every now and then, why should I not be a Telemachus? In my sleep I was present at the scenes between him, on the one part, and Calypso and Eucharis, on the other. To Eucharis I was more particularly attached. I awoke, and found by my side, not Eucharis, but my grandmother! What was the special source of attraction in that bewitching island had not, at that time, been unveiled to me: but what I saw was the exhibition of strong affection; and strong affection, whatever might have been its cause, (which then, indeed, was beyond my ken,) was as rapidly imbibed by me as water by a sponge. That romance may be regarded as the foundation stone of my whole character; the starting-post from whence my career of life commenced. The first dawning in my mind of the principles of utility, may, I think, be traced to it. In the course of one of his adventures, Telemachus

finds himself in the Isle of Crete, at the time when, the former government being a monarchy, and the throne vacant, election was to be employed for filling it. A course of trial was to be gone through by the candidates, and various were the subjects of contention; one of them being to give answers to questions on constitutional law; and, in particular, the inquiry is mooted as to the best form of government, and the proper objects of government. Different candidates prescribe different answers to the same questions, which, accordingly, are entered on the protocol. One of them seemed to me at the time—though not altogether so precise as it might have been at this time of day—it seemed, I say, to border, at least, on the principles of utility; or, in other words, the greatest happiness principle. This, however, was not sentimental enough, and the candidate came off at last no better than second best. The prize was adjudged, of course, to Telemachus, whose notions seemed to me a short but still too long a tissue of vague generalities, by which no clear impression was presented to my mind. It was too much of a piece with Lord Bacon's notion of a good government, and his principles of legislation, ending with, "to generate virtue in subjects"—*Generare virtutem in subditis.* I was disappointed, and the recollection of my disappointment still dwells in my mind. On every other occasion he was all perfection in my eyes: but, on *this* occasion, I knew not well what to make of him. Great was my distress when Mentor takes Telemachus to the rock, and plunges him into the sea. I thought there was an end of my hero. Great was my joy when Telemachus gets on board the ship; but I could not forgive Mentor for the unprovoked outrage. If, in after life, I have felt a certain portion of contempt for classical antiquity, the impressions I received from reading Telemachus were not without their influence. The description of classical hell has been considered authoritative. Had I doubted, my doubts would have been dissipated by the ample and particular assurance which I received in after studies, and from the highest authorities. Sisyphus with his stone, Ixion on his wheel, the Danaides with their sieves. I was between eleven and twelve years old when Homer's description of hell (a miserable succedaneum!) fell into my hands. My heart sank with disgust and disappointment. Virgil's was not so bad as Homer's, but still at an immense distance from Telemachus'. How little did it enter into my thoughts that this history, or this romance, was, for the most part, a well-grounded satire; and that, amongst other things, Idomenes was Louis XIV." The impression made on Bentham's mind, by reading Telemachus, was a permanent one. I have heard him, again and again, speak of the interest with which he followed the Cretan political controversy, and his vexation and disappointment at the poor display made by his favourite, who might, he thought, so much more honourably have won the palm. The goddess of Wisdom, wrapt up, as she was, in the greatcoat of an old man, was much lowered, in his estimation, for not distinguishing and recompensing the wisest of the competitors; but Bentham dared not openly to express his preference. He fancied he could have mended the best of the answers. A short time before his death, Bentham said to me—"I should like to contrast the impressions which Telemachus would make upon me now, with those it made nearly fourscore years ago. I should like to compare my recollections of the book with the book itself, to see whether they approached the truth. I still remember the flowery tirade, manufactured as a sort of pattern for the competitors for the prize; the vagueness of Telemachus' speechification, and the sound but incomplete doctrine of one of the candidates.

"La Combe induced my father to give me the 'Lettres Juives,' which filled my mind with vain terrors. He recommended some other works, of the propriety of reading which my father doubted. La Combe was, as I afterwards discovered, a freethinker. Voltaire's 'Life of Charles XII.,' his 'General History,' and his 'Candide,' were, in process of time, read by me, on his recommendation. My father and family differed now and then with La Combe, on religious questions probably: but the good-will and harmony of our home were not disturbed by the debates. My mother and her sister, though pious themselves, had been inured to toleration by family sympathy; for, while the females of my mother's race were believers, and devoutly believers, the males were, for the most part, unbelievers. That was the case with my great uncle Woodward, my uncle Grove, and my cousin Mulford."

Bentham's father, as I have mentioned, kept out of his way, as far as he was able, all amusing books. He fancied that there was a concealed contagion in them, and therefore he established a prohibition upon them. And, knowing Bentham's love, or rather passion for reading, he imagined that it would naturally lead him to get hold of whatever books might be most accessible; and the list is rather curious, particularly connected with the impressions they made on Bentham's young mind. "There was first," said he, "'Bennett's Theory of the Earth,' in folio, by which I was informed of the prospect I had of being burned alive; 'Cave's Lives of the Apostles,' in a thin quarto, with cuts, in which the said Apostles were represented playing, each of them, (as a child with a doll,) with that particular instrument of torture by which he was predestined to be consigned to martyrdom. Another quarto was an old edition of Stowe's, [Chronicle,] in black letter. This Chronicle had stories in it which acted upon me with a fascination similar to that which certain animals are said to be subjected to by the serpent, to which they become, in consequence, a prey. Several pages there were, by every one of which I was filled with horror as soon as ever I ventured to risk a glance at them. Yet never could I venture into the little closet, in which almost the only sources of my amusement were contained, without opening the

book at one, or two, or more, of the terrific pages, and receiving the accustomed shock. The book concluded with a description of a variety of monstrous births. I thought the world was coming to an end. My sensibility to all sources of sentiment was extreme, and to sources of terror more particularly so; and these volumes teemed with them. There was also a 'History of England,' in question and answer, by a Mr Lockman, with a quantity of cuts: but my father's caution had not gone so far as to divest the book of its embellishments, though better it would have been for my peace of mind if it had; for there it was that I saw the blessed martyr, Charles, with his head on the accursed block—there it was I saw the holy Bishops burning as fuel at Smithfield—there it was I saw the Danish Cold-brand, with a Saxon's sword, in the act of finding its way into his body. Not long after, to this 'History of England' was added a 'History of Rome,' in like form and demeanour, by the same author. Lockman was secretary to some associated company, into which my father had contrived to introduce himself; which incident was perhaps the cause of the instruction I was destined to derive from these two sources. Lockman was of the number of my father's protegés. He may have given these books to my father. I do not think he ever got (few were those who did get) even a dinner from his patron. My father had some books: I knew it well; for they sometimes escaped from the receptacle in which he destined them to be buried; the allowed access to which would have been indeed a pleasure and a privilege to me. Such was 'Churchill's Voyages,' in several volumes folio. In these I should have found instruction, and most useful instruction: but then the instruction would have had amusement to sweeten it; and that idea was not to be endured. My father gave me once 'Phædrus' Fables;' but fables, inasmuch as they are stories in which inferior animals are represented as talking together, like men and women, never had any charm for me.*

"'Rapin's History of England,' which I often read, whatever benefit it might have been in other respects, was of little advantage in a moral point of view. Rapin was a soldier by trade, and his history is a history of throat-cutting, on the largest scale, for the sake of plunder; and such throat-cuttings and plunderings he places at the summit of virtue. Edward the Third's claim to the throne of France, was, in my view, an indisputable one. I followed his conquests in their progress with eager sympathy. My delight grew with the number of provinces given up to him against the will of their inhabitants, and with the number of Frenchmen left dead in the field of battle. Yet do I remember how great was my mortification when, after so many victories gained, he had, at the head of 100,000 men, advanced to the gates of Paris, which I thereupon expected to find given up to him without a struggle, and all France following its example; instead of that, the termination of his career—of this part of it, at any rate—was the same as that of a certain king of France of whom it is narrated, that he,

> 'With forty thousand men,
> Marched up the hill, and then
> Marched down again.'

On Calais too I could not help thinking that he had bestowed more time than it was worth. Our conquerors, I observed, had, according to the account given of them by the historian, two main instruments by which their conquests were effected. One of these instruments was the sword—a brilliant instrument, never beheld by me without delight, as it glittered in my eyes. The other instrument was negotiation—a word which met my eyes too often, and never without annoyance. Having consigned the sword for a time to the scabbard, Edward betook himself to negotiation; and how it was that so much was to be got by negotiation, and so little, in comparison, by the sword, I could by no means explain to myself, nor find it explained. At the sight of the word negotiation, my spirits began to droop; at the sight of the sword, when once more drawn from the sheath, they revived again. In a victorious king, merit was in the direct ratio of the number of armed men slaughtered by him, and in the inverse ratio of those employed in slaughtering them. With this impure alloy, during a great part of my boyhood, was mixed up the pure virtue which the moral part of my frame had imbibed from reading 'Telemachus.' Such were the contents of my library; a library that was no otherwise my own than by the door being left unlocked of the small room in which the books were deposited; a room on the first floor at the head of the principal staircase, situated over the principal door into the house. At this house, in which my father scarcely ever made a longer stay than from Saturday evening to Monday morning, he had no library of his own. My mother was too much occupied by her children, and other family concerns, to have a moment's time for books. As to my grandmother, she had her own library. It was comprised, besides the Bible, of two or three books of devotion, so much in use as nearly to have fallen in pieces. These books, not containing any of them the poison of amusement, there could be no objection to my studying them as much as I pleased. One of them was the book of sacred poetry, by Bishop Ken. It began—

> Awake my soul! and with the sun,
> Thy daily course of duty run.

The first lines of the first hymn; and to render them the more intelligible, the sun was represented in a vignette as beginning his daily course, and making himself a pattern for me. I feel even now the sort of melancholy which the sight of it used to infuse into me. Another book which was imported for my use, did not contribute to lessen my melancholy: it was "Dodsley's Preceptor," with the vision of Phedora, the Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his cell; the production of

* One of my tribulations at this time was the learning Church Collects: they used to give me the cholic; but my father insisted on my getting them by heart.

the gloomy moralist, Samuel Johnson, of one of the last of whose clubs I became, in process of time, a member. Like Godwin, this man infused a tinge of melancholy, though of a different hue, into every book he touched. There was the poor ideal traveller, toiling up the hill, with Reason and Religion for his guides, and an unfathomable abyss at each side, ready, at the first *faux pas*, to receive his lacerated corpse; as it actually did those of the greatest part of the travelling population whom I saw toiling towards that summit which so few of them were destined to reach. Every now and then, after reading a page in this history, or another page in that system of cosmogony which taught me to look out for that too probable day in which I should be burnt alive, it occurred to me that I had better not have been born: but, as the misfortune had actually happened to me, all I could do was, of a bad bargain, to make the best, and leave the rest to chance or Providence. Had I had children of my own age to associate with, these gloomy ideas would not have filled so large a portion as they did of my time. Except once or twice, no such solace was I destined to experience. I could, even now, if it were worth while, number up, to a certainty, all the visiters of an age approaching to my own, whom, down to the age of fourteen, I was ever allowed to receive at my father's house. There was Thomas Skinner, one of three or four sons of a clergyman who was a member of my father's clerical club: he was of Merchant Taylor's School; he was two or three years older than I, and twice or thrice he came to Barking. Another was Thomas Lyser, of the same age, the son of a neighbouring bricklayer, with whom my father had occasional dealings; he came to play with me at minnit, or cricket, once or twice every summer. Toulon Flood once spent two or three days with me; and Edward Reeve, one day: these two were my schoolfellows at Westminster, and Flood, for a considerable time, my bedfellow. Reeve's day was a heavenly one; how I longed for another such! A boy called Shuttleworth came once—but he came in chains—his visit was of no avail: he brought with him his morose tutor—that tutor was our every day usher. These were the only intruders on the solitude and insipidity of my existence. The list of adult visiters to my father is scarcely more diversified: Two old ladies, contemporaries of my grandmother, used to pay one visit a-year. A Mrs White, with two nieces, one in the state of singleness, the other a Mrs Walde, a widow bewitched, called once every summer. A small house in the neighbourhood, built in antique style, was occupied by Mrs Hutchinson, whose son, a little older than I, used to accompany the family to Barking church, and to perch himself in a pew near to ours: his name was Julius, and he edited, not many years ago, Mrs Hutchinson's interesting autobiography. I was taught, however, to regard him with contempt: I was told he was more my inferior in learning than my superior in age. There was a Mrs Geddes, the widow of a divine of that name, who had been removed, years before, to another, and let us hope, a better world: I believe he had been the author of a ponderous volume of divinity, which I never read. Of Mrs White, I only remember that she was distinguished for the strength of her jaws; and, when considerably above seventy years old, no stone of peach, apricot, or nectarine, could resist them. Mrs White excited my astonishment, while she removed a smaller mote from my eye by the introduction of a larger one; it was a round black seed, which she called *Oculus Christi*; and whether its operation was natural or miraculous, the reader must judge. I can aver that, after its application, the annoyance ceased to trouble me. There was one visiter—rather an unwelcome one—a great-aunt, of the name of Powell, who was received on the footing of a poor relation; she was a sister of my grandmother Bentham, and came across the water from Woolwich. She had made a disparaging match with an operative in the neighbourhood of the dockyard, and was therefore in disgrace. Of her existence, no traces remain in my memory.

Scarcely as often as once in a season, my grandmother, accoutred in sable muff and tippet, used to make a visit of ceremony, in her carriage. About as often was a visit paid by a relation and cotemporary of the same sex, who came from Woodford, and to whom a dinner of ceremony was given. This was a Mrs Archer, to whom I was taught to pay homage, under the appellation of Aunt Archer; the auntship consisting in that her husband had had for a first wife a sister of my grandmother. She was, in some way or other, my grandmother's cousin. She had a maiden sister who sometimes dwelt with her, sometimes in a small tenement adjoining; at whose death I received an old gold watch and a trifling legacy. Once or twice in the year I used to accompany my father to Woodford, and saw Mr Archer, who had retired upon a fortune of £15,000, made by the sale of ivory. They spent little, kept no carriage, no town-house, exhibited no marks of hospitality, had not even to offer us a spare bed, to my no small mortification. Yet the visits interested me: their garden was larger than ours, and had two ponds at different levels. The change broke the permanent monotony of my father's house, and diversity was to me a treasure of the greatest rarity. I recollect one visiter, whose presence was singularly agreeable: it was a Mr John Bonnet, of a French refugee family, a working jeweller by trade, and of my father's age. There were two Bonnets among our acquaintances—the other's name was Benjamin; but I know not if they were allied. Benjamin, in comparison with John, was a magnificent personage: he was no less than a notary public. He wore a wig of fashion—at any rate of city fashion, —while poor John wore nothing better than a wig of business. In those days, whatever was his profession or rank in life, a man might be distinguished by his wig with little less certainty than a peer by his coronet, or a monarch by his crown. We had Mr John Bonnet's company for a day or two, and took an excursion as far as the

Thames, Barking being at the head of a creek which runs up a couple of miles. At the outset of our walk, and as evidence of what I had learnt in French, my father proposed that, during the whole excursion, a halfpenny should be paid, as a fine, for every word of English spoken. The joke was, that Mr Bonnet, though a Frenchman born, or, at any rate, educated by a Frenchman born, made the most numerous mistakes; at all events, my pockets were replenished with halfpence."

(To be continued.)

WOMAN.

From the German of Schiller.

BY SWYNFEN JERVIS, M.P.

Honour to Woman! She it is who wreathes
Eternal roses in the web of life;
Fashions the rapture-giving bond of love;
And, in the Graces' modest veil attired,
Feeds, with a holy and a constant hand,
The undying flame of high and virtuous thought.

Nature's bounds for ever spurning,
Roveth Man's impetuous soul;
Tempest-tost on Passion's ocean,
His wild thoughts disdain control.

Still intent upon the future,
Scorning joys that near him lie;
And, in far-off regions, chasing
Phantoms that for ever fly.

But Woman leads the wanderer, with a glance,
Back to the stern realities of life;
And from the trackless Future turns his thoughts.
A gentle monitress! She still remains
Nature's true daughter, with retiring grace,
Confiding in her mother's fostering care.

Fierce are Man's ungoverned passions
As the torrent in its course,
O'er the feeble mounds of duty
Rushing, with destructive force.

Ever building, still destroying,
Wishes countless as they're vain,
Like the fabled heads of Hydra
Falling but to rise again.

But Woman, satisfied with quiet fame,
Gathers the transient blossom of to-day,
And tends and watches it with pious care;
More powerful in her narrow sphere than Man
Amid the maze of science ranging free,
Or wandering in the poet's wide domain.

Harsh is Man's unbending spirit;
Not like Woman's gentler soul,
Yielding up her thoughts and feelings
To Affection's soft control.

Haughty, reckless, self-sufficing,
Cold, and pitiless at best;
Struggles, wrongs, and disappointments,
Only steel *his* stubborn breast.

But as the Eolian harp melodious thrills
Responsive to the zephyr's lightest breath,
Thus Woman, ever sensitive and kind,
The faintest image of distress alarms;
Her loving bosom throbs, and from her eye
The gath'ring tears of tenderness fall fast.

Stern is Man, unjust, and cruel,
Prone to combat and rebel;
In his breast, as in a dungeon,
All the unruly passions dwell.

Weakness sinks beneath his fury;
While to realms beyond his sway,
Startled by the voice of Discord,
Mercy shrinks appall'd away.

But Woman, armed with gentleness and grace,
Pleads with her eloquent imploring looks
For him whom stern Oppression tramples down.
She soothes and mitigates the wrath of those
Whom deadly hate inspires; uniting hearts
Which, but for her, had been estranged for ever.

THE ASTRONOMER MALGRE LUI.

BY ROBERT DILLON BROWNE, M.P.

Oft, in the playfulness of youth,
I smiled at Wisdom's lore;
The solemn brow of sombre Truth
I thought was wrinkled o'er;
Prudish philosophy, I said,
Might chasten every feature;
But Pleasure—careless, artless maid—
Is twice as true to Nature.
When Science turn'd, with dreary look,
The leaves of her ungainly book,
I said, the dotard fool must dream
Who'd turn the leaves with thee;
The bard that sang by Avon's stream
Has brighter charms for me.
And, musing over Livy's page,
I thought the Syracusan sage
Deserved not half the glory
Of that heroic, faithful band,
Who struggled for their native land,
While *he* was tracing on the sand
What never lived in story.
And when I mark'd the hectic streak
On Study's pale and fevered cheek,
And saw my comrades trace afar
The twinklings of some silent star,
I said to each, in playful mirth,
Why gaze on lights above you?
Oh, rather seek some maid of earth,
And make her warmly love you.
But now I follow in its flight
One star, though tempests lower,
And clouds may hide it from my sight;
For Ellen, in her lonely bower,
Has sworn to watch its golden light
At the same dreary hour.
And when we see that orb arise,
And tinge the mountain-heather,
Our souls they mix their warmest sighs,
And fondly beat together.
Oh, if that little star could hear
My vows, and share each feeling,
And whisper to my lady's ear,
Each thought of mine revealing—
I'd say, though far thy boy may be,
His spirit ne'er shall rove;
And she would whisper back to me,
How changeless was her love!

RECOLLECTIONS OF DAYS IN BELGIUM.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

On the 26th of the 7th month—that is, in common parlance, on the 26th of July—1835, I went on board the *Lord Liverpool* steamer, bound for Ostend. We had a long and disagreeable passage, and were glad when we reached the shore early the next morning. After a hasty breakfast and a walk round the town, I was pleased to find myself in the passage-boat, setting off for Bruges.

I had heard much of the pleasure of gliding along this canal, but it exceeded my expectations; this was owing, probably, to the delightful contrast which it afforded to the rough sea, and the painful scene of the preceding day and night. Smooth, wide, sparkling waters were beneath and around us, and a bright blue sky was over our heads. We had an agreeable and instructive conversation where I was seated; for I had found some pleasing acquaintances of mine on board the steamboat, who were on their way to Bruges; and our party was joined by two other fellow-passengers, brothers, whose connexions were known to me, and who added much to the pleasure of the voyage down the canal.

No scene could be more opposite to my love of the sublime and picturesque than that afforded by the well-cultivated banks on which we gazed: but there was in everything around us a calm, cheerful, comfortable appearance, which struck a pleasurable chord in my heart; and I should not have been sorry to enjoy for many hours the monotonous but soothing gliding of the trechscuyt. Sooner, therefore, than I desired, did the pale grey towers of Bruges, rising in the distance, break on the monotony of the view, while the cheerful sound of the bells seemed to chime out our welcome.

We reached Bruges by half-past nine in the morning, having left Ostend at half-past six.

The consciousness that we were in a Catholic country was immediately forced upon us; for it was not only the Sabbath day, but it was the Fete de St Jacques, and preparations for it were making in every street. From the windows and balconies, as we passed along, we saw tapestry, gay silken draperies, and wreaths of flowers, hanging down; and, before some of the doors, the street appeared carpeted: but probably this seeming carpet was made of the leaves and petals of flowers, mixed with coloured sands or earths; such carpets being, as I was informed, frequently composed on such occasions. This information explained to me a passage in one of Madame de Sèvigné's letters which I had not been able previously to understand. She says, that when the Prince de Condé gave Louis the Fourteenth a most magnificent entertainment at Chantilly, the King supped in a room *tapissé de jonquilles*, (carpeted with jonquils,) which cost *a thousand crowns!* and puzzled indeed was I to conceive how these fragrant and lovely flowers could have been disposed of to any advantage, if strewed like rushes on the floor: but now I feel sure that they were plucked off their stalks, and pressed so closely together, that they formed one brilliant, compact, thick-woven carpet, to the eye, while every foot that trod on it forced from the bruised materials the most delicious odour. The less costly carpet to do honour to St James, was certainly not fragrant, but it was calculated to attract the eye of a stranger unused to such sights; and some of us were not sorry that we arrived to witness a scene we could not have beheld in England.

In the meanwhile, the chimes from the tall tower of the Hotel de Ville* were sweetly and almost incessantly playing, and seemed to suit the brilliancy of the streets, and the evident excitement of the people. These chimes are reckoned the finest in Europe; and they play four times in an hour, by means of machinery.†

There is a Protestant church at Bruges, in which service is performed every Sabbath day, and my companions went to it soon after we reached the Hotel d'Angleterre, that truly excellent hotel, in which we took up our abode. They returned time enough to dine at the table d'hote at an early hour, and at five we set off to follow the procession of St Jacques.

It was begun by the priest carrying the host under a splendid canopy, but preceded, on this occasion, by a white bust of the saint, on a sort of sarcophagus of black and gold, which was raised high enough to be seen by every one as it passed along. Where what is called a reposoir‡ was erected the procession stopped, and the priest deposited the host on the altar, on each side of which stood high and beautiful orange trees and *oleanders* (the Persian rose) in full bloom. Then mass was performed, and offerings made by many of the bye-standers.

But the procession owed much of its charms, in my eyes, to the beauty of the women of Bruges; for finer forms and lovelier faces I never saw. I was sorry to observe that the lower classes have now generally adopted the dress of the Parisian population, and that they have laid aside the black "faille," or long scarf, which serves the purpose of cloak as well as veil, and is still worn both at Antwerp and Brussels.

That evening, much to our regret, the M——s left us to pursue their journey to Neufchâtel; and the next morning I, with equal regret, bade farewell to my other companions, who proceeded by the canal to Ghent.

I stayed to see something more of the town, to observe those *curiously ornamented gables* which

* Commonly so called; but its real name is said to be "Les Halles."

† This machinery consists of an enormous brass cylinder, acting like the barrel of an organ, and setting in motion the keys of the instrument: but on Sabbath days, from half-past eleven to twelve, the chimes are played by a musician.

‡ Here, reposoir means an altar.

it has in common with other Flemish towns, and to visit some of its public buildings. But my principal reason for prolonging my stay was to visit the convent of the Austin nuns, or, as it is usually called, the Couvent des Dames Anglaises*—(the English ladies.) One of these nuns I had known from my childhood; she was a native of my own city, and she came thither from Bruges to visit her parents, before she took the final vows, and bade, *as she believed*, a last farewell to England.

During her stay at N., I was introduced to her, and I thought it a feather in my cap (to use a common phrase) to be able to say, when I heard she was professed, that I was acquainted with a *real nun*—that *something* so unlike any other being of my acquaintance: but I wished much that I could have seen her in her dress! Little did I think this wish was so near being accomplished; for sister R. was too soon convinced that she had not yet bidden England farewell for ever. The Austin nuns were forced to fly to England, to escape from revolutionary horrors, and Sir Thomas Gage kindly allowed them to take refuge in his ancient seat near Bury St Edmunds. And there I visited them in the year ——; there I attended vespers, and was made known to the Abbess—a noble-looking woman, and a descendant of Sir Thomas More.

Such visits were then quite new to me; and this left so pleasant an impression on my mind, that I felt a strong desire to see my friend at her own home; and having sent word to the convent, by one of the boarders there, who dined at our table d'hote, that I should call the next day, I trusted I should not be disappointed. But, alas! I was. The dear old nun said that she was not well enough to see me; and, no doubt, she was glad of so sufficient an excuse; for, though the sight of her would have been interesting to my feelings, by recalling some pleasant recollections of days for ever gone, and ever dear, the sight of me could only have recalled persons, scenes, and places, which she probably wished to forget; and even with Hengrave, her place of refuge, she could have no very pleasant association. Besides, I have since recollected that I sent her my married name, and no other, and I was not married when I called on her at Hengrave; therefore she could have considered me only as an *intrusive stranger*, though I came from her native place. At the time, be that as it may, I was exceedingly disappointed; though I was made some amends by pleasant conversation with the Superior and others of the sisters, especially with a very agreeable Englishwoman, the sister of a friend of mine; and I saw the beautiful chapel, having regretted, with the obliging nuns, that I had not come when the King and Queen did; for then I might have been permitted to see the whole convent, which is a very large and handsome building.

* This convent was founded more than a century ago, for forty nuns, natives of England and Ireland.

Having heard that a grand archery meeting, at which the King of the Belgians had been expected to shoot, but to which he had sent a deputy, had been held the preceding day, in the neighbourhood of the convent, and was then still going on, I resolved to drive to the place of meeting, having first been assured by my commissionnaire, or guide, that I should be admitted. The Society of Archers here is a very ancient institution. It was originally established for the defence of the city: but, happy change! it is now kept up for amusement only.

Five prizes annually are given by the government, consisting of silver cups and candlesticks. For these the archers shoot at five small birds, not larger than a sparrow, made of wood, and silvered over: these are hung on the *edge* of a very lofty pole, which stands on an exceedingly high mount of green smooth-shaven turf. On the same pole are hung gilt balls, which are aimed at by the archers when the birds are shot off. At the very top of the pole hung one of the five birds, and he who shot it off was, I believe, to have the first prize. I could not discover how the birds were fastened to the pole, but probably by means of wires; but it appeared to me that they must be excellent marksmen who hit either the birds or the balls. I entered the enclosure—a spacious green field, or close, in the midst of the pasture; and it was a striking scene. The mount, with the curious erection on its top, first attracted my attention; then the tents, full of people and refreshments, whence occasionally were heard the tones of the harp and of a military band. But I was most attracted by the shooters in their grass-green jackets and pantaloons, and their picturesque green caps, in which were placed, and also in their button-holes, artificial rosebuds; and I found that every archer put a rosebud in his cap or jacket for every time he hit his mark on the two days of the archery. Nor could I be blind to the superior hilarity in the countenances of those who most abounded in these blooming proofs of skill. The field was so large, that there was no crowd whatever, and the spectators stood in groups or sat on benches. Amongst some of these gatherings, I saw as many fine forms and faces as I had observed on the preceding day: but these were certainly not of the same class, and I found it difficult to decide to what grades in society the persons assembled generally belonged. I at last came to the conclusion that the shooters, their families, and their friends, were of the highest rank of the citizens of Bruges: but that persons of lower grades were admitted to witness the sports; and a great number of the spectators were of the same class as my commissionnaire, whom I saw enjoying himself amongst them. I sat for some minutes near some beautiful children, to whom I was an object of evident wonder: but they were too well-bred to laugh, as they gazed on my singular costume; and their parents were evidently persons of some importance.

But not one word of French could I hear, and I never felt so ill at ease before. At length,

however, when I saw the last bird totter to its fall, and when many were instantly hurrying to a building, supported by pillars, and open in front, a gentleman politely addressed me in French, and begged to conduct me to the building before us. There he gave me a seat, and left me without explaining *what* I came to see: but that soon explained itself in some measure; for, looking behind me, I saw the glittering prizes arranged in order; and then I saw two large vases at the top of a long table, before which stood a gentleman, without his coat, and with his shirt-sleeve turned up to the elbow of the right arm, prepared to plunge that arm into the vases. Again did I lament my ignorance of the Flemish language, for I wanted to ask so many questions: but I had now no opportunity, could I have done it with any hope of obtaining an answer; for every one was engrossed with what was going forward. The gentleman at the table plunged his naked arm into one of the vases, and drew out a folded paper, which he handed to the gentleman who had addressed me, and he read it aloud; on which there was a sort of shouting; while the arm again disappeared in the second vase, and thence came another paper, which was read aloud by the same gentleman, and then there was another shout. This process continued some minutes, and the only variety in it was the varying loudness and length of the different shouts. I therefore concluded that the papers contained the names of the successful archers, and of the prize or prizes each had gained; and that the difference of the shouts, in their length and loudness, depended either on the degree of favour with which the shooter was regarded by his fellow-citizens, or on the number of successful shots which the paper read recorded. But I at last grew weary of conjecturing, and weary of listening to sounds of joy in which I could not participate, and of witnessing the evidences of success in which I could take no interest; therefore, thinking that my situation was rather a ridiculous one, and feeling that truly unpleasant consciousness of being alone and joyless in a joyous crowd, I left my seat, and went in search of my guide, who asked me if Madame would not stay and see the prizes given: but I told him I was quite satisfied, and, hastening to my carriage, bade him tell the coachman to drive me to the hospital of St Jean. There I was shewn some very curious pictures by Hemling: but they have been so often and so well described, that I shall not enter into any details concerning them. This hospital is under the care of Sisters of Charity, who tend the sick and wounded in spacious and clean wards; and the garden is extensive. The large open hall is a very ancient Gothic apartment, with lofty pillars. The sisters were civil, but not at all inclined to converse; which I imputed to their probably slight knowledge of the French language.

My next drive was to the school of the Abbé de Tour; a school for poor girls, who are taught there to weave that handsome lace known by the name of Valenciennes. I was advised to go to this establishment by one of the Austin nuns, or I should have missed seeing one of the most interesting institutions in Bruges. I was most courteously received by the Superior, the head of eleven sisters, who attend on 170 girls; and everything wore the appearance of cleanliness, convenience, and industry. I found all the girls at work, and the Superior reading beside them; and I was so charmed with the latter, that I felt unwilling to depart. Her fine eyes retained some of the brilliancy of youth, and her countenance was beaming with benevolence.

"You must see our chapel," she said, "before you go, and I will conduct you thither."

Pleased was I when, on entering, I found I could, with a safe conscience, praise its excellence in such glowing terms as repaid my amiable guide for her trouble. That chapel is, indeed, the perfection of simple yet costly beauty! It is entirely of white marble and gold; and the friezes and bas-relievos have no colour in them, save shades of grey and black. It was unlike any chapel that I ever saw, and I did not at all exaggerate in the praises which I uttered. "Do come and see me again," said the kind little nun: but I could not; and reluctantly I bade her farewell.

My last visit was to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, whose various beauties have been so frequently and powerfully narrated, that I shall be very brief in my mention of them. The pulpit, which is elaborately carved in wood, is eminently beautiful as a work of art of that kind; and the confessionals also were well deserving of notice. In a side chapel, is a very striking statue of the Virgin and Child, said to be by Michael Angelo. In another chapel, in the same aisle, are the tombs of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and of Mary his daughter, the wife of the Emperor Maximilian. The effigies of both father and daughter, made of copper, richly gilt, repose, at full length, on slabs of black marble. This Duke, and this his only child, were the last scions of the House of Burgundy, and the last native sovereigns of the Netherlands—an historical record of little interest to me: but I was interested in seeing that this father and daughter, who loved each other tenderly in life, were not in death divided. Nor could I help feeling a sort of affectionate pity for Mary of Burgundy, that tender but ill-judging wife, who, in order to spare her imperial husband pain, concealed from every one that she had received an injury by a fall from her horse when hawking by his side. The truth was discovered too late to save her life and that of her unborn infant. Thus, from the kind but weak desire to spare her affectionate husband a slight uneasiness, she was the means of inflicting on him pangs the most severe. Another proof, among many others, of the folly and danger even of the *best intentioned concealment*.

Having now seen most of the prominent objects to be visited in Burges, I resolved to delay no longer my departure for Ghent: but I was

sorry to leave that interesting city, with which I seemed to have been so well and so long acquainted, from perusing the pages of history and romance, that it was a pleasure to me even to walk through its comparatively lonely streets, and gaze on its painted and turreted gables, and the ornamented fronts of its houses, telling of past magnificence. Some travellers say that it has an air of desolation; and I do not wonder that the inhabitants of a metropolis should be thus impressed, as, except on holidays, there are few persons to be seen hurrying to and fro. But those who dwell in provincial towns are not, I think, likely to unite in this opinion. For my part, I saw it in such delightful weather, that everything around looked bright and cheerful; and I suspect that our impressions of towns, and even of faces and persons, are not to be entirely relied upon, when seen under a cloudless sky and in glowing sunshine.

DEPARTURE FOR GHENT, AND VISIT TO THE GRAND BEGUINAGE.

Though I had scarcely been able to sleep, from the noise of children playing to a late hour in the court under my window, and from the almost ceaseless sound of the carrillon, I rose full of cheerful expectation to prepare for my voyage to Ghent by the treckscuyt, which was to set off early. Though sorry on some accounts to quit Bruges, I was not reluctant to go where I hoped to find French generally spoken; and, by half-past seven in the morning, I found myself comfortably seated on the deck of a very handsome barge, elegantly fitted up, in the cabin of which was every accommodation for breakfasting or sleeping. But I preferred remaining where I could see the blue sky and the green banks, and gaze upon the smooth and sparkling water; enjoying what the poet laureat thus describes—

"Europe can boast no lovelier, goodlier scene
Than that through which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields, and fruitful gardens green;
The journey of a bright autumnal day."

A Flemish gentleman sat beside me, and a young Englishman behind me, with the latter of whom I had a pleasant conversation. He told me he lived at Bruges, was going to Ghent purposely to see a picture exhibiting there; a proof of his fondness for art; and he was probably something of an artist himself, as he drew for me, on his card, an exact representation of the birds and gilt balls, and the machine on which they, trembling, hung at the archery meeting; from him I learned what I have communicated respecting the Society of Archers. I was sorry when he left the deck for the cabin. The Flamand was very talkative and polite; the other passenger, an Englishman, who had come with me from the hotel, where he had arrived the day before, was remarkably silent, and seemed to enjoy the "dolce far niente" of his situation. But, much to my amusement, he was not long suffered to remain inactive; for, as soon as the noble towers of Ghent appeared in sight, the Flamand urged him to exert himself in my service, and superintend the landing of my baggage with proper celerity. He readily obeyed orders; and, with our packages united on one brouette, we directed the porter to shew us the way to the Leon d'or; but it was too full to admit us, and we went to the Hotel de Flandres, where we immediately obtained excellent accommodation.*

As the dinner at the table d'hote was over, we agreed to dine together. My companion soon told me the short story of his life. I found he was the son of a clergyman, and was known to some friends of mine in the place where he resided; that he had been bred to medicine, but on having an independence left him, he had given up the profession, resolving to devote his time to travelling; and when I last heard of him from a mutual acquaintance, he was travelling still. That evening he accompanied me to the Bèguinage, which I was impatient to see, having heard and read much of the Bèguines, those devoted "Sisters of Charity."

It was as the time of vespers drew near that we repaired to their spacious and very handsome church; and, as soon as the clock struck six, we saw, first one sister, and then another, enter the aisle where we stood. They wore the usual dress of the Sœurs de la Charité; but, in addition, they had a piece of white linen, about a yard-and-half square, folded up, and lying on the top of their very particular cap. Immediately on entering, each youthful sister knelt down on the pavement, and each elderly one on a chair: she then took the folded linen off her head, shook it out of the folds in a moment, with a dexterity which practice alone could give, and throwing it over her face and shoulders, she advanced farther into the aisle, knelt down there, probably on her own accustomed place, and became instantly a sort of statue of devotion. I am quite sure that we saw above three hundred thus enter, and thus act. But there were about a dozen nuns who came in, veiled already by a long black mantle, which not only fell over their faces, but wrapt their whole persons round. These had been, as I was told, walking into the town on errands of business or Christian kindness, and therefore were habited thus.

These black-robed sisters, some of whom were very fine tall women, after the usual prostrations, on entering, took their places amidst the other sisters, and by their sable garments relieved the monotony of the scene; for, so many hundred women kneeling in rows, their heads and shoulders covered with such thick white veils, looked like so many marble effigies; and though the sight was curious and impressive, there was a great want in it of the picturesque.

* Ghent or Gaud, once the capital of Flanders, is said to have now about 85,000 inhabitants. In the time of Charles V., it was so large that the Emperor said, laughingly, that he could put all Paris into his *Gaad*—(*his glove*;) but it was then deemed the largest city in Europe, and contained 85,000 houses—175,000 inhabitants. It is said to stand on twenty-seven islands, which islands are connected by 300 bridges.

At length the organ sounded; some of the sisters ascended to the gallery, and vespers began. The singing, which was entirely performed by the sisters, appeared to me rather good than otherwise, some of the voices being very fine; and I was much interested in watching the countenances and gestures of the supplicants near me.

Before a crucifix knelt an old man, with long white hair, stretching out his arms, and throwing back his head in a manner so forced and unnatural, while his expression was devotional, that I was sometimes afraid he was acting a part, in order to attract attention, and perhaps to obtain alms: but I soon after saw one of the sisters in the same extraordinary position; and, being convinced she was in earnest in her devotions, I felt anxious to know what such contortions meant. However, I did not gain the desired information till I reached Aix la Chapelle: there I learnt that the painful position in question was intended as an imitation of that of our Saviour on the cross.

During the service, I saw a sister come out of a door near the altar, and go round with a sort of open box in her hand, to collect alms, as I supposed. Much did I dread her coming up to me, as I had no money in my pockets save English halfpence. However, I gave them, and she seemed not to notice what my gift was. As soon as vespers were over, we saw each white-coifed sister take off her veil, fold it up carefully, place it on her head as before, and quit the church; and I returned home soon after, pleased with having beheld a sight so new and striking as this large assembly of Beguines at vespers.

These sisters, who, some say, derive their name from the foundress of their order, named Begue, live, most of them, if not all, in separate houses. The Beguinage is almost a little town of itself; and on the door of each house is the name of its inhabitant or of her patron saint. I ventured to speak to some of the sisters whom I met in one of the squares into which the buildings are divided: but they smiled, shook their heads, and answered me in Flemish; and I went to rest, again deploring my ignorance.

VISIT TO THE MAISON DE DETENTION LE GRAND, OR PRISON OF GHENT.

I had heard so much of this prison, that I had a strong desire to visit it. Therefore, before I left London, I requested the Belgian Minister, Monsieur de Vandeveyer, would be so good as give me a letter to the governor or commandant of the establishment, and he kindly granted my request. Accordingly, I drove to the prison the morning after my arrival, accompanied by my countryman and fellow lodger, with my letter in my hand; and it was immediately carried to the commandant, who was so obliging as to go over the establishment with us himself.

This prison was celebrated, even before it had attained its present advantages. It is on record, that Howard the philanthropist proposed it as a model to other countries; and the plans of this building have been imitated in the United States, in London, and in Prussia; but I believe that, at the present day, the American prisons have reached to such a degree of excellence, that they now deserve to be held up as models themselves. The form is that of an immense octagon; and it is agreeably situated on that part of the town, near the Bruges canal, which serves as a public walk: and its vicinity to the water is advantageous; because it facilitates the transportation of different sorts of merchandise.

It might be tedious, were I to detail the progress by which this prison reached its present degree of excellence. I shall, therefore, only speak of it as it now is.

It is large enough to hold 2,600 prisoners, and its vastness and airiness strikes one on every side; but hitherto the number of inmates has never exceed 1300.

As capital punishment has been mercifully abolished in Ghent, and also, I believe, throughout Belgium, the doom of those who are condemned to die is always changed to that of perpetual imprisonment; and they are confided, not only to the care of the garrison, which is changed every day, but to the vigilance of a commander, of a sub-commander, of four guards of the first class, or sergeants, of a porter, and of twenty-seven guards of the second class, or turnkeys; which arrangements must involve a degree of trouble and expense that a continuance of capital punishment would have prevented —an honourable proof of the disinterested humanity and benevolence of the Government. It has been observed, that, on entering that part of the building which contains the dwellings and workshops of some of the male prisoners, one might suppose one's self in a manufactory rather than in a jail, from the sound of the looms and hammers. There are 350 weavers' frames in full use, which employ 700 individuals; converting what in former days was a scene painful to view into one of cheerful industry.

There were 1300 prisoners when we went round the prison, 300 of whom were women.

We were shewn into a room in which were many murderers; and as I stood opposite to one of them, trying to raise my eyes to his face unobserved, I fancied his were fixed on me with such a ferocious expression, that it almost seemed as if he wished to add one more to the number of murders which he had committed—namely, *five* in all! But he was excusable in resenting my intrusion into his presence from mere curiosity, and without any intention of even attempting to do him good; therefore, with rather an upbraiding conscience, as well as agitated nerves, I hurried from the apartment.

These criminals, eight I think in number, were hard at work, watched over by one of the gend'armes, who keeps them from uttering a word. I understood that meals are eaten and work done throughout the prison in absolute silence. I also understood that the prisoners sleep in separate cells, so contrived, that their nights as well as days are passed in silence. But, in an account of this prison, published so lately as

1834, I find that the men sleep usually two in a cell "in the premier quartier"—that is, where the workmen and manufacturers are—who doubtless make themselves amends in the night for the painful restraint put on their tongues in the day. As far as I am capable of judging, the prison food—into details of which it is not desirable that I should enter—is good, nutritious, and sufficient.

We went from the murderers' room into an apartment of immense length and size, quite full of looms; between two rows of which we passed along; and every loom had its occupants.

The men at work were confined, I believe, for various offences, and of different degrees, but none of them were there for life; but I wondered how they could live in such an atmosphere as they were breathing then, and did breathe every day. It was close, fœtid, and suffocating, from the crowd assembled there; and no wonder, for every window was closed!

They were weaving trowsers of a very coarse material for the army: but I hurried over my examination of the manufactures; because I was scarcely able to breathe, and dared not shew that I suffered, lest I should remind the poor men of their own trials; and I hastened to the open air as soon as I possibly could. When there, I eagerly asked the commandant why the windows were not open; and he told me, it was because the admission of air instantly broke the thread in the looms; but, at the end of every two hours, they were marched out, and all the doors and windows thrown open to ventilate the apartment thoroughly.

I asked him if the thread could not be hardened by some chemical process; but he assured me that every possible means had been tried in vain; and he believed that, after they had been at work half an hour, they were not conscious of the unpleasantness of the atmosphere; and probably he was right. I was gratified to see the pleased expression of the prisoners' faces when they saw the commandant. They seemed to receive him as a welcome friend; and if he was the governor of this jail in the year 1834 as well as in 1835, he was fully deserving of their grateful regard; for he put a stop to the infliction of strokes and blows by the whip and the stick, and no inconvenience has ever resulted from it. The only existing punishments at present are the privation of liberty during holidays, imprisonment in a dungeon for three months at most, bread and water from one day to another; and, if necessary in extreme cases, the shirt of iron is put on, which prevents the slightest motion. There are three floors, along each of which run three long open galleries, that lead into the cells; and behind these are the workshops. The cells are airy, and, as well as the mattrasses, sheets, and pillows, look clean and comfortable. The door of each cell opens on the gallery, and is numbered. It is also furnished with a sort of interior "trappe," or wooden window, which opens and shuts at the will of the prisoner, and makes a sort of table when half raised.

We next visited the female prisoners, who were also hard at work; some weaving, some sewing, some knitting. Their head-dress, though clean, is so ugly and unbecoming, that it must mortify and pull down their woman's pride, however great it might have been; but, perhaps, they think it becoming, and might have been equally astonished at the ugliness of mine. Among these 300 women, there was not one murderess; an exemption honourable to the sex: but, though my sex's pride might be gratified, my pride, as a British woman, was brought very low; for I could not but own to myself, that, in my country, it would be rare indeed, among 300 female prisoners, not to find one who had been guilty of murder.

To what is this owing? Doubtless, to the quantity of ardent spirits that is drunk by women in Britain; for the newspapers are daily filled with details of the drunkenness of women, and of its murderous results; and when, in their fearful inebriety, they do not commit murder themselves, they often lose their lives in drunken squabbles with their intoxicated husbands.* And this goes on, in spite of Temperance and Tee-total societies! However, this is no proof that they are not, every day, doing more and more good: but, while murders are constantly held up to public view, the successes of private philanthropists are allowed to remain in comparative obscurity; and, as destructive storms, are recorded in the journals, with all their fearful details, while no one thinks of describing the course of the quiet but useful river, which, as it glides along, fertilizes the soil around, and confers the blessing of plenty; —so, while murders are, by means of the press, bruited about England, thousands of tee-totallers may assemble and drink their tea together, increasing in numbers every day, diffusing their beneficial influence around, unnoticed and unknown. To these useful societies, I can bid God speed! and I firmly believe that owing to their exertions the number of murders which disgrace our calendar will rapidly decrease, and that the women of Britain will one day as rarely deserve the name of murderess as the women of Belgium.

What a digression! I must hasten back to the prison.

Having trespassed an unreasonable time on the commandant's patience and politeness, we prepared to bid him farewell; but we had one thing more to see, namely, the excellent contrivance by which, in case of revolt, all egress was immediately prevented. This is by means of a thick screen or wall of cast iron, which would let down before the gates, on a signal given, and would immediately make escape impossible.

We then took our leave of our pleasing, kind, and intelligent conductor; who, when he bade us farewell, advised us to visit certain other institutions, and to use his name for our introduction. These institutions were: The Sourdo Muets, (the deaf and dumb;) La Maison des

* How awfully was this result shewn very lately, in the case of John Lees.

Aliénés Hommes, (the madhouse for men;) and La Maison des Aliénées Femmes, (the madhouse for women.)

But before I quit the subject of this chapter, I must venture a few observations on the prison of Ghent; and sorry am I to say that they cannot all be favourable ones; for there is a formidable want of classification in the establishment; a fault which is well pointed out in the *French Guide des Voyageurs à la Ville de Gaud*, and which I have heard members of the Prison Discipline Society in England censure in terms convincingly eloquent. But when I consider the progressive improvement that has taken place in the arrangement of this noble and efficient building; when I remember that in this Catholic establishment, where the majority are Catholics, an hundred Protestants are allowed to have a minister of their own persuasion; and that a short primary instruction is given regularly to the men by a preceptor, and to the women by a preceptress; I cannot but believe that, ere long, still greater improvements will be made in this celebrated prison, and that all ages and all crimes will be no longer jumbled together, but that the wise, humane, and tolerant Government, which has already done so much for this splendid establishment, will enable the commandant and his officers, assisted, perhaps, by Howards and Frys of their own, to establish throughout the institution a complete system of classification.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE DISSENTERS' RALLYING CRY.

Ye gallant hearts of England,
Ye faithful men and true!
Who crush, with the might of indignant right,
Oppression's vampire crew;
To Freedom's valiant brotherhood
Be now your succour given,
Who stand in the dignity of men,
To fight for man and Heaven.

Ye Godly men of England!
Who scorn the wily race,
That make the crook and the Sacred Book
But stepping-stones to place;
O smite, with a holy vengeance smite,
The priestly hydra's head,
Which robs the poor, in the name of God,
Of his Bible, loaf, and bed!

Ye generous hearts of England!
Who cannot coldly eye
The writhing of the helpless wretch,
In the grasp of Tyranny,
Hie to the rescue, crush the strong,
And make th' Oppressor feel,
That nought may 'bide your arm of pith,
And your heart of proven steel.

Is this a time for dalliance,
In wantonness and ease,
When the trumpet-call of Liberty
Is borne on every breeze?
Is this a time for Pleasure's sound,
When muster'd in the field
Are Freedom's fearless champions, pledg'd
To die before they yield?

Arm—for the strife is common;
'Tis not *our* cause alone,
'Tis the cause of England's liberties,
And the cause of England's throne!
Arm for your hearths and altars,
For your country's soil and sod;
The neutral here is the foe of man—
He's the foe of the living God!

And you, my brother recusants,
Who vow undying hate
To the great Goliath of the Church,
Arm'd with levy, tithe, and rate,—
Go forth to battle dauntlessly,
Nor fear the monster grim;
Your God will make the stone and sling
Mighty to vanquish him.

His minions jeer our numbers;
They'll soon unlearn that laugh:
For the men they face will never strike
While a rag is on their staff.
We'll 'bide by its tatter'd shredlets,
While life or breath remains;
And we'll dye it with our dear heart's blood,
Ere we see it wreath'd with chains.

Now peace be with the craven
Who shrinks from the martyr's crown;
The scroll of Fame will not blazon his name,
Nor send it to ages down.
Woman will never smile on him—
Her smiles are for the brave;
From the young child's mock, and the good man's scorn,
He must hide in a coward's grave.

Then heavenward raise our banners,
Where soon we hope to be;
For heaven 's the home of martyr'd souls
Of the pious, brave, and free.
But, no—we cannot perish,
For the Just One reigns on high;
On the bad he frowns, but his mercy hears
The righteous, when they cry.

Then cheer ye!—the many will gladden
As the routed foe departs;
While the few who fall will live enshrin'd
In the nation's heart of hearts.
Their fame, like Hampden's, Hutchinson's,
A beacon-light for aye;
Their name a spell the freeman's pulse
Awaking to quicker play.

Up, up, to the righteous struggle!
We must battle ere we see
Our altars, homes, and our little ones
Hallow'd to Liberty.
Then hurrah for the Rose and Thistle,
And hurrah for the Shamrock green;
And hurrah for our wives and sweethearts,
And hurrah for Old England's Queen!

A. B. T. C. D.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.

THE information which Mr Charles Herbert received from our heroine's Scottish nurse, now a house-letter in London in high trust, gave food for meditation during a long and solitary ride, on which the young man did not permit even his servant to follow him. On the whole, it had been much more satisfactory to him than was the intelligence which Mistress Linton had been able to extract from him, either relating to business or friendship. The old lady liked a reasonable *quid pro quo* in all things, and fancied herself rather unhandsomely treated when Charles, her great favourite, neither promised her his interest with his mother for her former nursling, "poor Miss Vilet," nor came to the point about the finances of Professor Cryppes. "Professor" sounded with dignity in her Scottish ears; but paying eighty guineas a month for a house, and six more for the stables, was astounding, whether for St Andrew's or Old Aberdeen.

With Mr Michael Twig, who was shortly afterwards sent by his master for a copy of the inventory, the Socratic, or, more correctly, the Scottish mode of questioning, or pumping, proved sovereign; though the result of the process was anything but satisfactory to Mistress Linton.

"A music schulemaster!—a fiddler that plays on the organ, the kist of whistles, in their Prelatic kirks, to set up to pay for a hoose like this!" was her indignant meditation over her tea. "And Miss Vilet breeding up for a play-actor; I think black-burning shame o't; were it but for the name she bears:—e'en the Cawmells, that were sic deacons at the trade, didna openly disgrace the country; they had the decency to ca' themsels *Kembles*—set them up! . . . . . And Major Hamilton's daughter to turn play-actor! Surely the misguided lassie might find a better calling: I'll speak to her myself; it's my duty, as a countrywoman, to a fatherless and motherless young thing. . . . . And the clanjamphry she's among to run riot in a hoose like this! Mr Charles would need to look for sikker caution for the rent, I can tell him; . . . . . and the waste o' the carpets, and clouring o' the knives, and smashing o' the chinee," &c., &c., &c.

On this subject, the judgment of Sir George Lees coincided remarkably with that of Mrs Linton, the shrewd Scotch house-agent. The agreement was no sooner concluded, than he assailed Herbert, when they met at their club, with—"What scrape is this you have got into, Charles, with little Cripps and Shuffleton's house? What the deuce has put it into his scheming head to take a thing of that sort!—he'll be borrowing of us next; and Shuffleton's attorney will never get one penny from him."

"He has me for surety," replied Herbert, in a tone of quiet irony. "To be sure that is not much."

"I cannot admire your prudence so much as his impudence, Charles. How could you be so raw?"

"What the deuce could I do? When Shuffleton's solicitor asked for references, and—the scrupulous knave—for security too, Mr Cripps did me the honour to refer to me. It had been wiser had he done you the honour, Sir George."

"Thank you!" was the thought of the baronet, who said aloud; "And to plant himself, with all his tribe, just under our noses:—it is enough, by Jove! to desecrate the entire quarter. Could you not have given Shuffleton's *doer* a hint to say that another negotiation for the house was all but concluded—that the rent was a hundred and fifty pounds a-month—that"——

"I did not think it worth while to *lie* about it, Sir George," said the young man, coldly.

"Ah, well, Mrs Herbert, dear kind soul, must just pay when the time comes—though I hope she may not need"——

"As do I—for she sha'n't;—that I am determined on, whatever be the consequence. My step-mother has been far too generous—too indulgent to me already. You know well, Sir George, the sacrifices which my generous mother has made to clear off my foolish Oxford and Turf encumbrances, and save me the exposure which I richly deserved. By heavens! I adore the spirit of my father's wife—I were the most ungrateful, insensible cub alive else."

And yet there were times when Charles Herbert was tempted to be thus ungrateful, and to wish that his step-mother, with much less indulgence, allowed him a little more personal independence. Lightly and gently as she carried the rein, he knew that the bit was there; though it was only felt from the restive motions of the proud and but half-broken colt. The extraordinary settlement of his father, which left him, even in pecuniary matters, so dependent on a lady on whose affections he had no natural claim, was more galling to his spirit than his reason justified, when he reflected upon the entire devotedness to him which, from early boyhood, Mrs Herbert had shewn. A mother could not have been more tenderly indulgent. He was aware that, still in the prime of life, and in the full possession of those personal charms which Time had mellowed into richer beauty, she had refused several flattering offers of marriage; though so far from being unambitious, that her greatest weakness lay in the other direction; and though she valued rank and distinction in society so highly, as to be jealously susceptible about that mere sufferance or notoriety after which ladies, more vain and less proud, panted, and bent their lives and fortunes to attain. Charles Herbert could scarcely believe that so young and beautiful a woman had entertained any deep attachment to his father, whom, he understood rather than knew, she had

married from pique and disappointment. His friend, his advocate, almost his ally against his father's severity, and more like an affectionate elder sister than a harsh step-dame, Mrs Herbert had early gained the heart of her son. He knew her latent ambition; but its aims were generous, and they were for himself. The object dearest to her heart was, that Charles should marry well; and her ideas of "marrying well" were neither sordid nor vulgar. About a year previous to the period of which we speak, the mother and son had been at Baden, where, among the English visiters, they became acquainted with the Earl of Tarbert, a widower, and his only daughter, Lady Laura Temple, in whom Mrs Herbert saw her *beau ideal* of a wife for Charles, with probably a title in reversion. The Earl had been long in public life, as ambassador at a great German Court; and Lady Laura, after her education was finished, had lived with him abroad. She was three or four years older than Charles Herbert, though this circumstance did not in the least, in the estimation of his step-mother, detract from the many advantages of the noble, intelligent, and charming Lady Laura.

"She is too good, too grand, too *superior*, as you ladies say, for me," would Charles laughingly reply, in parrying his mother's indirect attacks or attempts to direct his affections in the right channel; to elevate his sentiments and character, as she thought, by the influences of the noblest and the most generous affections; by the admiration and passionate love of womanhood's surpassing excellences, all combined in the dignified Lady Laura.

"It would be the dearest happiness which life now promises, to see you, my dearest Charles, the husband of Laura Temple; such a union would leave me nothing to desire, securing, not merely the happiness, but the dignity of your existence. I should feel that, at length, I had discharged my duty to your father:—you know not, Charles, its extent."

Charles began to think that his mother's extreme anxiety for this alliance, though at first most disinterested, now involved a little struggle for power. This was not the way to succeed. He discovered, too, or at least told his mother, that he wished to travel for two or three years; that he was too young for marriage; and that the Lady Laura, by some few years his senior, was ages beyond him in maturity of judgment and experience of life. His constant gay plea was, that he was quite unworthy of so high a destiny.

"She is a fine, intelligent, dignified creature, and I hope will marry some prince and share his principality; and if you, *Maman*, will repent, and accept the Earl—and what brows more beautiful could grace his strawberry leaves?—I should be proud to claim Lady Laura as my most illustrious connexion. . . . . Besides, she never shews me the smallest particle of favour."

Mrs Herbert coloured and frowned. "This is not a theme of light talk, Charles. I have gone far, and perhaps too far, in permitting you to see my own impression. Laura Temple is not the woman, whatever were her rank, to be won unsought."

By degrees, Charles learned that, in declining the offer of the Earl, Mrs Herbert had declared her fixed intention of never marrying, and of settling her whole fortune upon her husband's son, if he were happy enough to gain the favour of Lady Laura, to which, she insinuated, he aspired. In stating this to the Earl, Mrs Herbert did not mean to deceive. Her ardent wishes half deceived herself.

The Earl was wonderfully indifferent. His views for his daughter might, ten years before, have been more ambitious; but now, so cool, independent, and impracticable a young lady might safely be left to her own judgment; and the Earl was desirous that she should marry some one. In her rank, a woman of twenty-seven is very near being confounded with the old maids; and besides, his daughter's marriage would remove every obstacle to his own.

The families separated in the previous autumn, the Earl and his daughter both well-disposed to young Herbert; and Lady Laura, with the ardour of a generous nature, making up to Mrs Herbert by increased esteem and affection for her previous suspicion of the arts employed by the quiet, composed, but ambitious widow to captivate her uxorious father. Again, before leaving Germany, and when Laura herself had become favourable to the union, Mrs Herbert decidedly refused the Earl; while, so far as delicacy allowed, she expressed renewed anxiety for the marriage of the younger pair. She was certain that Charles had no other attachment, or none, save of the transient nature, likely to interfere with the splendid connexion on which she had set her heart and hopes.

The Earl and Lady Laura were now expected in London for the first time for four years; and Mrs Herbert could not help flattering herself that her darling project had some influence in their determination, as they had become almost naturalized in the circles of Vienna. In the mean time, to ward off the worse mischief of a serious attachment, she had been rather pleased with the "harmless flirtation" struck up between her friend, pretty little Mrs Somers Stocks of the Grove, and her volatile step-son; and still more satisfied, when, in a mood between the love of fun and the first stirrings of ambition, the young man had thrown himself into public life at the W—— election; where he had relished the sport so much, that he declared the taste had whetted his appetite, and that he was almost tempted to become in earnest "The saviour of his country."

Mrs Herbert did not fail to expatiate upon these hopeful symptoms, in her epistolary communications with Lady Laura Temple, who, she justly said, was intended for something better than being the wife of a mere self-indulging, idle, and fashionable man of fortune. That Charles did not think of getting into Parliament, she imputed to his youth. That like too many clever young men of the day, he was inclined to *Liber-*

aliem, she did not think it needful to repeat; rightly concluding, that in a man of very large property, married to the only child of a peer, this error was either likely to be speedily abjured, or never carried to an imprudent length.

Since the return of Mrs Herbert and her son from Baden, the latter had lived in Chambers, ostensibly for the advantage of greater seclusion in prosecuting his studies, and his new vocation of statesmanship. It was an arrangement which suited both parties; and it was with renewed zest that Charles daily left his confined lodgings to fly to the splendid dwelling and choice society of his refined and affectionate step-dame. With her he dined almost every day; or if at his club, or with a friend, his evenings were either spent with her, at home, or in attending her to public places and parties. They were indeed inseparable. It was in gaily relating to her his varied adventures at W——, on the evening of the day that he had met the Cripps party, and become the surety of "the Professor," that Charles became conscious of something unusual in the reserve, or awkwardness, or complication of emotions, which led him, in his provincial sketches, to omit all allusion, even to the existence of Violet Hamilton. Misfortune had either hallowed the beautiful orphan to his imagination, or that mystery, in which young love ever enshrouds itself, was already stealing over him; not that he had forgotten the friendly suggestions of Mrs Marion Linton, nor how much Violet required a powerful and benevolent protectress of her own sex; but that, really wanting confidence, he tried to believe he had not yet sufficiently pondered on the method of introducing the subject so as to ensure success. Mrs Herbert had been amused and interested by his adventures and sketches, and gay repetitions of his oratorical efforts. "And now, Charles," she said, "in return for your news, I have charming intelligence for you. Lord Tarbert and Laura are to be here immediately. I have been so fortunate as to secure a first-rate house for them, such as would almost please me for yourself, had you already the felicity to call Lady Laura your own."

"Pray, my dear mother, don't make me too vain," replied Herbert, more, however, annoyed by the renewal of the old subject, now become more disagreeable than ever. "All-conscious of my own demerits and her bright perfection, I am afraid lest any hint of my ambitious audacity get abroad; besides, I have serious thoughts of espousing the Commonwealth—dedicating myself, like so many more patriots, to—My country!"

"And Laura Temple is the very being to give form and steadiness to such noble ambitions," replied Mrs Herbert, who would not be joked out of her attack. "How, Charles, you will yet bless my memory for raising your thoughts to this noble creature!"

"Far too good for me, I am sure; I would as soon think of proposing to the Majesty of Britannia ruling the waves, upon the reverse of one of our old coins, as of asking Lady Laura to be my bride. Remember, mother, that though I may turn out a very great orator, I am still but a mere mortal."

"I thought better of your good taste, sir, than this style of conversation warrants."

Charles Herbert could not bear to offend his mother, nor to live under her seeming displeasure. She had learned, perhaps, in the course of her married life, to cherish a little sullen wrath, gilded over by a calm exterior, which would have corroded the warm and candid bosom of her son. He now hastened to implore forgiveness and vow amendment; and, while he kissed hands on his pardon, ventured, like a true man, to offend again, by saying—

"I shall learn to hate Lady Laura if she become, however innocently, the cause of disagreement between us, who, until we met her, had not alone the most cordial affection, but a league, offensive and defensive, against all mankind; hating and liking exactly the same persons."

Mrs Herbert was about to retort, but wisely recollected that she might injure her own cause; and, when Charles requested, as a sign of complete forgiveness, that she should grant him "one favour," she graciously acceded, saying—

"But I beseech you do not let it be that I should take up Professor Cripps and his musical daughter: you know how sensitive I am on the head of *lions* and *geniuses* of every description—but particularly of the female sort. . . . . What, Charles, is the mighty favour?"

Herbert did not reply promptly. He looked embarrassed, uneasy.

"Merely, merely," he said at last, "that you give up the Opera, and go with me to Covent Garden to see Macready to-morrow. Since I became an orator and a public character, I am becoming curious about the graces of declamation."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear Charles," replied the lady, with the proud alacrity and warm devotion of a real mother; "with the greatest pleasure; fine Operatic lady as you sometimes call me, I will accompany you to the theatre as often as you please."

"What a kind, charming woman she is, could she be but persuaded that a man is generally the fittest person possible to know the sort of wife that best suits himself. . . . . If this sweet, modest Violet were but Laura Temple."

While Charles Herbert was studying declamation, or meditating in his solitary chambers upon the means of creating for Violet that interest in his mother's heart, which she was fast gaining in his own, Professor and Mr Jack Cryppes were not dallying in their arrangements.

Jack suggested that his father should instantly treat for the purchase of Mr Shuffleton's small cellar of "choice wine," which, however, was not for sale. The attorney fought shy. Jack, himself, bought the phaeton, though, probably, owing to his being the negotiator, the person from whom the carriage—"quite as good as new, the property of a person of quality who had no farther use for it"—was purchased, insist-

ed on having £80, hard down, to account—a proceeding which the Professor thought shabby. Sir George Lees, with an order on Mr Cryppes' banker, in his pocket, undertook, in the meantime, to look out for horses,—the family council held on one splendid horse or two handsome ponies, having been conclusive for the ponies.

Sir George was a thorough judge of horseflesh, and an adept at bargaining for it. Sir George had even been flattered by the commission, humbly solicited as the greatest kindness by his quondam W—— canvasser.

"Will Lees really jockey little Cripps?" was Charles Herbert's secret and uncharitable thought. He rebuked it,—but it would return. He had begun of late to think that Sir George was neither overburthened with heart nor intellect; that he was more *hard* in his worldliness than most other men; all men being, he began to fear, more or less worldly. And though a knowing, pleasant, gentleman-like person, Sir George had ways of talking, and of thinking too, on many subjects, and particularly about women, which were disgusting, and at times abhorrent to the young man who had been the spoiled child, or indulged younger brother, of the refined and delicate Mrs Herbert, him who had admired the lofty and noble-natured Laura Temple; and who, with deep reverence for womanhood, was beginning to be fascinated by the freshness and sensibility of heart, the ingenuous candour and delicious softness of the lovely and friendless girl, whose image was taking possession of his fancy, the more irresistibly, as it seemed, from his efforts to banish it. Her, above every other woman, he could not now endure to hear named by the profane lips of his friend Sir George, without a thrill of indignation, not the less vehement that prudence demanded the concealment of his emotion; for how was he to constitute himself the cavalier of "Mademoiselle Gabrielle?"

But here we outrun our story.

On leaving the house in the Regent's Park, (now his own,) the Professor—his case stuffed, in passing, with the cards of address, which he had providently ordered that same morning—engaged the best looking equipage that could be obtained for hire; and, though it was already getting dusky, resolved to drive round to scatter them among a few of his particular friends.

"Any objection, till dinner time, to a peep of London by gas-light, ladies?" said the Professor. "I can take you all." Jack, always alert, was, meanwhile scribbling the number of Shuffleton's house in the corners of the tickets his father was going to distribute, in a very small and neat back-hand.

"I vote for lunch, the fire side, and a song from La Belle Hamilton," cried he, squinting up into Violet's face with a look which instantly made her reply—

"I will be very glad to accompany you and Miss Cripps on your drive, sir."

"Then hey for the city! I must settle about the house." This was accordingly done, and, as we have seen, well done, by giving a reference to Mr Charles Herbert; and then the Professor went on his rounds.

He was not one of those enviable persons who, on entering London, have merely to sow cards and reap invitations; but he had power of its own kind, and, what was far better, knew well how to turn it to good account. In the course of this zig-zag and round-about most eccentric drive, the Professor dropped his card at at least twenty doors of different orders of respectability; his industrious daughter diligently hunting up the Court Directory for him, and Mike Twig being kept in hot exercise. In London he had several old professional friends, who had thriven, and now held a respectable place in good musical, theatrical, and convivial society. He also claimed acquaintance with itinerating concert-givers, managers, and semi-managers, and wandering stars from the metropolis, who had enjoyed his hospitalities on the Mall at W——, and obtained his friendly offices with both the Whig and Tory newspapers of that opulent and tasteless town. In London, several of his old pupils were now settled in the world; and, among others, an enthusiastic scraper on the violin, who had, however, prudently given over crossing the soul of his city uncle, and taken seriously "o' mornings" to the serious business of the banking-house. His evenings were still devoted to the fine arts and pleasure. With a call at one or two music-shops, when the ladies alighted, the drive terminated, so far as they were concerned. Some new music was carried away, and a grand pianoforte chosen and ordered to be sent positively next morning to the new house. The Professor gave his orders, not in the undecided and sneaking way, which defeats itself, but in the tone of a man able to enforce them as tradesmen best love.

"I have provided for your pleasure, Mademoiselle, to-morrow evening. I do not mean that you should appear at the Opera till your dress is a little Londonized; but to-morrow evening, after the play, we shall try, with a few friends, what echo Shuffleton's walls give to good music."

The Professor had one more call to make—the last—in which his son was to accompany him. The ladies were, therefore, set down at their hotel; and Jack jumped up as they entered, his hands filled with beautiful exotics.

"For La Belle Hamilton! 'Sweets to the sweet!' Is not this a winter bouquet worth looking at, Polly?"

"From whom?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, ho! All my eye, Miss Polly. . . . Never tell tales out of school, Mademoiselle," said Jack, with an impudent but good-humoured wink, meant to be sly.

"Charles Herbert, I dare say. Gabrielle was raving about flowers to him this morning. Go, Quintin; you keep my father waiting," said Polly, sharply.

Violet, with a beating heart, made one step forward to rescue her welcome property, if it were hers—and then hesitated.

"They cannot be for me;" and her eye rested fondly on some beautiful white camellias which she was sure were at least twin-flowers of those she had admired that morning in Mrs Herbert's balcony.

"Not for you, Ma'mselle. Oh, no! this is not your address, I presume;" and Jack handed her a card which established the fact.

Violet was unable just then to feel offence at anything.

"Flowers are too precious to be refused on slight grounds," she returned, blushing slightly. "I welcome the lovely strays;" and she put out her hands to receive them. "Will you have some, Miss Cripps; here are plenty for both of us."

"No, I thank you," said the pouting Polly.

"Don't quarrel about your lovers, young ladies," cried the undaunted Jack; "London has abundant adorers for you both. I'll bespeak Burke Barker for you, Poll."

"What a tiresome fool you are, Jack."

"If Barker is engaged," said Jack, taking his place by his father, "with any important affair—cutting up Grey, or smashing the Whigs for to-morrow's *Cerberus*—you mustn't get crisp or snuffy, Professor, should he refuse to see us. I have known him slam his door in the face of a Cabinet Minister before now; or, at least, a Minister's Sec.: 'I turn you *out*, my Lord, the more effectually to keep you *in*,' was his neat pointed turn, on one such occasion."

"All vastly fine, Jack. . . . . I hope Barker will see me though; for I want him. If these fellows who came down to W—— were so anxious about small puffs in its paltry prints, what must be the power of the metropolitan press. . . . I fancied your friend a Liberal."

"So he was; but the proprietor of the *Cerberus* changed last Wednesday. We are now decidedly Conservative; Church and State—to the backbone."

"Jack, I think you don't altogether want sense," said the Professor, who had given but slight attention to the revolution in politics of the *Cerberus*.

"Thank you, sir!" returned Jack.

"You know of what consequence it is to me, and my family—yourself included, puppy—that I start well."

"Ways and means, papa?" said Jack, peeringly. "Mademoiselle is to be our philosopher's stone, I presume; the Cripps' Eldorada; stony enough she has proved, to poor Jack, who, *entre nous*, Professor, was never more in want of a few pieces than at this blessed moment."

The Professor drew out his purse.

"If you, Jack, with your abilities, could behave with but common discretion and tact"—— The Professor counted out five sovereigns.

"Do make it the ten, father? You know I am about to make your fortune. For myself, hang law and letters, I will never make salt to my broth by them. I speculate on a dash in the line matrimonial:—Have at a city fortune! You wont come down the ten—make it even money, then?"

And six sovereigns were slipped into Jack's left hand, as, with the right, he rung at the door of Barker's chambers.

In the absence of his servant who, he said, had gone to fetch his horse, that gentleman opened the door himself, and a dark, tall, and thin, saturnine person, met the respectful scrutiny of the Professor. Mr Burke Barker was, probably, not above thirty years of age, if so much, though in the tear and wear of life, he was already quite bald; and, indeed, derived no inconsiderable advantage in physiognomy from the polish of what is called a highly intellectual head.

Whether it was that Professor Cripps was neither a Minister nor a Minister's Secretary, and that the Editor of the *Cerberus* saw no use in playing grand, he received his courteous and gentleman-like little visiter with frank affability.

Mr Barker had too deep a knowledge of the seamy side of life, to err by over-estimating the talents of any new provincial aspirant whatever; though he was disposed to judge favourably of the person soliciting his friendly offices as a journalist. He knew that Cripps was a good organist and pleasing composer; and that, though his manners savoured of the pomposity and elaborate courtesy of the past generation, and his musical principles might be equally ancient, he was not a quack. The Professor had had a thoroughly good and systematic musical education. Even Jack, with all the mountebankery for which Mr Burke Barker sometimes rated him in a friendly way, was a young fellow of quicker parts, and more universal acquirements, than ninety-nine in the hundred of those raw youths that yearly arrived in the metropolis with a collection of manuscript poems in their carpet bag—and a determination to become famous, and make their fortunes.

In Barker, on the other hand, the Professor saw, in the first five minutes, a man whom it was folly to attempt to humbug in the ordinary way; and he, at once, took the line of sense and propriety. It was, therefore, neither on his brilliant talents as a powerful journalist, nor his inestimable service to his patron, that the Professor plied Mr Burke Barker with delicate and well-turned compliments, implied rather than expressed, but upon the uncompromising independence, the stern integrity of his inflexible public principles.

Jack could not forbear squinting tremendously and comically up into his father's grave face of hypocrisy; but, fortunately, the obliquity was not perceived by either the speaker or the flattered person addressed, with whom the bait, or the balm, it is not, we fear, strange to say, had taken.

"Well, I fancied Barker a cleverer chap than that comes to, to be humbugged by the governor; but then he sometimes fancies he has a conscience, and it may require a sop: what a clever old shaver is *Papa*, too!—Turn Burke Barker's flank; but vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Mr Barker, in the course of a general lively chat, politely offered his visiter a box order for

four for Covent Garden, next evening. Macready was to appear in Virginius.

"No thanks, my dear sir; it will afford me infinite pleasure if I can be of any use to you. Such trifles, you know, Professor Cryp-pes, circulate freely in our corporation."

Jack had dexterously inoculated Barker with the dissyllable, and the Editor also believed that Cripps had obtained a degree.

The Professor would accept the order only upon one condition—that Mr Barker would wave ceremony, and join his family *petit souper* after the play, to meet merely "his friends"—what a host of friends the Professor had—"Sir George Lees and Mr Charles Herbert, the young man who had cut so promising a figure at the W—— election."

Mr Barker, although the proprietary of the *Cerberus* had changed politics since Wednesday, courteously accepted the polite invitation, and the nearer subject was modestly introduced. The Professor implored, not patronage, but advice. Mr Barker, with his tact, must know perfectly how the land lay—he asked for no undue favour, though friendly counsel was above all price."

"A fair start in London, Mr Barker, is all that I want—all that I am entitled to expect for my gifted pupil and myself. Of *her* talent, her *genius*, I ought to say, there can be no question. I have listened to Mara, sir, in her best days. I am getting an old fellow, Mr Barker, as that tall rascal proves, and have sat at the feet of Billington and Storace, sir. I have heard Salmon, and Mountain, and Dickens, and so forth, need I say how often? as for Sontag and Kitty Stephens, they are but chits."

The little Professor began to swell and blow out, when the eloquent squint of Jack gave needful check to his vanity, and recalled his better sense.

"My pupil is a rare and wonderful creature, Mr Barker," he continued, in a quieter tone. "No doubt, I may be partial, but I could venture my reputation that the girl will make a noise. She is very young, and peculiarly sensitive and shy, nor am I fond of familiarizing her to the public eye; but with *real* friends, such as I am proud to call Mr Burke Barker, and real judges too, the case is different. I do not bid you praise Gabrielle—no, sir!—I am proud for my pupil. I only entreat you will hear her and judge of her yourself, and I am not afraid of the result."

The Professor dropt a few mysterious hints about the private history of his pupil, while Mr Barker nodded gravely, from time to time, as if taking mental notes, and the visiters rose, with apologies from the Professor for intruding on moments so precious.

"We may depend on you, Barker, to assist at giving Mademoiselle and my sister welcome to their new home to-morrow night—Regent's Pa—ak, you know—Shuffleton's China Closet."

"Nay, nay, Jack, I did not promise for the young ladies," rejoined the Professor, laughingly. "They may be over-fatigued and out of looks, poor dears, and have not got dresses yet, and all that."

"Pho, pho, governor—so much more needful, if they are fatigued, of a spoonful of white soup, or a lobster patty and a glass, or, by're lady! a couple, of champagne, with a little music to recruit and set them to rights."

The Professor frowned and smiled at his incorrigible heir-apparent, and Mr Barker, by some sudden freak or other, or perhaps the natural reaction of Jack's high airs, relapsed into editorial dignity.

"If I possibly can; but pray don't expect me. My cab will be ordered for ten, at all events; for I must look in at the theatre—a few words will be looked for in the *Cerberus* in the morning; and Macready is a devilish good fellow."

"You don't hear him, governor—we don't hear you, Barker, I mean," cried Jack, offering as if to put his fingers in his father's ears, as he hurried him off. "He says he will come. . . . . All my eye," continued Jack, as the carriage drove off. "I wish I were as sure this six sovereigns were sixteen, as of Barker appearing at the hour of eleven . . . . . Heigh, ho, what a whirl-gig world it is, father. You ish humbug—I ish humbug—all ish humbug!"

The Professor was resentful; and the rest of the drive was devoted to a lecture upon propriety of manners and dress, and about idle frivolity that would never come to anything. Jack looked out at the window, and set his lips to whistle the air to which he durst not give breath.

"When did Charles Herbert fall in love with your pupil, father mine?" said Jack, at last. "I had an eye to her myself, if she make a hit . . . a delicious little creature she is."

"Hold your tongue, sir."

Jack rarely cherished anger, or even spite. His affections possessed the qualities of a sieve. With a certain degree of art and cunning, he was so perfectly what the world terms good-humoured, that he had never even known what malice or rancour meant, and had often been utterly astonished to learn that his satirical verses, and lively sallies in the *Cerberus*, which were termed falsehoods, malicious slanders, and scurrilous libels, could be deemed other than as exceedingly amusing and pleasant by their unfortunate subjects, as they were by himself. The firebrands, arrows, and death which Jack scattered, were really thrown about him in sport—and for some small pay. Malice, Jack utterly disclaimed. He hated no one, and rather liked his mother, and Polly, and Susan, and Ned, and several "good fellows" and pretty girls—one, two, or three at a time, as it happened, for it was much the same to Jack. At the moment he was somewhat out of sorts with the governor: "Yet the old boy in this dash upon the town is shewing blood," thought Jack, whose high animal spirits and sanguine temper were a fortune in themselves. With six gold pieces in his pocket—generally cleaned out—and a good dinner, a bottle of wine,

and good music in prospect, Jack soon recovered his best humour.

Violet did sing that night; she sang with her master; to his accompaniment; by herself; and she sung enchantingly; seeming no more aware of the presence of Jack, or of his *bravo's*, than if he had been one of the music-stools. The Professor was charmed. His fortune was made, and in the way most gratifying to his pride; for he would rather, in his grand moods, have been the instructor of an acknowledged *Prima Donna* than the father of a duchess, who might settle a handsome annuity upon him.

In his dash, *en Cossaque*, upon the metropolis, Professor Cripps, like other soaring and ambitious spirits, depended much upon rapidity of movement: on taking the enemy by surprise, carrying the war into his country, and there making war support war. Were we to state the real amount of his funds for this great enterprise, our veracity as historians might be questioned; and, it may be enough to hint that, of money placed in his hands for the premium, board, and clothing of his pupil, and the handsome results of his Farewell Concert, much less remained than Mrs Somers Stocks calculated upon. That little was threatened to be made less. A letter by the next morning's post, from Mrs Cripps, announced the irritating fact, that the shopkeeping churls of W——, that wretched, insignificant den, to which the Professor had sacrificed his prospects for so many years, were resolved, with every good wish for his prosperity in the metropolis, to have their little bills settled before the family and furniture were removed. They did not scruple—the more barbarous among them—to insinuate that the Professor had stolen a march upon them; besides, the accounts were too long past due already, and must be discharged in full.

"Dem'd nonsense to expect any such stuff," cried the insulted gentleman, throwing down his lady's epistle. "Let them wait, and be cursed to them; serve them right; write instantly to your mother, Polly. Had she had the gumption to send forward the light luggage, they might have kept the trash." Violet was just entering with a letter in her hand; her presence was ever a restraint on the Professor's vivacious sallies, recalling him to propriety of demeanour, when irritation banished his customary suavity. "Ah, Mademoiselle! musical genii, I see by your eyes, have been all night hovering round your pillow!"

Violet liked the Professor less in his high-flown fits than even in his irascible humours; but the sudden and forced changes from the angry to the treacly mood was worse than either.

"I have thought it right to apprise my friends in Guernsey of my sudden change of residence," said Violet, composedly. "Our rector is to be in London in June; and, with your permission, sir, would take me home during the summer vacation, which I could then pass agreeably, without embarrassing the plans of Mrs Cripps and the family."

"Totally impossible, Mademoiselle. This is the very crisis of your fortune. To-tal-ly impossible! My own summer plans are not yet fixed—time enough. Perhaps I may take you a run over to Paris, or rather Vienna, if we can't manage both, or only Brighton perhaps. Of course, when the season closes, we must go somewhere."

The Professor, though at present dazzled with bright flitting visions, would have been a poor violinist indeed if, in this great emergency, he had not had in reserve two or more strings to his bow. A concert at Brighton to stamp fashion, a stroll to wealthy Manchester and ostentatious Liverpool, after a *coup de main* upon Dublin, were all included in the possible; not, however, until London had been fairly tried. Violet's face betrayed her disappointment. In intimating to her affectionate and humble friends that morning, the vague doubts and fears that were thickening in her path, they had taken a more marked form to her own mind; and, though she could not tell all she felt, she strongly expressed her apprehensions of being as unfit as she was disinclined for the arduous, if brilliant and conspicuous, part to which her master directed her ambition.

Professor Cripps was not altogether selfish in his designs. The developement of the musical talent of his pupil—of that "divine gift" which she probably possessed in the abundant measure which he sanguinely believed—while it redounded to his large profit and immortal honour, must also crown the enviable possessor with glory in the eyes of all Europe, and ultimately secure her a handsome fortune, with, perhaps, rank and title, in a matrimonial alliance. What more common, if she played her cards well? which he hoped she would; his own character and interest being deeply involved in the game. Besides, however insensible his wife or daughter might be to the charms of the gentle and lovely orphan girl, the Professor's was no jealously feminine, nor yet "savage breast." Musical geniuses may be as intensely selfish as any other class of bipeds, and, by training and position, fully as profligate and depraved, but there is always some lurking enthusiasm, some latent sympathy with the beautiful, in their original nature; and the hopes which the Professor had placed in the success of his pupil, the pains he had taken with her education, her rapid improvement, and the unconscious, undesigned fascination of her manners, had obtained great influence over his mind. Where he might have bribed and flattered an inferior girl placed in the same circumstances, relative to his own aspirations, he really liked, and warmly praised, Violet. She had not yet thwarted his views. "Cripps is a fool about that girl," was a not unfrequent remark of Mrs Cripps.

"Before your summer plans are fixed," said Violet, "I hope something may occur to change your views respecting me. In Guernsey I shall not be idle, I assure you. I was born a bird of the wild wood, and don't sing best in a cage. You are too good indeed, to think of Ger-

many or Italy for me. Your kindness would be worse than thrown away; for I never—*never*"——

"Bah! my dear Mademoiselle. . . . I beg a thousand pardons—but I am busy this morning," interrupted the Professor. "As for my *kindness*, as you politely call it, you more than repay it by your attention and improvement in our divine art. 'Tis not common care, nor yet common attention, that can give Europe a new *Prima Donna*, my dear. Apropos, Polly, you know my plans for the day. . . . . Stay, your wardrobe needs a little repair, probably. While you pursue your studies, and keep up your spirits and good looks, you must not neglect your toilet, Mademoiselle." The Professor took out a rather well-replenished note-case. It was said of him, and the case is, we fear, too common among great professional geniuses, that, even when at the richest, he never sought either desk or banker save his breeches' pocket. "This, in the meanwhile, for trifles to-day; to-morrow, when we obtain a local habitation, you may order what you require from our neighbour Mrs Herbert's milliner, who supplies my friend Mrs Somers Stocks."

"Madame Ramsden," said Polly; "Charles Herbert was telling us a funny story about her, one day that he met Mrs Somers there."

"Good! The directory will instruct you where to find her; and she must be a proper person. . . . It is scarce for me to give advice in affairs so far beyond a gentleman's province. The stage is a law to itself; but, for private life, I should cite our Shakspeare's great rule, Mademoiselle—'Rich, but not gaudy.' . . Safely may all this be left to my charming pupil's native good taste."

"Really, papa, I am glad that mamma is a hundred and fifty miles off," said Miss Polly, pertly; and the proud heart of Violet swelled with the sense of insult, and her eyes flashed, and filled with tears which pride kept in their lucid fountains.

"Bad taste, Miss Cripps," said the Professor, strongly, while his angry thought was, "there is a grain of coarseness in that woman's children, which, with all my pains, is enough of itself to mar their fortunes in respectable life."

"Whatever Mademoiselle may want, I am sure I want everything," said Polly; "ribands, flowers, shoes, gloves, a fan, and a bonnet monstrously!"

Violet was conscious of her own more pressing wants; and also of a circumstance which the Professor, in the exigencies of his more important affairs, had perhaps forgotten, namely, that the funds had been placed in his hands, which were to supply them. Her mourning was becoming very shabby, she was afraid; and on her good original supply of linen, the Misses Cripps had made unconscionable inroads. Petticoats were required for Emma, who was growing so fast, and night-things for Susan; and Miss Polly particularly admired Violet's French handkerchiefs and silk stockings; while her notable mamma declared that anything above two or three changes was utter nonsense for a girl, and Mademoiselle could have new things, fashionably made, as she needed them; yet, how could Violet now hint to her master, that she required some of her own money to make up for the plunder she had undergone?

There is certainly some national instinct which renders it next to impossible for English people to speak about money, with that frankness and directness with which they can discuss any other simple matter of business. Though all the world knows that obtaining the payment of debts, "getting in one's own," is often the subject nearest the heart, it is not to be approached, save with Chinese etiquette, vast circumlocution, and positive insincerity—"Oh, no matter about that; why mind such a trifle? it will all be in very good time; pray, don't mention it," &c. &c. Violet said nothing of this sort; but she was so far under the common English influence, that when she wished to ask for a few sovereigns of her own money, she blushed and hesitated, and began to stammer out what she could not express, when the quick tact of the Professor divined the exact nature of the case. The note-case was again in instant requisition, and the face of Violet was covered with deeper blushes, while she half feared that she might be taking her generous master at disadvantage, in robbing him all at once of so very much money, although, no doubt, it was her own, and she required at least a part of it.

"Indeed, sir, you give me far more than enough. Twenty-five pounds a year was, I think, my allowance for clothes; a very great deal too; more, I am sure, than I ever ought to spend upon myself, alone; pray"——

The Professor politely doubled up the small lily hand upon the magic bit of paper—bowed on the hand, as if he meant to kiss it, with a manner between paternal tenderness, and old-fashioned gallantry, whispering—

"Be prudent, but not shabby. Shew me young ladies who will not disgrace the Opera circle one of those nights. Take good care of Mademoiselle, Miss Cripps, and see that she is handsomely dressed. My idea is black satin—we'll see whether a few appropriate ornaments may not be found to relieve it."

The Professor, kissing his hand, hurried away on a thousand engagments, while his daughter burst into a fit of ironical laughter at the dismal looks with which Violet regarded the note.

"You don't suppose it is forged, Mademoiselle, or that it will turn into slates or ashes, like the devil's wages? If ever I heard of a young lady distressed by having too much money to buy clothes before! But do get your bonnet, if you mean to carry the Professor's generous designs into effect. . . . . Perhaps you mean to stay in rather, lest any *friend* call. Charles Herbert did seem curious yesterday about our plans."

"You ought not—it is unkind, Miss Cripps—to put such interpretations on trifles; of what consequence can Mr Herbert's calling or not calling be to me? . . . I meant to go out whether you went or not, to make a few trifling purchases."

Violet having first deposited the Professor's money in her little desk, to be all, or nearly all, restored to him, took her way with Miss Cripps, attended by Mike Twig.

The kindness with which Violet sometimes looked at, and, at others, interposed to save this provincial importation from a round rating, for his provoking and incorrigible stupidity, had touched Mike's heart; and rendered him, to her at least, a most devoted squire; but London sights had, at the same time, turned his head; and, long before they had reached their destination, Mike and the young ladies had parted company. Early as it was, the streets were somewhat full of loungers, who gave themselves full liberty of staring at the pedestrian damsels.

"If you wished to avoid Charles Herbert, you had better have stayed at home, Mademoiselle," cried Miss Polly, as they defiled into St James' Street. "There he is. A handsome man enough, certainly, at a distance;—there, with an officer—a guardsman, I dare say—no; the colonel, though, who honoured me with such a broad stare yesterday. I fancy he will know me again, that gentleman. How you drag one, Violet—that's not the shop we want."

Mr Herbert bowed as he advanced; seemed for an instant to hesitate; and then moved, as if to pass on with his military friend, whom Violet fancied the most bold, disagreeable-looking Ogre she had ever seen. Miss Cripps was disposed for farther parley.

"Sure you were created for the express benefit of forlorn damsels, Mr Herbert!.... Here we are again completely astray. That gaping booby, our country servant, whom we were silly enough to bring out instead of Eustache," (the last-named gentleman a mystery to Violet,) "has contrived to lose sight of us in staring about him."

"Can I be of any use," said Herbert, looking earnestly at Violet, to whose side he unconsciously passed; while his friend, seeing nothing in the accost of the other lady particularly to alarm him with ideas of intrusion, wheeled round also, and mounted guard on the left flank. Whatever might be the cause, Violet was seriously distressed. She stopt short.

"There is not the smallest need for your turning back, Mr Herbert," she said, for once speaking for her party. "I noted every turning. Pray, do resume your walk. We can get a coach at the next stand; we are merely about some small shopping."

Mr Herbert was too well-bred to press his services where they were so evidently distressing. He lifted his hat respectfully, almost deferentially, and took his friend's arm, as if to turn him also; when, all at once, with a little girlish start of alarm, Violet shrunk back at the apparition of Jack Cryppes! Jack, fortunately, did not notice even his sister, so deeply was he engaged in watching a lady on the opposite side of the street, ere he dived into a cross lane. Miss Cripps looked back, and nodded gaily to Violet at Jack's absence of mind and gallant occupation; and the gentlemen tacitly resumed their former positions—the Colonel and his companion stepping out to give way to the passers by. It was not difficult to keep Miss Cripps in play in a scene like this. Charles Herbert was less fortunate with his lady. He tried several topics before he hit upon Mistress Marion Linton.

"The old lady is a warm admirer of yours, Miss Hamilton. She is, in her own way—and a very good way it is—a noble-spirited and highly-estimable person. With all her worldly sagacity and shrewdness, there is a spice of romance about her too."

"Indeed!" said Violet, smiling, "'like is an ill mark,' as she was wont to say to me long since."

"I don't know how my mother, with whom she is a favourite, obtained the delicate confidence, but that hard-featured, cross, old woman was a lover once, and beloved; and 'he she loved proved false,' and sought a richer bride than poor Marion; though I have heard her boast, with not the mildest Christian charity—'I could now buy out their beggarly generation—ay, twice owre!' Between the affront and the disappointment, the spirited young woman left her native place, and travelled on foot to London, without a single friend before her. It was long believed that she had taken the lover's leap, over some of the *linns* of her valley, till she finally emerged a woman of property, and still a spinster, who has had offers, as I have occasion to know."

Violet made no reply.

"Is it not strange, Miss Hamilton, to fancy that the same emotions which have thrilled the heart of the noble, the young, the beautiful, and the refined, should linger in the memory of that poor old body?"

"And you laugh at her?"

"On my soul, no!" replied the young man, with earnestness. "There are true loves which appear abundantly ludicrous: but Mrs Marion's smouldering flame is not one of them.—But all this, remember, is a dead secret, which, I am sure, you will not betray."

Violet smiled—"You may rely upon my discretion."

They walked on for a minute or two in silence, ere Herbert, with same hesitation, remarked—

"The public business of your profession seemed distasteful to you, madam. You must pardon me for having played the eaves-dropper, on the night of Cripps' concert; indeed, I could not well avoid hearing what you said to Mrs Somers Stocks, although it had not been so peculiarly interesting to me. May I now inquire if your opinions have undergone any change?"

Violet was about to reply, when the same apparition of Jack Cripps, who again suddenly emerged before them, made her once more recoil. Jack was, this morning, more the exaggeration of low, and even dirty dandyism than ever. A pink check shirt, which was decorated with some

glittering fixtures, although, apparently, it had not called on the washerwoman for some days, was a new feature in his morning toilet; and he looked, altogether, like a rake who had not been in bed. The involuntary backward movement of Violet, and her almost ludicrous horror of the recognition, were not lost upon Herbert, who now first respectfully offered his arm, which was silently and gratefully accepted; while the Colonel, also apparently afraid of Jack, at once recollected an engagement. Miss Cripps lost not a moment in introducing to Herbert—

"Mr Quintin Cripps—my brother the barrister."

And Jack salaamed his "friend, Charles Herbert," whom, to say truth, he had known by sight for some months; since Burke Barker had pointed him out one day entering Brookes'.

"You were asking about a cake shop, Miss Cripps," said Herbert, anxious to lead Violet into the retirement she seemed to desire, and also to escape himself. "This is one Mrs Herbert uses. The good, civil lady who keeps it was the housekeeper of a friend of ours."

"Most happy to patronise any protegée of Mrs Herbert. Pray, Mademoiselle, remind me of this—we are just looking out for all sorts of tradespeople."

Herbert led the way, and the party entered, the confectioner's, and chatted, and ate; Jack, in particular, playing, in both sorts, a swingeing jaw.

"Ta'rnation clever chaps those Yankees, with their mint juleps and cock-tails," said Jack. "Here, in London, it is ever munch, munch. The French themselves like a taste of summat, chassé. A sip of cherry-bounce, now, ladies, let me recommend; or"——

"Fie for shame, Quintin," interrupted Miss Cripps, laughing. "Quintin is the oddest harum-scarum creature, Mr Herbert; but, indeed, you must not mind him."

"I sha'n't, ma'am," said Herbert, drily.

"Papa says it is excess, an absolute overflow, of imagination which makes Jack so droll and playful. . . . Oh! here is the Highland woman again, Gabrielle. I am surprised you don't wear a *plaid* petticoat, or a boddice, Missis What-is-your-name? I hope you have got the house in high order for our reception to-night. Mamma is very particular about domestic matters, I assure you—*very*.'

It was, indeed, Mrs Marion; who first stared with some surprise and sternness, gradually relaxing as Violet came eagerly forward.

"I am so happy to have met you again," she said. "Yesterday, I had not sufficient presence of mind to arrange about another meeting, and I feared it might be long ere I should see you."

"It can matter little meeting an auld stoure carlin like me, Miss Vilet, while sae mony braw young gallants are fluttering aboot ye." And the speaker scowled on the preposterous dandy, her strongly-marked features varying in their expression from contemptuous scorn to ludicrous contempt. Violet reddened, and appeared disconcerted by these free remarks; and Marion added in a kindlier tone:—"But I am happy, at any rate, to see your father's bairn; and, I dare say, you may be pleased to see me too—ye may hae newer, fairer-fashioned friends, but ye are no likely to hae mony truer to ye than his were."

"Alas! I have none other, and none that I can so dearly prize."

They talked apart, in a low voice, and in Gaelic, as Miss Cripps opined; she being one of many aware of no distinction between the Scotch and the Erse languages. While the brother and sister were again ardently engaged in the business of eating, with interludes of laughter and talk, Jack, dragging hither and thither his elf-locks, and curling his mustachios with the tip of his little finger, and Polly setting her bonnet to a smarter or more *degagee* curve, Herbert saw a letter which he believed was the same which he had, two days before, picked up and restored to Miss Hamilton, slided, after some earnest whispering and demur on the part of the receiver, into the hand of the old woman, who said,—

"If it must be so, far better that I seek out the young ne'er-do-weel in these sort of waff houffs, than you, hinny. . . . . But when am I to see ye? Ye wouldna like me to come to you, ye say, as we couldna have a free crack before strangers. Now, then, can ye come to me? There's the Sabbath. Surely, ye dinna play your music on the Lord's Day, Miss Vilet? and, O, my dear young leddy, ye are surely no sae far left as to bring shame on your country and your name by turning a singing play-actor?"

Violet, a pang at her heart, made a feeble effort to smile, and replied,

"I hope I will never do anything that you shall disapprove."

"In proof of the young lady's docility, try if she will obey you by taking my mother's carriage home. I see it returning from setting her down at the Earl of Tarbert's new place. Here it comes;" and Herbert telegraphed the footman. "It threatens rain too."

"I see no sign of wet, Mr Charles; but if Miss Vilet and you 'gree about it, her bit weight can do little scathe to the coach."

Violet would have declined the courteous offer; but the earnest whisper of Herbert made her little heart throb.

"I cannot endure," he said, "to see you in company with that hirsute monster:—it is intolerable—it is degrading; and it is impossible to get rid of him. Do, pray, oblige me by accepting, with Miss Cripps, of the carriage."

The soft moist eyes were gratefully raised in thanks and sweet consent.

"I wish I had that head between my knees, and a pair of gude het tings," said Mrs Marion, grinning disdainfully at Jack, who was still playing antics before the looking-glass with his hair and mustachios.

"What does the old lady say, Mademoiselle, about hot tongs?" asked Jack, looking rather fierce.

"Telling how cleverly they singe a sheep's head in our country," grinned Marion, answering for herself, "when there is more hair than harns about it."

Jack's response was lost, for the carriage drew up; and the delighted Miss Cripps, with a bagful of cakes in her hand, scarce needed invitation or help to jump in.

"What an enchanting carriage," cried she, throwing herself languishingly and luxuriously back in the place of honour. "Claret-bodied; and the hammercloth so magnificent! These fellows drove off, though, before I could say good bye to my brother. Charles Herbert had employed him to pay the cakes; but I fancied Charles coming with us?"

"How delicious an odour of flowers," said Violet, taking up a small volume lying open upon a cushion, which turned out to be "Rochefoucault's Maxims" in the original, which Violet had always thought a very disagreeable *wise* book.

"Our elegant future neighbour has been carrying flowers, I da' say, to the house she is getting ready for her friends the Tarberts."

"They are expected to dinner, Mistress Confectioner mentioned," said Polly; "but Mr Charles Herbert is not to know. There is to be a surprise."

Violet was thinking what silly things surprises are, while Polly began vehemently kissing her hand, smiling, and bowing repeatedly to Mr Benjamin, her W—— admirer, who, just dropped from a north country coach, was hurrying along, followed by a porter, as if looking out for an omnibus to transport him to the city. He seemed turned to stone by the sight of his beautiful flame in a splendid private carriage, with at least one tall footman behind it.

"So much for the native," said Polly, laughing aloud, conscious that, save to draw the attention of the young manufacturer to the equipage, she would not have noticed him in London in any shape. "Fancy, Gabrielle, the comfort of having such a carriage of our own after our *debut*:—you, at least, who, papa swears, must succeed triumphantly in your peculiar line; though talents suited to a more general line of business may prove as useful in the long run. The voice is liable to so many accidents and chances."

"For which reason, it cannot be very wise to trust much to it. Don't, pray, Miss Cripps, talk any more about my coming out on the stage, or being a public singer; it never can be,—and it so vexes me."

"Nonsense, Mademoiselle; no use, you know, for airs when nobody is bye—mind, I don't say Charles Herbert; I say *nobody*. But, of course, you would not wish to make your fortune, and keep your carriage—not you! nor to marry highly—perhaps a lord—either?"

"I do not care at all about it," said Violet, answering to the last count only. Miss Cripps laughed jeeringly, and drew the check-string; and, to the horror of Violet, in a decided manner, ordered the carriage "to Mrs Herbert's milliner's."

The servant appeared disconcerted. By the direction of his eyes, he seemed to Violet to be consulting the looks of the coachman, an older man, and one of more trust with their lady. The telegraph had probably given an ambiguous response.

"Mrs Herbert employs different persons in that capacity, ma'am," said the footman, mechanically touching his hat, though his manner was not very deferential.

"Madame Ramsden, I mean," persisted Polly; and it happened that this did not take the carriage an inch out of the direct way home.

"How you vex me, Maria," said Violet; repenting having accepted Herbert's courtesy. "We are taking a very great liberty, indeed, with a lady who is, and probably desires to remain, a total stranger to us; for any sake, since we are here, let us go home as fast as we can; or dismiss the carriage and walk home—that would be better."

"You *are* so tiresome, Mademoiselle," returned Polly. "A mighty obligation truly, to be set down by a returning empty carriage. Mrs Herbert and her people have more sense, although her son had not pressed the thing upon us."

Violet refused to enter the house, (not shop of the milliner,) and her absence left a freer field, in which Miss Cripps, who, if a rustic, was scarce a novice, might display the manners and the Arts which melt a milliner's soul. If Polly was not altogether a novice, neither was Madame; who, herself, gave audience; the hour being still too early for the press of aristocratic or noble "clients," as she termed her customers. At one glance, the practised eye of Madame detected something wrong; and seeming, all the while, to obey the hests of her equivocal customer, she contrived to advance to a window of the saloon; which, in military language, commanded the door. The carriage which had last stopped, was, beyond a doubt, Mrs Herbert's. Madame made a fresh *reconnoissance* of her customer, and with more impartial eyes. The new client might be a great provincial heiress, and not, after all, as she had suspected, a friend of the lady's maid and the footman on a lark; for Madame had known of such audacious proceedings in great families.

"I have seen such lovely things from your house, Madame, with my friend, Mrs Somers Stocks of the Grove. You display exquisite taste! But French *artistes!*"

It might be inferred, from the tone in which this was said, that duly to paint the transcendent abilities of French milliners, and especially those of "Madame," exceeded even the eloquence of Miss Cripps.

Madame, who, by the way, had been born above forty years before, and within the sound of Bow-Bell, was not to be done by a compliment to her works, conscious as she was of their superiority: but she perfectly remembered the pretty little bride, the country friend of Mrs Herbert, skipping about in her Temple of Fashion, and issuing her orders with the liberality of a Russian princess; and the fond old

gentleman, chuckling with delight, as he hobbled after his animated latest purchase, with his purse in his hand, calling out—"What's to pay, darling?—what's to pay, Cary?" Thus intimating his thorough understanding of the tacit conditions of the marriage contract.

The man was barbarous, horrible, vulgar; and Madame Ramsden generally liked "to book" her safe "clients," though the practice of the provincial banker had its recommendations. His lady soon came to book, in spite of the injunctions of her husband. These reminiscences had their effect; and, though Polly Cripps had no rich old husband to follow her about crying "What's to pay, my angel?" yet, as Mrs Herbert's friend, she was almost as well received as if she had. Her head swam in giddy exultation, though she did not wholly lose her self-possession.

A full half-hour elapsed; and Violet, overhearing the gorgeous coachman make some guttural observation to the footman about a draught round the corner, and his "hosses;" and being, in spite of herself, exposed to the gaze of the loungers, who uniformly turned their eyes from her face to the arms on the carriage, she could almost have jumped out and run away, when three very small human hybrids, each a finer gentleman than Jack Cripps, almost as fine indeed as the pretty fellows one sees in the perfumer's windows, and smelling overcomingly of musk, tripped out, holding each something jauntily between the forefinger and thumb, which, kneeling on the steps of the carriage, was presented, with bland whispers, to the divinity within. The lace, the flowers, the stockings—"finest quality," "latest styles"—had been ordered out "by the lady whom Madame had the honour of attending within." Violet had too much sweetness of nature to be capable of an incivility to any one; and the very existence of each of the dainty small gentlemen appeared to depend on her fiat touching the said lace, stockings, and flowers; and they whisked out and tripped in so nimbly, and brought more and more, and pleaded with such gentle insinuating pertinacity, as if for life from her hands, that the poor girl, abashed and confused, let them construe her wishes just as they pleased, and was even rejoiced to have the power of making the doll-like creatures so happy. And then Miss Cripps appeared, enacting the majestic, and they drove off.

"As you would neither descend nor condescend, Mademoiselle, I ventured to order a few things for you, along with my own, after papa has been so generous to you, Gabrielle; and he detests so, as you know, to see the ladies of his family dowdy or ordinary. His respectability, at this time depends not a little, let me tell you, upon the appearance of his family; and I am determined that my toilet shall be no reproach to him."

With all her simplicity, Violet had no doubt whatever about this. She mentioned that she had requested the little civil gentlemen to send in her own bill immediately; a proceeding which had not raised their ideas of her condition, though, on the whole, their report of her to Madame was favourable.

Professor Cripps, as he ate the soup ordered for his refreshment; after a morning of hard work, had the felicity to see his pupil and his daughter descend from a handsome private carriage.

"There is blood in that girl," was his proud, paternal thought; and Polly, a stranger being present, explained the circumstance to her papa in "very good taste," as if it were the slightest and most natural thing in the world, to have taken advantage of Mrs Herbert's carriage. The ambiguous stranger stood apart, and Violet and Miss Cripps soon comprehended that Monsieur Eustache Latude, though evidently a foreigner, was not a foreign visiter, but merely the intended *maitre d'hotel*, of whom the latter had heard. This accomplished person, who told that he had nine times made the tour of Europe, with noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, and been three times in Turkey and Greece, twice at the Upper Cataracts,—but not that he had once had an imminent chance of visiting the Australian colonies,—had been, like so many hundred-thousands of his countrymen, an officer in Napoleon's Guard.

"Fortune of war, sare! Mon He-ro—my Empereur, perish on de rock. I perjure my contree—I rone—I fly—I seek de ass-all-lhum in de free gin-ruse Breetain. I tro my"——

"Ah! well," interrupted the Professor, "no doubt, no doubt; but the people here can recommend you?"

"Sare," cried the Frenchman, whipping out a soiled pocketbook, and taking from thence sundry scraps of worn papers.

The Professor talked apart with his daughter.

"And you engage to procure to-night, the proper assistants: a female cook, merely, and a housemaid, to begin with."

There was no possible undertaking less than finishing the Thames Tunnel next day, for which Monsieur Eustache would not, at this moment, have readily promised. From the state of his wardrobe, it must have been a very long time since Napoleon's Guards were disbanded; and the prospect of even a female and English cook was better than having no connexion with any cook, which had too long been his case.

With a five-minutes' character from the principal waiter, glad to be rid of the talented Eustache, five pounds of ready cash for trifles, and large discretionary powers, Eustache, a man of parts, who knew "the town," and indeed, all towns, as they are known by such characters, protested largely, and, for this day, kept his word. His cabriolet flew from the splendid door of the wine-merchant to the museums of the fishmonger, poulterer, and fruiterer; from the den of the coal-dealer to the baker and pastry-cook who had last opened, at the true and ultimate West End. His first orders were judiciously but boldly given, gladdening the heart of each tradesman with the hope of a good

new country family. There are few ruminating animals so credulous as a young tradesman just commencing business in London, and amidst great competition. If suspicion occasionally half-opens one eye, influences not less potent oftener, for a time, seal both. In a few weeks, Professor Cripps might have obtained unbounded credit, every dealer striving who should first have the honour of placing him on their books.

His final orders to M. Eustache, before going to the theatre with the ladies, were—

"See all the luggage properly conveyed to my house. Let the people there send their bill to the Regent's Park. Mademoiselle, your things are, I presume, in readiness? See, Monsieur, that the apartments are properly warmed:—the old Scotchwoman has kept up fires." By the way, Marion never afterwards forgot to mention, as often as his name occurred between her and Violet, that "the scrubby schoolmaister body, had never said thanks to ye, nor shewed the colour of his coin, either for coals or kindlin."

"Let the house be lighted up in proper time, and see that the piano is placed where I directed. And, look ye, keep the females out of sight, and hire in any extra male assistance that you may require. At small select parties I throw etiquette overboard, and study only the ease and pleasure of my friends; the supper and the wines; but, above all, their condition, their *condition*, remember, Monsieur, I leave to you. At the *petit souper*, in a word, I am more French than English—always was, Mademoiselle."

The national pride of Monsieur Eustache was touched. He bowed low, striking his right hand upon his left side, more, perhaps, in the style of the valet of the old regime than that of an officer of Napoleon's Guard, and as if overcome with the proud consciousness of high responsibilities; and describing with his right leg some segment of a circle of about two feet diameter, recovered the erect position with the prouder consciousness that the confidence of "Monsieur le Professeur" was not misplaced.

The latter was not altogether satisfied with his new domestic, but allowance was to be made for foreign manners.

"Your dress, of course, Monsieur," he gently hinted. "You are to wear plain clothes."

Whatever were the half-admitted thoughts of Violet, on witnessing the absurdities and incongruities around her, she tried to look at the bright side of things.

She especially regretted that she had not been able to explain to Herbert that her non-professional views were not changed, but confirmed; for had he not said that he could not endure to see her in an awkward or degrading position, and that her conversation with Mrs Somers Stocks had deeply interested him?—That surely was very kind in a stranger. Then she had arranged for an interview with Mistress Marion on the first Sunday, and she might have the pleasure of sending some sort of intelligence of the lost one—perhaps consolatory intelligence—to poor Susan. With such pleasant thoughts she entered Convent Garden Theatre.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England. By John Forster of the Inner Temple. Five Volumes, with Portraits.

This work, or one of similar character and equal excellence, we consider indispensable, at the present time, to every intelligent British citizen. If he cannot afford to purchase, he should hire or borrow, and diligently peruse, the memoirs of those English worthies, who are models and exemplars, not slavishly to be followed, but, where found worthy, manfully to be emulated, by every succeeding generation of public men. After a masterly preliminary view of POPULAR PROGRESS from the Norman Invasion, but more particularly from the accession of the Tudors, the specific object of the work commences with the memoirs of Sir John Eliot, the elder of as bright a constellation of great men as the world ever beheld, and terminates with those of Cromwell, thus including the most glorious epoch of English history.

Justly does Mr Forster remark—"It is a grave reproach to English political biography, that the attention so richly due to the statesmen who opposed Charles I., in themselves the most remarkable men of any age or nation, should have been suffered to be borne away by the poorer imitators of their memorable deeds, the authors of the imperfect settlement of 1688." This was, we think, impossible, while there was a printing press or a thinking man in England; but had it been so, Mr Forster has done much to wipe away the national reproach. The statesmen, in whose memoirs we read the history of England in its most glorious period, are Sir John Eliot; Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, (without whom the work would have been incomplete and one-sided;) Pym, Hampden, Vane, Henry Martin, and Cromwell.

The brief extracts, which we take wholly from the preliminary essay, as specimens of a style not very decided, may not be the best to be found, but they subserve another purpose, they bear on the present times.

RISE OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

It had been found that the privilege left by the commons to the judges, to clothe in the formal terms of legal language, at the close of each session, the various bills and petitions passed in its course, had opened many opportunities to fraud on the part of the lawyers. The usage had originally risen from the desire of the house, in those days of imperfect education, to achieve, as far as possible, brevity and precision in the language of their statutes. In very many cases, however, the judges were discovered to have deliberately arrested [wrested?] the purpose of the commons to their own ends or those of the sovereign, and to have substituted for popular protection a popular snare. Therefore it was that an act was now introduced and passed, providing that, "from this time forward, by complaint of the commons asking remedy for any mischief, there be no law made thereupon, which should change the meaning by addition or diminution, or by any manner of term or terms." . . . . .

Authority, without the means for its sharp and decisive enforcement, is the most dangerous weakness known to a state. The commons claimed, therefore, in the name and for the protection of the people, certain exclu-

sive rights and exemptions, needful to the fearless discharge of the popular trust, to last as long as that trust lasted, and to cease when it was laid down.

After enumerating the principal privileges of Parliament, which exist to our own day, it is said—

In a word, they achieved what was thenceforward known by the formidable name of PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT—the shield and buckler under whose protection all the battles of liberty were fought in after ages, and by whose assistance they were mainly won. An attempt to drag the adjudication of this privilege into the courts of law followed; when, in the famous case of Thorpe the speaker, the judges declared, "that they would not determine the privilege of the high court of parliament, of which the knowledge belongeth to the lords of parliament, and not the justices." It may be safely predicted, that when this privilege is in the smallest degree forfeited or abandoned, we have lost the best security of true political freedom. When once the deputed privileges of the people are assailed successfully, the absolute rights of the people are safe no longer. That parliaments, without parliamentary liberties, are but a fair and plausible way unto bondage, was the saying of one who passed his life in the illustration and enforcement of this and every other truth which could affect the happiness of the English people. First established in practice, as I have thus described it, by this parliament of Henry the Fifth—and a more enduring honour to that reign than any of Henry's warlike triumphs—it served to herald the way for a yet more tremendous concession to the popular element in the state. It was followed, not many years afterward, by the awful right of IMPEACHMENT.

The "awful right of *Impeachment*" has ceased to be so very awful; and may yet be advantageously lost in the better right of *Prevention* of ministerial misconduct.

ORIGIN OF CORN LAWS, AND OF "LIVING WITHIN OURSELVES."

It was a parliament of Edward the Fourth, which—after confirming the statutes of the fourth, fifth, and sixth Henries, with the impolitic and dangerous distinction of "late, in *fact*, but not of *right*, kings of England"—prohibited the importation of foreign corn; and it is an unhappy circumstance that the idea of a people being ruined by making their food too cheap, did not remain the peculiar property of the fifteenth century. It was in parliaments of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third, that importations of foreign manufacture were forbidden, where the like articles could be produced at home. And it was by Richard the Third himself that the practice of extorting money from merchants and citizens, on pretence of loans and benevolences, was abolished, for which the usurper has obtained the honourable praise of Lord Bacon, as "a prince in military virtue approved, jealous of the honour of the English nation, and likewise a good law maker, for the ease and solace of the common people."

Every reign affords examples of the servility of Parliaments, while many demonstrate the efficacy of the most slender opposition in point of numbers, when it consisted of men of intellect and energy; uncompromising friends of freedom, whether mental or political, and in sympathy with the people. The importance of such an opposition is here shewn:—

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN MARY, AND THE RETREAT OF THE PATRIOTIC MEMBERS FROM PARLIAMENT.

In respect to the Spanish marriage, for example, nothing could induce them to give way to Mary's passionate desire for Philip, by conceding to that prince a dignity which they believed to be incompatible with the independence of the English crown, or by conferring a political authority upon him, which might involve danger to the privileges and laws of the English people. They gave him, indeed, the empty title of king, which was due to his own independent rank, and, in everything else, exacted much and gave nothing. Commendable spirit was also shewn in the repeated negotiations concerning the old property of the church; and guilty as these parliaments of Mary were in much that has disgraced them with posterity, it is a memorable circumstance to record, that a band of patriots absolutely existed in one of them who, having publicly declared that all their efforts to serve the country were unavailing in that assembly, and that they would no longer remain to countenance what they would rather curse, openly and deliberately seceded from the house.

RISE OF PURITANISM IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

In the year 1570, the institution of episcopacy in the protestant church was openly assailed by the lady Margaret's professor of divinity at Cambridge. There had been an active discussion going on for some years, on matters of minor consideration. *Tippets* had been violently contested, and sad and serious had been disputes upon the *surplice*. But, now, to the amazement of the imperious Parker, who had declared that he would maintain to the death these essentials of the new religion, all further mention of such matters ceased, and the archbishop was summoned to maintain to the death neither tippet nor surplice, but the whole ecclesiastical hierarchy of England. This was sudden, but the people did not seem to be taken suddenly. Cartwright's lectures were as a match to a train, and a formidable party of Puritans forthwith started up in England.

It was obvious, at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, that the great danger lay here. It was, of course, an essential feature in the Tudor system, that the framework of the ancient hierarchy of Rome should be left untouched. At a time when politics had suddenly become, as it were, only a part and parcel of religion, the idea of unlimited spiritual dominion was too valuable to be surrendered, implying, as by a very simple analogy it did, unlimited temporal dominion also. This dominion, again, by the acts of supremacy and uniformity, was placed at the absolute use and disposal of the sovereign, who thus formally assumed the cast-off robes of the pope. But such an assumption, even so early, scattered the seeds of discontent in fruitful places. The very catholics assumed a virtue in the eyes of the more pure religious reformers, when they saw the peculiar nature of the persecution with which the queen indiscreetly visited them, and felt, as in the instance of the act of uniformity, that even they themselves would not be able altogether to escape its penalties.

It was prohibited by that statute—under pain of forfeiting goods and chattels for the first offence, a year's imprisonment for the second, and imprisonment during life for the third—that a minister should, whether beneficed or not, use any but the established liturgy; and a fine was at the same time imposed on all who should absent themselves from church on Sundays and holidays. The act of supremacy was much more atrocious. It enacted, with what has been truly termed an iniquitous and sanguinary retrospect, that all persons who had ever taken holy orders, or any degree in the universities, or had been admitted to the practice of the laws, or held any office in their execution, should be bound to take the oath of supremacy when tendered to them by a bishop, or by commissioners appointed under the great seal. A præmunire was the penalty for a first refusal; death under the pains of high treason for a second. Not without a manly protest did these statutes pass at the time.

The Salique Law seems to be gaining admirers in England at present, both among Tories and old-fashioned Whigs. Liberals, whatever were the law of the land, can afford to be more favourable to female governments, especially if they hold the constitutional opinions of Aylmer, Bishop of London, in his answer to Knox's "Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women."* "To what purpose," says Aylmer, "is all this?"

"To declare, that it is not in England so daungerous a

* Does the Rev. Sydney Smith meditate sounding anew the Trumpet of Knox, against the "Monstrous Regiment?" He has thrown out a hint of this sort.

matter to have a woman ruler as men take it to be. For, first; it is not she that ruleth, but the laws, the executors whereof be her judges appointed by her, her justices and such other officers. Secondly; she maketh no statutes or laws, but the honorable court of parliament; she breaketh none, but it must be she and they together, or else not. If, on the other part, the regiment were such, as all hanged uppon the kinge's or quene's wil, and not upon the lawes wrytten; if she might decre, and make lawes alone, without her senate; if she judged offences accordinge to her wisdome, and not by limitation of statutes and laws; if she might dispose alone of war and peace; if, to be short, she wer a mere monark, and not a mixte ruler, you might, peradventure, make me to feare the matter the more, and the les to defend the cause. But the state being as it is or ought to be, (if men wer wurth theyr eares,) I can se no cause of feare."

We would humbly commend the following passage to all those Members of the House of Commons who have any concern in the drawing up of Church Bills. The patriots of the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth went beyond temporalities, rates, tithes, and pluralities. They claimed a higher jurisdiction, if not in articles of faith, yet in matters of Church discipline and government:—

THE CHURCH.

It had been found necessary that the articles of the English church, as altered from those of Edward the Sixth, and settled in the convocation of 1562, should receive the sanction of parliament to make them more binding on the clergy. They were now introduced. On those that related to matters of faith, no discussion arose; while, on those that declared the lawfulness of the established form of consecrating bishops and priests, the supremacy of the crown, and the power of the church to order rites and ceremonies, an opposition started up of so decided a character, that the house eventually withheld its assent to them, and the insertion of the word "only" into a portion of the statute excluded those articles from legislative assent. Peter Wentworth, one of Strickland's supporters and fellow patriots, and the most distinguished assertor of civil liberty in Elizabeth's reign, described, in a subsequent parliament, his conversation on this subject with Archbishop Parker. "I was," said this bold and honest speaker, "among others of the last parliament sent for unto the bishop of Canterbury, for the articles of religion that then passed this house. He asked us why we did put out of the book the articles for the homilies, consecrating of bishops, and such like? 'Surely sir,' said I, 'because we were so occupied in other matters, that we had no time to examine them, how they agreed with the word of God.' 'What,' said he, 'surely you mistook the matter; you will refer yourselves wholly to us therein?' 'No, by the faith I bear to God,' said I, 'we will pass nothing before we understand what it is; for that were but to make you popes; make you popes who list,' said I, 'for we will make you none.' And sure, Mr Speaker, the speech seemed to me a pope-like speech, and I fear lest our bishops do attribute this of the pope's canons unto themselves, *Papa non potest errare*; for surely, if they did not, they would reform things amiss, and not to spurn against God's people for writing therein as they do: but I can tell them news; they do but kick against the pricks, for undoubtedly they both have, and do err."

Make you popes who list, for we will make you none, is, in a single sentence, a whole history. The people were taught to reject the false dogma of a papal supremacy, and suddenly found a high church principle of a character scarcely less offensive, lifting up its insolent head amongst them. Having achieved the sacred right of private judgment and national independence in the all-important matter of religion, they were instantly required to submit to an ecclesiastical usurpation of civil power and conscientious belief, almost less tolerable than that which they so reluctantly bore in the days of papal slavery. The intellect and chivalry of the land, its earnest and serious persuasions, alike forbade it. And now a sudden encounter of both gave birth to a new race of men, who were soon destined to start forth, and, still affronted by that *No king no bishop* cry, bear down both church and throne into the dust.

The fulsome flatteries with which the young Queen is at present beslobbered by the creatures of the Bed-Chamber Ministry, and the pitiful party uses attempted to be made of her name, and of the mad folly of the mere clamorous Tories at their revels or solemn gatherings—flatteries which a few more years may enable Victoria to discern and despise—find a marked contrast in the speeches of the noble handful of patriots of the reign of Elizabeth.

It was in vain that Elizabeth packed the house with placemen, in vain she flooded the country party with upwards of sixty-two new members. The Wentworths and Stricklands still remained, and still in every session proclaimed at least the duty and the right of parliament to inquire into every public matter, to remedy every public abuse, to avert as far as possible every public mischief. The cry of English liberty was never raised more piercingly, though it remained for later days to send back to it a louder and more terrible echo.

"Two things, Mr Speaker," said Peter Wentworth, in the session of 1575, "two things do great hurt in this place, of the which I do mean to speak. The one is a rumour which runneth about the house, and this it is: 'Take heed what you do; the queen's majesty liketh not such a matter; whosoever preferreth it, she will be offended with him.' Or the contrary: '*Her majesty liketh of such a matter; whosoever speaketh against it, she will be much offended with him.*' The other is, that sometimes a message is brought into the house, either of commanding or inhibiting, very injurious to the freedom of speech and consultation. I would to God, Mr Speaker, that these two were buried in hell; I mean rumours and messages. . . I will shew you a reason," continued this honest orator, and he had a brother, Paul Wentworth, worthy of him, "I will shew you a reason to prove it perilous always to follow the prince's mind. Many times it falleth out, that a prince may favour a cause perilous to himself and the whole state. What are we then, if we follow the prince's mind? Are we not unfaithful unto God, our prince, and state? Yea, truly; for we are chosen of the whole realm, of a special trust and confidence by them reposed in us. . . Sir, I will discharge my conscience and duties to God, my prince, and country. Certain it is, Mr Speaker, that none is without fault, no, not our noble queen, with her majesty hath committed great fault, yea, dangerous faults to herself. . . No estate can stand where the prince will not be governed by advice." For these daring references to the sovereign, Wentworth was summoned before the council, justified all he had uttered, and was flung into the Tower. The house obtained his release after a month's imprisonment: but shortly after his re-appearance he was again arrested and committed, with several friends and supporters; again released; and, on resuming his seat, again in bitter opposition. . . .

How did Elizabeth so long resist the living spirit of liberty, and yet continue popular to the last? The reasons are thus given by Mr Forster:—

Because she had wily counsellors, and in everything that directly affected the comforts of the great mass of the people, was a wise and prudent princess. She *husbanded* her tyranny, and for the most part laid its finger lightly on the commonalty of England. She would have treated them, in more senses than one, as though they were her own. She was frugal in her personal wants, and never kept an ill supplied exchequer. In the first session after Wentworth's more determined resistance, she had generously remitted one subsidy voted to her, and was yet able, after the close of that session, which had been more than commonly distasteful, to dispense with further subsidies for the space of five years, during which she refrained from summoning another parliament. When compelled at last to do so, the invincible Wentworth again presented himself, with a still stronger

and more compact band of allies, and again the remonstrances began.

The most formidable contrast in position between Elizabeth and Victoria is, that tyranny, at least in shape of taxation, no longer "lays its finger lightly upon the commonalty of England," and that though the heavy pressure has certainly not come from the hand of the young Queen, it endangers her popularity.

We need scarcely say that the author of this book is a man of enlarged views and liberal sentiments; were he not so, whatever his abilities, he had been unfit for the dignified task he has assumed. Every Member of the Reformed Parliament ought forthwith to provide himself with a copy of this work, were it only that it brings much that concerns English statesmen within small compass.

Willis' Loiterings of Travel. 3 vols.

"Adventures, romantic events, poems, letters, and reminiscences," "jotted down, recorded, indited, despatched," and, all together, making up the "Loiterings of Travel," constitute a work intended merely to amuse the passing hour; what need, therefore, for captious critics to throw away immortal criticism upon what its author admits to be a mortal and short-lived book. Two-thirds of it, at least, consists of mediocre tales of the romantic cast. For these, we need not go to America.

The most valuable part of the work is the "Loiterer's" observations in the course of his travels, and especially those which furnish a handsome off-set to the stories of beam-eyed British travellers in the United States, as, for example, the following:—

We left B—— at twelve, in the Brighton "Age"—the "swell coach" of England. We were to dine thirty miles nearer London, at —— Park, and we did the distance in exactly three hours, including a stop of fifteen minutes to dine. We are abused by all travellers for our alacrity in dining on the road; but what stage-coach in the United States ever limited its dining time to fifteen minutes; and what American dinner of roast, pastry, and cheese, was ever despatched so briefly? Yet the travellers to Brighton are of the better class; and those who were my fellow-passengers, the day I refer to, were particularly well-dressed and gentlemanly—yet *all* of them achieved a substantial dinner of beef, pudding, and cheese, paid their bills, and drained their glass of porter, within the quarter of an hour. John Bull's blindness to the beam in his own eye is perhaps owing to the fact that this hasty meal is sometimes *called* a "lunch!" . . . .

The coachman of "The Age" was a young man of perhaps thirty, who is understood to have run through a considerable fortune, and drives for a living; but he was not at all the sort of looking person you would fancy for a "swell whip." He drove beautifully, and helped the passengers out and in, lifted their baggage, &c., very handily, but evidently shunned notice, and had no desire to chat with the "outsides." The excessive difficulty in England of finding *any* clean way of making a living after the initiatory age is passed—a difficulty which reduced gentlemen feel most keenly,—probably forced this person, as it has others, to take up a vocation for which the world fortunately finds an excuse in eccentricity. He touches his hat for the half-crown or shilling, although, probably, if it were offered to him when the whip was out of his hand he would knock the giver down for his impertinence. I may as well record here, by the way, for the benefit of those who may wish to know a comparison between the expense of travelling here and at home, that for two inside places for thirty miles the coach fare was two pounds, and the coachman's fee five shillings, or half-a-crown each inside. To get from the post town to —— Park (two miles) cost me five-and-sixpence for a "fly," so that for thirty-two miles travel I paid £2 : 10 : 6—a little more than twelve dollars.

The rate at which travellers are made to pay for sights of ruins, aristocratic castles, picture galleries, &c., &c., is a scandal in American eyes; nor is this without cause. Abbotsford, it is said, yields a greater revenue, as a *show-place*, than if it were let to a tenant, and the taxes paid, of an inhabited house. Mr Willis paid five shillings for being "walked through the marble hall of Warwick Castle, and the dressing-room of its modern lady."

The sulky jealousy, or exclusiveness, with which the English shut out their neighbours by high walls, and prevent even a view of their barricaded parks, or paddocks, is peculiarly obnoxious to an American. It is, indeed, hateful to the vast majority of the inhabitants of this country; one of the most generally irritating manifestations of the aristocratic spirit, our author remarks:—

This spirit of exclusion makes itself even more disagreeably felt where a gentleman's paling chances to include any natural curiosity. One of the wildest, as well as most exquisitely beautiful, spots on earth, is the Dargle, in the county Wicklow, in Ireland. It is interesting, besides, as belonging to the estate of the orator and patriot Grattan. To get to it, we were let through a gate by an old man, who received a douceur; we crossed a newly reaped field, and came to another gate; another person opened this, and we paid another shilling. We walked on towards the glen; and in the middle of the path, without any object apparently but the *toll*, there was another locked gate, and another porter to pay; and when we made our exit from the opposite extremity of the grounds, after seeing the Dargle, there was a *fourth* gate and a *fourth* porter. The first field and fee belonged, if I remember rightly, to a Captain Somebody; but the other three gates belong to the present Mr Grattan, who is very welcome to my three shillings, either as a tribute to his father's memory, or to the beauty of Tinnehinch and the Dargle. But, on whichever ground he pockets it, the *mode* of assessment is, to say the least, ungracious. Without subjecting myself to the charge of a mercenary feeling, I think I may say that the enthusiasm for natural scenery is very much clipped and be-littled by seeing it at a shilling the perch—paying the money and taking the look. I should think no sum lost which was expended in bringing me to so romantic a glen as the Dargle; but it should be levied somewhere else than within sound of its wild waterfall—somewhere else than midway between the waterfall and the fine mansion of Tinnehinch.

Let this go; it is deserved; though very unlikely that one farthing of the *toll* goes into Mr Grattan's pocket. It is not the less his duty to see that travellers are not thus shabbily mulcted, and that duty he cannot fulfil until he is told of the abuse. An account of the Eglinton Tournament, with the seamy side outmost, finds a place in these "Loiterings." The draggle-tailed condition of the Queen of Beauty and her attendant nymphs, and the wo-begone condition of the wet, weary, and hungry Loiterer, are quite touching. What has put it into Mr Willis' head that the lasses of the native county of Burns speak Gaelic?

The manners, and fare, and wines, at American hotels being always described by British travellers in America, Mr Willis rightly claims the same privilege. His picture of the splendid *Adelphi* of Liverpool, its fare, usages, and manners, is not flattering. The reform of the inns and hotels of Britain, and especially those frequented by persons unknown on the road, (for regular commercial travellers manage pretty well,) is much required. The character of those establishments in the United States, is one of the manifest social advantages which America possesses over the mother country. While truth—truth needful to be told—remains a libel, we must not venture to quote Mr Willis upon the Liverpool hotel.

NEW PUBLICATIONS AND EDITIONS.

SIMPSON'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, for the use of SCHOOLS, 23d edition, improved.

SIMPSON'S HISTORY of ENGLAND, for SCHOOLS, 13th edition.

WOOD'S ACCOUNT of the EDINBURGH SESSIONAL SCHOOL, 5th edition.

SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

POPE'S TRANSLATION of the ILIAD of HOMER.

UNDINE, translated from the GERMAN of BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE, by the Rev. THOMAS TRACEY.

BEATTIE'S POEMS, with BLAIR'S GRAVE.

LIFE and ADVENTURES of PETER WILKINS, a CORNISH MAN. [The name of the author of this admired fiction has recently been discovered, from the incident of his original agreement with Dodsley, the publisher, for the sale of the MS., having been found among a parcel of Dodsley's old papers, offered for sale. The author of this highly imaginative work, was "Robert Pultock of Clement's Inn." The price of Peter Wilkins was twenty pounds, a dozen copies of the work, and proof impressions of the illustrations.]

MOTIVES to PRAYER, in a SERIES of LETTERS. By the Rev. James Clark of Jedburgh.

DISCOURSES. By the Rev. Alexander Mackay.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER, and other POEMS. By John Sterling.

THE STORY of AZRAEL, the ANGEL of DEATH; RECOLLECTIONS of a VILLAGE SCHOOL, and other POEMS. By Mrs Turnbull, Artist. [A small volume of poems published by a widowed lady, who has through life meritoriously gained a subsistence for herself and her family, by her talents as an artist. We have an invincible dislike to see the Muse sueing the public *in forma pauperis*; but, if solicited patronage be ever to be tolerated in literature, it is in cases similar to this.]

HOURS of THOUGHT; or, POETIC MUSINGS. By J. S. Hardy. A collection of short pieces, claiming no particular attention, which the author judiciously submits to the fiat of the reading public, "neither fearing criticism, nor courting it."

MEMOIRS of FELIX NEFF, JOHN OBERLIN, and BERNHARD ONEBERG, forming an interesting part of a series of cheap instructive works, publishing at Bristol.

COLONIAL MAGAZINE. No. I. A new magazine, under this title, has started with the year, under the management of Mr MONTGOMERY MARTIN, whose attention has long been directed to colonial affairs. Nearly the whole of No. I. is occupied with a general survey of the State of the Colonies, including the troubles in Canada, and the Opium Trade with China.

REPORT upon DEAFNESS. By Hugh Neill, Surgeon to the Ophthalmic and Ear Infirmary of Liverpool. This Report, which was read before a medical society at Liverpool, appears to us well worth the attention of those afflicted with deafness. There is no pretended *mystery*, no *quackery* in the bold modes of treatment described. More we are not entitled to say on a subject strictly professional.

THE MIRROR of MY MIND. A small common-place book of select and pithy sentences from popular authors, neatly printed and got up, and forming an unexceptionable compendium so far as it goes.

M'PHUN'S POCKET GUIDE to the TOILETTE. There is much less *fudge* and nonsense in this brief treatise than in the general run of similar publications, which we consider no small praise. There is also a great deal of plain and sensible advice on subjects of daily recurrence, and hence of importance.

THE CHILD'S BOOK of ZOOLOGY. By James H. Fennel. [Pleasant gleanings from Natural History, for young people, very cleverly embellished; the animals, in particular, being good staring likenesses.]

HOW to RISE in the CHURCH; being the Reply of the Rev. John Crow to his brother, James Crow, Esq.

A HISTORY of BRITISH FERNS. By Edward Newman, F.L.S. [The cultivation of ferns, the most elegant of plants, is, it seems, becoming a fashionable pursuit. It is one which this writer has assiduously followed, and with remarkable success. He now reports the result of his experiments, as an appropriate introduction to the history of British Ferns.]

THE THEORY and PRACTICE of BOOK-KEEPING. By B. F. Foster, author of "The Merchants' Manual," &c. &c. &c. [A practical work, intended to teach "the Art of recording property in such a manner as to shew its whole value collectively, and also the value of each of its component parts." Mr Foster recommends the acquisition of this art to women, who are often placed in situations where a knowledge of accounts would save them much anxiety and loss.

THE SHIELD of DISSENT, with STRICTURES on Dr BROWN'S work on TRIBUTE, by Edward Swaine. [The title of this work we take leave to pronounce a complete mismomer. For the rest, we may parody a Bishop, and say that the State Church has a good right to take Mr Swaine's money, for he offers it.]

HEADS of the PEOPLE. Nos. I., II., III. A new series is commenced, but with no new feature. The designer, authors, and plan, are the same, save that the valuable assistance of Mrs Gore has been added to that of the former corps; and Mrs S. Hall, in "The Irish Basket Woman," contributes a faithful and lively sketch, to which Kenny Meadows weds an admirable portrait. Another excellent Head is *The Mute* and *The Whig*.

PSYCHE. A new publication, meant to be periodical, has appeared under this name, from an "Author-Protector Association," which we hope means something by which authors are to be better paid *per sheet*, or however this may be, than in any existing periodical work. If it does not mean this, it is naught as regards authors, especially such as those we find here, who have been before the public again and again, and have been fairly appreciated, and well received.

STAGE EFFECT; or the PRINCIPLES which COMMAND DRAMATIC SUCCESS in the THEATRE. By Edward Mayhew. We have been greatly pleased with the analytical acuteness, and sound and subtle criticism, displayed in this *brochure*, which should be perused by all those who aspire to write for the stage. The author regards the patent monopolies of the Theatre as the main obstruction to the advance of the drama. The great expense attending theatrical entertainments, where so much is sacrificed to mere spectacle and effect, is another. Theatrical entertainments, at the patent houses, are no longer considered among the frequent enjoyments of families of the middle rank, but as luxuries to be tasted only once or twice in a season, or in a lifetime.

THE CORN-LAW REPEALERS' HAND-BOOK. By Thomas Ballantyne. We may describe this as a summary of the facts and doctrines so long and frequently expounded in our Political Registers. The price is not mentioned, but we hope it is not above twopence, or threepence at most.

THE TEMPERANCE EMIGRANTS; A DRAMA. By John Dunlop, Esq.

DR CROLY'S MEMOIRS of the POLITICAL LIFE of EDMUND BURKE. 2 vols. This is a reprint of a series of papers which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which were, it is stated, in the preface to the volumes, intended to oppose the incipient spirit of Republicanism which "has since broken out." With an account of Burke's career, the volumes contain the usual commonplaces of high Toryism, and evince an especial and almost rancorous hatred of the idol of the Whig party, Charles James Fox.

MEMOIRS of an OLD PENSIONER. By John Williamson, late of the 78th Regiment.—This is a work which appears to have been printed in Canada, and republished here. The veteran had gone to Canada, as a commuted pensioner, when the insurrection broke out. He was a native of Cromarty, and volunteered from the Edinburgh Militia into the 78th regiment, with which he remained many years in India, and "saw a little service." His memoirs, though an autobiography, have the cardinal defect of telling almost nothing about himself, though there are a good many funny stories about his military companions, and a few snatches of real life.

RIENZI.—A substantial and neatly got up volume leads the way in a collected edition of the later works of Bulwer. It is much in the style of the best of the late editions of Scott's Novels, but more tastefully bound; and, from its bulk, too cheap a bargain.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

NERO fiddled when Rome was on fire. At a time when the country has just escaped from a grand rebellion; when insurrections are almost nightly threatened in all parts of the country; when provisions are high, wages low; thousands of unemployed operatives in starvation; trade and manufactures at a stand; the Gazette weekly filled with bankrupts; when the deficiency in the national revenue is greater than it has ever been since the war; and new taxes are to be imposed, after a quarter of a century of peace; when war is raging in India and China, and threatened by America, Russia, and France; our navy in a state of utter weakness, and our army fully employed in keeping down their fellow subjects—the two aristocratic parties, who alternately misrule the State, are, night after night, exhausting their energies, and occupying the time of Parliament—that is, of the People—in a dirty, miserable, unprincipled squabble for power and place; the means employed being the blackening of each other's characters, and the shewing up the incapacity of each other to govern the country; a task in which, it must be admitted, both factions have admirably succeeded.

At such a time, we ask, is this the business of the Legislature? Is there any other proof required of the absolute necessity of a radical change in the constitution of Parliament? Who cares whether the Tories are in office or the Whigs are in office, if they conduct the Government on the same tyrannical principle of making the poor more poor, and the rich more rich? A considerable part of the Session has already elapsed, and what measure, in which the People have an interest, has made any progress? Not one. Is there really any necessity for holding an annual Session of such a Parliament as that which we now have? We suspect not. It is an annual eye-sore to the nation; a waste of their time, in reading the interminable harangues, from which no benefit accrues to any one; but which it is still necessary to do, lest new chains should be forged for the People. It is a great annoyance to "country gentlemen," whom it unseasonably removes from their more congenial, sportsman-like habits of hunting foxes and poachers; and a great loss to the men engaged in business, who have seats in Parliament: in short, every body suffers by the annual palaver; nobody gains. We, therefore, hope that some patriotic and spirited Member will move that the Mutiny Bill, and all the other Bills which are absurdly enough brought in annually, and carried through both Houses, without anybody, either within or without the walls of Parliament being aware of it, except the clerks and one or two Members, be voted for two years, and that the Houses, at their rising, adjourn to the 4th of February, 1842, so as to give the nation a Jubilee in the year 1841; for which, as we hope, the birth of an heir to the Crown, in due time, will furnish an additional reason.

But to the occurrences of the month such as they are:—The Queen was married, on the 10th February, to Prince Albert of Cobourg and Saxe Gotha, (we believe we are right in the name,) who, after all, is not to be a King, but only a Royal Highness; of which dignity we have had rather more than enough in this country, during the last half century. There were, of course, abundance of firing of cannon, and idleness, and eating, and drinking, and illuminations, though the Tories strictly limited themselves, in point of candles, to what they conceived would protect their windows from the anticipated active and rather exuberant loyalty of the junior members of ultra Whiggery.

In the House of Commons, the quarrel with the Queen's Bench proceeds apace. Both parties are marshalling their forces, nothing daunted; and before all is over, the Sheriff and Stockdale may have for their companions, not only the Judges of the Queen's Bench, but the Speaker and all the officers of the House of Commons. The Tories, wishing to get credit for economy, cut down Prince Albert's income from £50,000 to £30,000, by 262 to 158; while Mr Hume's motion to reduce it to £21,000, which was five times more than his Royal Highness asked, was supported by only thirty-eight Members. O rare economists! The £30,000 a-year will, of course, be spent entirely in charity, as the Prince *can have* no other use for it; yet he will not be able to get quit of it even in this way, if he follow the example of other Royal Highnesses—content himself with subscribing, and leave the paying to his wife's subjects. Following the example of the Commons, the Lords also snubbed the Queen, by depriving her of the power of giving precedency to Prince Albert as she wished, and as her Ministers proposed. The Tories may, therefore, now give up all hope of office during this reign; and we strongly advise them to join us Radicals without delay. They have already adopted some of our opinions, and they will adopt some more by another year or two's exclusion from office. The grand subject in the Lords has been Socialism, (of the doctrines of which, their Lordships either are or pretend to be totally ignorant,) and the presenting of Mr Owen to the Queen. Lord Melbourne cried *peccavi*; omitting the obvious defence, that her Majesty might have as much curiosity to see, and was as well entitled to see, the wild beasts that travel the country, "Ursa Major" included, as any other of her subjects; and that, at the presentation, the Bear had not only a "monkey jacket" on—as appears from an address, under his own paw, in *The Morning Chronicle*—but was also muzzled, and had a strong iron chain round his neck, held by a company of the Life Guards. It was also too bad in the Premier not to inform the Bishops, that had it not been for the great honour conferred on Mr Owen by the presentation, the late auspicious event—the Queen's marriage—never would have taken place. It was the developement of Mr Owen's views on the subject that induced her Majesty to put her neck into the matrimonial noose; finding that there was a possibility, before the end of her reign, that its grasp might be somewhat slackened by an alteration of the abominable and antiquated laws now in force in this country on the subject of divorce;

for obtaining which, to incompatibility of temper, or "*la consentement mutuel et perseverant des epoux*," a sufficient ground for divorce by the law of France and of most other civilized countries, must be conjoined, at least one crime, adultery, to which in practice, in Scotland, is almost uniformly and necessarily added perjury. O envy of surrounding nations, and wonder of the world! The social quarrel is however settled; the Queen has confessed herself a naughty girl, and is never again to look at a wild beast without the permission of the Bench of Bishops and the Tame Elephant!

THE WAR WITH CHINA has begun, and already several hundred Chinese have been murdered by our cruisers, because the government of China will not allow us to poison its subjects; in which poisoning, it appears, we have obtained a vested right. An expedition is fitting out at Plymouth to "destroy Canton if necessary;" and Pekin also, it appears, if the Emperor "does not do us justice." Was there ever such an atrocious proceeding? It is enough to raise up all Asia to "*do justice*" on the English for their centuries of crime, misrule, and oppression in the East.

COURT OF SESSION.—The Member for Greenock, whose perseverance is indefatigable, has at length succeeded in the attempt he has so often before unsuccessfully made—that of having a committee appointed to inquire into the necessity of keeping up the full number of the judges in the Court of Session. The exposé made by what has been called the Corehouse correspondence*—in which it is difficult to say whether such of the present judges as were concerned in it, the ex-judge who, without the excuse of poverty even, violated the sacredness of private and confidential correspondence, or the ministerial functionaries, make the most equivocal figure—was, no doubt, what induced the Government to accede, at this time, to Mr Wallace's motion. The Tories, of course, with their usual tactics, opposed the inquiry, but were defeated by 128 to 111. Their zeal for economy, which appeared so conspicuously, as well as unexpectedly, in the case of Prince Albert's allowance, has not been of any great duration, and did not extend to the Scotch judges. The Tories, of course, saw no reason for voting differently from what they did on former occasions, as if the incontrovertible facts stated by the Member for Greenock—that, within the last seven years, the business of the Court had fallen off one-fourth; while, last year, the salaries of most of the judges were increased one-third—were not of themselves sufficient grounds for the investigation. But, although Mr Wallace has got his committee, we do not know where he is to find his witnesses. The Faculty of Advocates, as was to be expected, *having no interest in the matter*, has unanimously resolved that no farther reduction of the judges ought to be made; and the writers to the Signet, following, as usual, in their wake, have come to similar resolutions. Whig and Tory lawyers agree that a diminution of the judges is most inexpedient: so would they have resolved if the number had been thirty instead of thirteen. Little assistance is, therefore, likely to be obtained from the members of the Court; and, as to country practitioners and unprofessional men, it is a subject on which their evidence can be of little weight. It is remarkable that, with the gloomy prospects which the law profession has before it—for not only has the business of the Courts greatly fallen off, but also the still more lucrative branch of the profession called conveyancing—the number, of late years, entering the Faculty of Advocates annually, continues pretty uniform. In 1704, when the business of the Court was one-third greater than at present, the number of advocates was 236; and now there are upwards of 450.

* It is an ill wind blows nobody good. The "Corehouse Correspondence" shews that Lord John Russell lately thought there were too many judges, though, like a prudent Minister, he gave way on the point.

ENGLAND.

THE CORN-LAW AGITATION.—Another bad harvest will seal the fate of the infamous Starvation Laws. Contrary to what was imagined, from the interruptions which were given by a certain class of demagogues at Anti-Corn-Law meetings, the great body of the working classes have joined the middle class in this great movement, on which the salvation of the nation depends. When the petition from Edinburgh was got up, 10,000 signatures would have been considered a triumph; but close upon 24,000 were actually obtained, and every precaution was taken to prevent fictitious signatures, and persons under age from adhibiting their subscription. In all the large towns, signatures have been obtained in tens of thousands. Why are not petitions for the maintenance of starvation got up? We desire it above all things, that we may know the strength of the enemy. Dinners, soirées, breakfasts, and meetings of all kinds, have been held, to agitate the repeal. The princely merchants and bankers of London have, at length, taken the field, and they are of themselves a host. Even the Tories are beginning to talk of a revision of the iniquitous provision laws; but no *revision* should be permitted, and nothing but an *immediate and total repeal* of the whole prohibitions and restrictions on the importation of food of all sorts—not only grain, but animal food of every kind—for a moment listened to. The time is gone by for attempting a compromise. "Total and immediate repeal, or the law as it is," should be the cry. Too great exertions have been made, too much money spent, too great advantages have already been gained, to talk of half measures. The time is propitious. Grain is dear, work scarce, wages low; and the Aristocracy of England are seriously alarmed at the doctrines which are widely spreading, by means of handbills and otherwise, relative to the rights to property in land. The project now is not, as heretofore, the *dividing* of the land, but the *confiscation of the whole land rental* for the purpose of paying the national burdens, leaving the labour of the people to be taxed only for the balance of the taxes which may remain after the land rental is exhausted. As is remarked by the Rev. Thomas Farr, "late of Trinity College, Cambridge," in a pamphlet on the Corn Laws, lately published—"The wages of the labourer should be considered *comme le tresor de Dieu*, and held sacred." The landed interest may thank their infatuated support of the Corn Laws, and their supercilious rejection of the petitions of the people for an inquiry into them, for the broaching of the bold doctrines now prevailing as to private property in land. The people have been made to feel such property to be a nuisance; and we will venture to predict that, if the starvation laws are much longer maintained in their present stringency, the question of confiscating the land rental, or, at least, of imposing a heavy land tax, will be agitated from one end of the kingdom to another. In every country in Europe, except Great Britain and Ireland, a very large part of the revenue is derived directly from the land. In Prussia, "*One-third* of the entire revenue of the kingdom, and more than twice the amount of the charges of the national debt, is levied by *direct* taxation on the *rich*, before indirect taxation attacks the earnings of the *industrious classes*."—*Farr.* In France, the tax on landed property amounts to from eighteen to twenty-three per cent. on the gross rent; in Naples, to twenty per cent.; in Tuscany, from fifteen to eighteen. In Belgium, Holland, throughout Germany, and in Spain, land is the great object of taxation. "We learn, in Blackstone, that, from 1695 to 1770, the average sum of 3s. 3d. in the pound was paid on the value of land. Supposing it to be only 3s. in the pound, the proprietor of a landed estate, who, according to our present system, pays no property tax, had he existed in the fourth year of the reign of George III., would have paid £15 in every £100; and *a tax of that kind, fairly levied on all property, would now produce a revenue of thirty millions.*" At present it produces only twelve hundred thousand pounds, or about *one penny per pound* on the property liable to taxation. But we refer for farther information on this subject to Mr Farr's pamphlet, published by Ridgway. It is almost certain that new taxes must be imposed this session of Parliament. Let the poor be on their guard; it will be attempted to place those taxes on their shoulders. Already it is whispered that the duties on beer, leather, soap, candles, salt, or on some of these articles, are to be reimposed, and the land

kept free as hitherto from taxation. We say, then, AGITATE! AGITATE! AGITATE FOR AN ADDITIONAL LAND TAX! *and appeal to the wisdom of our ancestors*, who, as all other nations now do, raised their national revenue from the land. Of all taxes, the land tax is the easiest collected; the machinery is already, and has been for centuries, in full operation; and it is as easy to levy ten pounds as one penny per cent. on the land rental. No loss is ever sustained on *it*; no irrecoverable arrears: if the owner will not pay, the rents can be attached, and, if they are insufficient, the land itself can be sold. Taxing the land is taxing nobody, for the land was not made by man; and, strictly speaking, every one man in the country has, or at least his ancestors had, as good a right to it as every other man; and, indeed, the value of land does not depend upon the earth and stones, but on the people who inhabit the country: without population, land is worthless.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH WATER.—Many complaints have, of late years, been made of the water with which Edinburgh is supplied. The quantity is, in many cases, deficient, and the quality is very generally bad. In some parts of the town it is never pure; in all it is discoloured after rain; and numerous families are forced to filter all the water they use. The foulness of the water after rain shews decisively that the water with which Edinburgh is supplied is chiefly, if not entirely, surface water, and not the water of any deep-seated spring. This, indeed, is sufficiently apparent to any one who examines the works in the Pentland Hills; for it is only the surplus water of Glencorse Burn that is allowed to run into the reservoir for supplying the mills, a large portion of the water being conducted by an open cut to the pipes for the supply of the city. The Company have no excuse whatever for sending any surface water into Edinburgh; for they are proprietors of various springs, and particularly the Black Spring, on the north side of the Pentlands, which they allow to run to waste. They acquired the Black and other springs from a water company which was projected in 1824, and their object was to secure a monopoly of supplying the city with water. Though their stock is selling at fifty per cent. above par, they attempted, a year or two ago, to procure an act of Parliament to increase their rates. In forcing the inhabitants to resort to measures to defeat this attempt, they occasioned much expense to them; and the company being ultimately unsuccessful, they have, under a strained construction of one of their acts of Parliament, had recourse to levying their rate of five per cent. on nine-tenths instead of four-fifths of the rental, as they were formerly in use to do. The revenue they thus raise must be very great, and probably exceeds £20,000 a-year; for the police rental of houses and shops within the police bounds in Edinburgh exceeds £400,000; and Leith, and the places beyond the police bounds, which pay water-duty, will more than compensate any deduction from the rental to be made on account of the smaller rate on shops, and the abatement of a tenth on the rental. But it is not merely of the bad quality of the water, the defective supply, and the exorbitance of the charge of five per cent. on the rental, that complaints are made. By an act passed some years after the original act,—and which, being advertised as an act to enable the Water Company of Edinburgh to borrow a sum of money, entirely escaped public notice—the most inquisitorial and tyrannical powers are conferred on the company, in regard to domiciliary visits to private dwellinghouses, the cutting off of the pipes, and the assessment of the poor. By this act, the company is not obliged to give water for less than four shillings per annum; so that numerous instances occur of persons paying, not five, but ten and twenty per cent. on their rental for water. In cutting off water pipes, they do not think proper to give any notice to the proprietor of the flat, who must repair them, but merely to the tenant; so that the pipes are often cut off without the proprietor of the house being aware that his tenant is in arrears of his water duty, and eight or ten families are often deprived of one of the most indispensable necessaries of life, merely that the Water Company, whose rates, it will be observed, are payable in advance, may have a remedy beyond the common law, and over and above those which any other company or any individual possesses, to recover a paltry debt of a few shillings. So tyrannically, indeed, have they gone to work in the case of small tenants, by cutting off the pipes, that they have compelled the landlords, in numerous instances, to pay the duty: and *they* have to recover it as they best can. The company are in the constant practice of serving threatening notices on the landlords of such properties, as if they were personally liable for the water-duty; and many who do not know the powers of the company, have yielded to their threats. To shew how much they are inclined to bully the Public, we may notice their attempt to drag a gentleman, who had a dispute with them, through the Court of Session, in defiance of the provision in their last act, 3d Gul. IV. c. 33, § 11. But great and despotic as are the powers this water company has obtained, they are still more rigorously enforced; and the officers they employ think it quite unbecoming so magnificent a concern to accompany the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*.

For all these reasons, a very general desire has sprung up for the establishment of a new water company, which will be content with moderate profits, or which will, at all events, use the Public with common civility and discretion. The great obstacle that has hitherto been felt is the monopoly the present company has acquired of the springs in the neighbourhood; which springs, like the dog in the manger, they will neither use themselves, nor permit others to use. But though they allow the springs to run to waste, they give the inhabitants surface water chiefly. Now, there is no difficulty in obtaining such water in many places in the vicinity of the city, and in forming a system of filtration, which will render it unnecessary for any one who wishes to use really pure water to filter it for his own use. Neither will it be necessary, where there are so many fit situations for procuring water, that any new company should be forced to satisfy the exorbitant demands of owners of springs or mills, nor to erect compensation ponds, nor incur any greater expense than is necessary for bringing the water to the houses of the inhabitants.

The length of the pipes which at present supply Edinburgh with water, is eight and three quarter miles, and the fountain head is 350 feet above the level of Prince's Street. An enormous expense was occasioned by the compensation reservoir. Now, we are confident that a sufficient supply could be got from damming up either Burdie House Burn, the Pow Burn, Braid's Burn, not more than four or five miles distant from Edinburgh; and, as there are only one or two trifling mills on each of these waters, no compensation reservoir would be required. If any objection occurs to this plan, there are several other expedients—such as, making a great reservoir in the Pentland Hills; the bringing in water from the Almond or other streams to the westward, for which the formation of the Glasgow Railway affords an excellent opportunity; the raising of water by Artesian wells, of which a specimen may be seen at Preston, eight miles east. It has lately been proposed to supply London with water by such wells; and experiments, on an extensive scale, to test the practicability of the scheme, are now going on. There are, besides, other means of supplying, if not the whole, at least a great part, of the lower portions of the city with water from the numerous springs in the neighbourhood, such as those under the Castle Rock, in the Links, at Restalrig, the Hunter's Bog, and others on Arthur's Seat, Duddingstone Loch, &c. The great height of the fountain head of the present works at Crawley, instead of an advantage, is a positive loss, especially in the lower parts of the town; as it is found almost impossible, from the great pressure of the water, to keep the pipes in order. We have been unable to discover the cost of bringing in the present supply of water, but it seems to have been, from first to last, several hundred thousand pounds. The original estimate was, we believe, a little above £100,000; but the company took power, by the first act, to raise £135,000, and to borrow £30,000; and, by another act, they obtained a power to raise £118,000

additional. In such affairs there is always an infinity of jobbing, and the whole money the company was entitled to raise, would not only be raised, but spent. We have some recollection that the company made a boast that they had been under the necessity of borrowing much larger sums on the personal credit of the Directors. The works for supplying Greenock shew how a very large supply of water can be brought a considerable distance at a very small expense. The great reservoir there covers 294 imperial acres; and there is also a compensation reservoir covering 40 acres of ground, besides smaller basins. The aqueduct is six and a half miles in length, and the water drives a number of mills in its course. The whole of the work, including two expensive filters, cost only £52.000. We believe that the supply at Greenock would be sufficient for Edinburgh. Supposing a sufficient supply of water could be brought into Edinburgh for double the above sum; or £100,000, and taking the assessable rental of Edinburgh and Leith at only £300,000, instead of the police rental of £450,000; two and a-half per cent., instead of five, would yield a return of seven and a-half per cent. to the projectors; besides the profit to be made by the water-power in driving machinery, a matter which of itself is most important, and will form the subject of a subsequent notice. But the subject to which we beg to direct the attention of our readers in Edinburgh and its vicinity at present is, that the Water Company *does not furnish them with spring, but with surface water*; that the Pentland Hills, where ample reservoirs for such water could be formed at little expense, are within five miles; that the aqueducts from these reservoirs would furnish an immense water-power; that almost all the cities in Europe have nothing but filtered surface water; that the purest spring water is and can be nothing but rain water filtered; that the charge of the Water Company is much too high; their officers insolent; and that though they expended an extravagant sum of money, both in the works connected with bringing in the water, on the compensation reservoir, and in the overpayment of their officials, their stock is upwards of 50 per cent. above the subscribed capital; and, above all, that the water is bad in quality, and deficient in quantity. For those who may choose to look into this matter, we shall here note the acts of Parliament (local and personal) which the Company have obtained—59 Geo. IV., c. 116; 7 Geo. IV., c. 108; 5 and 6 W. IV. c. 33.

Since the preceding remarks were in types, we are glad to observe that, on the motion of the Marquis of Westminster, a select committee of the Lords was appointed, on the 13th of February, to consider the means of increasing the supply of water to the metropolis of England. The facts and opinions which will be collected by this committee as to supplying large cities with water, cannot fail to be valuable, and shall not be overlooked by us. But why should we of the metropolis of Scotland not have a similar Committee of Parliament? Had we had a Scottish Legislature sitting in Edinburgh, we should assuredly not be so ill supplied with water as we are at this moment.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

We are glad to find that a Convention has at length been concluded for lessening the restrictions on our trade with France. The duties on French brandy and wine, amounting, on the former, to 3s. 9d., and, on the latter, to 11d. a bottle, are to be lowered, in return for similar concessions to some of our manufactures. Why we should not, long ago, have lowered the duties on French imports, though the French kept up prohibitory duties on British exports, is more than we pretend to understand. Because the people of France are obliged to consume bad iron, why should we be compelled to drink bad and dear wine? The reciprocity system requires, we suspect, a more mature consideration than it has yet met with. Notwithstanding the enormous expense incurred in maintaining our officers of customs and excise, revenue cruisers, and coast guard, it is certain that large quantities of wine and spirits are smuggled into Britain from France; for the French Custom-House returns shew great excess of exports from France to Britain over the imports from France into this country which appear from our own returns. The absurdly high duties have kept the quantity of French wines imported into this country almost uniform for half a century, notwithstanding that our population has nearly doubled in that time, and our wealth, at least if we can estimate it by our taxation, has increased three-fold. The revenue derived from French wines has also been nearly stationary. It fluctuates considerably from year to year. In 1792, it was £59,693; in 1808, £126.936; in 1831, £70,933; in 1832, £55,368. The existing state of matters, therefore, punishes the people, by depriving them of wine; while it is of no benefit to the revenue, but tends greatly to restrict our trade with our nearest neighbours. There can be no doubt that much of the intemperance which is so much complained of arises from the people being compelled to resort to spirituous liquors, from the impossibility of obtaining wine at a reasonable price. Were the present duty removed, and a moderate *ad valorem* duty substituted in its place, we have no doubt that excellent French, German, and Italian wines could be sold in this country at 1s. a bottle; and inferior qualities, but still quite sound, from 3d. to 6d. But the principle on which all our taxation is based, is here pre-eminently shewn—"*Tax the poor, but let the rich escape.*" The poor are not represented, they have no political influence, poverty is a crime, therefore—such is the reasoning of our legislators—let them be fleeced. 11d. a bottle is not, perhaps, too high a tax on wine which costs 8s. or 9s. a bottle, but it is surely exorbitant on wine the prime cost of which is 3d. Yet some of our would-be philosophers, God help them! call the existing system *free trade*, and deduce all the evils which oppress the country from our *unrestricted* intercourse with foreign nations!!!

Little need be said in regard to our manufactures. Much distress prevails: thousands are everywhere out of employment; and subscriptions have, in many places, been raised to protect the working people from absolute starvation. Surely it is a subject deserving of inquiry, what are the causes of these periodical periods of elevation and depression, not only in manufactures and trade, but also in agriculture, which, of late, have occurred every few years? Are the taxes or the starvation laws to be blamed for it? Either appear a sufficient cause for the depression of trade, but not for its fluctuations. Is it the state of our currency—paper money and gold and silver money mixed up together? Is there too much or too little paper, and ought not the quantity of paper, at least, to be kept at an invariable standard, if it is wished to keep prices steady? These are questions it is easier to ask than to answer.

AGRICULTURE.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the farmers, stimulated as they were by the high price, a great deal less wheat has been sown this year than usual. This has arisen from the great falls of rain in all parts of the United Kingdom, which have prevented sowing. The low districts of England and Ireland have been flooded for weeks together. The quality of the last crop is turning out better than was at one time anticipated; but the weight is very light. The young wheat is looking well, and the turnips are a fair crop. On comparing the average prices of corn for the last month, they will be found to be pretty steady, with a slight tendency to a fall. In the week ending February 8, they were—wheat, 65s. 7d.; barley, 39s. 2d.; oats, 23s. 11d. The speculative demand for grain, in the northern European markets, on British account, has become very dull. At Hamburgh, 450 quarters red Mecklenburgh wheat (60 lbs.) were sold, on the 4th of February, for delivery, at 49s. 6d. per quarter. In the south of Europe, grain continues in demand. The dull state of the corn markets probably arises from a vague anticipation of some change in the Corn Laws, and from the pressure in the money market; for there can be little doubt that the supply of grain in the country is quite inadequate for the consumption till next harvest.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1840.

TEE-TOTAL SOCIETIES IN IRELAND.

If, two short years ago, any one had been bold enough to assert that, by anything short of supernatural agency, the lower orders of Irish could be induced suddenly to form habits of sobriety, he would have been thought a visionary enthusiast, wholly unacquainted with the manners and habits of the nation: but had he gone on to predict that, in the course of a few months, there would be found, in the province of Munster, thousands and tens of thousands of whisky drinkers, who, without other motive than a conviction of the evils of Drunkenness, would yet be willing, nay, eager, to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of Temperance, and enrol themselves in the ranks of a Total-Abstinence society, he would at once have been classed with the eccentric gentleman who desired Mrs Nickleby to bottle her tears, label them best quality, and stow them in fourteen bin, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off. Yet this apparent impossibility has been accomplished by one man, in the short space of twenty months; a man, too, without the adventitious aid of wealth and power, and who yet bids fair to accomplish a moral and social revolution unparalleled in the pages of history. Our readers will readily anticipate that we allude to the Rev. Mr Matthew, R.C. clergyman of Cork; who, early in 1838, established a Total-Abstinence society in that city, which, on the 20th January, 1840, numbered 500,000 members. This rapid increase is sufficiently remarkable in itself; but it calls for our deepest attention, if it can be shewn to proceed from a great national movement; a voluntary effort on the part of the people, which developes some of the most peculiar features of Irish character.

That such is the case, we doubt not to be able to prove. We have paid strict attention to the mode of propagation of this Oinophobia, and have been lucky enough to witness its earliest symptoms in more than one habitual drunkard. We have watched its progress till it reached the crisis of "Going to Cork," and have come to the conclusion that a great majority of those who have received the temperance pledge from Mr Matthew, took the step in consequence of observing the improvement visible in the health and circumstances of friends and neighbours who had joined the society; and that in comparatively few instances was any persuasion attempted by superiors, either lay or clerical. To make this more clear, we will give a sketch of the origin and progress of the society, from which it will appear that the most approved methods of recruiting for societies have been neglected in this instance; that there have been no eloquent itinerants holding periodical meetings to "agitate" in the cause of temperance; no circulation of studied addresses to captivate the imagination of the unwary drunkard: but that, when once fairly set on foot, the society was left to make its own way, and that its extraordinary success is to be attributed to the personal influence of the reverend founder on all those who went to him, and the peculiar character of the population, which at once prompted them to give up their besetting sin, when the contrast between drunkenness and sobriety was placed fairly before their eyes.

The first attempt to establish a Total-Abstinence society in the south of Ireland, was made in Cork, by some members of the society of Friends. This was attended with little or no success; and they solicited Mr Matthew to commence one on similar principles, rightly judging that twenty years' zealous performance of the duties of his office, which had gained for him the enviable reputation of being the poor man's friend, was the best of qualifications for an apostle of temperance. The reverend gentleman was not sanguine of the success of his undertaking. We have it on his own authority, that, at the commencement, he should have thought himself fortunate in obtaining 500 members. A public meeting, however, was held, and, on the 10th of April, 1838, the society formed on the widest possible basis; the only form requisite on admission being a repetition of the following pledge:—"I promise, so long as I

shall continue a member of the Tee-Total Temperance society, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, unless recommended for medical purposes, and to discourage, by all means in my power, the practice of intoxication in others;" Mr Matthew adding—"May God bless you, and enable you to keep your promise." At first, but few converts were made, and those chiefly due to Mr Matthew's influence with the lower orders, whose confidence he had previously gained: but a great improvement taking place in the health of those who had discontinued the use of spirits, it was immediately supposed that some healing power was possessed by the reverend gentleman, of which the tee-totaller received the benefit. This gave a great impetus to the society; and the halt, the maimed, and the blind, crowded to Cork to take the pledge and be healed. Mr Matthew at once set his face against this delusion, and the society was left to rest on its own merits: but there remains a strong impression that the pledge administered by Mr Matthew is superior in efficacy to that administered by others. We have questioned many tee-totallers on this subject, and their answer has uniformly been—"We have seen notorious drunkards reclaimed by going to Cork; men who had resisted the most serious appeals from their own clergy, and broken the most solemn vows, taken voluntarily, against drinking; and, therefore, we should prefer walking a hundred miles to take it from him to staying at home and taking it from any one else." We are told that this is rank superstition, but we confess our inability to discover why a man is not equally free to select a physician for his moral imperfections as for his bodily ailments: why, to bring it nearer home, the poor Irishman should not sling his shoes across his shilelah, and walk to Cork, just as reasonably as the rich Englishman should put four horses to his chariot, and drive to Leamington; or why there should be more superstition in promising Father Matthew to abstain from whisky than in promising Dr Jephson to renounce *sautés, salmis, et "hoc genus omne."* The rapid increase of this society soon began to attract public attention, and several applications were made to Mr M. to visit various towns, for the sake of making converts. These he uniformly refused, alleging that all who were in earnest would come to him, and that the fatigue and privations incident to a long journey, especially if made on foot, would be likely to impress the occasion of it deeply on their minds. The first exception to this rule occurred when he visited Limerick to preach a charity sermon; on which occasion troops were obliged to be called out, to prevent loss of life, from the mere pressure of the thousands who crowded to take the pledge. Mr M. was subsequently requested, by his ecclesiastical superiors, to visit Waterford and Clonmel, as the numbers of country people who flocked into Cork were, in many instances, overreached and plundered, by designing individuals, who professed to accommodate strangers. It thus appears that, after the first establishment of the society, no further measures were required, on the part of Mr Matthew, than the enrolment of the crowds who daily presented themselves for admission. To make this clear, we will allow the tee-totallers to speak for themselves, merely premising that, in all the cases we shall bring forward, the witnesses were examined by ourselves; some casually, when in our employ, as guides, boatmen, &c.; others when in their shops, or engaged in their trade or business, as tailors, shoemakers, &c.; and that the drift of our questions has always been to discover the immediate cause of their taking the pledge, and its effects upon their health and circumstances:—

1. John Fleming, aged forty, guide and bugleman at Killarney, took the pledge, June, 1839. After receiving money, never could rest till he had spent it; and, when he could not drink it all himself, used to treat others. Joined the tee-total society in consequence of having sold his bugle and enlisted when very drunk. Was imprisoned for taking money on false pretences, he having taken the money to enlist when too old to enter the service. When released, was persuaded by his sister-in-law, who keeps a whisky shop, to go to Cork. Walked there, and drank two glasses of whisky and two pints of ale on the road; walked back next day, drank milk, and found the road shorter. Used, after drinking, to sleep badly, and eat no breakfast; now, sleeps uniformly well, and can eat anything. Has, in the course of the summer, paid many pounds of debt previously incurred, besides living on a superior diet. At first, the publicans offered to treat him to whisky, punch, &c.; now, no one thinks of proposing it to him. Is much better in health, and never feels the want of spirits either when wet or cold.

2. John Collins, turned seventy, boot and shoe maker at Killarney. Went to Cork August 7, 1839. From his childhood, was in the habit of drinking whenever he could get the price of a glass of whisky. Used to take the money for his children's breakfast, and buy whisky, leaving them and himself without food. Had four sons, whom he taught to drink as well as himself; and, when they came home at night drunk, used to fight his sons, and kick and beat his wife. When in want of drink, has taken a boot that his sons had mended, and which the owner was waiting for, and pawned it for the price of a glass. When he had nothing else to pledge, would take the shirt off his back, wash, and pawn it. His eldest son tried to persuade him to go to Cork, having been there himself; but he said it would kill him in a week. At last he consented; and his son sewed up a shilling in a corner of his coat to pay for his medal; but, when he had spent all he had, he cut off the corner of his pocket with the shilling. Met, in Cork, several Killarney people, who knew him, and gave him a trifle; but he always spent it, and got so drunk that he could not find the way to Father Matthew. At last, after eight or nine days in Cork, a friend took him there. The next day he tried to walk from Cork, (fifty-eight

miss.) taking nothing but a little sour milk, (as he never had any appetite unless he drank whisky;) thought he should have died, but felt quite content, though sure that a glass of whisky would cure him. Felt faint and weak for three weeks; since that, has never found the want of drink; is better in health, lives well, and on the best terms with his family. Used to have potatoes, perhaps dry bread, very often nothing; now, has meat once a-day, and tea or coffee for breakfast; the same again before going to bed.

3. Francis Donoghue, aged forty-one, druggist, Killarney, a freeholder for the county of Kerry, took pledge, July 9, 1839. Drank hard; was committed to Bridewell for a street row twice. The second time, was supplied with liquor by his friends; got drunk, and set the Bridewell on fire; drank himself mad, and was in the lunatic asylum for some time, but recovered, and drank again. When a patient came to him to have a tooth drawn, or to be bled, he would offer them a glass of whisky, as he always had a large bottle before him. Drank himself into difficulties, and pawned everything he had. In the first week of abstinence, felt the want of a glass; after that, has never missed it. His circumstances are improving, and his family bless the day on which he went to Cork. Is apothecary to the Killarney society; nearly 500. Only four have been ill, for six months; none of them have suffered from leaving off spirits.

4. Denis MacCarthy, aged fifty-seven, boatman at Killarney, took the pledge, 2d September, 1839. Began to drink as a waiter. Used sometimes to drink as much as a quart of whisky in the morning. Put money in his shoes at night, when going to bed, lest his wife should find it. Lost his appetite latterly, so that, perhaps, he would not eat more than once in forty-eight hours; but lived on whisky. His face became as red as a rose, and he found that two glasses in a morning would make him stupid and drunk. This told him his constitution was going; and he went to Cork, with six others of the greatest drinkers of the neighbourhood. Could now eat, three or four times a-day, anything set before him. Is convinced he was as great a drinker as any man in the country, but has never felt the want of it since he spoke the words.

5. Timothy MacCarthy, aged thirty, carpenter at Killarney, took the pledge, 11th July, 1839. Began to drink at nine years old; stole a note from his mother, to spend in drink, when not more than ten. Drank so hard, that he frequently couldn't taste food for six days in the week. When he first heard of the tee-totallers, he was very glad; but thought it could not apply to confirmed drunkards like himself. Used to be mad when drunk; knocking down everybody he met in the street; sometimes tried to kill himself. Taken up by the police for a drunken row, and, whilst on his way to prison, kicked a man who passed; broke the watch in his fob; then caught up live ashes in the Bridewell, with his naked hands, and threw them into the bed, and nearly suffocated himself. When he saw that old drunkards had been to Cork, and were reclaimed, he set off, spent fifteen shillings all but fourpence on the road, chiefly in drink, and went to Father Matthew more than half drunk; Mr M. recommended him to wait till next day, but he refused, and declares that, from that moment, he never has felt the slightest wish to drink. Has recovered his appetite, and is in constant work, at high wages.

6. John Brien, age thirty-nine, bellhanger at Killarney, took the pledge, 8th June, 1839. Before he took the pledge, was drunk, more or less, every day. Wonders, now, how he could have got through his business: lost many of his employers, and got involved, so that no one would credit him; generally had some of his clothes in pawn. Thinks no one drank from such pure love of whisky as himself. Lost Lord Kenmare's employment, and then determined to go to Cork. When his neighbours heard of his going, they shook their heads, and said—"If Brien gives up drinking, we'll think something of Father Matthew's new system. He'll never get back from Cork without getting drunk." When he came back sober, they said—"He can't hold out a fortnight." At the end of a fortnight, they gave him six weeks; and, seeing him still sober, they went themselves.

7. John Leonard, age fifty-four, tanner at Limerick, took the pledge, August, 1839. Health was impaired by drinking; wages spent in whisky. He and his wife both drank; and, though his wages were good, he had no furniture of any kind, not even a pot that he could boil a dozen potatoes in. Had broken vows taken voluntarily. Went to Cork with his wife; has since improved greatly, in health, circumstances, and diet. Does not associate, more than necessary, with former companions, and is never pressed by them to resume his former habits.—N.B. This man and his wife are now uncommonly well dressed, and their house very comfortable, with all necessary articles of furniture.

8. James Wood, age forty-five, farmer, took pledge, 15th July, 1839. Farmed forty-eight acres, (seventy-eight English acres,) for which his rent was only £29. If he had been steady, ought to have saved £600 before the life dropped; but he spent all on whisky, and would have spent as much more if he had had it, and could not renew his lease; never had a coat to his back. At last, a friend of his, a farmer, of the name of Mackay, went to Cork. He (Wood) thought him too great a drunkard to be reclaimed, and waited three months; when, finding that he still remained sober, he followed his example. Is now a broker, and, though his employment is rather precarious, is far more comfortable in his circumstances than when he had this very cheap farm.—N.B. Very well dressed.

9. Michael Downes, age sixty, horse-breaker and racing-jockey, Limerick, took pledge, November, 1839. Went to Father Matthew because he couldn't prevent himself from drinking. Has earned, as a jockey, twenty guineas in three days, and drank it all, and would fast four days in

the week, because he had spent his money. Had pains and aches, and always felt uneasy till he could get to the whisky. Is now perfectly comfortable without it; and, after he had been at Cork, had no more idea of taking whisky than vitriol.

10. John Hogan, age sixty-seven, cooper, Limerick, took pledge November, 1839. Had drank hard for many years: for twenty years had never breakfasted; had no shoes; and not even a bundle of straw for his children. Eleven years ago, joined a temperance society, and kept to it for eight years. When the cholera came, he was very ill of it, and, on recovering, was recommended wine negus, which he thought so nasty, that he put whisky into it to qualify; and, from this time, for a year, drank as hard as ever. He then, 1837, took a vow against drinking, which he has strictly kept; but, nevertheless, took the pledge from Father Matthew, and joined the present society.—N.B. Very well dressed.

11. Stephen Lyddy, age sixty-eight, navy-pensioner, and labourer, Limerick, took the pledge, July, 1839. Drank hard. Thought no more of three half pints of whisky than of a drink of new milk. Went to Cork because he had friends who had left off drinking in consequene of going there. Has never felt the want of it from the day he left it off; never thinks of it; and is much better in health. Does not associate much with his former companions in excess.

12. John Normile, age forty-six, navy-pensioner, Limerick, took the pledge, July, 1839. Had frequently made vows against drinking, and always broken them. Had not a coat, and scarcely a shirt, to his back. Is now well-dressed. When invited by former pot companions to join them, gives them a sly look, and tells them to be off.

13. James Colman, age forty-eight, (N.B. looks sixty,) cloth-dresser, Limerick, took the pledge, September, 1839. Made an old man of himself by drinking. Injured his health so, that he could eat no breakfast through the week, except whisky. Took an oath against drinking, broke it, and then ran away to Cork. On his return, had no idea of taking whisky, and felt no want of it, though he took plenty going. Has meat, now, every day in the week. Three or four of the family have tea every morning for breakfast.

14. William O'Brien, age fifty-one, sawyer, Limerick, took the pledge, July, 1839. Had scarcely even a coat to put on; the best he had was always at the pawnbroker's shop on the Monday morning. Has taken nothing stronger than new milk since he came from Cork, and feels himself twenty-five instead of fifty-one.

15. Pat. Macnamara, age sixty-four, fisherman, took pledge, July, 1839. Drank hard for forty years. Kept his family cold, hungry, and naked. Went to Cork for the preservation of his soul, his health, and his children. He and all his brother fishermen, who have taken the pledge, find that they can bear wet and cold better without spirits than with. Whisky gave him false spirits; and, when that was over, was worse than if he had taken nothing.

A perusal of these facts will at once suggest the question—"Will it last?" If the suffrages of the public were to be taken on the question, it would probably be decided that the present enthusiasm in the cause of sobriety is a mere temporary ebullition of popular feeling, which, like a paroxysm of hysteria, in the animal frame, will soon exhaust itself by its own violence. Yet, in spite of such a decision, our own opinion would remain decidedly in favour of its permanency. That there will be individuals who will relapse into habits which, by long indulgence, have become a second nature, is what must be expected: but, that the large majority of those who take the pledge will persevere in a course of which they have experienced the benefit, both in their health and circumstances, is, we think, highly probable, and will appear so on an examination of the motives operating on those who have abjured the use of spirits. We will first consider the motives, from within, which stimulate the drunkard to return to his drunkenness. The chief of these are the thirst and exhaustion consequent upon hard labour; a desire to escape for a time from care and sorrow, natural to those who live in destitution and misery; and last, but not least, the physical want of an accustomed stimulus, producing faintness and depression of spirits, with an eager longing for the seductive poison, whose deadly effects its victims deplore but cannot resist. These are powerful motives, and bind the drunkard as with chains of iron; but let him once take the pledge, and they daily and hourly lose their force. The hard-working man is taught to quench his thirst with harmless drinks, and recruit his strength with an improved diet; the miserable wretch, who flew to his bottle as his only solace, now finds his small pittance increased by the saving of his drink-money, and has to erase, from his list of woes, the emaciating disease, too surely produced by making whisky the substitute for food and clothing. Lastly, the habitual drunkard, whose constitution is enfeebled by long-continued excess has the great shock to encounter at the outset. The first few weeks of his abstinence will test severely his faith in his new creed; but, granting that he has strength of mind and body to resist temptation for a twelvemonth, let him have passed through a summer's heat and a winter's cold without a relapse, and we have little fear, when once the force of habit is destroyed, that, with constantly increasing strength, he will yield to constantly diminishing temptation. Our case, however, is incomplete, until we take into account the "pressure from without." With professed drinkers, the taunts of brother debauchees on any symptom of moderation, the solicitations of friends to do honour to the occasion at weddings, wakes, &c., frequently lead to excesses as much beyond their inclinations as their means. But, let it once be known that they have, as the phrase goes, "been to Cork," and importunities soon cease. Respect for the pledge is very general even among those who have not taken it themselves. But this is not all. A large portion

of the tee-totallers belong to some local society, established in the town or village in which they reside, and a salutary surveillance is thus exercised over the weaker brethren; the society, for its own sake, wishing to keep up the character of each individual belonging to it; whilst those outside the pale are watching to catch them tripping; so that it is nearly impossible for a professor of abstinence to indulge in the slightest relaxation of discipline in public, without its being noised abroad; whilst, if he take refuge in his own cabin when he meditates forbidden indulgence, he must first buy the whisky, which would alone be sufficient to condemn him, and then run the gauntlet of his wife and family, who, having once found the benefits of his improved habits, cannot be expected to resign them without a struggle. These considerations, though perfectly valueless if offered as theory alone, almost amount to demonstration, when confirmed on all material points by numerous witnesses; and we can assure our readers that the above-mentioned cases are a fair sample of the numbers we have questioned on the subject, amounting, on the whole, to several hundreds.

It will readily be supposed that the abstraction of half a million of drunkards from the population must exercise a very decided influence on the statistics of the province; and, accordingly, we find a considerable falling off in the duties on spirits during the past year, and an increase in those upon tea and other excisable articles. We could also refer, with the greatest satisfaction, to police reports, and addresses of magistrates at petty sessions. But we are aware that the great diminution in crime observable in the south of Ireland, for the last twelve months, is, by many, attributed to the absence of all political excitement; and we therefore prefer to confine ourselves to those facts which cannot possibly be attributed to any other cause than tee-totalism. Of this kind are the following details, communicated to us by Dr Bullen, surgeon to the North Infirmary in Cork, one of the largest hospitals in Ireland; an hospital which, during the last eleven months, has received 1258 in-door, and 14,500 out-door, patients. Dr Bullen states, that cases of casualties, consisting of personal assaults consequent upon drinking, after payment of wages on Saturday night have, within the last nine months, been reduced to one-third of their former average amount. That the cases of wives brought to the hospital in consequence of brutal beating or kicking by their husbands, which formerly averaged two a-week, have, within the same period, nearly ceased. That the casualties arising from falls from scaffolding, injuries by machinery, &c., have been reduced fifty per cent. He also states that, in the course of his extensive practice, though frequently meeting with *delirium tremens*, and other dreadful complaints brought on by excessive drinking, he has not met with one case of disease referable to the sudden and total disuse of spirits. At the last renewal of licenses, in the city of Limerick, eighty publicans and venders of spirits abstained from applying for a renewal. In the small town of Killarney, fourteen have given up dealing in spirits; and we are happy to find that in most cases they have established soup and coffee shops, bake-houses, and other similiar accommodations for the poorer classes, which will materially assist in diminishing the temptation to a relapse. At Cork, in addition to a great diminution in the applications for spirit licenses, sixteen publicans have been declared insolvent, all of whom attributed their failure to Mr Matthew's success. Similar details might be collected from almost every town south of Dublin: but, as the progress of the society was, for the first year, comparatively slow, (at the end of twelve months, about 7,000 members had been enrolled,) the effect of so good a change in the morals and habits of the people will not be fully apparent in the statistics of the country for at least twelve months to come.

Among the objections urged against tee-totalism, we have met with none which are not answered by the foregoing brief account of its principles and effects. But, as it has been frequently insinuated that Mr Matthew is deriving a large income from the spread of his society, it may be as well to state, that no charge whatever is made for administering the tee-total pledge. If the newly admitted member apply for a card and medal, qualifying him to become a member of the branch society, in his own district or county town, the whole charge made is only thirteenpence; which cannot be considered exorbitant, when we consider that, out of it must be defrayed the cost of the medals, (made at Birmingham,) their carriage, printing cards, salaries of clerks, and books of registry. Mr Matthew is not a wealthy man, and cannot afford to do more than devote his whole time gratuitously to the furtherance of his great object; and the charge of 1s. 1d. has been calculated at the lowest possible rate which can enable the society to defray its own expenses.

In conclusion, we beg to offer a few remarks on the national advantages likely to result from the spread of temperance. No one, with the eye of a farmer, can travel through the counties of Tipperary and Limerick, and, in short, the whole province of Munster, without remarking the great natural capabilities of the soil. A mild moist climate, with innumerable springs, at various elevations, offering the greatest facilities for artificial navigation, point it out as eminently fitted for the breeding and rearing of cattle; whilst the lower lands are equally adapted to the growth of wheat. Yet, with these great natural advantages, what is the present aspect of the country?—Small shapeless fields, in which no implements can be worked to advantage; land of first-rate quality covered with stone, and so saturated with water, that no crop can be grown without devoting a third of the land to deep furrows, for the sake of elevating the remainder into comparative dryness. These are but a fraction of the errors which might be pointed out. But it is foreign to our purpose to write an agricultural treatise, and we turn at once

to the remedy which is luckily as self-evident as it has hitherto been unattainable. Capital applied to agriculture, and bringing in its train the mechanical and scientific improvements of the sister kingdom, would, in a very few years, double nay, treble, the produce of this fertile portion of the island; whilst the great amount of unappropriated water-power, and the low rate of wages, offer every inducement to the manufacturer. But what capitalist, it will be urged, will risk his wealth in a country where life and property are notoriously insecure? Our answer is embodied in the foregoing pages. If we are correct in our anticipations of the permanency of habits of sobriety once formed, it cannot be unreasonable to suppose that, the most fertile source of turbulence and crime being removed, a corresponding amelioration will take place in the morals and habits of the people, and a field of safe and profitable investment be thus opened to British capitalists, which, it is to be hoped, they will not be slow to occupy.

But, should these anticipations be only partially realised, or even should no further results ensue than those which we have shewn to be actually in existence, it is surely no small thing that thousands of families should have passed from a state of want and strife, to one of comparative comfort and peace; and we confess that we heartily covet the feelings with which Mr Matthew must regard the fact, that half a million of his fellow-countrymen bless the day on which they became acquainted with the TEE-TOTAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

OH! WHO WOULD BE A KING?

WHAT is the Monarch's pomp?—
A vain and hollow thing!
A mask of empty rottenness!
Oh! who would be a King?

To live on heartless smiles,
And glozing tongues to hear!
To be where honest truth
Is aye a thing to fear!

In purple to be clothed,
On choicest cates to dine;
To know its nature base,
Yet worshipp'd as divine!

To breathe the tainted air,
By venom'd reptiles drawn!
To watch the creeping things
About him daily fawn!

To feel around him cling
Each loathsome parasite!
To batten upon wrong,
Yet babble about right!

To be, while myriads toil,
In idleness, alone;
Amidst the human hive,
To dwell a tinsell'd drone!

Upon a bauble height,
From fellow-men remov'd;
To be oft hated—fear'd;—
By few or none belov'd!

To Friendship's sacred tie
The Monarch may not bend;
No equal's hopes or fears
With his through life may blend.

The royal grave is cold;
Of earth—a narrow span:
A Prince he may have liv'd,
And yet he dies a Man!

What then is all his pomp?
A vain and hollow thing;
A mask of empty rottenness:
Oh! who would be a King!

Sunderland. E.

THE POOR OF THE CITY.

WHAT evil hath the poor man done,
That he must toil so hard,
And never see the summer sun
Smile on the glad greensward?
For him, in doleful city pent,
No charms hath Nature's merriment;
A stranger he must ever be
Unto the wild bee's minstrelsy.

The morning sun, whose ray should bring
Life gladness, to the heart,
To him is sign of sorrowing;
No joy may it impart.
It tells him of his daily doom:
To labour at the weary loom;
Perchance that labour may provide
The tinsel of the rich man's pride!

The poor man's child!—his cheek is wan;
"The trick of grief" is there;
His youthful mirth is under ban:
The curse of want and care!
He may not watch, with wondering eye,
The half-seen lark in morning sky;
The bonnie broom and heathflower wild
Bloom not to glad the city child.

He may not wander joyously,
Where sports the flowery burn:
No! to some noisome factory
His lingering footsteps turn;
And there all day—half fed, half clad—
Toils the uncared-for factory lad;
Dole, want, and wo, his earthly doom,
Which end but in a welcome tomb!

Is it for this that Science flings
Her banner o'er our land?
Spirit of Watt! are these the things
Thy kindling genius plann'd?
Ye statesmen! wake from fever'd dreams
Of mad Ambition's heartless schemes;
His proper meed the needy give,
"Wrong not the poor, by whom ye live!"*

E.

* The last line is (with a slight alteration) Ebenezer Elliott's, who from his riches can certainly spare it to one who follows in his footsteps—*"haud passibus æquis."*

TURNBULL ON THE SLAVE TRADE.*

It is only in one aspect that we intend briefly to examine this work; that is, the slave trade, as it exists in the great western *entrepot* of the traffic, recently visited by Mr Turnbull, and as it is now carried on under the flags of Portugal and, shame to say, covertly of America. Mr Buxton's late disclosures appalled the public of England; and we are even now menaced, in another direction, with the systematic organization of an East Indian slave trade, to be sanctioned by the British legislature. It is therefore time to be up and doing. After the strenuous exertions of a half century, and the sacrifice of twenty millions of public money, besides the great expense attending the suppression of the traffic by our cruisers, it is intolerable to learn, knowing it also to be quite true, that "there are men of large capital, at this hour resident in London, who, in the full enjoyment of the rights and franchises of Englishmen, do not scruple to enrich themselves, under cover of a foreign partnership, by supplying the actual slave-dealer with the means of carrying on his ruthless war of extermination upon the African race; and that many of our manufacturers and merchants are accused, not altogether without cause, of reaping a disgraceful profit from the fabrication and sale of articles of exchange, exclusively employed in this trade in human flesh." Mr Turnbull believes the complete suppression of the trade practicable and easy, and propounds his scheme, which we shall afterwards notice.

About the close of 1838, he went from Jamaica to Cuba, with abundance of useful recommendations and introductions. One of his first visits was to the copper mines, in the neighbourhood of Santiago, which are in a great measure worked by slaves. Of two hundred emigrants, from the Cornish mines, one-half had been carried off in the first sickly season. At Santiago, manners are more simple and antique than in the Havana, the capital of Cuba, where the great influx of commercial men from different countries has probably caused rapid inroads to be made on the old Spanish customs. In Santiago,—

> The principal meal of the day, by some called a dinner, and by others a breakfast, is usually served at twelve o'clock. At the Havana, the Peninsular custom prevails, of dining at three in the afternoon, and afterwards indulging in the *siesta*. The old Spaniards, in fact, divide their four and twenty hours into two little days, which, as far as eating or sleeping is concerned, are made to resemble each other as nearly as possible. As soon as they awake in the morning, they must have their crust of bread and their tiny cup of chocolate, which they find sufficient to sustain them till the hour of dinner, of which they make a hearty meal. Here the first of the two little days may be said to end; and, after the *siesta*, the crust of bread and the chocolate are repeated, leaving another interval of abstinence from five o'clock till midnight, when they eat a hearty supper, resembling in all respects their three o'clock dinner, and go once more to bed. . . . . After dinner comes the *paseo* and the interchange of visits; those of ceremony being reserved for the saints' days of the first order, the *Fiestas de dos Cruces*. When the ordinary resources of music, dancing, and conversation are found insufficient to fill up the evening, the people of the Havana have the same public *functions* to go to as in the great cities of the Peninsula—the theatre, the opera, or the Corrida de Toros.

In noticing an abuse, Mr Turnbull gives high praise to Lord Brougham—whom he is pleased to describe as "the most eccentric, if not the ablest of our ex-chancellors"—for the appointment of Sir Joshua Rowe, the very young and able Chief Justice of Jamaica; which circumstance would not be worth notice, save for other appointments made by learned persons not "eccentric."

> In other colonies, I have had the mortification to meet with Chief-Justices, and other presidents of tribunals, who have shewn themselves far inferior in legal attainments to the leading counsel at their bar; and the natural consequence has been, that while the advocate, presuming too much on his superior knowledge, lays down the law to the bench, the temper of the judge is often so severely tried as to produce irreconcilable differences with the bar, and to betray such want of temper as to sink him still lower in their estimation.

On board a Spanish packet there were many pleasant people found, although every individual —man, woman, and child—incessantly used tobacco in every form, save chewing.

> The married ladies, several of them the wives of officers of some rank in the army, smoked openly and undisguisedly; preferring, in general, that strong sort of tobacco which is made up into cigars in the form called the Long Tom, some five or six inches in length. The young ladies make their maiden essay with the *cigarillo*, which consists of a very small portion of the much cherished weed, of the mildest possible flavour, wrapped up in paper prepared for the purpose, by dipping it in a solution of alum just strong enough to prevent it from bursting into flame, or wasting away faster than the semi-pulverised tobacco contained in it.

The ladies of fashion in the Havana do not smoke, but the Mexican fair like a whiff.

As the planters of Cuba are not absentees from the island, though they often live in the towns, and at a great distance from their estates, Mr Turnbull expected to find the condition of their slaves as comfortable as the condition of slavery will admit. On the contrary, he found it more "desperately wretched" than in any part of the West Indies he has visited; though not more, wretched, we should imagine, than the British islands lately were. The domestic slaves, who are numerous in the families of proprietors, and who vary in colour from ebony to alabaster, are, physically at least, in a much better condition than the field labourers. The most severe punishment with which a gentleman of Cuba ever threatens an ill-behaved domestic, is to send him to his estate in the country, and place him under the gentle care of the Mayoral, a functionary similar to the overseer, armed with the cart-whip. Some pretty little monuments of slavery are to be seen even in the Havana, where the slaves are nearly all household servants. Selfish love of his own quiet will often prevent a man from

* Cuba, with notices of Porto Rico and the Slave Trade. By David Turnbull, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. Pp. 375.

turning his private dwelling into a hell-upon-earth, but will not teach him justice; and to the lower motive, house-slaves, we believe, generally owe their superior condition. The screams of agony and the sound of the whip make but sorry domestic music; but just outside the city of the Havana, there may be seen a series of whipping-posts, erected for the purpose of punishing the offending slaves, in a pleasant and business-like manner. These obnoxious objects are concealed by parapets.

But although, by means of the parapets, the authorities have succeeded in shutting out the inquisitive glances of the passers by, excluding from public view the streaming blood and lacerated flesh of the sufferers, they have totally failed in shutting in their piercing screams and piteous shrieks for mercy.

Those visiters at the Havana who are accustomed to speak in terms of inconsiderate satisfaction of the comforts and indulgences of the slaves, somewhat sneeringly comparing them with the privations to which an English or an Irish labourer is exposed, have probably never heard of those family arrangements by which the spirit of a slave, who has first been spoiled by over-indulgence, is to be systematically and periodically broken. The mistress of many a great family in the Havana will not scruple to tell you, that such is the proneness of her people to vice and idleness, that she finds it necessary to send one or more of them once a-month to the whipping-post, not so much on account of any positive delinquency, as because without these periodical advertisements the whole family would become unmanageable, and the master and mistress would lose their authority.

There are other erections at the Havana as interesting to the humane British visiter.

As if to throw ridicule on the grave denials of all knowledge of the slave trade, which are forced from successive captains-general, by the unwearied denunciations of the British authorities, two extensive depots for the reception and sale of newly-imported Africans have lately been erected at the further end of the Paseo, just under the windows of his Excellency's residence, the one capable of containing 1000, the other 1500 negroes; and I may add, that these were constantly full, during the greater part of the time that I remained at the Havana. As the *barracoon*, or depot, serves the purpose of a market-place as well as a prison, these two have, doubtless for the sake of readier access, and to save the expense of advertising in the journals, been placed at the point of greatest attraction, where the Paseo ends, where the grounds of the Captain-General begin, and where passes the new railroad into the interior, from the carriages on which, the passengers are horrified at the unearthly shouts of the thoughtless inmates; who, in their eagerness and astonishment at the passing train, push their arms and legs through the bars of their windows, with the cries, the grimace, and gesticulation, which might be expected from a horde of savages, placed in circumstances, to them, so totally new and extraordinary.

These barracoons appear to be considered by the foreign residents as the lions of the place. On the arrival of strangers, they are carried there as to a sight which could not well be seen elsewhere. A barracoon was one of the first objects the Prince de Joinville was taken to see on his first visit to the Havana. On entering one of the barracoons, which are, of course, as accessible as any other market-place, you do not find so much immediate misery as an unreflecting visiter might expect. It is the policy of the importer to restore as soon as possible, among the survivors, the strength that has been wasted and the health that has been lost during the horrors of the middle passage. It is his interest, also, to keep up the spirits of his victims, that they may the sooner become marketable, and prevent their sinking under that fatal home-sickness, which carries off so many during the first months of their captivity. With this view, during their stay in the barracoon, they are well fed, sufficiently clothed, very tolerably lodged; they are even allowed the luxury of tobacco, and are encouraged to amuse themselves, for the sake of exercise and health, in the spacious *patio*, or inner court of the building. I have been assured, also, that after leaving the barracoon, and arriving at the scene of their future toils, the Mayoral finds it for the interest of his master to treat them, for several months, with a considerable degree of lenity; scarcely allowing them, if possible, to hear the crack of the whip, and breaking them in by slow degrees to the hours and the weight of labour which are destined to break them down long before the period which nature prescribes.

The inmates of these sad receptacles, from their age, demeanour, and appearance, convey to the visiter a lively idea of the well organized system of kidnapping, to which the trade has been reduced, in order to make provision, in the interior of Africa, for the supply of the factories and slave markets on the coast. The well-understood difficulty of breaking in men and women of mature age to the labours of the field, has produced a demand at the barracoons for younger victims; so that it is not, as formerly, by going to war, but by the meaner crimes of kidnapping and theft, and the still baser violation of social ties and family relations, that these human bazaars are supplied. The range of years in the age of the captives appears to extend from twelve to eighteen; and as the demand for males is much greater than for females, the proportion between the sexes is nearly three to one, I had almost said, *in favour* of the masculine gender. In fact, this is pretty nearly the relative proportion between the sexes on most of the estates throughout the island. The facilities still left for the practice of the slave trade, and the consequent cheapness of young Bozals at the barracoons, make it more for the interest of the planter to keep up the numbers of his gang by purchase than by procreation. There are some so totally regardless of every human sentiment, save the sordid sense of their own pecuniary interests, that they people their estates with one sex only, to the total exclusion of females; taking care to prevent the nocturnal wanderings of the men, by locking them up in their plantation prisons, called also barracoons, as soon as their daily labour is concluded. Another motive for the continuance of the slave trade is to be found in the well-known fact, that a state of hopeless servitude has the effect of enervating the slave, and reducing the physical power of his descendants far below the average of his African ancestors.

Bozal, or half-broken colt, is the name given to a young kidnapped African, in opposition to a black *Creole*, or slave born in the colony. Mr Turnbull applies the term *Creole* indifferently to blacks or whites, if born in Cuba. We had understood that, at least in the British settlements, it is restricted to whites. The fact that a Bozal, after the expense and the risks, from our cruizers, of bringing him to the slave-market in the Havana, brings an average price of twenty-four ounces of gold, while a Creole may be bought for twenty ounces, presents one formidable obstacle to the suppression of the traffic.

In the United States, the features of slavery are often more repulsive than in Cuba or Porto Rico, where the trade is openly carried on; and we quite agree with Mr Turnbull that—

It is not easy to believe that the settlers along the shores of Florida, Alabama, or Louisiana, who daily purchase men, women, and children, just torn from the ties of kindred and the bosom of their families, should feel any very serious qualms of conscience at an acquisition which was to entail no greater misery on the sufferers, and which was moreover to obtain for the acquirer a saving not of 68, but of ten times, nay, of fifteen times 68 dollars a-head. I do not mean to assert, with anything like confidence, that the African slave trade is actually carried on in the rivers or on the shores of the

United States; but this I will say, that the temptation is strong; that the risk is not great; and that, from the acknowledged practice of the country, any moral consideration sufficiently powerful to prevent it is wholly out of the question.

A curious circumstance occurred while Mr Turnbull was at Havana. The first ship that had come from St Domingo, since the revolution in that island, was then entered at the custom-house; the captain, officers, and crew of which vessel must, in all probability, have been of African descent, and hence objects of great suspicion and dislike to the white population of Cuba. He does not know that they were permitted to land; but at least they were not seized and imprisoned. A detachment of black soldiers, belonging to one of our West India regiments, was not allowed to set foot on shore all the time the ship in which they were, lay off the city of Havana.

One is astonished to find that a suggestion like the following should be required:—

When the Brazilians at Rio, or the Spaniards at the Havana, see the British functionaries disagreeing among themselves, on the very principles they are sent there to enforce; when they see one of these English gentlemen purchasing slaves, a second hiring them, a third obtaining the services of the liberated African, without paying either a fair price or adequate wages, and a fourth resisting the temptation, and refusing, on any terms, to admit a bondsman within his walls; these gentlemen, the regular slaveholders, are but too apt to conclude that the opinions of the people of England are also divided, and that their practice would be equally so, had they the same opportunity. . . . . .

I humbly submit that it ought to be a positive instruction to every British functionary appointed to reside in those countries where slavery is tolerated, that henceforth they would not be permitted to countenance the practice in any shape or degree in their own domestic establishments.

These functionaries appear insensibly (though from motives easily understood,) to adopt the opinions and politics of their new neighbours and associates, and to forget that they belong to a nation, and are appointed by a Government, which denounces slavery and the trade in human flesh, in every shape and under every modification. Mr Turnbull, among other pertinent hints, suggests that a code of instructions should be drawn up for the guidance of the commanders of the cruizers, whose duty it is to intercept and seize slavers. Legal quibbling would indeed seem to be a not unfrequent cause of the prevention of substantial justice being done after a slave-ship is seized. So many facilities have the slave-traders of Rio de Janeiro for carrying on their traffic successfully, in defiance of the British cruizers, that their vessels may be insured for thirteen per cent., (leaving a profit to the underwriters,) while, with even the thirty-five and forty given at the Havana, the two insurance companies have been compelled to abandon that branch of their business, and the slave-merchants now insure each other. Yet, at the Havana, the trade is still lucrative; and it is so arranged that every foreign merchant has an interest, more or less direct, in its maintenance. If one venture out of three succeed, there is a tempting profit. Merchants of other countries, and Britons, often furnish an outward-bound slaver with supplies, merely on condition of receiving the price of the goods if the voyage be successful; and some of them appear to have no notion that, in sharing in such nefarious enterprises, they are guilty of a crime, and are incurring the severest penalties of the law. Mr Turnbull tells the following story:—

It grieves me to the heart to be compelled to add that some of our own countrymen are tempted by the monstrous profits to enter more or less deeply into those speculations. I think I shall never forget the tell-tale countenance of a simple Irishman at the Havana, when, perhaps for the first time, his attention was drawn to the criminal nature of the enterprise in which he had indirectly engaged. Having made some money by keeping a retail shop for the supply of the shipping in the harbour, he had been induced to engage in a speculation of this sort, by which he expected to double or treble his ordinary profits. His answers to my inquiries having produced an exclamation which was not, perhaps, over courteous, he asked in a tone of alarm—"Why, what harm is there in it; what risk do I run?" To which the prompt reply was given by a countryman of his, who happened to be with me at the time—"Only the risk of being hanged, if ever you set your foot in Ireland again." . .

There is another class of our countrymen, however, who have much more to answer for than this poor Irish shopkeeper, in their wholesale disregard of the first principles of humanity. I fear it is not to be doubted, that there are men of large capital in the British metropolis, who lay out their money at the large interest which the slave trader can afford to pay; and it is within my knowledge, that there are certain individuals of immense wealth, who, although bearing a foreign patronymic, are, to all intents and purposes, British subjects, who, not content with risking their money to secure this high rate of interest, have actually stipulated on becoming sleeping partners in one of the most notorious slaving houses at the Havana, the better to enable them, as they fondly imagine, to bring their French and Spanish partners to account.

Why are those British subjects, whatever foreign name they bear, not at once openly denounced? Into nearly the above category Mr Turnbull brings those British capitalists who, tempted by high interest, lend their money to the Colonial Government of Cuba, or hold shares in the Brazilian Mining Companies, forgetting that

Every shilling of English capital laid out in the island, either in the extension of cultivation or the cheapening of produce, serves to fetter some poor negro in the interior of Africa, or to rivet the chains of those now toiling in the cane-fields or the sugar-houses of Cuba. The holders of shares in the Brazilian mining companies are still more directly connected with the slave trade. It is well known that the mines of that country are worked by slave labour; so that every shareholder is not only a slave owner, but, by the purchases of newly imported Africans, which are constantly made by the managers of the company, becomes a most efficient promoter and encourager of the slave trade. If those ladies and gentlemen "who live at home at ease," were only to witness some portion of the enormities committed by means of their money, and to promote their advantage, they would spurn from them the contaminated gains with loathing and disgust.

In Cuba, the laws of Spain sanction certain ameliorations of slavery: but they appear to have little practical effect. A slave is entitled to have himself valued, and to pay up his price by instalments; redeeming his time for labour in the ratio of his payments; as one day's labour in the week, on paying a sixth part of his price. For

a slave who has been purchased by his master, no more can be charged than the original price.

The Dutch Consul-General states that no fewer than 15,000 slaves have, in a single year, been exported from Cuba to the new Republic of Texas. This is doubted by the British Consul, Mr Tolmie; but the probability is, that, under the temptation, the number is considerable, as the human commodity still bears three or four times the price in the new Republic that it does in Cuba, which is only distant from Texas a few day's sail. The decrease of the slave population in Cuba, upon the sugar plantations, shews that their numbers, in that island, must be renewed by importation every ten years; the annual decrease, according to Mr Turnbull's estimate, being ten per cent. The exact amount of the human importation appears questionable. Mr Tolmie, the British Consul, owing to the smallness of his salary, (£300 a-year,) is a planter and merchant, and, consequently, the employer or master of slaves; and although he is represented as a highly respectable and intelligent man, this circumstance does not heighten the value of his testimony on the subject.

Our author imagines, not without feasible grounds, that the white Creoles of Cuba are longing for emancipation from the yoke of the mother country; and that the policy of the Spanish Government encourages the slave trade; the presence of a large negro and half-barbarous population, making dependence on a Spanish army absolutely necessary to the proprietors.

Cuba is very differently situated from the British West India colonies, which receive much and render nothing; and it so happens that justice and humanity coincide to a considerable extent with self-interest, in making the Creole proprietors desire the suppression of the slave trade. In Cuba, the numbers of the whites and the coloured people are about equal; and there is already a full complement of labourers, with women and children, save on those estates which are held by American and other emigrants.

It is therefore quite certain that the interests of the proprietor of a well-managed and fully-peopled estate in the island of Cuba, are all in favour of the suppression of the slave trade. His land, his slaves, and his produce, would instantly increase in value to an amount which it is not easy to define. A slave at the Havana would be at least equal in value to a slave at New Orleans, and now the difference is as 300 dollars are to 1500 dollars. Suppose him to have 500 slaves, and their value would instantly rise from 150,000 dollars to 750,000 dollars. But it is the policy of the court of Madrid to keep the island of Cuba in her dependence.

The public functionaries, who are all sent from Spain, are naturally opposed to the policy of the Creole inhabitants, who are full of discontent; at one time thinking of seeking the alliance of the United States for protection, and again meditating alliance with the Spanish provinces in the neighbouring continent; though their favourite idea, as it is here represented, is to have their independence, as a separate state, recognised, and guaranteed jointly by France and England.

Brother Jonathan is alleged to be casting a longing eye on Cuba; and, according to our author, not taking much pains to conceal his growing inclination to grasp the rich western beauty. In 1839, Mr Turnbull was at Washington, and regularly attended the proceedings of the Congress, or of the Senate.

In the more popular body, I heard one man, the representative of one of the Carolinas, who is styled, by courtesy, a general, get up in his place and say, that he was for open and immediate war, without waiting for the running of lines, or the issue of idle negotiations. And what was he to do, think you, when he declared war against England, or broke ground without any declaration? Why, the first thing he was to do was, to take possession of the island of Cuba; the next was, quietly to annex the young republic of Texas to the Union; and, in the third place, by way of seriously commencing the struggle, he was to send an army, with himself, doubtless, at its head, across the lakes of the St Lawrence, to drive out the British intruders on the soil of his own continent, and convert it into one vast arena for the enjoyment of so much liberty as is consistent with "the peculiar institutions of the south." As this gentleman's rhapsody was received with the most rapturous applause, and as the two Houses were all but unanimous in proclaiming their eagerness for a fresh struggle with Great Britain on the boundary question, it is difficult to doubt that the first aspiration of the Carolina representative is also the first wish of the majority of his countrymen.

Railroads,* steam-boats, and steam-engines now keep pace in Cuba with mining and other operations; and coal has been found in abundance in the neighbourhood of the Havana, though it is not yet worked to advantage. The steamers of Cuba are often employed to smuggle on shore the *cargo* of an African trader, and thus elude the international laws of Great Britain, France, and Spain, and the vigilance of the British Commissioners. We need not notice the well-known fact, that though Spanish and other slave-traders may be seized anywhere at sea, once in the ports of Cuba, they are safe; with the further immense advantage, that, though it is unlawful to carry Africans into the island, the utmost liberty is given to the export of slaves to any Spanish colony. And this leads us to Mr Turnbull's plausible scheme of prevention; though, for the complete details of his plan, we must refer to the original work, and to his remedies as compared with those suggested by Mr Buxton.

In working out his plan, he puts great or unlimited faith in the agency of the Earl of Clarendon, whose energy and influence in Spain have already been so usefully felt on this great question,—even when it has all along appeared the policy of the Spanish government to baffle and elude, and nearly impossible for the English diplomatist to detect its manœuvres and hold it to the point. After what has been mentioned above, concerning the actual state of the trade, it would be waste of time to shew how comparatively abortive the efforts of Great Britain have hitherto been, and how they have

* These railroads have been constructed by free Spanish emigrants, and by convicts brought from the Canary Islands; with the Biscayans and others, made prisoners in the Biscayan War.

been thwarted by individual cupidity, and the dissembling policy of the Court of Madrid.

SCHEME FOR PUTTING DOWN THE SLAVE TRADE.

In every negotiation with the Spanish Government, it is, of course, assumed that her Catholic Majesty is as desirous as we are to prevent the pollution of the soil of her transatlantic dominions, by the continuance of this wholesale system of murder. The suggestion I have now to offer would, first of all, apply an effectual test to the sincerity of those unblushing assertions so constantly addressed to our Minister at Madrid, by her Catholic Majesty's Government, and by the Captain-General at the Havana to the British Commissioners, but hitherto in practice so totally disregarded.

It is matter of notoriety that, in Spanish courts of justice, whether in the colonies or the Peninsula, all judicial proceedings, civil or criminal, take place with closed doors; the discussion is not even conducted *viva voce*. The pleadings of the lawyers and the deliberations of the court are uniformly reduced to a written form, and are as perfectly private in their nature as it is possible to conceive. In what I have to suggest, therefore, there would not be room for the groundless pretence, set up as an apology by Captain-General Espeleta, for his refusal to publish, in the *Diario de la Habana*, the royal order, which enjoined him and his subordinate functionaries to use their utmost exertions for the suppression of the slave trade. That apology was the pretended fear of insurrection among the negroes.

By extending the powers of the court of mixed commission, conducted, as its proceedings have always been, in strict conformity with the Spanish principle of closed doors, written pleadings, and secret deliberations, there could be no pretence for the fear of commotion, or of danger to the public peace, if it were suffered to consider the civil right, under the existing laws of Spain, of an imported African to his freedom, after the fact of his being landed in the island.

If this simple extension of the powers of the Court were strongly pressed on the Spanish Government by such a Minister as Lord Clarendon, who has so often received the assurances of successive Administrations of their earnest desire to abolish the traffic, the argument would be utterly irresistible, and the Court of Madrid would be shamed into instant compliance.

It remains to inquire what would be the probable effect of this extension of the power and jurisdiction of the Havana court of mixed commission.

The first consequence would be to produce a radical and practical change in the legal condition of the imported African. As matters now stand, the mere fact of his touching the soil of the island is sufficient to doom him to perpetual bondage. Once put on shore, the interests of the slave-dealer are secured. From that instant, the slave may safely be transferred into another ship, and removed to any other point of her Catholic Majesty's possessions. Thenceforward the property in the slave, having become an acquired, and, practically speaking, an acknowledged right, the pretended owner may laugh a whole squadron of British cruizers to scorn.

If the ordinary courts of justice would but do their duty, and if some poor Bozal were put into a position to assert his right to his personal liberty by the ordinary forms of judicial process, there cannot be a doubt that he would be entitled, by the existing law, to a judgment in his favour. The possessor of the slave might be compelled to prove his right of dominion over him, and that right could not be supported without a legal title.

The only real difficulty in the way is the unwillingness of the public functionaries, the judges not excepted, to carry the law into effect. Strictly speaking, there can be no legal right of ownership in a Bozal negro, under the existing laws of the Spanish monarchy; and if the Captain-General had not been prevented by secret counter-orders from carrying these laws into effect, the trade would long ago have been effectually suppressed. But—

——"Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?"

Most certainly the public barracoons, which notoriously exist under the very windows of the suburban palace of the Viceroy, could never have been suffered to remain there to give a standing lie to his Excellency's professions. But place these barracoons where you please, they could not escape the attention of the British Commissioners, nor of the superintendent of liberated Africans.

This is the grand feature of Mr Turnbull's plan; it is to destroy the interest of the merchants in the traffic. To carry it into effect, he proposes that the Earl of Clarendon should be sent on an extraordinary embassy to Madrid. We cannot fully enter upon his answers to anticipated objections. Suffice it, that the greatest evil, the letting loose a prodigious number of untutored savages (Bozals) upon society, would, he believes, at once correct itself, as the first decision of the emancipation court would seal the fate of the traffic. And nature in the trial he proposes is her own witness. It is impossible, according to Mr Turnbull, to mistake an untamed Bozal for a Creole slave.

The planters and proprietors of Cuba are not, like those of Jamaica and Barbadoes, absentees; well-managed estates have already the full complement of slaves, men, women, and children, and are fit to support their numbers. The white population is numerically as great as the coloured population; and the native proprietors derive little advantage from the slave trade, which is in the hands of foreign merchants and capitalists—Spanish, Portuguese, American, and English. But it has been seen that the Spanish Government consider the maintenance of the trade their main hold over the discontented colony; and the question arises, Will the Earl of Clarendon, or British influence, be able to overcome this crooked and selfish policy, and substitute sincere desire for hollow pretence in putting for ever an end to the slave trade? But again, Portugal remains an obstacle, if not directly, yet indirectly, from the interests of its merchants in the mere trade of carrying the victims. Mr Turnbull remarks:—

The motives of the Spanish Government for forcing the slave trade on the inhabitants of Cuba, however indefensible in the face of solemn treaties, and in defiance of the laws of humanity, may almost be said to be dignified and respectable, when compared with the wretched incentives which stimulate the Government of Lisbon to cover and protect this atrocious traffic. No national interest can now be pleaded by Portugal for the continuance of this trade. The transatlantic colonies, to which she formerly carried slaves for the purpose of cultivating the soil, have separated from the mother-country; and the African colonies, from which slaves are now carried, are impoverished and depopulated, and kept in a state of barbarism by the practice. The African seas and the Atlantic swarm with vessels bearing the flag of Portugal, and loaded deep with human victims. Such is the truthful and energetic language constantly addressed to the government of her most Faithful Majesty, a government which has received from Great Britain upwards of £6,000,000 sterling as the price of an act of justice and humanity.

It is to continue the profits of the mere carrying trade, and the previous profits on the business of kidnapping in the interior of Africa, that Portugal has steeped herself in all this degradation. In 1837, forty-eight, and in 1838, forty-four vessels, under the flag of Portugal, entered the port of the Havana, after having landed slaves in the neighbourhood. The average assumed by Lord

Palmerston is, that each vessel must have introduced, on the average, 443 slaves, which would make the number landed by Portuguese agency near the Havana, during the two years in question, amount to not less than 40,700 slaves.

Mr Turnbull considers these numbers overrated, but he admits a very high average; and the Portuguese trade with the Brazils is still greater than the trade with Cuba. In 1837, ninety-three slavers, under the flag of Portugal, and in 1838, eighty-four, under the same flag, entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, with cargoes, as they are termed, amounting to 78,300 slaves. This does not include the Africans brought to the other harbours of Cuba and the Brazils, nor yet those vessels captured and condemned at Sierra Leone, or those foundering at sea, but only those, upwards, by the lowest estimate, of 100,000 souls, landed at the Havana and Rio. Mr Buxton, if we remember correctly, made the whole number of the Africans, annually embarked, above 200,000. In the year 1838, thirty captured slave ships were brought before the court of mixed commissioners at Sierra Leone, and we shall see the result:—

The Dutch and Brazilian Commissioners enjoyed a sinecure; the calendar of their courts presented a maiden assize; but although several of the thirty slavers were condemned in the Spanish court, as being liable, under a new interpretation of the *lex mercatoria*, to be treated as Spaniards, and so to be subject to the conditions of the treaty, it is a remarkable fact, that every one of them professed to be Portuguese, and was provided with Portuguese papers.

Seventeen were condemned in the Portuguese court, because the fact of their being full of slaves at the moment of capture was irresistible. One was also condemned, although Portuguese, because it was proved that she had slaves on board during the particular voyage in the course of which she was detained. One, the *Camoes*, escaped condemnation in consequence of an irregularity which will be noticed in another place; and the other eleven were deprived of the shelter of the Portuguese flag and condemned in the Spanish Court, on the ground that their ownership and course of trade had brought them within the reach of the Spanish treaty. Not one of the whole number was really Portuguese. Four of them were proved to be Brazilian, and the remaining twenty-six were undoubtedly Spanish.

Of the thirty slavers in question, seventeen received their Portuguese passports at the Cape de Verd islands, four at the islands of Princes and St Thomas on the African coast, two at St Paul de Loando, three from the Portuguese Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, three from the Portuguese Consul-General at Cadiz, and one at Lisbon.

Until the slave trade ceases to be profitable, it is in vain to look for its complete extinction, any more than that of any other contraband trade, although the extension of the treaty to the object pointed out above would doubtless be an immense step towards destroying its temptations. The author fully concurs with Mr Buxton in considering the horrors of the middle passage increased by the measures taken to suppress the trade. This indeed was an inevitable consequence of the greater risks incurred.

In all that Mr Buxton relates of the increased horrors of the middle passage, I perfectly concur. The space allowed is less, the crowding and mortality far greater on board a Baltimore clipper, built expressly for fast sailing, than under the old system of license and inspection, when concealment and escape were not necessary conditions to the slave-trader's profit. "I think," says Mr Jackson, one of the judges in the court of mixed commission at Sierra Leone—"I think the sufferings of those poor slaves are greatly aggravated by the course adopted; for the trade is now illegal, and, therefore, whatever is done, is done clandestinely; they are packed more like bales of goods on board than human beings; and the general calculation is, that if in three adventures one succeed, the owners are well paid." This estimate is much nearer the mark than that of Mr Buxton, and it offers a striking confirmation of the relative value between the slave before embarkation on the coast of Africa, as understood at the Havana, and the same slave after the dealer has incurred the risk and expense of the voyage, and has landed his victim alive and in a marketable condition on the shores of the island.

But it is calculated that two out of every three adventures succeed, while one succeeding would at least prevent loss. Instead of attempting to protect the long line of coast, stretching to above 8,000 miles in the Spanish islands and the Brazils, Mr Turnbull, as a subordinate, and immediately practicable improvement of the system, suggests:

Increase the number of cruizers on the coast of Africa; confine their attention to that coast alone, the extent of which is already far less than that of the Spanish islands and the Brazils now watched so inefficiently; give the commanders, by means of head-money and tonnage-money, in reasonable proportions, a direct pecuniary interest in the capture and condemnation of slavers, without as well as with their cargoes on board; and I see no reason to despair of the slave-dealers' profit being annihilated. Not only must the commanders of cruizers be stimulated by the prospect of profit, but they must be protected from the risk of ruin to which they are now exposed by the unfavourable issue of an action of damages at the suit of the slave-dealer; who, having escaped condemnation under favour of the lottery which has been gravely established in the courts of mixed commission, thinks fit to pursue the unfortunate captor to gratify his vindictive feelings; to put money in his pocket; or perhaps, on a broader principle, to damp the zeal of our commanders in the discharge of their duty. It must not be forgotten, however, that, by engaging in the work of suppression, we become morally bound to do it effectually; as in going to war with insufficient means, our interference only serves to increase its horrors and procrastinate its issue.

Mr Turnbull believes that, though money is an abomination, not to be named as a stimulus to the officers of the navy to do their duty—who, of course, never heard of such a thing as prize-money—an allowance of head-money, or tonnage-money, to the captors of slave ships, would soon produce the due effect.

We may notice, incidentally, that now, we trust, slaves can no more breathe in the colonies of England than in the air of England; and that a slave-trader being driven into Jamaica for want of sea worthiness, the freedom of the Africans on board was not considered a fit question for the legal tribunals. They were held—by the opinion of Lord Glenelg, and it is one which, we make no doubt, will be affirmed by the Judges, should it ever be tried—they were held indefeasibly free by the mere landing on the soil; which now partakes of the virtue of the mother-land, in conferring liberty by its breath and its touch.

We cannot better conclude this paper than by shewing how the American merchants—those of a country where, if slavery still exists in all its deformity, the trade is prohibited—contrive to taste its profits, and elude the law;—

The *Venus*, a ship of 460 tons burthen, having been built at Baltimore in the early part of 1838, expressly for the purpose of engaging in the slave trade, arrived at the Havana on the 4th of August, in that year, and sailed from thence, shortly afterwards, under American colours. Her arrival and equipment produced no small sensation, as, before leaving the port, she was said, with her cargo, to have cost her owners, the notorious Mazorra, and a Frenchman of the name of Gautier, no less than 100,000 dollars. On her return, four months afterwards, she brought, herself, the first intelligence of having embarked the unprecedented number of 1100 negroes; the survivors of whom, 860 in number, were successfully landed, notwithstanding the presence of several of her Majesty's cruizers on the coast. She returned into port under Portuguese colours; but it was a matter of doubt among intelligent persons, whether, during the short period of her absence, she could have had time to proceed to any Portuguese settlement, for the purpose of effecting the pretended change in her registry. Even without this delay, the measures taken by her owners for securing a cargo against her arrival on the coast, must either have been exceedingly well concerted, or else the whole voyage must have been attended with the most extraordinary good luck. It was asserted and believed at the Havana, that no less than 200,000 dollars had been cleared by this single adventure. I am disposed to believe, however, that this is an exaggeration to the extent of one-fourth, which, after all, leaves ample encouragement for the prosecution of such undertakings.

The facts which gave rise to the correspondence with the American consul were the notoriety with which a large vessel like the *Venus*, built at Baltimore, had arrived from the United States, and sailed on a slaving voyage under the flag of that nation, together with the belief that several American citizens had embarked in her from the Havana, had been present on the coast of Africa, when the slaves were taken on board, and had also witnessed their landing on the shores of the island of Cuba. It was reported, also, that the *Venus* had been visited on the coast of Africa, still shewing her American colours, by the officers of a British cruizer, who inquired what they were doing there, and received for answer, that they were Americans, and that, as for the English, it was no business of theirs. It was even made a subject of boast, that although one of the British cruizers on the coast had watched the proceedings of the *Venus*, and had actually seen her receive part of her cargo on board, yet that such was her superiority in sailing, it was found impossible to come up with her on the attempt being made to give chase. While the *Venus* remained at the Havana, she was visited and examined by Commander Frazer of the *Nimrod*, and other officers of her Majesty's navy. The Portuguese papers with which she returned were said to be those of a veteran slaver too old for the African trade, which, in the course of her criminal career, had sailed under many a flag, and for every flag had a different *alias*. She had been originally the French *Paquebot Bordelais, No. 1*, subsequently the Spanish ship *Europa*, afterwards the Spanish ship *Alerta*, and, finally, the Portuguese ship *Duquesa de Braganza*, the name which the *Venus* assumed in order to have the benefit of her Portuguese papers, without the trouble or expense of going to purchase them.

In these circumstances, the British Commissioners at the Havana, and sent there for the express purpose of assisting in the suppression of slavery, communicated the facts to the American Consul, Mr Twist, who affected to treat the complaint as an "insult" and "outrage" to the American Government, offered by Commissioners, who had no right to interfere with him in the discharge of his duty. This tone of bluster appears to have been highly acceptable at Washington, where great praise was bestowed on the spirit shewn by the Consul in this affair. The retort or taunt which he employed in reference to the amount of British fabrics, made expressly for the African trade, and which were daily under his eyes at the Havana, and also under those of the Commissioners, must, we fear, be submitted to, the humiliating fact being quite undeniable.

As a work on Cuba, its history, commerce, internal condition, and prospects, we do not pretend to have given any account of this volume, which we have merely gone into in connexion with the slave trade, and the author's scheme for its abolition,—a scheme which we consider worthy of attention and of endeavour. With his sanguine anticipation of its results we close this notice, hinting what a capital market the crimps for the planters of Demerara and Surinam, and other places, might then find at the Havana, in which to procure, what they are pleased to call *labourers*, of a much more valuable description to them than Hill Coolies. The systematic conversion of kidnapped Africans into *labourers* is an evil to be foreseen and guarded against.

The fate of the slave trade will be decided irretrievably by the first decree of emancipation pronounced by the court. Convince the trader that his goods are no longer marketable, and you may rest assured that he will not invest his capital in the unprofitable enterprise. The clipper builders of Baltimore will have no more orders; their ruffian crews will be compelled to content themselves with the moderate wages of lawful commerce; and the cold-blooded counting-house murderers of Rio and the Havana, cut off from the exorbitant profits of man-selling, must seek some new investment for their ill-got gains.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART III.

"A circumstance," to use Bentham's words, in 1827, "which had much to do with the formation of my character was this. I had been a short time, being then about eight years old, at Westminster School, boarding with Mrs Morell. The house contained quite as many boarders as it could conveniently hold. It was a large rumbling edifice, such as I have never seen elsewhere. There was a sort of irregular central spot, with *processes*, in the anatomical sense, issuing from it in various directions. Some of the rooms were occupied singly by boys belonging to aristocratical families; who, of course, paid in proportion. One was the son of the then Duke of Portland, named Edward, who occupied as many as two, if not three, rooms. In the room in which I lodged there were three beds. One of these I shared with different bedfellows; who, in the course of a dozen months, were changed perhaps half as many times. This bed was on the one side of two windows, between which was stationed a bureau, belonging to one of us; and on the other side of the farthest window was another bed, occupied by

two boys, who were from two to four years older than I. One of them was named Mitford, and may, for aught I know, be still living. (1827.) Not long ago, I remember meeting him in St James' Park; I on foot, as usual; he on horseback. He was the son of an opulent country gentleman; I believe of Suffolk: but having lived rather too fast, both for pocket and constitution, he was glad to accept an office as one of the four chief clerks of the Treasury; in which capacity I often saw him; and he was of considerable use to me in my Panopticon discussions. His bedfellow was a boy of the name of Cotton; one of the Cottons of Cheshire. Not many years since, I heard of his being alive, in the character of a reverend divine, clothed in one of the rich sinecures to which his lineage gave him so incontestable a title. I had not been long at school, stationed in that same chamber, when, having stood out for the foundation, and obtained admission to it, he became an occasional visiter, sometimes for days together, at the boarding-house, where he had formerly lived, and resumed his former situation of bedfellow to Mitford. While I was lying in bed, I heard, from his mouth, stories which excited the liveliest interest in my mind; stories of his own invention; but in which the heroes and heroines were models of kindness and beneficence. They exhibited the quality to which I afterwards gave the name of effective benevolence; and I became enamoured of that virtue. I remember forming solemn resolutions, that if ever I possessed the means, I would be an example of that excellence, which appeared so attractive to me. I lost sight of my unconscious instructor in after life: but, in my controversies with Government on the Panopticon project, I was thrown into contact with a brother of that Cotton; and Mitford was stationed in the very next box to him. Thus I found two very important and influential friends; to whom afterwards was added a third, Mr Ramus, whose father had occupied some office about the King's person—the Billy Ramus, I believe, of 'Peter Pindar'—he himself one of the heroes of the autobiography of Mrs Baddeley. When I was doomed to continual solicitations at the foot of Mr Long, then Master of the Ceremonies at the Treasury Chambers, I bethought myself one day of drawing up, as a last expedient, a letter on the subject of my petition. I shewed it to Mr Ramus, asking him to advise whether I might venture to present such an instrument, and whether the letter I had written would answer the purpose. It was not twenty lines, and the request was simple enough: but I used in the letter a phrase I had met with, 'for the information of their Lordships.' He expressed himself 'enraptured' with the formula. He mentioned it to other parties at the Treasury, as evidence of transcendent talent and aptitude for business. I never have been so lauded for great things as for this very little thing; and, in truth, it has often been my lot, when my mind has been stretched to accomplish the most important objects on the most important occasions, to have had less encouragement and praise than for some trifling or almost useless performance. I recollect once, when a question was referred to me, which found me in a state of the most alarming ignorance, I contrived, by a mixture of industry and good fortune, to obtain the reputation of extraordinary learning and knowledge: but a great reputation may be reared on a very narrow foundation."

When a very little child, having been escorted by his grandmother from Browning Hill to Andover, Bentham was left in an upper story, and saw, for the first time in his life, that the water in the hand-basin had been converted into a cake of ice. It was the winter season, and ice was everywhere abundant, so that he thought he might indulge the fancy of seeing what would happen if he threw the ice-cake out of the window. He flung it out. It broke, of course, into a thousand pieces. The little boy's heart throbbed with joy; but the joy was soon overclouded with the thought that mischief had been done. The association between the ice and the hand-basin was so strong in his mind, that he could not fancy himself blameless; and he was long tormented by the fear of discovery and its consequences. Throughout life, the apprehension of blame was strong in Bentham's mind. An expression of displeasure from those with whom he associated would at any time have sorely distressed him. His dread of punishment was extreme; and he was never visited by corporeal punishment from any hand whatsoever. I remember once putting the question—"Were you ever chastised at school?" and he answered with great earnestness—"Oh, never! never! never!—never punished by master—never engaged in any the slightest skirmish with any boy, except once, when at Westminster School. They surrounded a lad named William Sewell and myself, and forced upon us a sort of hostile encounter. He was the son of Sir Thomas Sewell, then or afterwards Master of the Rolls, and whom his father appointed to one of the six clerkships in Chancery."

This Sir Thomas Sewell had been, at one time, the intimate friend of Bentham's father; and of that intimacy old Bentham frequently boasted to his son. He had, for his town residence, one of the tall houses in Lincoln's Inn Square; and, for his country abode, an estate he had purchased at Ottershaw, in Surrey. At Ottershaw, Bentham once dined, being conducted thither, not by his father, but by Chamberlain Clarke, and introduced to Sir Thomas as "the son of his old friend." This was the first time of his seeing a gentleman of whom his father had been constantly speaking for fifteen or sixteen years, as one with whom he was closely allied. They had, as he stated, marked out their course together by mutual understanding, and for mutual help: Sewell to become a barrister—Bentham (senior) to be an attorney. Sewell's circumstances were very narrow: he had about £70. a-year; and, when he entered into his chambers, they were papered by the hands of the two young men, in order to save expense. Sewell was a scholar. He wrote an essay on speech and grammar. It had some

merit, but not of a transcendent character. It, however, served as an introduction to a gentleman, whose daughter he afterwards married, and who brought him a fortune of £15,000. He had previously reached some eminence in his profession. Among the presents he received from the hands of his future bride, was a silver cork-screw, wholly inefficient for its intended use, but which he constantly introduced for the sake of telling his guests from whom he received it, its inaptitude for cork-drawing giving him daily occasion to dilate upon it. He never visited Mr Bentham, senior, nor Mr Bentham him; and the "*tam prope, tam propinqua*" was a matter of great mystery and embarrassment to Bentham, junior. It never entered his mind, he said, to think of blaming his father. Such a thought he would have ignominiously expelled as a thought of sin and guilt: but when turning over, in after life, his own prospects for futurity, "the intimate friend of his father, the Master of the Rolls," often occurred to him as one from whom he might have looked for a helping hand.

Thomas Sewell, the son of Sir Thomas, married a lady of quality of the family of the Earl of Louth, in Ireland. She had more rank than money, and her husband soon got into the King's Bench. A second son was a midshipman, who was none of the brightest. When he was examined for his grade, he was asked what he would do in a certain case of naval manœuvre? He was silent. The examiner then inquired—"Would you use a messenger?" (A messenger is a nautical term for some sort of rope.) "No!" said he, "I would send my own servant." One son (William) was alive, in 1827, and holding the Six Clerkship in the Court of Chancery, given to him by his father. Sir Thomas, like most of the lawyers of his time, was a man of narrow mind, and of rough, vaunting, and imperious manners. He took the occasion of Bentham's visit with Chamberlain Clarke, to give him a sort of rhetorical pedagogical lecture in the shape of instructions as to what he ought to read; which instructions were the subject-matter of many a future joke between Clarke and his companion. "Read Xenophon, the greatest general, the greatest philosopher, the greatest historian;" read such a one, and then followed a pompous and inappropriate description of the author. Some time after, Bentham met Sir Thomas at a Manor Court. He (Bentham) carried with him a little volume of Epictetus, in the original tongue; and he produced it in Sir Thomas' presence, with the design of ingratiating himself with the great man, and of shewing that his suggestions, as to classical reading, had not been thrown away: but the scheme failed—he took no notice—he gave Bentham no invitation.

In Lincoln's Inn, stand, or stood, contiguous to one another, two houses with balls on them. They were among the fruits of the genius of Taylor the architect, (father of Michael Angelo Taylor,) who had, from these and other buildings, acquired the sobriquet of Ball Taylor. One of these houses was built for Sir Thomas Sewell. It either fell or was burned down, and was then rebuilt in its present form. Many were the changes in the occupiers of these houses; and Mr Burton, an eminent solicitor, succeeded Sir Thomas Sewell. Lord Kenyon followed Mr Burton: Abbott's (Lord Colchester's) elder brother, when he bought his great office and married, occupied the other, and died there in 1792. Lincoln's Inn Fields was then the abode of high life.

Bentham took no walk into the country, as a boy, of which he did not retain a recollection as a man. In reading to him some of the memoranda of his father's diary, he at once recalled the most minute circumstances. One day I remarked to him a note—"Went with Jerry to the Creek." "Well" said he, "do I remember it. It was a voyage *par terre et par mer*. I passed through great perils. It was a memorable day, indeed, whose history I related to the boys at Westminster, when I got back. In crossing the swamp of a meadow, we were attacked by a bull. We had incurred the indignation of his bullship, and my father took me in his arms and threw me over a gate. The bull vented his indignation against the gate; but it passed harmless by me. Such was the land adventure; the water adventure was this:—Our boat passed under the rope by which a vessel was moored, and I should have been thrown overboard and drowned if I had not dipped my head. Two awful perils in one day."

I do not deem it necessary to apologise for the insertion of many circumstances, in themselves trivial, but which had their influence on the colour and character of Bentham's mind. It were well if anecdotes of childhood were more diligently collected; and if the seemingly small events of early life were more thoughtfully watched and studied, both by parents and observers. And in the case of Bentham, I scruple the less; as, on the one hand, the accuracy of his recollection was wonderful; and, on the other, his sagacity enabled him to trace the influence of passing circumstances upon the whole fabric of his thoughts and feelings. His humanity to animals was among his prominent virtues. Their susceptibilities to pain and pleasure he studied, and made the constant subject of his care. He knew very well that legislation could not put a stop to many of the sufferings to which they are condemned: but he always insisted on the necessity of applying the powers of legislation, as far as possible, to the diminution of the miseries of the brute creation. One anecdote I will give in his own words:—

"We had a servant, whose name was Martha: a woman of kindness and gentleness; and the kindness of her temper ameliorated mine. One day, while I was a little boy, I went into the kitchen. Some earwigs were running about. I laid hold of them, and put them into the candle. Martha gave me a sharp rebuke, and asked me, how I should like to be so used myself. The rebuke was not thrown away. About this time, a neighbouring decayed gentleman, of the name of Vernon, came to pay a morning visit to my grandmother. By way of recommending himself to my favour, he brought with him, in

his pocket, a toy of his own manufacture. It was a cage for the reception of flies, formed by two horizontal slices of cork, connected together by uprights composed of pins. All but one were fixed—that one was moveable—and the amusement consisted in catching the miserable animals and cramming them into the cage, till it would hold no more. Sometimes they got in with all their limbs; sometimes with one or all, or any number between one and all, torn off. When I had amused myself with the instrument for some minutes, a train of reflection came across me; the result was an abhorrence of the invention, coupled with a feeling not far short of abhorrence for the inventor and donor."

Bentham mentioned another circumstance, connected with his feelings towards animals, in the following manner:—

"My uncle's house, in Hampshire, was the scene of a very useful lesson. A personage, of no small importance in the family, was a dog named Busy. He was a model of the conjunction of fidelity and surliness. A very slight cause sufficed to elicit from him a loud and long-continued growl. No beggar durst approach the house. I myself stood in no inconsiderable awe of him. One day I thought to find amusement in fomenting a quarrel between him and another dog. While I was thus employed, up came my uncle, and reprimanded me for my cruelty. I felt it bitterly; for it was the only token of displeasure I ever experienced from him, from the day of my earliest recollection to the day of his death, which took place in 1784. He was one of the gentlest of all human beings, though a lawyer by profession.

"During my visits to Barking, up to the time of my grandmother's death, when I was about thirteen years old, I used to be her bedfellow. The dinner hour being as early as two o'clock, she had a regular supper, which was served up in her own sleeping room, and, immediately after finishing it, she went to bed. Of her supper, I was not admitted to partake, nor was the privation a matter of much regret. I had what I preferred—a portion of gooseberry pie; hers was a scrag of mutton, boiled with parsley and butter. I do not remember any variety.

"My amusements consisted in building houses with old cards, and sometimes playing at 'Beat the knave out of doors,' with my grandmother. My time of going to bed was perhaps an hour before hers: but, by way of preparation, I never failed to receive her blessing. Previous to the ceremony, I underwent a catechetical course of examination, of which one of the questions was—'Who were the children that were saved in the fiery furnace?'—Answer—'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego;" but as the examination frequently got no farther, the word Abed-nego got associated in my mind with very agreeable ideas, and it ran through my ears like Shadrach, Meshach, and *To-bed-we-go* in a sort of pleasant confusion, which is not yet removed. As I grew in years, I became a fit receptacle for some of my grandmother's communications, among which the state of her family, and the days of her youth, were most prominent. There hung on the wall, perpetually in view, a sampler, the produce of the industry and ingenuity of her mother or her grandmother, of which the subject matter was the most important of all theologico-human incidents, the fall of man in paradise. There was Adam—there was Eve—and there was the serpent. In these there was much to interest and amuse me. One thing alone puzzled me; it was the forbidden fruit. The size was enormous. It was larger than that species of the genus *Orangeum* which goes by the name of the forbidden fruit in some of our West India settlements. Its size was not less than that of the outer shell of a cocoa nut. All the rest of the objects were, as usual, in *piano;* this was in *alto,* indeed in *altissimo relievo.* What to make of it, at a time when my mind was unable to distinguish fictions from realities, I knew not. The recollection is strong in me of the mystery which it seemed to be. My grandmother promised me the sampler after her death as a legacy; and the promise was no small gratification: but the promise, with many other promises of jewels and gold coins, was productive of nothing but disappointment. Her death took place when I was at Oxford. My father went down; and, without consulting me, or giving the slightest intimation of his intention, let the house, and sold to the tenant almost everything that was in it. It was doing as he was wont to do, notwithstanding his undoubted affection for me. In the same way, he sold the estate which he had given to me as a provision, on the occasion of his second marriage. In the mass went some music-books which I had borrowed of Mrs Browne. Not long after, she desired them to be returned. I stood before her like a defenceless culprit, conscious of my inability to make restitution; and, at the same time, such was my state of mental weakness, that I knew not what to say for apology or defence.

"My grandmother's mother was a matron, I was told, of high respectability and corresponding piety; well-informed and strong-minded. She was distinguished, however; for, while other matrons of her age and quality had seen many a ghost, she had seen but *one.* She was, in this particular, on a level with the learned lecturer, afterwards judge, the commentator Blackstone. But she was heretical, and her belief bordered on Unitarianism. And, by the way, this subject of ghosts has been among the torments of my life. Even now, when sixty or seventy years have passed over my head since my boyhood received the impression which my grandmother gave it, though my judgment is wholly free, my imagination is not wholly so. My infirmity was not unknown to the servants. It was a permanent source of amusement, to ply me with horrible phantoms in all imaginable shapes. Under the Pagan dispensation, every object a man could set his eyes on had been the seat of some pleasant adventure. At Barking, in the almost solitude of which so large a portion of my life was passed,

every spot that could be made by any means to answer the purpose was the abode of some spectre or group of spectres. The establishment contained two houses of office: one about ten yards from the kitchen, for the use of 'the lower orders,' another at the farther end of the little garden, for the use of 'the higher,' who thus had three or four times the space to travel, on these indispensable occasions, more than that which sufficed for the servile grade: but these shrines of necessary pilgrimage were, by the cruel genius of my tormentors, richly stocked with phantasms. One had for its autocrat no less a personage than *Tom Dark;* the other was the dwelling-place of *Rawhead and Bloody Bones*. I suffered dreadfully in consequence of my fears. I kept away for weeks from the spots I have mentioned; and, when suffering was intolerable, I fled to the fields. So dextrous was the invention of those who worked upon my apprehensions, that they managed to transform a real into a fictitious being. His name was *Palethorp;* and Palethorp, in my vocabulary, was synonymous with hobgoblin. The origin of these horrors was this:—My father's house was a short half mile distant from the principal part of the town, from that part where was situated the mansion of the lord of the manor, Sir Crisp Gascoigne. One morning, the coachman and the footman took a conjunct walk to a public-house kept by a man of the name, (Palethorp;) they took me with them: it was before I was breeched. They called for a pot of beer; took each of them a sip, and handed the pot to me. On their requisition, I took another; and, when about to depart, the amount was called for. The two servants paid their quota, and I was called on for mine. *Nemo dat quod non habet*—this maxim, to my no small vexation, I was compelled to exemplify. Mr Palethorp, the landlord, had a visage harsh and ill-favoured, and he insisted on my discharging my debt. At this very early age, without having put in for my share of the gifts of fortune, I found myself in the state of an insolvent debtor. The demand haraesed me so mercilessly, that I could hold out no longer: the door being open, I took to my heels; and, as the way was too plain to be missed, I ran home as fast as they could carry me. The scene of the terrors of Mr Palethorp's name and visitation, in pursuit of me, was the country-house at Barking: but neither was the town-house free from them; for, in those terrors, the servants possessed an instrument by which it was in their power, at anytime, to get rid of my presence. Level with the kitchen—level with the landing-place in which the staircase took its commencement—were the usual offices. When my company became troublesome, a sure and continually repeated means of exonerating themselves from it, was for the footman to repair to the adjoining subterraneous apartments, invest his shoulders with some strange covering, and, concealing his countenance, stalk in, with a hollow, menacing, and inarticulate tone. Lest that should not be sufficient, the servants had, stuck by the fireplace, the portraiture of a hobgoblin, to which they had given the name of Palethorp. For some years, I was in the condition of poor Dr Priestley, on whose bodily frame another name, too awful to be mentioned, used to produce a sensation more than mental."

Shall I seek excuses for introducing these autobiographical sketches? I think not. They are faithful as pictures; they are interesting as philosophical studies.

"Another instance of the influence of horror in me:—I recollect, when I was about nine or ten years old, I went to see a puppet-show: there were Punch and Joan—the devil, whom I had seen before; but I saw, for the first time, the devil's imp. The devil was black, as he should be; but the devil's imp was white, and I was much more alarmed at his presence than at that of his principal. I was haunted by him. I went to bed; I wanted to sleep. The devil appeared to me in a dream; the imp in his company. I had—which is not uncommon in dreams, at least with me—a sort of consciousness that it was a dream; with a hope that, with a little exertion, I might spring out of it: I fancied that I did so. Imagine my horror, when I still perceived devil and imp standing before me. It was out of the rain into the river. I made another desperate effort. I tried to be doubly awake; I succeeded. I was in a transport of delight when the illusion altogether vanished: but it was only a temporary relief; for the devil and the imp dwelt in my waking thoughts for many a year afterwards. On the same occasion, I believe it was, that I saw "Solomon in all his glory," and the story of Esther: there was King Ahasuerus; there was Queen Esther; there was Mordecai the Jew; there was Haman the courtier. One emphatic phrase from Ahasuerus to Esther, I well remember:—

"'Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.'

"The acting of the wooden tragedian amused me not a little. It dwelt long in my memory; and, on my return to school, I amused with it my bed and chamber fellows, imitating the motions of the wooden imitators, whose arms and legs were moved by a wire—thus:"

And most amusingly, even at the age of eighty, did Mr Bentham represent the stiffness, gravity, and dignity of the fantoccino of his boyhood.

"Bursts of laughter followed my exhibition; and my own low stature, something midway between that of the wooden actors and my schoolfellows, added to the effect.

"I not unfrequently obtained the applause of my companions, by thus contributing to their pleasures. One of my modes was to start up out of my bed at night, and to begin ranting, in a sort of medium state between waking and dreaming. I heard it called light-headedness. The first commencement of it may have been unbidden: but, finding that it attracted attention and afforded amusement, art came and assisted nature. I recollect, on one occasion, I was overpowered with terror. I had been reading 'Plutarch's Lives,' the old translation, by diverse hands; Dryden, I believe, among the

rest. To every life there was a cut. Sylla, after his abdication, was represented in his civic costume, with a long flowing head of white hair. In several of the pictures, the unskilfulness of the artist had produced a ghastly effect; and, in the portrait of Sylla this was so much the case, that it wrought upon my morbidly susceptible frame. One night I awoke in horror, with the image of Sylla before me: for many years thereafter did that same image continue its visitations. That night I continued raving for a considerable length of time. In other days, and in a similar state of things, the ravings might have passed for inspiration; and I might have been a prophet, or something more than a prophet—the founder of a new sect. When I was promoted to the companionship of boys of a higher age, and about to leave the school for the university, the *enfantillage* evaporated. I was tranquil and happy while in Mrs Morell's boarding-house; for I had a bedfellow, in whose presence, as was natural, ghosts never ventured to make their appearance: but, during the holidays, when I was removed to Barking, and after I had become too old to be my grandmother's bedfellow, I became sole occupant of a large unfurnished bed—a fit place for the visitation of nocturnal visiters; and then and there it was that the devil and his imp appeared to me.

"I was a favourite, a timid child, who gave offence to nobody; and one more dutiful could not exist. Two or three instances of early aberrations I distinctly remember. One of these was a subject of long-continuing affliction. On a dresser, not far from the fireplace in the kitchen, was, as I mentioned, a portrait of Palethorp, sketched with a fork on the wainscot, constantly before my eyes. I got chattering with the footman, and, whether in play or in anger, I forget which, as I forget the immediate cause, I took up a pair of scissors which were within reach, and threw them at him. (At this time I was not breeched.) I took aim but too well: they hit him in the eye. Whatever was his pain of body, my pain of mind was greater. Sad was the disgrace into which I found myself plunged. My father, though in all his life he never struck me, yet, being fond of power, and of everything that could afford ground or pretence for the exercise of it, exercised on me, on this occasion, this talent of his with little mercy. I was sentenced to banishment. It happened to be migration time; my grandmother was gone to Barking already. Instead of being conducted to my father and mother, at the time of the usual weekly visit, I was sent off, in the middle of the week, with all my infamy on my head. I remembered this for many years after; and, as for any use that this severity had on me, none can I find. The accident had not its origin in my ill temper; and there was nothing from which the punishment would preserve me. The man was under the care of a surgeon for days, if not weeks. He recovered; and his sight continued uninjured: but in this, or other ways, my mind was seldom without something gnawing upon it."

Never was there a more striking contrast than that presented in the characters of Bentham and his father. His father was always busied about trifles; bustling himself into importance; proud of every petty dignity, no matter how obtained; thrifty even to meanness; and with no instruction, and no other ambition than to obtain the notice of the great. According to the report of one who remembered him well "his great delight was to swagger as a magistrate at Hicks' Hall, and to eat and drink at the public expense. He would intrigue, for months, to get an invitation to an opulent man's table; and shewed prodigious cleverness in avoiding giving dinners himself."* He amassed a considerable fortune, principally by successful purchases of lands and leases. He had a most exalted notion of parental authority; kept Bentham in a state of wretched dependence; and even habitually appropriated to himself the small pecuniary gifts which his son received from his friends, and rents belonging to his son, long after he had come of age. It was hardly likely that such a man should accurately appreciate, or even understand, a mind so capacious, so instructed, so beneficent, as Bentham's was. His father's vanity was flattered by the distinctions which Bentham obtained, from his earliest years; and he fancied the son would become the stepping-stone to the elevation of the father. But Bentham's mind responded to no call of vulgar ambition; and he had to bear perpetual reproaches for not stretching out his hand to gather the fruits of worldly fame, which he was perpetually reminded had ripened for his own fruition. But the enjoyments of Bentham were of a far different and a far higher order; and, while his father sighed over his "bashful folly," he was laying up for himself the richest intellectual treasures.

The impression made on Bentham's mind by the books he read in his childhood, was lasting. With the most amusing *naiveté* he would recall, in old age, what he thought, in his youth, of the books that were either placed in his hands, or which he was enabled to reach, in spite of a theory, both of his father and mother, that books of amusement were unfit for children.

"When I got hold of a novel, I identified myself with all the personages, and thought more of their affairs than of any affairs of my own. I have wept for hours over Richardson's 'Clarissa;' in 'Gil Blas' I took an intense interest, when very young: I was happy in the happiness, uneasy in the uneasiness of everybody in it. I admired 'Gulliver's Travels;' I would have vouched them to be all true; no romance, no rhodomontade, but everything painted exactly as it happened. The circumstance of his being condemned to death for saving the capital, was excellent. I was very anxious in his behalf,

* I find the following characteristic memorandum in his handwriting:—"Dec. 27, 1782.—Sent the turkey, supposed to come from Mr Speakman, to Mr William Bennet to examine, and then gave it to Thomas, my coachman, as not fit to be dressed in my own family. (It came on 21st.)"

particularly when chained down by the pigmies. I was sad when I saw the Laputans in such a condition; and I did not like to see my own species painted as Yahoos. 'Robinson Crusoe' frightened me with the story of the Goat of the Cave; it was a moot point with me whether it was a goat or the devil. I was indeed comforted to find it was a goat. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' frightened me still more; I could not read it entirely through. At Westminster School, we used to go to a particular room to wash our feet; there I first saw an imperfect copy of 'The Pilgrim's Progress': the devil was everywhere in it, and in me too. I always was afraid of the devil; I had seen him sowing tares, in a picture at Boghurst; how should I know it was not a copy from the life. I had seen the devil too, in a puppet-show; I dreamt about him frequently: he had pinched me several times, and waked me. I had frequent dreams of a desire to go east; but I found interminable lugubrious buildings between me and the Strand, and melancholy creatures walking about. How much less unhappy I should have been, could I have acknowledged my superstitious fears! but I was so ashamed! Now that I know the distinction between the imagination and the judgment, I can own how these things plagued me, without any impeachment of my intellect.

"I read Timothy Peascod's history; he was hanged, and I did not like this, because it put an end to him; and I was not fond of hanging. Camden's Britannia was a serious book, so I was allowed to read it; besides, it was too big to be put away on the shelf, and was therefore left about. My father used to talk about 'Tristram Shandy,' and the black page in 'Tristram Shandy.' I often took it up, but could not find the black page. It seemed to me strange stuff; there was no coherence. I often saw the ladies giggling over it. Once my father took it out of my hand. Moliere's plays were among the books at Barking. I did not like the allegorical parts or the ballets: they confused me; they were insipid;—I wanted facts. 'Theron and Aspasia' pleased me; it was full of slang, and slang was amusing. I read the 'Paradise Lost,' and it frightened me. There was the pandæmonium with all its flames. The book looks like something between true and false, and I did not know how much might be true. 'Paradise Regained' was very dull. I read Johnson's 'Account of the Hermit in his Cell,' and it was a sad drawback on my happiness. His mind was essentially ascetic, and he brought nothing new to me—no facts, no chemistry, no electricity—all was gloomy and tasteless. 'Thomson's Seasons' I also read, with a sort of fancy that they might be very fine to some people, though they brought no pleasure to me. 'Gray's Fables' I also read; they did not interest or instruct me. I knew that his stories of cocks and bulls were not true."

Of his novel studies, Bentham, on another occasion, gave this account:—

"At Browning Hill, was the refuse of the stock of my great-uncle Woodward. There was 'Locke on the Understanding,' 'Clarendon's History of the Rebellion,' 'Burnet's History of His Own Times,' all Richardson's novels, 'Mandeville's Fable of the Bees,' 'Clarke on the Trinity,' 'Tindall's Christianity as Old as the Creation,' 'Atalantis,' a collection of novels. There was 'Kämpfer's History of Japan,' a very curious book. The author was physician to a Dutch embassy, and went up to the capital of that island. He was a good botanist, and an intelligent man. Taken altogether, there was a pretty good supply for the three months of each year which I was there. I used to climb a lofty elm, and read in its branches. I was the more fond of this while the labourers were thrashing corn in the neighbourhood, as I was delighted to be in society with which I was not compelled to mix. No situation brought with it more felicity than to hide myself in the tree, and, having read for some time, to descend to gather up wheat for the peasants to thrash, and then to mount again to my leafy throne. In the summer-house, too, a few books were scattered. There were a few numbers of the 'Mercurius Rusticus,' a periodical of 1660. There were the 'Memoirs of the Marquis de Langallerie,' a French adventurer, who entered into a treaty with the Grand Seignior, who, at that time, used to be crowned with the sun and moon. There were 'Harris' Voyages,' two volumes in folio. So that there was abundance of occupation for me. 'Pamela' was written, a good part of it, in the summer-house at Browning Hill, so that the interest became extreme. 'Clarissa' kept me day after day incessantly bathed in tears. Tindall's book filled me with such astonishment that I could not believe my eyes, and I went frequently to the original, to verify his quotations. I was puzzled by Locke's fictitious entities—such as *power*. But I was pleased with the advantage he had over Bishop Stillingfleet, a grandson of whom (a proud, pompous fellow) was afterwards one of my companions at college. He had the manners of a dogmatical parson, while yet an undergraduate. I do not know what became of him. I had heard 'Locke's Essay' spoken of in the highest terms; so I read it as a duty. I read Clarendon with great interest, but could not understand the difference between his narrations and Burnet's, who was by far the honester man of the two. He was short sentenced and clear; the other rolling and inflated. Burnet was one of the best of bishops—a kind, straightforward man. Pepys speaks of the bribes that Clarendon used to take.

"The parsonage-house of Boghurst was contiguous to the church. There was an entrance from the church-yard to the garden, which, with the parsonage-house, was in the occupancy of my cousin Mulford, son to my great aunt; the minister of the parish living elsewhere. My uncle Grove, a kind and good creature withal, was a man of small mind; but nothing could be more devoid of amusement than his society was, to an ardent, acutely sensitive, and inquisitive boy; so, on every possible occasion, I broke away from

Browning Hill, to quarter myself on my cousin Mulford, from whom I always experienced the kindest reception. His was a very whimsical character. At an early age, between thirty-five and forty, he abandoned a prosperous business to live a single life at the Browning Hill parsonage. His mind was full of knicknackery and conceit; he was familiar with the practice of various handicraft arts: he was a blacksmith, a whitesmith, turner, carpenter, and joiner; he did, in fact, everything that could be done by hand; he was, at the same time, an amateur surgeon, and practised gratuitously, to a considerable extent, for the benefit of his poor neighbours. He had lived in a low and irregular way; was a sort of rake: but his rakery had been considerably subdued by this his country retreat, where his attentions were confined to one woman——a widow, or a widow bewitched, of a lieutenant in the navy. Never shall I forget how I was appalled when a Quaker farmer, who was in company with my uncle, and cousin Mulford, jeered them, in my presence, on the irregularity of their amours. No suspicion of such irregularity had ever before crossed my mind, and a sad tribulation it must have been to their respective mothers. I remember a daughter of my cousin's calling on me, borne down by poverty and premature old age. My cousin was a member of a perpetual drinking club, of which the rule was—that the drinking-room should never for a moment, in the whole year, be empty, so that, by resorting to it, society, such as it was, was always to be found. Drunkenness did not necessarily form a part of the attributes of this club; for, during the sixty years and more that I knew this cousin of mine, I never saw him intoxicated, nor did I ever hear of his being so. His opinions were extraordinary: he had a notion that whatever was in print was a lie. I asked him whether, if a fact had taken place, the putting it in print would cause it not to have taken place.

"I remember once, in his wisdom, he quoted, as evidence of the disposition of the Chinese to cheat, that a friend of his, in buying seeds in China, had got just such seeds as he could have got in England; as if the Chinese were the better for his friend's disappointment, or were bound to know what seeds grew here. He thought it a marvellous fine thing to cheat, and I did not fail to observe that the man who had the wit to cheat another, rose immediately in his opinion.

"When I was about twelve years old, he left the parsonage house, to my great grief, and took a small abode on the banks of the Thames. I could not divine his motive; for the parsonage gave him all the enjoyments he desired: abundance of game, which he shot without any qualification; he had an aviary stocked with partridges, which he caught with his setting dogs. He was a man, though not of large stature, of remarkable strength: but he once spontaneously told me he had been outmastered by the woman with whom he lived. I suspect this connexion was the primary cause of his migrating from the parsonage. My grandmother Grove sometimes visited the widow, and, on one occasion, she took me with her; but told me, on the way, how very reluctant her visits were to a person whose conduct, if closely inquired into, could not bear the test of scrutiny. To me the visit was very charming. I was treated with rare sweetmeats, and got possession of a delightful book, a novel in four volumes, called 'The Invisible Spy'—the heroine of which had, by the favour of an old magician or wonder-maker, acquired the secret of making herself occasionally invisible. Mr Mulford was fond of gardening; and in his library there was, in 3 vols. 8vo, one of the earliest editions of 'Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary,' which I read over and over till I had got all the names by heart. There was also a publication, entitled, 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' in seven or eight volumes, with notes.* 'Bulwer's Artificial Changeling,' was a source of great amusement to me, from the quaint titles of the chapters or sections; but my cousin took the book out of my hands. There were also some medico-chirurgical books, but not of the most modern or most improved choice. He shut up the books in a cupboard. He used to leave the key in: but there was a particular art in managing the lock, so that a stranger could not open it. I used to play with him at backgammon. His mornings were spent in gathering mushrooms, or gathering nuts. He was a sprightly man. He had a little smattering of Latin, and a little smattering of French, but was a perfect roué.

"My righteous cousin—for such was the name he bore—had a crony of the name of Mayo, a clerk in the bank. His form was globular.

"My cousin's habits were frugal. He saw little company; and the pittance with which he withdrew from business, had accumulated, when he died, to £20,000 or £30,000. I imagined it was to be mine; and my disappointment was great at finding it disposed of—much more properly—among a multitude of relations; none indeed so near as I was, but, for the most part, poor; and elevated, by the dispersion of this property, into a state of competence. My brother and I, however, were left by him about £3,000, and a similar sum, the proceeds of an estate, which to my cousin's mortification and unassuageable wrath, was entailed, after his death, upon my uncle Grove, and from him to me. My visits to my cousin were frequent, and generally of two or three weeks at a time; and I became acquainted with such of his neighbours as he was on terms with. Among these was a Quaker of the name of Harris, an extensive gentleman farmer, inhabiting a nice house, who introduced me to his two sons and two daughters. The eldest of his sons (John) married one of the many daughters of a Mr Plowden, a neighbouring country gentleman, descended from an ancient family, ranking in it the founder of All-Soul's College, Oxford; to education in which, his children were in consequence entitled. The great author of "The

* "Pills to Purge Melancholy," being a collection of the best merry songs and ballads, old and new. 6 vols. London 1720.

Commentaries" was also, I believe, one of his ancestors. He was the hero of a crim. con. case, which made much noise at the time, where the seducer was a reverend divine of a noble family, the rector of a neighbouring parish. I remember dining with the said divine on a Sunday, after he had officiated; and his dress was a white coat, faced with black velvet; a white waistcoat; and black velvet small clothes; and in his shoes stone buckles to imitate diamonds."

I have often heard Mr Bentham speak of the state of society at that period, and in that district—the elopements of women—the irregularities of men—and the vicissitudes which, in his experience, had followed the greater portion of the familes with whom he was acquainted in his boyhood, and whose adventures he had followed in after years. Some of the details of penury are so distressing, some of the facts of profligacy so disgusting, that I think it best to suppress them. Connexions, relatives, or descendants of these families, no doubt, exist; and I should feel that I was giving pain, with no sufficient balance of good, were I to individualize those cases, which, however they might illustrate the manners of the time, would shock the susceptibility of some, and scandalize the feelings of others. Sure I am that, in the course of three-quarters of a century, the morality of the country gentry and the more opulent race of farmers and traders has undergone a most marked and obvious improvement; that society would not, at the present time, tolerate habits and usages which were almost universal seventy or eighty years ago; that temperance and chastity, veracity and good faith, are much more rarely violated now than then: in a word, that the former times "were not" better nor wiser, but, on the contrary, far less virtuous, and far less instructed "than these."

Of some of his early tastes Bentham, only a short time before he died, gave the following description:—

"I was passionately fond of flowers, from my youth, and the passion has never left me. My aunt Grove was fond of flowers, and had a few geraniums, which she called *gerrnums*. I loved to gossip with a very fine old man, the gardener at Boghurst. He had a strange style of conversation, and would often ask me, 'What would the king say to this?' And then I asked him, what, in his opinion, the king would say? I was at that time reading 'Rapin's History of England,' full of kings and queens, and it was delightful to hear from him what he thought the king would say. It appeared to me that the gardener treated the beautiful flowers very roughly. So long as I retained my smell, a wall-flower was a *memento* of Barking, and brought youth to my mind; for the wall-flowers covered the walls, with their roots between the bricks. If I were a draughtsman I could give the site of every tree; and, without being a draughtsman, I can describe every particular about the house. On the borders of the garden were honey-suckles trained to standards, tulips in the beds: a noble pear-tree, which covered the whole house; I can remember all. When I was at Oxford, I found there was a botanical garden. A gardener was there, who was very civil to me. His name was Foreman; and he was foreman of the garden, and had been so for fifty years. He allowed me to take seeds. A little before then, I laughed at botany students. I remember being much delighted at hearing there were Bee Orchises near Oxford, and more delighted still when I discovered one. When I read 'Miller's Dictionary,' and learnt that the Man Orchis was to be found near Reading, I started for the place, but found not the flower. It is not much like a man after all. When I last went to Oxford, and visited the physic-garden, I found it much degenerated. Many of the things I used to see were gone. I loved botany for the sake of its beauties. Of a wilderness at Ford Abbey—a perfect wilderness—I made a beautiful spot. I paid £400 to £500 a-year, and was in treaty for having it for my life. I have been reading about a former possessor of it—Prideaux, Attorney-General during the Civil Wars—an extortioner. In the course of five years I was there, I did not lay out more than £100 on the house and gardens, though I built walls, planted trees, repaired old walks, cut new ones; found a desert, and left a flower-garden. The works I wrote at Ford Abbey were 'Not Paul,' 'Papers on Logic,' and 'Church of Englandism.'"

Bentham frequently drew little sketches of the persons he recollected in his childhood.

"My great-aunt died at above the age of eighty. She dispossessed herself of the greatest part of her property to give to her son, who behaved to her badly and coarsely. Whenever I saw her, she gave me a guinea, even after I grew to man's estate, and then apologized, and hoped I should not be offended, saying, 'It is a habit, you know.' She was, like all the females of my family, amiable, kind-hearted, generous. Her time was passed in knitting stockings for the poor. She always wore the same simple garb of grey stuff, perhaps with some small mixture of silk. When once I asked her for a token of her remembrance, she knit me a pair of garters, so thick and coarse that they swelled out my small-clothes most inconveniently. The death of my mother almost broke her heart. Her son was an unbeliever; he knew not why. Then he became a Methodist; and, last of all, a member of the New Jerusalem church, and with about equal reason.

"There were my two uncles, the Rays; both of them parsons; one of them learned, the other unlearned; one never looked into a book, the other was fond of books, but less so than of horses, (of which he kept many,) and of syllabubs, of which his wife was an admirable creator. He trusted his horses to me, and I sometimes went on one of them to visit an honest attorney, one Tom Martin, who was so fond of spending his money on antiquities, that he was always pulling the devil by the tail. I was a welcome visiter. He had, among other things, a book of songs, which had belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. Finding him distressed for cash, I put

him in the hands of another honest Tom—Payne the bookseller—who was delighted to buy some of his literary treasures."

On the whole, Bentham's boyhood was far from an unhappy one. His mind resisted that bent which his father and his father's family sought to give it. He had little relish for those objects which were pointed out to him as specially deserving his care, and met with no individual in early life whom he could at the same time love for generous affections, and honour for mental superiority. Yet he gathered up many enjoyments from the many sources of enjoyment which opened upon his susceptible mind: and, in spite of every drawback, the tenor of his existence, from first to last, was in the broad way of felicity.

He was accustomed, from his earliest years, to be talked of and to as a prodigy; and if this estimate of him had been wisely used to awaken his ambition, and excite his powers, it might have produced no undesirable result on his timid and retiring spirit. But he was taught scorn and contempt for other boys. He was perpetually placed in a sort of estrangement, by hearing his companions treated as dunces; and thus his vanity and pride received constant fuel. Ambition and scorn, in divers shapes, were essential parts of his father's character; and perhaps the discovery which gradually dawned upon Bentham's mind of the erroneous judgments he was likely to form, and the mistaken course he would undoubtedly pursue, while under the influence of these dissocial qualities, had much to do with that low estimate which he formed of his father's councils and conduct. Those proud and aspiring tendencies, associated with great disregard for the feelings of others, Bentham was in the habit of seeing displayed by his father invariably for selfish ends.

Bentham had a strong affection for his mother: she died in 1759, and everything exhibits her in the character of a kind and amiable woman. Bentham was used to say that his family was distinguished by virtues on the female side. His father was exceedingly attached to his wife, and was so affected by her death, that it seemed likely to cause his own. I find the following entry in his memorandum book:—"1759, January 6.—This day died my most dearly beloved wife, and one of the best of women, Alicia Bentham, with whom I had lived in a constant and uninterrupted state of nuptial happiness thirteen years, three months, and three days, except the grief and affliction which her last illness occasioned to me." Bentham himself had a most gloomy recollection of the event. His father then lived in a large and darksome house in Crutched Friars; and its solitary and deserted look accorded with the impressions left by his mother's absence. He fancied his father would die too; but change of air, and of scene, and the kindness of friends whom he went to visit in the country, restored him to health.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME REVISITED.

BY JOHN WALKER ORD, ESQ.

Hills of my childhood—Oh, the ever lovely!
Where, in happy boyhood, breeze-like I strayed;
Glad were my wanderings o'er your wastes of heather,
Paths of my youth!

There dwelt the eagle, there dwelt the wild deer;
There dwelt the raven in his towering home;
There swept the gled-hawk, like a meteor darting
Swift on his prey.

There, lingering low, the clouds swept your summits;
Rolled the loud thunder, shriek'd the hoarse blast;
Dash'd the fierce cataract, loos'd from its caverns—
Voices of dread!

Blue were the heavens in the days of my boyhood;
The mild summer breezes bore fragrance and balm;
And the lark's joyous music swell'd through the azure—
Songs of the spheres.

Oh, the rare mosses! Oh, the sweet wildflowers!
Rich golden furze, and the bright purple heath!
Plenteous your pastures, glad your summer beauty,
Homes of the bee.

Vales, verdant glades, and happy human dwellings,
Crowd like spots of sunshine round the traveller's path;
Old hoary cairns record the heroes grave-house,
Rear'd where he fell.

With his fleecy flocks, still broods the glad shepherd,
Idly reposing in the blaze of noon;
Or, in rude numbers, paints his maid's perfections—
Pride of the vale.

Joy of youthful angler, at the early dawning,
O'er your springy pathways, bounding apace,
To tempt his rapid prey among the mountain torrents,
Golden and bright!

Guisborough, York, 1840.

There the full evening greets him returning—
Pyre on pyre of glory in the western clouds;
Whilst heaven's blazing windows flash upon his spirit
Visions of bliss!

You, oh, ye woods, where the hazel and holly,
Far-spreading oak-tree and wild-ash abide,
Gladly I greet your dear shades, your bright verdure,
Priz'd as of old.

Here the brown-linnet sings—gladdest of songsters;
Here float the breezes, like whispers from heaven;
Here grow fair wildflowers, the richest, the rarest,
Fragrant as frail.

Here, in early youth, rejoic'd I to wander—
Love for my Paradise, Hope for my guide;—
Glaz'd are those angel-eyes, hush'd is that seraph-voice,
Sweetest on earth.

Fields and rich pastures, your treasures I welcome—
Home of the butter-cups, daisies, I sought;—
Still Wealth and Plenty your hedgerows encircle,
Spots of delight.

Proudly, dear mountains, your fronts tower in heather;
Calmly the groves wave their locks in the breeze;
Freshly the meadows, deep vales, and wide pastures,
Bask in the sun.

Ever, oh, ever, in splendour and beauty,
Flourish, dear Nature! the worshipp'd, the true;
And when Death's fingers freeze up mine eyelids,
Make me thine own!

And, 'mid this vale of my kinsfolk, my comrades—
Here, where the lov'd and the cherish'd repose—
Here, where the Abbey salutes the last sunbeams,
Grant me a grave!

LLOYD AND GERARD'S TOURS IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.*

EDITED BY GEORGE LLOYD.

In 1821, and not very long after the triumphant conclusion of the Goorka War had thrown open the sublime range of the Himalaya Mountains to European curiosity, the three brothers Gerard of Aberdeen—one of them a surgeon, the two others officers in the Bengal army—happened to be stationed, for some years, at the British New Hill settlements. From thence, they and their friends made frequent exploratory excursions into that wildly grand and highly interesting region, so attractive to the lover of Nature, the sportsman, and the savan. The most enterprising of the brothers, in this line of adventure, appears to have been Captain Alexander Gerard, who died, in December last, in his native town. It is to us rather surprising that the narrative of his Tour should have lain so long unpublished.

Captain Gerard's scientific attainments, and the diversified range which his perambulations embraced, give his narrative, even after a long lapse of years, and the record of many subsequent excursions in the Himalayas, very great interest. Scraps of it, chiefly in the scientific department, we presume, have appeared in some of the Asiatic journals, though it has remained, until now, a sealed book to the public. Captain Gerard's portion of the work was corrected and annotated by himself, with a view to the present publication. Captain Gerard's narrative forms the principal part of the work before us, which contains, besides, a letter from his brother, Dr James Gerard, detailing the events of an expedition to the Passes of Boorendo and Shatool, for the purpose of determining the line of perpetual snow upon the southern face of the Himalayas; and it is preceded by a diary, kept by Captain Gerard's friend, Sir William Lloyd, on a journey from Caunpoor to the Boorendo Pass, made in the early half of the year 1821, and in which Sir William, after reaching the mountains, was accompanied by both the Gerards. The work is edited by the son of Sir William Lloyd, who has subjoined a variety of useful and agreeable notes; though some of them presume, in the reader, a very slender acquaintance indeed with India, its history, affairs, and productions.

The mass of readers—those to whom India is new and curious—will find considerable amusement in perusing Sir William Lloyd's Diary, although, especially at the commencement, it would easily have admitted of abbreviation; while scientific readers, and those who already possess some knowledge of India, will be attracted by Captain Gerard's Narrative; especially after he gains, as it were, the Table Land of the Himalayas, and proceeds, as far as Chinese jealousy permitted him, to advance among the Tartar tribes on the north-western face of the range. That certainly was not far.

* Two volumes 8vo, with maps.

We shall give precedence to Sir William Lloyd's Diary; though a journey now so frequently made, and so familiar as that from the plains to the hill settlements, need not detain us long. Then, in 1821 namely, every object was fresh and novel. The route taken was by Gwalior, Agra, Delhi, and Sirhind; Sir William visited every remarkable scene and monument of antiquity on the way, and was often hospitably entertained by the friendly Rajahs, through whose territory he passed. At Alipoor, upon the 17th of March, he witnessed a kind of Hindoo carnival, which we do not remember to have seen noticed by any other traveller. The description is picturesque and Oriental.

To-day is the festival of the Hoolee, and our camp is a scene of unbounded rejoicing. The servants, and other followers, both Hindoos and Mahummedans, are strolling about in groups, accompanied with the clashing of rude music, to which they add yells of merriment, and songs especially chanted upon this holiday. They are provided with quantities of a red powder, which they throw at each other, and, besides, mix it with water, and squirt the concoction, with extreme ingenuity, by means of monster syringes, at all comers. Here we see a crowd of young urchins, their eyes on fire with innocent subtlety, splashing a venerable Mahummedan, whose long beard soon reeks with the crimson streams of the Hoolee water; while he in return, shaking with laughter, envelopes them suddenly in a cloud of the rosy powder.

"Hoolee! Hoolee!" is the cry. There you see a neat and staid Khidmutgar, his white dress dyed with a hue like the rich red beams of daybreak, leaping with frenzied mirth to the eloquent melody of tom-toms, regardless of tent-ropes, and tent-pins, in the midst of a throng of coolies, smiling at all, and enchanted with himself; now he disappears in whirlwinds of ruby dust, now he rises beneath rainbows of blushing waterdrops, which career arching over his head. Sometimes he pursues, sometimes he runs away, while shrieks of ecstasy are heard. "Hoolee! Hoolee! Hoolee! Hoolee!" Here we have a muscular Seapoy vociferating, and twirling like a dancing Durwesh, an excited statue of red-granite; and look you at that laughing Hindoostanee girl, whose supple figure moves as gracefully as a Lotos stem, in an imperceptible eddy, whose large black eyes are liquid with excess of delight, her thin white garment spotted and streaked with the carmine water, bending her neck, and putting her little hand into a large bag, and taking out as much of the glowing powder as it will hold—"Hoolee! Hoolee! Hoolee! Hoolee!" All is uproar, all is confusion, all is pleasure!

Sir William Jones conjectures that this festival may be allied to the custom of making April fools. Its origin, like that of so many holiday customs, is lost in antiquity. From the date, an Irish antiquarian might say it was in honour of St Patrick.

Those happy denizens of temperate zones, who can scarcely imagine to themselves the overpowering and enervating lassitude of a European in the plains of Hindostan, may yet know how to sympathize with the delight of a Scotchman or a Welshman in India, when he leaves the Deccan and approaches the Himalayas. When Sir William Lloyd travelled to those gigantic mountains, they were comparatively unknown;

and he pays them, as we conceive, the highest possible compliment, when he says—

I had longed ardently to see them, to be upon them, to know them. The very impulse brought back to me my school days among the purple hills of the Vale of Clwyd, and the freshness of the summer mornings, so different from the Deccan, where, in the hot weather, though the Acacia intensely perfumed the air, there was not a blade of grass to betoken coolness.

One Rajah may serve as a specimen of the order, though Boop Sing of Ropoor was neither among the wealthiest nor the most warlike of the confederated chiefs on the south side of the Sutluj.

He is a tall handsome man, of about thirty years of age. Whilst strolling out in the afternoon, he joined us with his hawks and dogs; for he is a great sportsman, possesses a Manton, and can shoot birds on the wing. At dinner, my travelling companion received a note from him written in English, requesting a present of a bottle of cherry brandy. We were more surprised by the idiom of the letter than its contents. A Sikh chieftain upon the banks of the Sutluj writing English. Upon closer inquiry, however, we learned that one of his Mahummedan minions was the scribe of this epistle. . .

The Rajah met us on the march, and as he was accompanied by his falconers, we diverted ourselves with hawking. It was a beautiful sight, and reminded us strongly of those romantic days, when the chivalry of Europe indulged in this exciting pastime: for there were numerous attendants variously costumed; many spirited horses, and falconers with the hawks ready leashed. We were soon galloping after the quarry, which consisted of hares, partridges, and quails.

It was animating to see the Churruck flown at the hares, trying to stoop, but unsuccessful, cancelleering and following their mazy courses amongst the low brushwood. Now a partridge or a quail would rise fluttering, and sweep along, and as rapidly the Bassee was hurled—a moment—and the quarry was struck, and we shouted loudly, and dashed forwards with a slackened bridle to reclaim. The Churruck was unsuccessful in its stoops at the hares; but, by hovering over them, gave the Rajah's dogs an opportunity to run them down.

There were, besides, other kinds of hawks, which were flown at partidges and quails, and were equally sure as the Bassee. Only one or two of the leash were lost, and they, from some check, raked. . . . . .

Ropoor is the residence of the Rajah, but it is a miserable little town, on a low line of eminences. . .

Boop Sing, upon our arrival, sent us a basket containing strawberries, peas, celery, and cabbage, the produce of his garden, and, with them a much greater rarity, a few pounds of ice. He does not, however, improve upon acquaintance, as he wants a proper sense of dignity and manner, and in his enthusiasm to imitate our English customs, has, like all foreigners, by some mistake, chosen the worst.

He has about sixty villages under his control, which yield him a lac of rupees (£10,000) annually; but his country is very badly managed, and one of the people of the town told me that his officers were, verily, sad rascals. . .

This evening, we were very much pleased with the performance of four men, who came to our tents and sung many songs, accompanied with a guitar. Some sets of Nautch girls also came; but, as our time was precious, we were reluctantly obliged to dismiss them. This celebrated class of women in India, is rapidly decreasing both in numbers and talent. . . . . .

During the magnificent reigns of the early Hindoo Rajahs, these Nautch girls, or Bayaderes, officiated in the temples of Siva and Parvati, and in the later dynasty of the Moghul Emperors they formed a part of the royal State. They were chosen from the most beautiful children, and while the rest of their sex grew up in natural ignorance, they were taught every accomplishment that could give an attractive power to the mind, or add to the graces of a person that was already exquisite in its native simplicity. From the circumstance of their being with the court their manners were polished. They had likewise a great share in the political intrigues of the country: in short, they possessed extensive influence, and, from their attainments, it cannot be doubted that, although they did not advance the morality, they nevertheless tended very much to improve the habits of all ranks.

About the end of April the Tourists began to ascend the mountains, and had attained an elevation of 2,500 feet, when, between Bauhr and Soobahtoo, they had this pleasant adventure:—

We travelled upon an excellent road, which lay through jungle, and was very winding. The morning was extremely fresh and pleasant, which, after the heat of the plains, was most renovating. On the route, we met the Rajah of Naan returning with his bride from the mountains. He was accompanied by a retinue of many hundred persons, of all ranks and denominations, and in a very handsome Chumpala, covered with scarlet cloth, and profusely ornamented with gold: his young wife was carried, followed by her female relatives and attendants in other Chumpauns. They, together with horsemen gaily attired, bearing many coloured flags, Falconers with hawks, rude music, elephants, camels, Palkees, Hill Porters with northern countenances, and a host of fine goats, sheep, and dogs, formed a splendid pageant, in the midst of this beautiful scene. The bride we were told was the daughter of the Rajah of Kytul.

The following anecdote is diverting from its absurdity, and, as no serious mischief is involved, one may laugh without the imputation of ill-nature.

A fatiguing, but very pleasant, ride of six or seven miles brought us to our Bechoba, which was pitched at a water mill near the hamlet of Kotul. Those of our followers who had come from Gwalior and the Deccan, were excessively fatigued by this first trial of mountain roads; and, upon descending to the cool clear stream at Kotul, they ran headlong into it, and then stretched themselves on its swarded banks in seemingly an eternal repose.

It was a delightful spot. There was a seclusion from the world, a freshness in the verdure, a sparkling in the streamlet, a subdued wildness in the prospect. We were enjoying our breakfast, having picked some white raspberries, the first that we had seen, and were pouring out our thoughts upon the grandeur and loveliness of the Himalaya, when we were startled by a yell of despair, followed by horrible vociferations of "Sheytaun! Sheytaun!" and upon running out we perceived one of our fattest Hindoo servants, rushing he knew not where, with both his hands glued far back below his hips, and his long white lungootee, or waist-cloth, his only dress, streaming in most unwarrantable disarray between his legs. He bellowed "Sheytaun" (Satan, Satan!) again and again, till the dell rang. As he appeared insane, we had him entrapped; but he continued capering as if possessed by every demon in the nether sphere, nor would he move his hands from where he had fastened them. We could obtain no answer from him, and were at a loss to conceive the cause of this conduct, until one of his companions, from the crowd which had collected upon hearing these elaborate cries, told us, that after bathing he had chosen a place among some bushes to sit down, where, as if enchanted, he had sprung up and began performing these many antics. He pointed to the spot which was close by, and we discovered that the hapless Hindoo had sat down in a clump of gigantic nettles. There was no cure for it but patience. However, as the poor man fancied that, according to the observances of his religion, he had by the unfolding of his lungootee rendered himself impure, he jumped into the water to perform his ablutions; but, alas! his stinging tortures were redoubled by the cold immersion, which he tried to relieve, by putting the muscles of his face and body into every possible contortion, and at the same time calling upon every Deity and Demi-god that he in the midst of his anguish could remember, to soothe the burning pain.

The tourist reached the headquarters of the Goorka battalions, where he found his friends

the Gerards, who had previously explored several parts of the mountains.

Fixing their temporary headquarters at Koteghur, these enterprising friends made long excursions among the superior ranges of the Himalayas, and the high-lying villages, and residences of the mountain chiefs. Of the latter we can afford but this passing glimpse :—

We began to ascend the mural flank of a mountain, by large rude steps, from which circumstance we called it Ladder-Hill, until we reached a wood, through which we descended gradually, and arrived at another streamlet, equally clear as the former, that rushed amongst masses of mica-slate. The banks of it were of a steatitic nature, glistening, and so very slippery, that we found it extremely difficult to climb the ascent opposite, which fortunately was not long. I was obliged to take off my shoes, and use both hands and feet to surmount the slope, which was very steep. From hence to Gowra our walk was through fields, in which we saw the wild apricot, the pear, the willow, nettles, butter-cups, and strawberries.

Gowra is an agreeable spot, on the flank of a ridge of the Himala, which juts into the Sutluj. The country in the vicinity is well tilled, and the views are fine. We see mow upon the mountains on either hand.

The Rajah of Rampoor has a small neat house here, close to which is a handsome temple, surrounded with an open trellis of wood. It is consecrated to Ruggonaut. We admired the carvings on it very much, and praised the taste, skill, and execution of the mountain artist.

We have just been visited by the Rajah of Bussheer, a handsome and vivacious boy of about thirteen. He was accompanied by his Wuzzeer Teekum Daas, and a small retinue. They were all clothed in woollen, from head to foot, with the exception of the Rajah, who was dressed in white linen, and wore a cap of gold brocade, with but few ornaments. We had heard that he was afflicted with goitre, but, though his neck was bare, we did not perceive any symptom of such a disease. He complimented Major Close upon his arrival into his mountain State, and not only proffered kindness, but acted with his meaning. Most of the persons with him wore garlands of flowers, or carried some in their hands. When they took leave they loaded us with them.

Our readers have already, in our own pages of past months and years, seen a good deal of the stupendous and beautiful scenery of the grandest Alpine region on the face of the globe, and of the tribes who inhabit it. We must, therefore, take an abrupt leave of Sir William Lloyd's interesting narrative, and picturesque and often eloquent descriptions, merely mentioning that he crowned his adventure by reaching, alone, the Pass of Boorendo, and come to Captain Alexander Gerard's tour.

This gentleman, with his brother, who went some way with him, left the Goorka Battalion's headquarters, at Soobathoo, in the beginning of June, 1821, with the requisite number of guides, attendants, hill-porters, and supplies; and well furnished with all sorts of scientific instruments. About the middle of June, they were exploring the snowy passes of Bundajon and Yorsoo, which are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Their camp was generally, in these altitudes, pitched in a lower level, in the region of the birch and the juniper, or at about 12,000 feet.

Before going farther, we shall indulge in a peep, after the tourist had left the Pass of Boorendo behind him, and obtained a sort of Pisgah-view towards what we may call the Tartar side of the mountains.

We left Boorendo at half-past twelve; the first mile and a half led over snow, which, as the declivity was pretty steep, we slid down most of the way, by seating ourselves upon a blanket. This mode of descending is invariably practised by the mountaineers where there are no rocks; then we had a dreadfully dangerous footpath along the rugged side of the dell: it led through several clumps of birches, and crossed eight or ten snow-beds, inclined at an angle of 30 degrees, or more; below which, at the depth of 500 or 600 feet, were piles of large stones; the snow-beds delayed us considerably, as the guides had to cut steps, or rather notches, of a few inches, for the feet. Here, on the northern face of the Himalaya, the upper limit of birches is almost 13,000 feet, and the pines and oaks, which run in belts, are only a couple of hundred feet less. We took leave of the trees, and ascended a grassy spur to Sheoo Ghat, 13,350 feet, thence the way descended towards the N. E. to the limit of the forest; the extreme altitude of the birches was observed at 12,800, the pines at 12,060, and the highest cultivation, which was P'hapur, at 10,650 feet; near this are several detached houses, the summer-residence of shepherds. Two miles more, descending through pines, currants, and roses, brought us to Soang, a village in Koonawur, which we reached by six P. M., after a journey of nine miles. Some of the pines attain a great size, and we measured one, close to the village, thirty feet in circumference. The height of the place is 9,100 feet, and the village is pleasantly situate, shadowed by apricots and walnuts, which surround it to some distance; here there is only one crop, and it is peor; the grains are P'hapur, Wheat, Barley, Oos, Chabroo, Ogla, Bat'hoo, and Peas. Snow generally lies here for five months, and the rains are pretty regular, but not so heavy as on the southern face of the Himalaya.

June 19.—Marched at 5 A. M., the thermometer being 55°; at first we had a steep descent of 1800 feet, through many varieties of forest-trees, to a middling-sized stream, whence there was a fatiguing ascent of three miles to camp at Chasung, which is about the same height as Soang; the road was tolerable, and it lay chiefly amongst pines of three kinds. We stopped here till 3 P. M., and then proceeded to a hamlet named Chamaling, about 4½ miles from Chasung; the path descended steeply to the level of the Buspa, a noble river, running smoothly through a romantic valley, which the people have a vague tradition was formerly a lake, and it has every appearance of it: the channel is broad, and the stream forms many islands of sand and peebles, overgrown with barberries and willows. The level space is frequently almost a mile wide, and it is beautifully laid out in fields, and diversified with apricot, peach, and walnut trees. For three miles the road lay in this valley, and we crossed the Buspa twice on wooden bridges, on account of an impassable cliff; we passed the fort of Kumroo, situate on an abrupt rock, upon the right bank of the river, and encamped in a field of beans near the union of the Boktee, a stream of some size, with the Buspa, and opposite the town of Sungla.

This valley is bounded on each side by abrupt ranges of the Himalaya, which present a great deal of bare rock.

It was a leading object with Captain Gerard, and one important, in a commercial view, to penetrate to Garoo, by Bekhur; but this he was unable fully to accomplish, the Chinese functionaries and subordinates on the frontier, though personally civil and even hospitable and courteous, rigidly refusing to permit his advance. After many a detour to explore the passes, we find him at Chitkool, and afterwards on the Table Land, on the progress to Bekhur, by an old route near the Sutluj. At Chitkool, the highest village in the valley of the Buspa, and at an elevation of nearly 12,000 feet, he was baffled in the attempt to explore different

mountain routes and passes, as it was found impossible to procure guides for so hazardous an attempt; and the people of the village warned him of the impossibility of following the course he desired, unless his party were covered from top to toe with sheep-skins. The clothing of those Tartar mountaineers is such as might suit Siberia, and yet no more than they require for many months of the year. We confess that the glimpses of their manners and condition, revealed in the course of Captain Gerard's survey of the passes and routes, constitute not the least attractive feature of his narrative, unwearied as he is in scientific observation. At Chitkool he observes:—

I in vain endeavoured, by extravagant offers, to get a guide to accompany me to Nielung; and from what I experienced on the passage of the Charung Ghat, I am now quite convinced that this is not the proper season for traversing the more elevated ridges. April, May, October, and November are said to be the most favourable months; since a single rainy day would make the attempt very dangerous. Several years ago, eighteen people perished in crossing to Neilung, since which time few loaded travellers have ventured by this route, and the tribute of copper and lead to Bussahir is generally sent by Bekhur. All my informants stated that there was, on the smallest allowance, one and a-half day's journey over the snow; and they added, that my people could never accomplish it without a covering of sheepskin from top to toe. At Chitkool there is one Lama. He is of the Geloopa sect, who wear yellow caps; there is also a Mane and Chostin, and two or three wooden cylinders, which are turned on their axes for sacred purposes.* The Lama chiefly holds his situation, and procures subsistence by writing and printing, from a block of wood, sacred sentences. . . . . .

We were all in motion by 8 A. M. The Lama, solicitous for our safety, or rather his own, invoked the protection of the gods, and was very expert in repeating the sacred words *Oom Mane pase me Oom.* He prayed for a fair day, but with no effect; for we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when it rained, and did not cease the whole day.

The repetition of this sentence, with varying degrees of velocity, the greater rapidity evincing the greater fervour of devotion, seems to comprehend nearly the whole personal religion of those people. Some of them have chaplets or rosaries with which they number their daily repetitions, and the desired number is one hundred and eight.

Sheep and goats are made beasts of burden in these mountainous regions. They were often met in flocks, carrying salt and wool; and when Captain Gerard, at one period of his progress, was advised by a Tartar chieftain to use their services, each sheep was loaded with twenty pounds of grain, to be eaten before the bearers were ate themselves. The sheep generally made their daily journey with more ease than the human carriers. Ten miles by the perambulator was reckoned good marching.

A Tartar friend, whom the tourist had made in one of the villages, informed him that the Report of two or three gentlemen being encamped in the Boorendo Pass, spread like lightning throughout Koonawur. The Chinese, on learning it, were instantly in agitation, and people from Chubrung and Thooling had assembled at Bekhur to stop us. "The latest accounts," he said, "stated that there were upwards of 200 people at Bekhur, who were disposed to allow us to reach the village, but not a step beyond it." . . .

Thungee has two divisions, Gramung and Henrung, a quarter of a mile distant, and between them is a Lama's place of worship. I encamped at the former, which is pleasantly perched upon a southern hill slope, the houses rising over each other with the inclination of the soil. There are few fields here; but they are thriving. The grains are wheat, barley, phapur, oos, and cheenee, with some patches of turnips and peas; the whole laid out and intersected by aqueducts, whose banks are adorned with walnut, apricot, apple, and poplar trees. The apricot crop was destroyed by a severe frost, which occurred when they were in blossom; but the apples and walnuts promise abundance. The houses are well built, and roofed with birch, bark, and earth. Each has a durchut, or pole, with a flag of white cloth, inscribed with the sacred sentence, "Oom Mane pace me Oom," surmounted by a black chourre (cow's tail.) There is a Gelong and five Nuns here, all habited in red cloth. The Nuns were shy, and would not allow me to approach them; nevertheless, they stared at me all day from the balconies of their retreat. There are thousands of Manes and Chostins in this vicinity, and several sacred Cylinders.

In preparing for the inroad on Bekhur, and at a considerable village of the Tartar borderers, named Murung, situated in the dell of the Sutluj, Captain Gerard met with an accomplished Lama, who understood and wrote Hindoostanee, Tartar, and several other dialects in their different characters; carved on stone, and cut wooden blocks for printing sacred sentences. This person, who had acted as secretary to the Bussahir Rajah, advised Captain Gerard to write to the Garpan or Governor of Garoo, apprising him of his desire to pass the frontier, and pay his respects to so great a man. He accordingly had three letters prepared to three different functionaries, strictly observing the proper etiquette.

Each of the letters was folded in a khuttuk or silk scarf, with the upper cover sealed all round. The khuttuks to the Garpan and Zongpoon cost three rupees each, and that to the officer at Muimokh eight annas; the two first personages were addressed Rimboche, which is one of their titles. Some pyramids of sugar, a few almonds and dates, in cloth bags, sealed and directed, accompanied the letters, agreeably to the established custom.

With these documents in his possession he advanced; and, he says—

In descending to Nisung, I met a flock of goats and sheep laden with salt from Bekhur, tended by three Koonawurees, who said that the Chinese had assembled in force about two miles on the hither side of Bekhur, and had thoughts of advancing to Kecobrung Pass to meet me.

The rocks near this are of a dark blue slate, laminated, and easily worked for the inscription of the mystic sentence—"Oom Mane pace me Oom." Nisung is elevated above 10,000 feet from the sea, and, in summer, possesses an agreeable climate: the thermometer at sunrise was 54°, and the maximum of the day 75°. The tenants are Tartars, who are the slaves of superstition. Each house has its Durchut, or pole and flag, on which are neatly printed mystic words in different colours, each alternating with the other. A black yak's tail is always fastened above the flag: cylinders, as before described, are frequently attached to the pole, and are constructed so as to revolve by the action of the wind, a very convenient agency for mitigating the more rigorous exercise of manual devotion. In the vicinity are many tumuli, consecrated to the Deotas, by sprigs of juniper, pieces of quarts, or rags, to which travellers add their offering. I remarked a custom here similar to that of the Scotch farmers, who, on commencing harvest, plait some of the

* The whirligigs, or wooden cylinders, are filled with rolls of sacred writings, and move on points like a horizontal wheel: they are set in motion by sojourners or pilgrims, and by the residents of the spot, for devout purposes.

first cut stalks of corn,* and fix them over the chimney-piece till next harvest. The Tartars fasten three stalks of barley over the outside of the door, the ears hanging down: every door in the village was thus ornamented. Several kinds of head-dresses are worn here: the women are bareheaded, the hair flowing loose about their shoulders: some of the men wear the common Bussahir cap; others, caps similarly shaped, but of red blanket; a few have hats like our own, but with a narrower rim; they are of yellow cloth, fringed with red worsted thread, diverging in radii from the crown, and hanging loose all round. This last form of cap is very neat.

There is a considerable extent of cultivation surrounding the village; the crops are chiefly barley, phapur, and oca, and have a promising appearance. . . . . In the evening (20th July) two Gelongs, or monks, paid me a visit. They were clad in red blankets; one wore a red peaked cap, the other a hat of English form, of a lightish gray colour, and broad rim, like a Quaker's. They chanted a melancholy strain, and marked time with a tambourine, adorned with pieces of silk of many colours. One of the Gelongs had a human thigh bone pierced with two holes, through which he blew, and it sounded like the sacred shell of the Hindoos. With the exception of the Gelongs, I found nobody but old women and children, all the adults having gone to Garoo for salt and wool.

On the 21st of July, I made a journey of six miles and a half, to a restingplace for travellers, named Oorcha. Three youths, from twelve to sixteen years old, accompanied me as guides: they had handsome prepossessing countenances, of the Tartar feature. I had difficulty in explaining myself to them at the outset of the march; but having copied a few words from my vocabulary into my route-book, and, by the aid of an intelligent lad who anticipated my meaning, I was pretty successful. . .

I met two Chinese with a flock of sheep and goats, laden with salt, on their way to Nisung. They were frank and well-disposed; and, on my asking them if I would be permitted to reach Bekhur, they laughed heartily, and said, "Oh, no," making prohibitory signs at the same time.

Nothing in the Alps or Pyrenees can be more lovely than the landscapes found immediately below the lines of perpetual snow, and at 14,000 feet of elevation, on the north side of the Himalayas, and sloping from the table land. Here The face of the country suffers a sudden and remarkable change, to the amazement of the traveller, who is led by the state and complexion of nature in the Himalayan ridge, crossed from the Indian side, to expect perpetual rigors, barrenness, and masses of ever-resting snow. About a mile below this, the peaked mountains are limited, the valley expands, and the traveller finds himself surrounded by a more connected land, whose surface is regularly sloped, and productive at vast heights; whole fields of loose gravelly soil, steeply inclined, are formed by the crumbling of the loftier regions. The Tagla, now pure as the snow from which it rises, had a greater spread, and was gently ruffled by pebbles of many colours: the banks were of gravel and soil richly clothed with Tartaric Whins; and along the margin of the stream was a slip of the greenest sward. The dell had an expanse of a bow-shot, from the limit of which the mountains rose in vast connected masses, with a soft and swelling surface, and entered the region of perpetual snow at a height far beyond its equinoctial boundary. Ahead, the dell was closed in by table-land, just patched with snow. The sun shone bright, and gave an agreeable warmth and liveliness to everything around: we gazed in amazement upon the scene. The rocks here are wholly limestone, of a variety of hues, and crumbling away at their surface, form a fine soil.

Near this charming scene, the Tartar boys discovered three large deer, of a peculiar species; and one of them was driven into a ravine, and killed with stones and sticks; for none of the sixty-five persons, forming the party, appear to have carried fire-arms. The deer was dressed, and found good eating. Advancing for some days, Captain Gerard expected to find picquets of Tartars guarding the passes: but none were seen; though near the Passes of Hookeo he met three Koonawuree Tartars, with a flock of sheep, laden with grain and wool, (not their own,) who announced that the Chinese were at hand, and would not permit him to advance beyond the first fort; and, shortly after, he was challenged by a party of a dozen, and ordered to stop where he was. He produced his letters, which were instantly forwarded by mounted messengers, by the orders of a peron who seemed to be the superior; and messengers were at the same time sent to assemble the people of the scattered villages, as if an invasion of Europeans had been expected.

Here I found a couple of black tents, and a Tartar picquet of about thirty people, who had been encamped three weeks, waiting my arrival, having heard of my approach when I was at Boorendo Pass; they had all horses, which were running about loose, grazing. The people were very civil and good-natured, but would not listen to any proposals for my visiting Bekhur, which I reckoned about two miles distant, in a N. E. direction. They are stout muscular men, with the Chinese features, all well and comfortably dressed in sooklat, or thick woollen cloth; their outer garment reaches below the knees, and has long sleeves; trousers, and boots with a leather sole; the part answering to the stocking is of tartan, and is tied with a garter. They are all bareheaded, the hair plaited into a long tail. Each had a knife six or eight inches in length, with an ornamented brass or silver case, a gungsa, or iron pipe, for smoking, and a mepcha, or steel, for striking fire. The pipe is of the shape of tobacco-pipes at home, but longer; it is of iron, frequently inlaid with silver, and has a silver bowl. The tents appeared comfortable: they were of black yak's hair, made into a blanket, double poled, and round at the ends; from twenty to thirty feet long, ten broad, and six or seven high.

Captain Gerard was here encamped at an elevation of 16,200, yet the soil was rich and the grass luxuriant. The atmosphere, at night, was singularly clear, the stars shone with great brilliancy, and the traveller seems to have enjoyed his astronomical observations and his bivouac exceedingly. He says:—

The galaxy had a very grand appearance, and some of the stars in it could almost be counted. I sat outside the tent for an hour, gazing upon the scene; and next morning, although the temperature was below freezing, I could not resist the pleasure I contemplated, in seeing the moon and Jupiter before daybreak, and which was amply realized in the dazzling splendour of the planet, long before sunshine reached us; although we were in an open and insulated plain, far distant from the intercepting shade of the highest mountains; the clouds on the great snowy chain were illuminated by the sun, and assumed the most beautiful diversity of tints, surpassing in lustre the brightest gold.

A scene of greater grandeur cannot easily be imagined.

The three Tartar boys conducted themselves most satisfactorily to their temporary employer, and gave him a favourable opinion of the whole race, whom he finally considered superior to the Hindoos, and the frankest and most honest people he had met with in India, "without craft and without ingratitude, and that may be trusted to the world's end." Captain Gerard had hitherto

* Is it not the last, and not the first cut stalks that are thus used, and called the *Kirn-cut*, or the Maiden?

seen only what may be termed border or frontier villages: but, early in August, he descended the stupendous Peeming Pass, and approached the first town in Chinese Tartary, Shipke. The natural bulwarks, which here divide vast empires, are of the most magnificent description. One mass of rock rises from the bed of the Sutluj, at an angle of forty degrees, to the height of 18,500 feet! The imagination of a European may heap Pelion on Ossa, and yet be unable to conceive the sublime height of this mighty barrier of nations; and a peak behind this rises to the height of 22,600 feet!

The harvest was just over when Captain Gerard reached Shipke; and he witnessed the rejoicings at the usual autumnal festival. Crowds of people were dancing, singing, and playing upon drums, cymbals, and double flageolets.

The men are stout and well clothed, and, in dress and appearance, resemble those at Bekhur; they wear necklaces, on which are strung several large pieces of a substance like amber, called Poshil, beads of coral, and some that looked like rubies and emeralds; the females are also stout, and are covered from head to foot with ornaments; as, large bracelets, and anklets of pewter or silver, and numerous chains hanging from their shoulders, strung with cowrie shells, and beads of pewter, brass, coral, and coloured glass.

About sunset, the chief person of the place paid me a visit, and informed me that orders had been received from Lahassa, some months ago, to make no friends of Europeans, and to furnish them neither with food nor firewood. When I was at dinner, it was intimated that a letter from the Garpan of the interior had just arrived; I ordered it to be brought, but the courier would only deliver it in person. After dinner, he made his appearance with the letter folded in a blanket, tied to his back, and although he was three days from Bekhur, he had not unloosed it. I understand that where there is a regular horse-post, as between Lahassa and Garoo, the orders are remarkably rigorous; the bundle is sealed fast to the rider, who is again sealed to his horse, and no inconvenience, however great, admits of his dismounting, until he reaches the relief stage, where the seal is examined.

The *Garpan* had returned a *Khuttuk*, and performed every usual courtesy: but the desire of the traveller to advance was absolutely resisted. The Governor's letter was plain, and brief, and neatly written, in a peculiar character. All this while, and in many rough journeys, and falls, and long slides in the snow, the instruments had escaped undamaged; and the tourist, though he had failed in his great object, diligently continued his observations. The Chinese, though under the necessity of stopping his progress, would not uncivilly hurry him back; and he was greatly pleased with their frank and cordial manners, when they said that, although the orders of the Garpan must be respected, they would, nevertheless, meet and part friends. The Tartars were equally friendly. He relates:—

Both here and at Bekhur, although they had left their roof purposely to stop us, they advanced with an air of good humour and friendship that we never observe on the confines of an Asiatic Government.

A short time after my return to Changrezhing, half a dozen of them came with grain and a fat sheep, which they insisted on my taking as a proof of our parting on terms of mutual conciliation. They would receive no money in return, but accepted of eight seers (sixteen pounds) of dry tobacco.

here is a marked distinction among these tribes themselves, although they have no feature in common with the Hindoos, with whom they maintain no intercourse. They eat bullock's flesh. The Lamas are a different tribe from the other Koonawuree Tartars:—

They have small eyes and high cheek-bones, sloping to the chin, which is generally pointed, and very few of them have either mustachios or a beard. They are fond of all kinds of ornaments, and have as many as they can afford to purchase. These are chiefly necklaces and earrings, formed of beads of silver, coral, and other precious stones: they have also tassels of red beads hanging from the rear of their caps, and wear bracelets and silver chains round their necks.

There are three principal sects amongst the Lamas: Neengma, Dookpa, and Geloopa. The two former wear red caps, the last, yellow ones. The Dookpas and Geloopas seldom marry; I believe they are prohibited from doing so; but there is no restraint on the Neengmas. The Gelongs and Nuns are the chief votaries among the Lamas, and never concern themselves about worldly cares. They are always chanting hymns, or printing and writing sacred sentences; it is rare to see a Gelong who is not singing; and if he is asked a question he answers it and resumes his song, which is generally the favourite invocation—"Oom Mane pace me Oom." The Nuns are scarcely to be seen, seldom leaving their convents. There is a sect of wandering Lamas, called Khampas, who are similar to the Yogees of Hindostan. They visit the sacred places, and subsist partly by begging. Some of them are very humorous fellows: they put on a mask, perform a dance, singing and accompanying it with a drum. The most laughable scene of this kind I witnessed was at Hango, where two Khampas, with a fiddle each, played, sang, and danced all at once, with great activity, holding the fiddle over the head, behind the back, and in a variety of other positions.

The Tartar villages are neat, and are frequently in detached portions. The houses are flat roofed, and covered with earth. They are ill built, on account of the scarcity of wood. . . . . The Tartars frequently take their dram of spirituous liquor in the cold mornings; and in their journeys over the arid mountains, where water is frequently beyond reach, they take a dish of tea before starting, which is said to be an excellent preservative against thirst. The tea is procured from Garoo: but it has no flavour, and is otherwise very bad. They prepare it by boiling water and infusion, as we do; but substituting for milk and sugar, salt, ghee, and ata, (butter and flour.) I liked the tea very much.

They perform pilgrimages to sacred lakes, temples, and other places; but the whirligig appears the great implement of religion; and, in some places, two or three of them at once are kept in operation by water power. We should, however, imagine that Captain Gerard's account of the religious ceremonial of the Lamas is imperfect. In one of their grandest places of worship he saw the following hideous idol or image, called Dakpo, which is said to represent Mahadeo in wrath:—

It is about three yards high, and has four feet, each treading on a man. Six arms are given to the monster. With the two front ones he embraces a woman; the next hand, below, on the right, holds a sword, and the third a spear. Corresponding to these two, on his left side, is one grasping a human skull, out of which he appear to be drinking, and in the other is a large scorpion. Round his body are tied a number of earthen balls representing skulls; and altogether he has a most horrid appearance. In the right-hand room is a gigantic figure, at least twelve feet high, called Shikja Thooba. His countenance is mild and placid, and before him are several brass cups with fruit and water. In the left-hand room is a whirligig, seven or eight feet high, decorated with silk hangings and scarfs.

Once a year, in the latter end of August, the Lamas and Nuns of Kanum and Lubrung assemble at Soongnum, and move in a procession through the district, singing as they go, and stopping a few days at each village; and they are fed by the inhabitants. They arrived here on the 23d, and paid me a visit the following day. They sung me a song which I thought very agreeable: the music of the chorus was soft and melodious, and they observed the time with great precision. On the 25th of August, another set came to pay their respects, and received a present. Among the Lamas I saw many handsome youths, but not a single good-looking Nun out of fifty. Putee Ram shrewdly remarked that the ugly females, having little prospect of being married, are chiefly those who retire to a convent.

Putee Ram was a chieftain who had been hospitably entertained at the British Goorka fortress, and well rewarded for the geographical information he had been able to give to the British officers. It was Putee Ram who, when Captain Gerard resolved to cross the mountains to Ludak, put him up to the plan of carrying grain on the back of sheep, and "made a complete Tartar of him." This Tartar gentleman came one day to Gerard equipped in his winter dress.

This was a garment of sheep-skin with sleeves; the fleecy side inwards, and the exterior covered with sooklat, (blanket;) trousers of the same, and long woollen stockings; above them boots, with a leather shoe stuffed for two inches with wool; gloves, of thick flannel, reaching above the elbows. In addition to all this, he had a blanket round his waist, another over his shoulders, and a shawl wrapped about his head and face. Such, he said, was the garb of a traveller in the winter season; and that he himself was always accompanied by a mule-load of blankets, and another dress similar to the above, which were all required at night when they were obliged to repose upon the snow.

It was now the end of August, and the journey across the mountain ridges, through one pass at an altitude of 18,000 feet, was attended with great suffering to the whole party. They were affected with headach, a very common symptom at such extreme elevations, and benumbed by the cold biting winds. Their eyes also suffered; and Captain Gerard was attacked with severe rheumatism. The people were found very kind in their manners, though nothing would bribe the Lafa or Chief of Peenoo to allow the traveller to proceed by the route he wished to follow. The Tartars here, those of Speetee, are described by Captain Gerard as "the finest fellows he ever met with."

The farther perambulations of this indefatigable explorer and observer, and his homeward route, are less interesting, generally speaking, than his progress; but the entire work, in all its component parts, whether those contributed by Sir William Lloyd or the Gerards, is one which, we are persuaded, will be perused with pleasure by the general reader, and with especial interest by those who are already partially acquainted with the scenes traversed and the manners described. We have been tempted to quote the mere results of Captain and Dr Gerard's scientific observations; but these, after all, can only be satisfactorily learned at the fountain-head, where we leave them.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We are homeward bound; and our gallant bark,
'Midst the rough-toned call of the billows' song,
On the shadowy breast of Old Ocean dark,
Is rushing, in strength and beauty, along.
The glad wind around her sings wild and free,
As she runs on her path o'er the trackless sea.

Stately and proudly she glides o'er the deep,
With her freightage of many a human life;
She heeds not the surging waters that sweep
Before and around her in quick-heaving strife;
And, reckless of danger from sunk rock or shoal,
Rejoicing, speeds on to her far distant goal.

Homeward bound!—we are homeward bound!
To our ancient fatherland we return.
How the heart beats fast at that thrilling sound!
And the mantling blood in the cheek doth burn;
And the eye fills thick with unbidden tears,
As we swell with fond hope, or droop with dim fears.

Ay, fears; for we know not what change hath come
To those whom we left in yon sea-girt isle.
The heart that should welcome the wanderer home,
The eye that should beam with affection's smile,
O grief! may not look on us now as of old:
The heart may have chilled, the eye become cold!

Or what if the hard icy finger of death
Hath touched them; the pallid destroyer have swept
O'er our father's hearth with his pitiless breath;
And the loved ones, whose mem'ry in exile we kept,
Should be resting for aye in the still silent grave,
Even *now*, as to meet them we float o'er the wave!

Nay, nay, 'tis not so! we shall see them once more,
Unchanged, unchanging. The heart shall still glow,
And the eyes that we love, again, as of yore,
Shall glisten, as warm drops of joy softly flow.
Speed on, gallant barque, to our dear native ground,
In safety and hope!—we are homeward bound!

HUGO.

THE SCOTTISH FATHERLAND.

BY JOHN GOODWIN BARNOBY.

All hail! the Scottish Fatherland!
Where the gowan bright is glowing;
Where the loch is softly flowing;
Where Ben Lomond's height is growing;
Where the brave waves sweep the strand;
Our own, the Scot's loved Fatherland!

How lived the Scottish Fatherland?
It lived free from the tyrant Roman,
Fought with Wallace 'gainst the foeman.
Brave in man, and fair in woman!
Lighted by John Knox's brand,
Lived in its youth our Fatherland!

Lives now the Scottish Fatherland?
She* lives—dies not—her lamp is burning
In her halls—her sons are spurning
Tyrants, and to Freedom turning,
With tongues in flame, and blades in hand;
Lives and will live our Fatherland!

Where are the deeds of Fatherland?
In her hearts of living glory;
Bards unborn, and makers hoary,
In her Burns' each sweet story.
On Bannockburn their fair ghosts stand.
On each spot of Scotch Fatherland!

* By Fatherland, I understand the land of our fathers, of which she (the land) is the mother. I have, therefore, used the feminine pronoun "she," in which the German Faderland will bear me out.

RAILROADS AND STEAM NAVIGATION IN AUSTRIA.

(1.) *Neuere Verhandlungen der Wiener Bochnia Eisenbahn Gesellschaft.*
(Latest Reports of the Directors of the Railway from Vienna to Bochnia in Galicia.)
Die Wiener Raaber Eisenbahn dargestellt.
(2.) *Project einer Wiener Triester Eisenbahn.*
Statuten der Hungarischen Mittel Bahn.
Vertrag, &c., des Donau Dampfschiffarts Gesellschaft.
Vertrag, &c., der Dampfschiffarts Gesellschaft des Oesterreichischen
Lloyd, &c. &c.—Reports, Plans, and Surveys of Railways, Vienna, 1839.

Mons. St Marc Girardin, one of the most agreeable French writers now living, in reviewing the general policy of the Austrian government, remarks, with no less piquancy of language than accuracy of observation, that "no country is judged with less favour than Austria, and none troubles herself less about misrepresentation. Austria carries her repugnance to publicity so far, as even to dislike eulogium. Praise offends her as much as blame; for he that applauds to-day may condemn to-morrow: to set one's self up for praise, is to set one's self up for discussion. Austria will have none of it; for her political religion is the religion of silence, and her worship of *that* goes almost to excess. Her schools are worthy of the highest admiration: we hear nothing about them. She is, after England, the first country in Europe for railways; and we hear nothing about them, except by a stray paragraph in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*."

Well then, to give some account of the prodigious railroad movement in the Austrian empire, is the object of the present article: to that account we purpose appending a few remarks on the increase of steam navigation on the Danube, with the arrangements that have been entered into regarding its great tributaries, the Save and the Theiss.

Any one who has taken the trouble to study the languages, the statistics, the moral characteristics, or the material resources of Austria, must soon come to the conclusion that she is a terra-incognita for the majority of the English public, if the works of Mr Quin, Mrs Trollope, &c., are to be taken as specimens of the sources from which such information is derived. We pass over the good-humoured production of the gentleman; which has offended nobody, (Count S——y excepted,) and which, although written in a light French style, is certainly better than the *souvenirs* and impressions of those *commis voyageurs*, who contract for a country in two volumes octavo—find three days' residence in a city quite sufficient for the acquisition of all necessary historico-political information—and, amid the graver pursuits of the publicist, turn the blunders of a waiter, or the anecdotes of a *table-d'hote*, into the denouement of a vaudeville. But, with regard to the book of the lady, we candidly avow our regret at its appearance.

The community of interests existing between England and Austria, is a historical fact stamped upon almost every transaction in Europe, from the Peace of Westphalia to the Congress of Vienna. The Revolution of 1830 momentarily caused new combinations. Things, however, soon returned to their old balance; and, as minor considerations must yield to major, the politicians of England were disposed to appreciate Austria's sound policy on the Oriental question, and forget her subsidies to Don Carlos. By her non-appearance at Kalisch, she had ceased to be ranked among the powers of the north; and people in England were disposed to hear something about her from any writer of real judgment and literary reputation: when, lo! in steps a caricaturist to fill up the blank that ought to have been left for a more accurate and impartial delineator.

To write a good book on Austria is no easy matter. In France and in England there is only one language to learn, and one nationality to study; and the lights and shadows of public and private life are so powerfully reflected by the periodical press, that a native of Vienna or Prague, desirous of writing a good book on England, may learn three-fourths of his task without ever crossing the channel. Quite different is the case with the Englishman who writes upon Austria: his knowledge of the country does not begin till he has crossed the frontier; and on arriving at the capital, he finds the four distinct elements of the monarchy, German, Slavonic, Hungarian, and Italian, working on each other in the most curious manner imaginable, and imposing on him lengthened historical and philological studies. To describe, therefore, so complicated a social system as that of Austria, was certainly a task above the powers of poor Mrs Trollope; she found it more convenient to repeat gossip, than to acquire solid information; consequently, the good people of Vienna felt her indiscriminate toadying to be no compliment, as every chapter shewed some astounding misconception on sheer matter of fact, which a longer residence would have rendered impossible. Keeping aside the literature of Austria, (and what a literature! Grillparser, Von Hammer, Saphir, Zedlitz, *cum multis aliis*,) the great gap in all these books, is the want of any account of the progress of material civilization, in a country abundantly supplied with more of practical science, and more richly gifted with agricultural and mineral wealth, than any other on the continent of Europe.

The extending and perfecting of railway and steam-boat communication in Austria, will not be without political results interesting to Europe

at large. Compare her for a moment with France: in the latter country we find nearly homogeneous elements, from the pier of Calais to the Pyrenees, and administrative as well as governmental centralization pushed so far, that the cry for better municipal institutions becomes louder and louder. Austria, on the contrary, needs centralisation; for, whatever tends to give unity and consistence to so heterogeneous a mass, raises her in the scale of nations; and the sagacious Maria Teresa made it one of the leading features of her policy to entice the nobles of Hungary and Bohemia to make Vienna their permanent residence. Railroads in France are for France alone; but as Austria comprises a part of Germany, a part of Italy, a part of Poland, and the whole of Hungary, a reserve, having Vienna for its centre, becomes the great medium of communication between the more civilized states in the west, and the not less interesting countries in the east, of Europe.

The amazing results of the experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, first drew public attention to the subject, and the great lines were soon resolved on. Let not the reader suppose that this movement ended in nothing, as in France. Who does not recollect the magnificent projects of lines of railroads, announced, by the minister of that country, about a year ago, and, behold! the mountain brings forth a mouse: instead of any one great line, we have two to Versailles, with the alternative of one being left unfinished, or of both proving bad speculations. In Austria, nearly all the great lines are in construction; and when the railways in the north of Germany and the south of Hungary are finished, the traveller will be able to go, by locomotive power, from the *Port of Ostend* to the *Pashalic of Orsova*.

In considering the various avenues to Vienna, we begin with the west: in this direction we find the Danube, the great artery of commerce, rendering a railway to a certain extent unnecessary, and beset with great difficulties, if ever it should be necessary, in consequence of the river being hemmed in with craggy slopes, almost uninterruptedly, from Passau to Krems. At Linz, the country is somewhat opener, and the first railways of any length in Austria, were those from Budweis in Bohemia to Linz, and from Linz to Gmünden. As they are worked with horses, and not of any European interest, we content ourselves with giving the amount of traffic on them in the month of May, in the years 1838 and 1839.

Linz and Budweis.							Linz and Gmunden.						
1838.			1839.				1838.			1839.			
Tons.	Cwt.	Lbs.	Tons.	Cwt.	Lbs.		Tons.	Cwt.	Lbs.	Tons.	Cwt.	Lbs.	
1003	3		1547	6		Salt.	2069	11	20	2601	14		Salt.
1050	8	91	1411	9	35	Goods.	682	5	69	527	15	38	Goods.
5	3		8	18		Wood.							
No. of Passengers 576			No. of Passengers. 1142				No. of Passengers. 8859			No. of Passengers. 10,177			

Let us now cast our eyes northward, and we find the Emperor Ferdinand's railway connecting the heart of the empire with Brunn, the capital of Moravia; with Olmutz, Troppau, Cracow, and Bochnia, in the kingdom of Galicia. This great railway was projected in 1830; but, as the political atmosphere was rather cloudy, Europe being threatened with a general war, no steps were taken to realize the wishes of the proposers, till the year 1835, when a member of the committee, and Professor Riepl of the Polytechnic Institute, were sent to England for the purpose of acquiring all possible information; and, in the beginning of 1836, the patent was granted.

The railway is 276 miles in length, and the grand station in Vienna is situated in the middle of the delightful woods of the Prater. The line, after crossing both arms of the Danube, goes in a north-easterly direction over perfectly level ground, to the blood-stained fields of Wagram, and then to Gänserndorf, nineteen miles from Vienna, at which point the Presburg railway goes off to the right. The line then gets into the valley of the March, and, gently ascending the right bank of that river to Lundenburg, quits the archduchy of Austria, and enters the marquisate of Moravia. Lundenburg is fifty-one miles from Vienna; and, in order to give an idea of the price of locomotive travelling in Austria, we may state that the fares in the first class carriages are, calculated in English money, 6s. 7d.; in the second, 4s. 5d; in the third, 3s. 4d.; and in the fourth, 2s. 2d.

The railway now divides into two branches: that, to the north-east, going on to Silesia; and that to the north-west, going to Brunn, along the Thaga and Schwarza. Brunn is ninety-two miles from Vienna by the railroad, which has just been opened thus far.

Being at this part of the subject, we ought not to omit mentioning, that most active measures are in progress for the purpose of uniting Prague with Brunn by means of a railway. The once

powerful and flourishing kingdom of Bohemia, prostrated by the thirty years' war, and enfeebled by a century and a half of lethargy, seems at last to have awakened to better destinies: she is daily rising in wealth and importance; her cotton manufactures supply the whole monarchy; the products of her glass-houses are, despite her inland position, exported in large quantities to all parts of the globe; and, within these few years, her exquisitely coloured crystals have become as necessary a part of the furniture of a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, as Dresden china, or Florentine *pietra commessa*. The principal expense of the Bohemian line, will be the cutting, banking, and tunnelling, in passing the high lands that separate the basin of the Danube from that of the Elbe and Moldau. But, considering the immense number of passengers annually travelling between Bohemia and Vienna, no doubts are entertained of its proving a good speculation.

We now return to the great north-eastern branch. From Lundenburg, the railway goes over almost level ground, up the valley of the March to Göding and Hradish, and then, in a straight line, to Prerau, where the Olmutz branch, sixteen miles in length, goes off to the left. The line then crosses the Berzina, and goes up the valley to Weisskirchen; where the deep cutting commences, in consequence of the rapid ascent of the range of hills that separates Moravia from Austrian Silesia. The salients and gradients are here greater than on any other part of the line; but not so considerable as one would expect, in passing the ground that separates the waters flowing into the Baltic, from those flowing into the Black Sea.

The railway then enters the valley of the Oder, and goes, parallel with the river, over gentle slopes to Ostrau, where the Troppau branch goes off to the left; it then takes an easterly direction, running close to the frontiers of Prussian Silesia; and, leaving the valley of the Oder, passes into that of the Vistula, without, however, requiring any deep cutting such as at Weisskirchen.

The line then descends the stream to Dwary, Padgarze, and Cracow, where it takes a south-easterly direction, and goes to Bochnia, which forms the terminus.

The principal article of transport, at the further end of this great line, will be salt, from the mines of Wieliczka or Cracow, as they are more commonly called; and to give an idea of the extent of the annual production, we may mention that Prussia consumes 600,000 tons, sent by way of Dwary; Austria, exclusive of the kingdom of Galicia 2,300,000; and Hungary, 1,045,000, sent by way of Wadowice. This railway is, like those of Belgium, constructed of wood, which is abundant all along the line; and the rails are partly Austrian, partly English. The former cost £1 : 6s. per hundred weight, delivered in Vienna, and the latter, £1 : 8s., including duty, freight, and carriage from Trieste. The estimated expense of the whole line is £1,200,000; which sum seems to fall short of what will be necessary, as the part hitherto opened has cost nearly £6,000 per British statute mile; not much indeed when we think of the expense of the railroads in other countries.

Having seen that Maria Teresa's magnificent plan of uniting the Danube with the Oder and Vistula, is near realization,* let us now take a look at the Vienna and Trieste railway, an undertaking of much greater difficulty.

Michel Chevalier, in his interesting "Lettres du Midi," remarks, that, of all the Mediterranean ports situated at the head of gulfs running northwards into the Continent, Marseilles is the only one communicating with the interior by comparatively level ground; all the others, Genoa, Trieste, &c., being cut off from the central parts of Europe by immense mountain ridges. And a glance at the map will shew that line upon line of Alps interpose themselves between Trieste and the capital. Yet a number of circumstances concur in rendering this railway more imperatively called for than any other. Trieste, though not the most populous, is the most thriving port of the Mediterranean. The number of her inhabitants was, in the beginning of 1838, 73,024, and in the beginning of 1839, 75,551, being an increase of about 3 per cent.; and we cannot give a better proof of prosperity, than the rapid rise in the value of building-ground; for instance, the Villa Murat, (belonging to the Countess Lipona,) which stood long at 100,000 florins, has been sold for 200,000. Setting the population of Vienna down at 360,000, the traffic between both cities would be, under all circumstances, considerable; much more so, however, when we recollect that a large proportion of the colonial commodities, consumed in the monarchy, find their way to Vienna, along this road, and are there redistributed to the provinces, by the wholesale dealers of the capital.

That which, however, more than anything else, renders the accomplishment of this railway desirable, is to ensure a more speedy communication with the Italian provinces of the empire. The little stripe of land enclosed by Alps, the Tessino and the Po, has a population of 4,800,000 souls, enjoying an exquisite climate, and a soil bounteous to profusion.

The railway from Venice to Milan, 200 miles in length, is now being constructed with great rapidity; and, as a steam communication has existed, for some years, between Trieste and Venice, the entire journey from Venice to Milan will be performed in two days and a half. The Archduke John, who takes such an interest in everything connected with Styria, is at the head of this undertaking; but the technical difficulties are so great, that this line threatens to lag behind all the others in the empire, although the first forty-five miles, that is to say, the distance from Vienna to Glocknitz, will be, (strangely enough,) executed by the Raab Company. The line runs

* It may be proper to mention, that the Russian Government have conceded a line of railway from Warsaw to Cracow; the Prussian, a Silesian line; and the estates of Galicia, a line from Lemberg to Bochnia.

along the water level by Wiener Neustadt, to Schottwien, near the foot of the Schneeberg, whence a tunnel will be requisite in order to pass into the valley of the Mürz; the railway then accompanies this stream to its junction with the Mur at Bruck, near Leoben, and descends the valley to Gratz, the capital of Styria. The line then continues in a southerly direction, parallel with the river to Ehrenhausen, where the Mur suddenly turns eastwards to Hungary. So far so good. Nearly 150 miles of level ground, excepting at the bar between the one valley and the other; but no plan for passing the upper Drave and Save has as yet been presented, which would not involve an enormous outlay of money. This is to be regretted, as the great Lombard-Venetian line will go on with great spirit, it being, perhaps, of all others in Europe, the most suitable for a railway; that is to say, the country quite level, densely populated, and abounding in coal of good quality, particularly in the neighbourhood of Montebello, the mines of which have been purchased by our countrymen, Messrs Potter and Norman.

Austria has been, for some time, gradually relaxing her system of prohibitory duties; and Count Kollowrath (witness, for instance, his conduct on the sugar question) is a warm partisan of enlightened commercial legislation. Let us, therefore, hope that these modifications, combined with the operation of this great railway, will restore poor Venice to something of her former prosperity.

Hungary now claims our attention; a country as bountifully supplied by nature with everything to gladden the heart of man as any in Europe. A fertile plain, intersected by navigable rivers, and bounded by a theatre of hills, on whose sides the oak and the pine wave in primeval luxuriancy, and in whose bowels are to be found the rarest minerals of the earth, seems to invite the eye of science and the hand of industry. Situated nearly half-way between the pole and the equator, she could produce corn, wine, oil, rice, silk, &c., for treble her population; but, alas! deeply entrenched aristocratic privileges, the offspring of her military constitution, have hitherto debarred her from the benefits of European civilization.

The grand principle of the Hungarian constitution is, that the nobleman pays neither taxes, tolls, nor state contributions of any kind; every attack on this principle is considered a gross infringement of vested rights. Far be it from us to sneer at the many excellent institutions of Hungary. The circumstance of the government having continued in nearly the same form for nine centuries and a half, is a clear proof that great wisdom and forethought presided at its adoption. But military service being no longer required, and standing armies having become the order of the day, it is certainly time that these privileges should cease. The case of the bridge at Pesth is well known. A Pulffyar, or Karoly, having vast domains, passes over scot free, but the poor peasant must pay toll; and, at the establishment of steamboats on the Danube, instances are known of persons who paid steerage fare insisting on remaining in the cabin, on the score of their nobility. Strange concatenation of events! the Liverpool and Manchester railway made the first great breach in the constitution of Hungary. It was seen that, if these absurd privileges continued to exist in full force, the country must remain without railroads. Consequently, during the last diet, the so-called law of expropriation was passed, compelling landowners to take a price for ground specified in railway plans, and allowing none to use railroads but those who are willing to put their hands in their pockets.

Baron Lina's* railway to Raab, with a continuation to Pesth, was the first undertaking of this nature destined to connect Hungary with Vienna. The line, as far as Wiener Neustadt, will be the terminus of the Trieste railway; having branches to Mödling, Lachsenburg, and Baden. It then goes to Oedenburg, and, south of the Neusiedler Lake, to Raab. The estimated cost of this railway is £1,250,000 sterling, and it will be open in 1841.

On the left bank of the Danube, we find the so-called Mittelbahn, or central railway, undertaken by Ullman & Company, destined to be the great medium of intercourse. We have already stated that the great northern railway passes by Gäuserndorf. A few miles of railway in a south-easterly direction, therefore, brings us to Presburg. From Presburg the line goes, by Comorn, to Pesth; and then, across the great plain of Hungary, to Debreczin, going over the Theiss in its road, by means of a wooden bridge of immense length. This line is 326 miles long; and the capital of the company is 10,000,000 of florins, or £1,000,000 sterling; but the engineer confidently expects to do it for £800,000 sterling, as the country from Pesth to Debreczin is a dead level.

This railway is intended, not so much for passengers as for goods; for, as a result of the noble non-paying system, the roads are merely tracks, where, after a shower of rain, carts and carriages sink to the axle; and it is quite impossible for a stranger to perform a journey from one town to another without a guide. Consequently, this railway will have the monopoly of the carriage of all the agricultural products in the east of Hungary which are sent to Pesth or Austria, as well as of all the manufactured goods and colonial commodities required in these districts. Debreczin has between 60,000 and 70,000 inhabitants; and, being half-way between the north and the south of Hungary, carries on an immense trade. The fair, which comes round four times a-year, is held in wooden huts outside the town; and, although the value

* In order to explain why railways are called after private individuals, it may be proper to state that a great banker, such as Lina or Rothschild, first gets a privilege to make a railway, and then opens a subscription list, taking particular care to remunerate himself for his trouble.

of the transactions may not equal that of Nishni Novgorod, yet it is attended by such a concourse of people, that the proverb says, "He that has not seen the fair of Debreczin, and the vintage in the Hegyallya, has seen nothing in Hungary." Several other railways have been projected in various parts of the empire; but, as we decline taking up the reader's time in discussing more prospectuses, we pass from *land* to *water* steamers.

If railroads in Austria be interesting, steam navigation on the long German Hungarian artery is not a whit less so. The great Dacian road to the east, the scene of such commercial activity up to the fall of Byzantium and Trebisond, is now re-opened, after centuries of barbarous interruption; and here we find Austria in her old vocation of a preventive power. She was, for two centuries, the bulwark of Europe against the Turks; she was, from the reign of Louis XIV. to that of Napoleon, the ally of England in hindering the aggressions of the French; and, now that the balance of power vibrates, and Europe is threatened with danger from another quarter, we find her steamboats, and her "*schwiegsame politik*," as Menzel significantly calls it, combining to prevent the Danube from being shut up on salutary or sanitory pretexts, and complete machinery established to deter the "*Politique Pacifique*" from again crossing the Pruth. Mr Quin's book first drew the attention of the English public to this new route to the east; but how changed is the face of the Danube since he wrote! We have now a regular series of packets from Ulm to Trebisond; and so successful has the company been, that, in consequence of the demand for new steamers, 2,100 shares have been created in addition to the 4,200 already in existence.

As the report of the directors, and the proceedings of the general meeting held in Vienna, on the 11th of February, 1839, are lying before us, we cannot do better than give the substance of some of the statements. The first pages are taken up with a list of the subscribers, among whom we find Lord Cowley, Prince Esterhazy, the King of Bavaria, Prince Metternich, Baron Lina, Count Szecheny, and the Hungarian National Casino, as an incorporation. After alluding to losses occasioned by the inundation last year at Pesth, the report points out a new source of revenue which is opening up to the company, viz., that of swine from Servia. There will be three towing boats, each of which will bring 14,000 head to Göngö or Vienna, during the season; in all, 42,000. The pigs of Servia are famous—it being a wooded country, abounding in acorns; and there is no saying to what an extent this branch of the trade may be carried.

The next point touched on is one of great importance, viz., the navigation of the Save. This river is the high way of communication between lower Hungary and the sea. The corn and tobacco grown in the Banat is slowly dragged up the river to Sissek, and then carried to Fiume or Trieste for exportation. An experimental trip was therefore made up the river last year by one of the steamers of the company, which departed from Semlin, and arrived at Sissek, situated at the confluence of the Kulpa and the Save; having ascended three hundred miles (two hundred as the bird flies) without any accident. Then came the corn crisis in England, which swept clean half the granaries of Europe; and the want of a more speedy communication with the sea was sensibly felt; for, if the proverb that "time is money" be applicable to things in general, how much more so to the English corn trade in particular. The trees sticking in the bed of the river, or snags, as the Americans call them, form the principal obstacle to navigation; but the snag chambers will, no doubt, be introduced. When steam navigation is fairly established on the Save, it will, in conjunction with the Milan and Venice railway, open up a new route for travellers to the east; as a glance at the map will shew that a journey from Milan to Kustchuk or Silistria may be made this way very rapidly, without diverging much from a straight line. Thus:—Milan to Venice, by railroad, say twelve hours; Venice to Trieste, by steamboat, ten hours; Trieste to Sissek, by post-coach, two days; Sissek to Semlin, by steamer, two days; in all, five days from Milan to Semlin and Belgrade.

The report then informs us that, during the past year, four steamboats have been added to the fleet of the company; one of which is an iron boat, built in the Thames, which has just commenced running between Linz and Vienna; and another, *The Crescent*, of 120 horse power, purchased from an English company that ran her between Constantinople and Trebisond.

Many persons expressed their surprise at the magnificent reception given by the Court of Vienna to Hussein Khan, the Persian Ambassador, on his way to London; but here is a passage in the report which appears to throw some light on the subject:—"Trebisond gives full employment to both our ships on that station; but, in order still better to secure the advantages likely to accrue from this new and important source of gain, your committee thought proper to send an active and intelligent gentleman to Erzerum, Tabriz, and other towns having Trebisond for their mart, on a mission of commercial inquiry, which has turned out to be of great benefit. His valuable notices led to our laying before the Bohemian Chamber of Industry a statement drawing attention to the considerable and increasing consumption of the articles in which the Bohemian manufactures are pre-eminent, as well as the new sphere of operation for Austrian industry in general."

Then come the statistics of the general traffic, shewing an immense increase over the previous year:—

The number of passengers in the year 1837, was 47,436.
Ditto ditto 1838, ... 74,584.

Goods also in proportion.

The number of packages in 1837, was 151,402.
Ditto ditto 1838, ... 211,919.

Austrian trade, by land, with Turkey, has experienced a similar increase. Take, for instance, the customs register at Orsova, and we find that the exports were reckoned in Vienna,

	Cwts.
In 1837,	8 326
In 1838,	12,855

and the Imports reckoned in Vienna,

	Cwts.
In 1837,	26,729
In 1838,	33,936

The report closes with an expression of satisfaction at the treaty recently concluded between England and Austria.

So much for the Danube Company, whose affairs are going on *swimmingly*. Turn we now to the Steam-Boat Company of the Austrian Lloyd, which runs her vessels from Trieste to the Levant, and we find that, owing to the opposition of the French boats running from Marseilles, their affairs are in by no means so prosperous a condition, having, for instance, been obliged to suspend the line between Syra and Alexandria. As the report is meagre, we content ourselves with giving a statistical view of the traffic, leaving the figures to speak for themselves.

	Passengers.	Precious Metals, &c., worth	Letters.	Goods.	
				Packages.	Vienna cwt.
16 Voyages between Trieste, Constantinople, and Alexandria,	3,331	£223,736	44,480	12,926	19,138
8 Voyages between Trieste and Constantinople,	1,343	112,869	23,353	10,453	9,675
10 Voyages between Constantinople, Alexandria, Saloniki, and Trieste,	538	11,047	3,112	1,376	2,596
156 between Venice and Trieste,	14,288	721,599		3,527	5,704
7 between Trieste and Dalmatia,	1,207	6,638		50	168
17 between Trieste, Ancona, and other parts,	1,252	90,849	126	14	37

Few Englishmen who read these notices will fail to apply them practically to the vast interests at stake on the shores of the Ganges and the Indus; for, from the days of Vasquez de Gama to the present century, the journey from Europe to India has been but slightly accelerated. Times are now changed—we are in a state of transition; the first great steps have been taken; but as those that are to follow must depend on the march of political affairs in the East, the boldest conjecturer must be puzzled as to the result. Let us hope for the best.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER VI.

Our heroine, if not much more excited and charmed on first entering a great theatre, than upon her entry into the metropolis, which dulness must have been owing to uncultivated taste and provincial education, was agreeably entertained. Three acts passed; and then Mr Burke Barker, having probably demolished the Whigs with greater ease than he had anticipated, entered the box with his friend Jack, who, by candle-light, and in such a scene, was not nearly so overpowering as in broad day. The ladies, in turn—"Mademoiselle Gabrielle, my gifted pupil," and "Miss Cripps, my eldest daughter," were presented to the man of letters who could make or mar their fortunes. There were other "Orders" and other friends of Mr Barker in the same box, and the Professor judiciously kept his pupil rather in the back ground, separating her by the interposition of his own dapper figure, from the possibility of annoyance, till the box filled to overflow, when he cried—"Here, Mr Barker;" and the young ladies were placed between them; Jack Cryppes standing behind Violet, and sometimes even leaning on the back of her chair, however she might fidget; indulging in brilliant whispered sallies, and laughter far louder than his father approved.

"Ha, Barker, Virginia is playing at this box—palpably playing at you. Don't you see that? Can you stand that appeal? Have you a human heart, my friend?"

"Hush!" said the critic, looking solemn, and he made a few pothooks on a card, which he placed in the cuff of his coat. "Do you like her, Mademoiselle? Will she pass?" said he, languidly.

Violet was now fairly interested in the passion of the play. It might partly be the sympathies of youth and sex,—but the actress had also found the way to her heart, which had not before been touched.

"Pass, sir!—is she not a creature of beautiful powers. So pathetic a voice; so"—— but Violet's encomiums were suddenly brought to an awkward close:—

"Our friend, Herbert—it really is, Mademoiselle, entering that box in the lower tier," said Jack; "the third off—that's his mother on the arm of the Earl of Tarbert.

"I saw the Tarberts arrive at the charming widow's to-day;—grand-looking, aristocratic-nosed, old fellow—cut me out with pretty Mrs Herbert—eh, Poll?"

"And who, pray, is the younger lady?" asked Polly, "She *is*, though foreign-looking, rather handsome, don't you think, Mademoiselle?"

Miss Cripps levelled Barker's glass at the box, whispering him—"The Herberts, you must know, are great friends of ours." Polly, after all, found her unaided orbs more efficient than the glass.

"Lady Louisa Temple, the only child of the old un', but no fortune. Father and daughter were spoken of in the clubs to-day, in conjunction with the Herberts, as the *quadruple alliance*. Rather goodish, Barker, that, wasn't it? Do for the *Bon Mot* column of the *Cerberus*, eh?"

Professor Cripps was interested in the new arrivals.

"I had the honour of numbering Lady *Laura*—not Louisa—among my pupils, when she lived, long ago, at Windsor with her grandmother. I shall wait upon and renew my acquaintance with her Ladyship. She ought to know something of music."

"Gracious, papa! how old she must be, and not married yet," cried Polly; and the heart of Violet, which had been sinking with the heavy sense of desolation which so often of late overcame her, experienced that relief, to the sick and weary, produced by a momentary change of feeling. "What is it all to me," was her painful thought; and she tried to give her mind to the scene; though, ever and anon, her eyes involuntarily wandered to the box, which so interested the rest of her party. The younger couple sat together and in the front; the young gentleman evidently giving his fair companion flying notices of "existing circumstances," which seemed to entertain her,—for she smiled from time to time; and then her rather large, but finely-formed and very regular features, gained something of the softness wanted in their general expression.

An indifferent eye might have noted her companion as politely attentive, but too lively and disengaged to look like what Mrs Herbert wished to see him—a lover. And this lady's were not unheedful eyes. She could not see his face; but, in his restless motions, the turn of the head, the involuntary fits of wandering, when his eyes were certainly turned to a particular box, and, above all, the sudden recall of the truant gaze, betrayed to Mrs Herbert, by the quick turn of the head, there was something inexplicable. And then came to him the gracious bow and beaming smiles of Miss Cripps, irradiating the circle.

"Many pretty faces here to-night, Charles, though this is not the most brilliant place of beauty's resort," remarked the old peer, lounging in the back of the box, and *raking* the house, from pit to ceiling, with his glass.

"Very many, my Lord. Indeed, wherever Englishwomen are gathered together, the average of good looks is sure to be pretty equal."

"Charles, Charles," remonstrated Mrs Herbert, tapping him with her fan, "compare Almack's or the Drawing-Room with Greenwich Fair?"

"A good deal to be said for the latter place, ma'am," returned Herbert, who was not disposed, especially at this time, to flatter his stepmother's aristocratic prejudices.

"All authority is against you, Charles," continued the lady, smiling. "But I believe gentlemen don't allow, my Lord, that ladies are good judges of female beauty."

"I am," said Lady Laura, "Are you in search of pretty faces, papa? Look, but not just yet, to the box, the third off, above."

The Earl did not wait long.

"A handsome woman, indeed—fine eyes—good bust."

"You have not hit her, sir. I mean *my* beauty. She is not the lady standing up who bowed to Mrs Herbert just now"——

"To me, love—not to me, I assure you," cried Mrs Herbert, who would not for worlds have been suspected at this moment of knowing an unknown or a *parvenue*. "I have not the honour, I assure you."

"Charles must be the happy individual," said the Peer, still endeavouring to find out the beauty. "Of course, it cannot be an acquaintance of Laura's or mine. Here, nobody can recognise us after all these years."

"You have not hit her yet, papa—my retiring beauty. Mr Herbert, you have. The *very* young girl, with the white camellia drooping over her temple among those light brown ringlets. This is true English beauty, Mrs Herbert. One may look for it in vain over all Europe, save when it is exported. Feminine sweetness and delicacy, united with the indescribable expression of a high intelligence."

Charles Herbert looked admiringly on the fair speaker.

"A pretty, little, thin thing, Laura, who may grow into a fine woman," said the Peer, recommencing his examination of Polly Cripps, whose evident desire, and laborious efforts to attract and charm, amused him. A little pantomime was enacting in the "Order Box," which interested Herbert.

"That camellia is coming loose, Mademoiselle, and is so *limp*—everybody is staring at it. This is what comes of wearing *natural* flowers, though at first they may look almost as pretty as French ones."

"Allow me," cried the alert Jack Cripps, bending over Violet's shoulder, and offering to fix the fugitive flower among the silky tangles of her ringlets.

Herbert thrilled with rage, and felt the strongest desire to knock the distant offender down; while Violet, snatching the flower, made a gesture of haughty impatience, and turned away her head.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, how cruel!" said the undaunted Jack, laughing aloud to carry off the rebuff of his gallantry; while Polly, directing a sly look to Mr Burke Barker, maliciously warbled in *sotto voce* two lines of a once admired song—

> "Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
> Love's blighted flower shall never bloom again."

Above all this impertinence and annoyance rose the overpowering idea—"How childish, how silly, how very foolish, to have chosen this

ornament! What must *he* think of me? and what does it signify what he thinks?" and Violet could have wept for relief, had but the mute sympathy of her solitary pillow been near.

"Hush!" said the critic; "the curtain rises."

Violet furtively thrust the faded flower into her waist-belt, and drew the drapery of her scarf over it. To throw it away, late so fresh and beautiful, like a loathsome weed, to have it trampled under foot? Ah no! Its past brightness and bloom were gone; but there was sweetness in it still. All eyes were now directed to the stage; and, though Violet had made a covenant with her eyes, she could not resist gazing for a few moments on Charles Herbert's mother. This lady's beauty was of a much more engaging character than the austere composure of the lofty Lady Laura: there were here repose, delicacy, grace, and soul-breathing, if somewhat languid, expression; and, when Charles stooped to whisper to her, a smile so sweet—so heavenly! Pleasure, the deep pleasure, was felt by Violet in the distant contemplation of that lovely and placid countenance, which is experienced by a mind of sensibility from gazing upon one of Raphael's Madonnas. "I can never hope to be known to her," thought Violet, turning away her eyes, and sighing.

The distinguished party which had engaged the attention of the Crippses departed early; Violet steadily fixing her attention on the stage as they rose, even when Polly whispered audibly—

"Charles Herbert is taking farewell of us with his eyes."

The Professor remained to the last; making a tour of the boxes in which he recognised the faces of old acquaintances, and, in every direction, enlarging the circle of his friends, and of his supper party.

When he reached home he found that Monsieur Eustache, completely renovated in dress, had succeeded to admiration in everything, save in getting the luggage home. The saucy people at the hotel had recommended daylight, and presented the long bill. The Professor was about to storm, but wisely restrained his anger, and stated, in the hearing of all the servants, that, while so many tricks were played about dressing-cases and desks, the caution was proper.

The supper party consisted mostly of theatrical persons; with only two ladies, no longer of tender age—a singer and an actress. The former appeared an old acquaintance of Mr Cripps. Violet entreated to be allowed to retire, and Polly was indifferent to her movements; but the Professor could hear of no apology. He would not permit his pupil to mope herself to death in this way. It was proper that she should begin to mingle in the society which she was destined to adorn.

The night passed much more agreeably than Violet had anticipated. There was a prevalent tone of gaiety, which, if not cheerful good-nature, formed an excellent substitute; and the wit, if as evanescent as the bubbles on the sparkling champagne, served the same good purpose, of temporary exhilaration. Violet had never in her whole life heard so many clever green-room anecdotes and stories, and droll, if somewhat silly comic songs. Repartees bounced and whizzed across the table faster than the champagne corks; and Mr Burke Barker was finally prevailed upon to give his famous imitation of Macready, which the actress and the female singer, and all who had professional reputations to sustain, and benefits to look forward to, applauded most vehemently. Miss Cripps took the same cue.

Violet, who had from nature a quick perception of the ludicrous or incongruous, was especially diverted by her master, who, as the night waxed later, appeared like a man restored to his native element. His manners became swelling and theatrical. He filled to "ladies' eyes a round," and swore by his "honour," "egad," and "gadzooks," in a style which would have horrified the bumpkins of W——. Jack took the liberty of quizzing the governor; and Mike Twig, as principal aide-de-camp to the accomplished Monsieur Eustache, gave way to outrageous bursts of laughter at jokes which no footman's ears had a right to hear, and drolleries which no footman's eyes had a right to note, and which drew upon him the unmitigated, if silent, wrath of his fuming master, and the burning glances of his young mistress; while they furnished some capital fresh ideas to the gentleman who did "the low comic parts." The latter good-humouredly sued for Mike's pardon, which application, being backed by the ladies, was at once successful.

Neither the M.P. nor Mr Charles Herbert had yet appeared. The latter had, indeed, sent an apology. The unexpected arrival of friends at his mother's, prevented him the pleasure, till a later hour than he had anticipated; and supper was over before Sir George Lees appeared, and banished much of the ease and gaiety of the party; for he brought with him no less a personage than a Count—a German one—but still a Count, Count Rodolpho Zanderschloss, the eldest son of a Hungarian grandee, on his travels in England; principally with a view to improve his estates—more extensive than half Yorkshire, Sir George whispered his host—by the introduction of English husbandry, and the Merino breed of sheep. This sudden accession of brightness quite dazzled and also damped the party. The Professor, though, in general, a well-bred man, could scarcely contain himself; and Miss Cripps at once ceased the flirtation to which she had stimulated the saturnine journalist and critic, to gaze in mute admiration upon the Count.

Mr Burke Barker began to ply Sir George with politics; and the comic actor, who looked doubly droll as he surveyed the Count with side-long glances, and Violet, who saw in him a nondescript monster, more ridiculous and more exaggerated than even Jack Cripps, were the only other members of the party who, in its altered circumstances, retained self-possession. The Count Rodolpho certainly had the advantage of Jack

Cripps in pre-eminent ugliness; besides, his bristly mustachios were now brindled by a copious powdering of the dark-coloured snuff which he socially dispensed from a gold box richly set with diamonds, surrounding the portrait of some bright lady love.

"Is he connected with the embassy—the Count? When did he arrive in London, Sir George? What a tremendously ugly fellow it is," said Mr Burke Barker. "Any the least chance that he may be a chevalier d'industrie, after all?"

Sir George Lees regarded the speaker with a look of haughty surprise.

"My associates are not usually swindlers, Mr Barker. I never saw the Count before to-night; but I have often heard of him in good society, and I know that he came to dine to-day with Lady Buzz, and in a Cabinet minister's carriage; and was selected by her Ladyship to do the honours of her table. There was some disappointment about his cabriolet, and he was seated in mine before it appeared. I chanced to mention this party, the Count's ears are athirst for music; I knew I might take the liberty with my friend, Cripps—and behold!"

Mr Barker beheld the Count Zanderschloss paying assiduous homage to the daughter of his host, the handsomest or most conspicuous woman present; and Miss Cripps, recovered from her first awe at talking to a live Count, with an order on his breast, rallied him on the portrait of the beautiful lady,—who, the agreeable Hungarian nobleman protested, with many laughing grimaces, was "mein tear sistare, Derese." He offered his arm to conduct the exulting charmer through the open folding-doors to the music room.

"Music, Count," said Polly, in the sentimental tone which she did not usually affect, "music is the universal language—now we shall understand each other."

Sir George Lees and Mr Burke Barker had simultaneously offered an arm to conduct Violet, who honoured the editor of the *Cerberus;* and then the whole party, rising from table, moved on.

"You wont sing to-night, I suppose, Mademoiselle?" whispered Polly, while her father was engaged with the Count. "What would you advise me to?—German music, of course. What do you think of the Count? Such polished manners! Though his language is still but imperfect, it, somehow, does not seem awkward—which must be the effect of superior breeding."

"Perhaps," said Violet.

"Don't you think the Count has a strong resemblance to my brother, Quintin, Mr Barker?"

"As like to Monsieur Eustache," replied Barker, looking to that full-dressed and fully-employed functionary; "nor easy to say which is the uglier fellow."

"Jealous already," thought Polly, drawing off her gloves to play, while again the grimacing foreigner advanced, prepared to turn over the leaves of the music; and with many pretty airs Miss Cripps began—

"Have you been singing to-night, Mademoiselle?" asked Sir George Lees, advancing to the corner, where Violet sat, Mr Barker standing rather sulky beside her.

"No, I have not."

"Ah, then, I am still in time—I congratulate myself."

"'Tis a pleasure I have not yet enjoyed," said Mr Burke Barker. "I promise myself very great pleasure indeed, from hearing you, Mademoiselle."

"But I have," cried Jack Cripps, making a vivacious skip forward, and squatting himself on a low stool at Violet's feet. "What care you for angel strains, Barker—you rugged Demo; you fierce Republican. His friends were wont to call him DANTON, Mademoiselle."

"A young man of superior abilities generally starts with Republicanism," observed Sir George, who did not wish to stand ill with the editor of the *Cerberus*.

"And ends with?" asked Jack, knowingly.

"Ends with those sound constitutional principles which naturally result from longer experience and a more matured judgment," said Sir George, pompously, as if he had been in the House.

"Is he meditating ratting already," thought Mr Burke Barker, compressing his lips, and looking fixedly at the new Liberal M.P.

"Ay, ay, gentlemen," said Jack, in his own imitative and humorous style; "it will be all one a hundred years hence—that's my philosophy. 'Taste life's glad moments,' Mademoiselle—that's my precept; and none so glad as those which allow of the delight of listening to your syren strains."

And the undaunted Jack, placing his hand on his heart, squinted up into her face with an air of impudent languishment, which, coolly contemptuous as she generally was of him, provoked her, and she coloured and rose. Mr Burke Barker again offered his arm. Violet was meditating escape by the side door; but the music was still going on, and, to her rustic feelings, it seemed rude to withdraw till the piece concluded. She, therefore, suffered herself to be led into conversation with the *ci-devant* republican, whom she found in a new and quieter scene, and when, without airs of patronage, intelligent and gentlemanlike.

Jack again approached, without an idea that Mademoiselle could be otherwise than delighted with his pleasantries and compliments.

"I warn you off the premises, Mr Cryp-pes," said Barker, gaily; "Mademoiselle banishes you from her presence for the next half hour;" and Jack, affecting to be smitten to the earth by this severity, turned away in despair.

"By the way, is the family name Cryp-pes or Cripps, Mademoiselle? I had fancied the former."

"Really, it is more than I can tell you, sir; and, indeed, I hardly sometimes now know my

own name. I had imagined no right of my own either to the name or honorary title which I bear in this family."—Mr Burke Barker looked up with a quick glance of his sharp, eloquent, and penetrating eyes. "And now I must wish you good night; the music is about over." Violet disappeared.

"Clear, this girl is neither a Cripps nor a Cryppes," thought Barker; and, as Miss Cripps was now promenading the room on the arm of the Count, on the happiest terms possible for so short an acquaintance; the singer and the Professor engaged in preliminary matters about the piano; Sir George in a flirtation with the actress, who was an old acquaintance, and the watchman calling three o'clock, he also stole away, revolving generous designs for the interesting and lovely girl, who, as she seemed to understand her own position, could also probably appreciate his motives.

In this instance, at least, they were good-natured, and tolerably disinterested. Even from a *Prima Donna* Mr Burke Barker had little to expect. At most, she could but give him a supper, now and then, where he might meet agreeable people, and be a pleasant acquaintance herself; but "that sort of gentry all together—there was nothing *solid* to be expected from them." He half resolved to give up the entire departments of musical and theatrical criticism to his subaltern in the *Cerberus*, Jack Cripps, and stick to politics as the better line; but he, in the meanwhile, penned a few really judicious paragraphs for the general benefit of the Cripps family, in which he had a friend, as friends go in the world; and, in spite of the superior attractions of the Count, fancied he might yet find a mistress.

CHAPTER VII.

Violet felt some curiosity next morning to learn what judgment the terrible *Cerberus* had pronounced upon the performance which she had witnessed; and her perusal of the critique certainly raised her opinion of the discrimination, taste, and delicacy of the writer. If Mr Burke Barker displayed supercilious airs of patronage to "the poor players" in private society, he ventured upon no such absurdity in his journal. True, the actors here criticised were fixed stars; each, by inherent lustre, irradiating its own sphere. Yet, had they been lesser or unknown lights, there was nothing in the ordinary course of his critical journalism to discredit the opinion of the reflecting minority, that the periodical press, with all its political and moral imperfections, generally displays the greatest indulgence and leniency, even to obtrusive dulness, and the most kindly sympathy, with a vast deal of indulgent good-nature, to young or unfriended literary aspirants, actors, and artists; which the latter, in the unfledged state, often misconstrue, and rarely, if ever, appreciate aright. Let one only reflect upon the multitude of dull, stupid, or uncongenial books, trashy pictures, and indifferent theatrical performances with which a popular newspaper editor is bored or annoyed; and on which he is expected, as of right, to spend his time and patience, and his own and his reader's paper and print, not unfrequently, to reap the reward of being pronounced a superficial, shallow coxcomb, who never had painted a picture, nor written a book in his life; and who, moreover, must be art and part in the notorious conspiracy which exists among the newspapers and literary journals to crush rising merit in general, and extinguish the aggrieved individual's genius in particular; and all this after the unhappy journalist has probably strained his conscience, and certainly outraged his taste, in bestowing the unsatisfying modicum of panegyric. There can be no question that journalists are the most long-suffering, good-natured, and worst-requited of the scribbling genus. The public, also, begin to guess that it is not altogether by instinct, or pure editorial sagacity, that journals divine, and announce to mankind, the important fact that "Miss *Syreninia Warblinia Quaver* is upon a visit at Grandeville Park, where, by her wit, her talent, and her beauty, she forms the charm of a brilliant and noble circle;" nor yet that Lady Basbleu's forthcoming novel is to eclipse all her Ladyship's former, and every other lady's novels; or that Mrs Lynx embarked last week in the *Great Western*, and that the Old World should keep a sharp look-out for some very astonishing revelations from the New World in the course of the next year. And all this "monstering of nothings" is laid to the door of the poor editor, who is, as likely, often annoyed by those momentous announcements; though being, as we aver, the best-natured, and least-thanked man in the world, how can he refuse a small favour so delicately, or haply so importunately, requested.

"How very clever a man Mr Burke Barker must be," said Violet, perusing, a second time, those

> "Things often felt,
> But ne'er so well expressed."

"And how gratifying to be the subject of such delicate praise, and to feel conscious that it is all deserved: a pleasure I speedily anticipate for you, Mademoiselle," added the Professor.

If Violet's little heart fluttered proudly for a moment, it was not more.

"Ah, sir, you forget that I was behind the scenes last night," she replied, smiling; "I am the little country mouse, and do not envy the grandeur and luxury of the town mice. Were it possible for me to achieve the feast, I should still say

> "Give me again my hollow tree,
> A crust of bread and liberty."

"We are but a few days in town; you have not even been at the Italian Opera yet. We shall discuss all this a month hence," returned the Professor. The young ladies now found pleasant occupation. The orders given to Madame Ramsden, the milliner and mercerese, had been diligently executed. The dresses were already made; for Madame sympathised in the pinch of ladies, just arrived from the country, without a thing to wear; and the wan or tea-

coloured sprites who did her hests, had only to add one more vigil to the fifteen which had occurred in the last busy month.

"How beautiful! how exquisite! how nice!" was the frequent climax or anti-climax of Polly, as every fresh packet was undone by the female attendant, from Madame's house; nor was Violet unmoved; her black satin dress fitted to perfection, and was so tastefully trimmed, that it did not look in the least too heavy for her delicate figure; and her bonnet was "a love," Polly said; and she exchanged with her, and then re-exchanged. This pleasant pastime was brought to an end by Madame's agent presenting, with great civility, the bill, which "the lady had, when giving her order, requested to be sent with the goods."

On seeing the sum total, Violet became blind and faint. £44: 16: 10! Were those spectral figures? And did she already owe so much money to a milliner? She, who had never had above five pounds at a time in her own possession before! The milliner's assistant eyed her observantly; and the attention of Miss Cripps being awakened, she made a needful rally.

"Mademoiselle requires a few more things, which will be included in the same bill; you may go now, young woman."

"But stay," interrupted Violet; "the baggage is come from the hotel—I may pay a part at least; and, perhaps, Madame Ramsden would be so good, as the things are quite unsoiled"——

"Go, young woman," said Polly decidedly, ringing hard at the bell. The milliner's assistant curtsied submissively, and moved off.

"Gracious, Gabrielle! how can you be so silly as to expose yourself and the family in this way to a milliner's apprentice!"

"Is it not fearful, Miss Cripps, for me, a young girl, to owe so very much money, which I cannot pay. Oh, those odious little mannikins, for it could not be you, Polly. And I am sure I never ordered half so much; but I will write to the lady, and send what money I have—that twenty pound note I got from Mr Cripps yesterday; and, perhaps, she will take back the most of the things."

"Really ma'am, one does not know what to make of you at times," rejoined Polly. "That you ordered those articles, there can be no doubt, and that Ramsden may have charged you unconscionably, is as likely; but to make a fool of yourself before her assistant, and disgrace my father; it is shameful, Mademoiselle, and not at all, let me tell you, what Professor Cripps is entitled to expect from you."

Violet sat condemned, a conscious culprit, yet pitying herself.

"Don't think more of it," said Polly, more mildly. "I dare say I am twice deeper in Madame's books. But what does it signify—no doubt she will be paid some time."

This was slender consolation to Violet, who went from Polly's chamber to her own, loaded with her inauspicious finery, and resolved to abide by her purpose of attempting to return it. When she had fixed what she had best keep, or rather what the milliner might the most readily take back, she began to open her little desk, which, with her father's smallest military trunk, (now her wardrobe,) and her work-box, had just been brought from the hotel; not, however, before the long bill had been discharged, which left Professor Cryppes a very poor man in ready cash, though he prudently swallowed his chagrin at the rudeness of the hotel-keeper, and graciously intimated that, so well pleased had he been, he would certainly recommend the house to his friends.

Violet opened her desk—the lock moved easily—everything was in order—the few sheets of paper, the pens, the wax, and the various little treasures and memorials which she kept there; but the bank note, so carefully placed in the safest compartment,—too surely it was gone! and the loss of thousands at another time could not have been more appalling to any poor heroine. Another and another search was made,—and too surely she was robbed, bankrupt! Such small and everyday events, which are of no account whatever in the estimation of half mankind, and quite below the dignity of romance, were excruciating trials to Violet. Shrinking from drawing suspicion upon the innocent, or upon any one, and almost feeling her loss as her crime, it cost Violet an effort of resolution before she could go down stairs to make it known, which she at last did with trembling and hesitation, as if it were wrong to hint at having been robbed. Professor Cryppes was startled. The luggage had lain all night at the hotel, and had been fetched a considerable way that morning, by common porters; yet on none of those his suspicions rested; while on Monsieur Eustache, who was at this moment before him, nailing up something about a drapery in the back drawing-room, his eyes involuntarily fixed. Nature herself had legibly written *rogue* about the paroquet beak and up-turned corners of the mouth of the late officer of Napoleon's Guards. Yet this was supposing rather sharp practice in a Major-Domo, hardly yet installed. And what was one poor twenty pounds, filched from a young woman, to the risk of detection, and the loss of character and place? The character was, perhaps, of no great sterling or marketable value; but place must be something to one who had apparently not been without the pressing need of it; or who wished for better opportunities of committing robberies.

"Are you quite sure you have examined your desk properly?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, for that," returned Violet, attempting to smile.

"Well, my dear, you must not mind it; it is a loss and a provocation: but I will not let you annoy yourself. What is a poor twenty pounds?"

This was frank and kind; yet Violet felt, nevertheless, that a poor twenty pounds was just now very much to her. She would have told of her predicament with Madame, but this Miss Cripps evaded, by saying, with forced gaiety,

"And we are both drowned in debt to the milliner, papa. I am not sure but Mademoiselle will, to-night, dream of bailiffs and the Fleet."

The Professor laughed heartily, ere he said—

"In the present circumstances of the family, with all the servants new, and the baggage having been transferred from one place to another, I deem it prudent to say nothing about this inexplicable loss; but it must be the last." And, with this consolation, Violet was left to be entertained by Polly with anecdotes, with which her youth had been instructed by her father, of eminent singers, managers, literary characters, and Members of Parliament, who cut the best figures of any people about town, yet never possessed one shilling of their own, and always spent the most recklessly when they had not a farthing to spend, and were drowned in debt.

"They must be very wretched and low-minded people those, who willingly subject themselves to such mortification and mean misery, and only to maintain a false shew that imposes on no one; although such deception were not in itself most contemptible."

"Virtuous indignation!" returned Polly, scoffingly; "I must say, Mademoiselle, that, for a *strict* young lady, you are remarkably free in the use of the phrase 'low-minded.' What do you mean by it?"

"The phrase is plain enough, I think," returned Violet; "though I was not aware that I used it so frequently; low-principled, low-thinking people might be as apt. You often yourself speak of low-lived people."

"To be sure I do—vulgar, mean people, that potter on in a paltry peddling way, when they might rise, if they had spirit, and better themselves. But here comes Mr Barker, to act explanatory dictionary for us."

Mr Barker had a gracious reception from both ladies; he planted himself, on this wet morning, at their work-table; and then there was music, and then lunch; and the Professor and Jack came in together, the former looking rather gloomy.

"You are quite right in your conjecture, Barker. My father may go whistle for that paltry place promised to Ned by Sir George Lees; I am convinced he has given it to another already; the fellow was scarce civil even in lying to us this morning."

"Just like the man—like them all," replied Barker; "got all he can of you, and will be most grateful for favours to come. Charles Herbert, who is a generous, open-hearted fellow, while a minor, involved himself thousands deep to help that *friend*—ruined himself, in fact, for Sir George and one or two more of those scamps; and would have been utterly ruined had not his step-mother been a woman of uncommon generosity. Yet, I do not fancy that he likes his dependence altogether: yesterday, he was sounding me, in a roundabout way, about the probability of a man at his age beginning the study of law or medicine. The latter I declared the readiest profession, as a man's blunders cannot so easily be detected there."

"Apropos, medicine was the favourite pursuit of my son Edmund, whom Sir George Lees has used so infamously."

Jack squinted tremendously at his papa before he rejoined—"Ah, Ned is half a doctor already: he pounded six months with Bolus. But I have another idea: that theatre the proprietors of the *Cerberus* were erecting—it wont do; but it is in a populous gin-drinking and psalm-singing neighbourhood, and I understand they speculate upon converting it into a tabernacle. Now, if Ned have a vocation—as he is a tolerable spouter—his bread is baked."

"Make a Methodist parson of my brother!" cried Polly, tossing her head disdainfully.

"Pays well, Poll, let me tell you; and those sanctimonious fellows are almost sure to marry rich old girls; one, two, three, in succession. I wish I had a vocation; but it wont suit."

Violet looked up with a feeling of horror; but the Professor put an end to what seemed to her the sacrilegious project.

"No son of mine shall descend to any such low, paltry profession," said he, solemnly, "to the eternal disgrace of his family. If ever I have a son in orders, it shall be in the Church, sir, the Church of England—the only church for a gentleman—and not among low-lived puritanical sectarians."

"Nay, father, you might have thanked me for the hint, any way. Suppose, then, as Ned did pound drugs for a few months, we make him a doctor? What say you, Barker?"

"The profession of medicine requires the study of years, which will scarce serve me at present for my son."

"Years! nonsense, papa. Barker will tell you better things. There are three lines: first, obstetrics, then dental surgery—a coining of money"——

"A dentist!" interrupted Polly, with contemptuous disgust, "Surely, Quintin, you forget yourself altogether."

"Sheer provincial ignorance, Poll, my darling. In London, a successful dentist is a great man. But the town is overrun with them—that's the fact; so I vote for obstetrics—unless Ned could be a nerves doctor—go to some foreign watering place, and coddle and curry favour with some woman of quality, who will trumpet his praises, and make his fortune. He is a smooth-spoken, well-looking, imposing young fellow, my aforesaid brother Ned, Mr Barker, who will learn to curry favour among the women. He were not papa's own son else." [Here the Professor smiled conceitedly, and shook his paternal head at his incorrigible elder born.] "One season may float him; and I would rather prefer obstetrics;—the nerve line is uncertain—fine ladies are demd fickle and capricious, even to their doctor."

The plan was worth considering. The Professor was convinced that one literary gentleman was quite enough in the family; and a

learned profession looked well. "Dr Edmund Cryppes, the celebrated accoucheur:" It sounded well.

"With the aid of the *Cerberus*, and our connexion, we might, at worst, carry a city lectureship for Mr Edmund," said Barker; "and that is an opening."

"You are too good, sir," returned the Professor, bowing: "and if Edmund, with his present medical knowledge, matured by a winter at Edinburgh."

"Paris, father, and a little judicious puffing," cried Jack; "Barker will tell you how. Ned must write in the foreign medical journals—that can be managed for him—and get a tail of capital letters to his name, and open correspondence with the learned, like himself, abroad. His recommendations ought to do a great deal for Dr Von Rutsch, or whatever it might be, at Stockholm or Vienna, and, no doubt, they will return their learned correspondent like kindness. It is all my eye, that sort of flip for flap. But I would try the women first; one fashionable petticoat is worth fifty thesis-makers to a young town physician."

"How you rattle on, Jack; why, Mademoiselle, as usual, is believing you in earnest, I suppose," said the Professor, as Violet, with grave abstraction, sat apart, more deeply engaged with the idea of her overwhelming debts than anything else, though a needle and a bit of womanly pretence for idleness were in her hands.

Once it occurred to her, and the idea brought relief, that she might take Mrs Marion Linton into her counsels, and employ her to negotiate with the milliner; but though she believed the Scotchwoman to be both honest, shrewd, and kindly, her manners were gruff, or not such as invited the confidence of a young and sensitive girl. She now longed for the arrival of her friend Susan, to whom she could have partially opened her mind; but days and weeks passed on, and Professor Cripps appeared to have forgotten that he had either a wife or children in a provincial town. His oblivion might have been forgiven, as, between business, pleasure, and finance, the Professor was occupied to distraction.

The first paragraph, which really told usefully on the fortunes of Mr Cripps, ran nearly as follows:—

"We are authorized to state that the august mother of an illustrious Princess, in whom the dearest hopes of England repose, has engaged the celebrated composer, Professor Cryppes, (the instructor of Mademoiselle Gabrielle,) to give her Royal Highness finishing lessons in singing, for which purpose he goes three times a-week to Claremont. The Professor's admirable style is said to combine the energy of the German school with the purity and beauty of the Italian."

There was, as things go in the world, no great harm, perhaps, in this announcement; and if a few people knew it to be totally false, it was scarce worth any one's while to contradict it. In another week, the Professor's phaeton-cab and tall horse, (another purchase besides the fawn-coloured ponies,) might have been seen at several fashionable doors at the West End; and, before a month elapsed, ladies of title, fond and anxious mothers, were besieging his door, entreating that the names of their beautiful daughters might at least be placed on the Professor's list; and that, if not in the present, then in the following season, they might have the immense benefit of his instructions, or those of his pupil. But neither money nor love could prevail with the Professor to allow his accomplished pupil to give a few lessons to the Ladies D——, and the Honourable Misses E——, and the rich Portland Place heiress, Miss F——, whose fortune was half a million at least. The Professor ever smiled, shook his head mysteriously, and was proof to influence, cajoling, and entreaty. Mademoiselle, the wonderful Mademoiselle, never sung save in his own house, and rarely to strangers even there. It was such a favour to be invited at all to his musical parties; and, after waiting a whole night, Mademoiselle—who was as capricious as the most spoiled and the highest of her tribe—might have headach, or cold, or hoarseness, or, as likely, airs.

It was, however, as the Professor began to have a guess, a thing quite possible to overdo this. In London, no mere lion or lioness can possibly draw out a very long existence; their nights are numbered.

The spring was advancing, and sovereigns were still flowing in, in a golden tide; but they were at least as rapidly running out again; and Mademoiselle's original repugnance to make the desired effort was become stronger, if that were possible. Her health was suffering from anxiety, her bloom vanishing, and her mysterious reputation could not much longer be supported either by paragraphs in the *Cerberus* and other prints, or by the whispers of those thrice-fortunate *attachés* and young men of fashion who, frequenting the Professor's parties and *petits soupers*, spread abroad her fame.

"Cryppes' Musical Box," "Ctyppes' Nest of Nightingales" in Regent's Park, became a kind of by-word among the minors in the Clubs; and the well-managed affectation of an exclusion which really excluded nobody, enhanced the value of the *entrée*. Sir George Lees had so far conquered the fear of the Professor attempting to borrow money from him, that he went almost every night. The great *Signiors* of the Opera-House—not yet opened for the season—had never absented themselves when they had no better engagements; and now the *Signoras* condescended. It was an exceedingly pleasant house. Many of the best men of the season were to be met there, and not too many ladies; and, if everything was not quite *au fait*, ease, pleasure, and gaiety atoned for mere mechanical defect. As for the wonderful Mademoiselle, once seen, she was not so very formidable. It was the opinion of the professional people that she never would appear on the stage at all, and, most certainly, not succeed if she did. She wanted "nerve."

One of the most regular visiters, at this time, was the Professor's friend and security, Mr Charles Herbert, who had a general invitation, both for the two Public nights of each week and the Family night. Ever chiding his own irresolution, Charles felt, when the hour came, unable to stay away. Violet did not always appear; and sometimes, when she did, she looked perfectly wretched, as if she had been weeping, or as if anger or violence had been employed to force her upon an uncongenial scene.

The kindling glances, the flush of innocent pleasure with which Herbert was welcomed by her, when appearing unexpectedly, now spoke even less plainly than the shy timidity with which, at other times, she avoided his approach;—spoke plainly to all save him, whom love had taught fear and reverence.

After her arrival in London, Herbert had often joined the little quiet parties which the Professor made to shew his pupil and his daughter the most celebrated places in the neighbourhood; and on the day at Richmond, and the other at Windsor, and a third at Hampton Court, when Mr Burke Barker was giving his attentions to Miss Cripps—with whom he was more in love than the editor of the *Cerberus* supposed it possible he ever could be again with any woman—Violet fell, as if by a natural arrangement, to the care of Herbert. These days had been the happiest of his whole life; and their memory was fondly dwelt upon; for now the presence of her who had made them blest, was often more painful than her absence, from the equivocal circle by which she was surrounded. There was, however, more to excite the disgust of Herbert than to alarm his jealousy. Count Zanderschloss was evidently more odious to Violet than was Jack Cripps. Russians, Bavarians, and Neapolitans, *attachés* of all nations, seemed alike indifferent to her, where they were not absolutely disagreeable; though none of these foreigners were so disagreeable as Sir George Lees and Colonel Rivers, whom she would have avoided by taking refuge in a quadrille with Jack himself. Mr Burke Barker was the only individual with whom she cared to converse; and he, whatever else he might be, was well educated and literary, and the evident admirer of Miss Cripps.

The coincidence in opinion and sentiment between Charles Herbert and herself, at this time, often struck Violet as almost miraculous. Their minds—their young, fresh, and loving hearts—were as instruments attuned; and, with bewitching simplicity, Violet would sometimes be surprised into the involuntary expression of her astonishment at Herbert saying the very thing she had been thinking; and that their walks, readings, or conversations, suggested the same images, sentiments, and ideas. In these harmonious sentiments Herbert had often at first associated his mother, saying—"You are after my mother's own heart, Violet;" or, "This is exactly the opinion of my mother;" and, in such moments, the bosom of the orphan girl dilated with pride and happiness; but, latterly, Herbert avoided mentioning his mother, who had declined the rather obtrusive advances of her neighbour, Miss Cripps. Once or twice Violet had met Mrs Herbert walking near her own residence. The lady at first gazed fixedly at her; and once blushing deeply, Violet curtsied by an involuntary motion, and the lady had not returned even the slightest token of recognition. Violet, indeed, felt that she had no right to expect this civility though the incident covered her with deeper confusion and imparted a sense of affront; and the dim hope that she might be made known to one whom, at humble distance, she admired and loved, vanished, and left in its place mortification and shame, and many painful thoughts. The son sought her society, but the mother whom he adored avoided her.

Professor Cripps, as we have noticed, in the excitement, bustle, and anxiety of his new life, seemed entirely to forget that he had a wife in the country; and his daughter, oscillating between vanity in the attentions of Count Rodolphe Zanderschloss, and a few more of her father's gay and fashionable visiters, and pride in the conquest of the "talented journalist," shared in this temporary oblivion of distant domestic ties, and at last came to say—"I dare say, on the whole, papa, it is more prudent for mamma and the rest to remain where they are for a while, save Edmund; they could not, in the meanwhile, do *us* any good here, and London is so horridly expensive to people who attempt any kind of style, as we *must* do." But not so thought Violet, who longed for the presence of even the uncongenial, hard, and acrid matron, to give some appearance of respectability to the establishment, and to introduce the order and economy which, she feared, were sadly wanted in the regulation of the household; and not so thought the indignant and neglected wife and mother herself, who, one fine day, when the family were assembled at lunch, more to the surprise than the joy of her husband and daughter, arrived in a hackney-coach, loaded and stuffed, outside and in, with all manner of boxes and bundles, much like a stroller's van; to the eternal disgrace of the Professor's elegant doorway, and the endless amusement of the ladies'-maids and footmen in the neighbourhood, those of Mrs Herbert included. From Jack alone his mother's reception was sincerely cordial.

"This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure," said the Professor, embracing his travel-stained lady, whose natural temper a cold and fatiguing night journey had not improved.

"Soh, Cripps!—You have got everything vastly fine about you here. A merry world, if it last, sir," observed Mrs Cripps, untying the strings of her bonnet, to give herself air or vent.

"O mother, such nonsense," said Polly, advancing to assist her mother. "You don't observe Mademoiselle. . . . My father is in the fair way of making a handsome fortune. Your ideas must expand, mamma—indeed they must. We are in a new world here."

Mrs Cripps nodded to Violet, and gazed on

Jack, yet without those symptoms of gratified maternal pride which might have been expected.

"What refreshment will you take, mother? We have just had lunch, and don't dine till eight, when papa's business engagements are over."

"Dine at eight!—very pretty!—two dinners in one day. I fancy it was about high time I was looking after you. Fine management, truly! —and company almost every night. . . . But I'll take anything—a bit of cold meat and a glass of porter. . . . And so that palavering fellow, Sir George, has done nothing for you, Cripps, —nothing but eat your ham and chicken, and drink your wine, and fancy you highly honoured all the while. It won't do, sir. It won't do, I can tell you. You are on the wrong scent, —and Edmund kept back; that is one of my particular errands to London."

"Let us give this hour to pleasure, my life," said the Professor, with affected vivacity. "We discard business for this day. I have taken a line, my dear, and all is in train for Edmund; we have a plan—so hang Sir George and his paltry places. Welcome to Regent's Park, Mrs Cripps."

The Professor required the renovating glass of Madeira, which he filled up as Mike Twig entered to announce that the hackney coachman waited for his fare—seven shillings and sixpence; and hoped, as the parcels were so numerous, the lady would remember him.

"Monsieur Eustache will settle it," said the Professor, frowning; "those trifles are his department."

"Seven and sixpence!" exclaimed Mrs Cripps. "The rascal has not brought me a mile and a half—pretty extortion, indeed! Remember him! —yes, I'll remember him. He ought to be horsewhipped."

"Mounsheer ha'n't got no money," put in Mike, drily, in the first pause, "Mounsheer had none to give the milkman, yesterday; and the coal aint sent in becuz"——

"Hold your impertinent tongue, fellow," interrupted the angry Professor. "Miss Cripps, have you any small change?—these coachman never have a rap of change about them, and a sovereign is scarce safe in their fingers. Monsieur, who is my cash-keeper for small matters, is run out also it seems. In the Regent's Park one ought to keep a stock of silver."

Miss Cripps rather feared she had not as much, expressing herself with embarrassment; while Jack for himself gaily cried—

"Not a tester, papa mine, to keep the devil from dancing a hornpipe in my pocket. Indeed I have given up carrying a purse—'tis a low and an ungentlemanly practice, and only exposes one to being spunged. O Mademoiselle! I see you are of the old *regime*," he continued, as Violet, blushing and hesitating, offered her last half sovereign to Polly, trying to affect an air of indifference, and like other desperate debtors, thinking "what difference does it make," though fully aware, from the many little circumstances, forced upon her notice during the last month, that her own bit of gold was probably the only one to-day under that splendid roof, or around a board loaded with expensive delicacies for the plain noonday refreshment. The Professor now hurriedly rose. His cab was waiting—and waiting also were the Ladies V——, and the Ladies W——, and the Hon. Misses Z—— for their weekly lesson.

"Have something nice for dinner, Polly, to welcome Mrs Cripps to town. Adieu, ladies. Perhaps some friend may drop in to dinner with me."

Mrs Cripps, on Polly's prompting, rose to see her lord drive off; a little natural vanity or conjugal exultation neutralizing her previous acerbity.

The family had been going a-head at a furious rate, while the prerogative of its liege lady lay in abeyance; but lunch fairly over, she lost no time in entering upon her onerous duties, in which she shewed herself a woman of action, and one determined to assert her rights, from the cellar to the attic, over the household, the amazed Monsieur Eustache included.

"*Quelle bête! Peste!—sacre!*" ejaculated Monsieur, as he attended her from place to place, giving but a lame account of his stewardship.

The preternatural exertions of Mrs Cripps on this day did not in the least unfit her for making up long arrears with the delinquent Professor, as soon as they were left *tete-a-tete*, by Polly having followed Violet, to pour into some sympathetic bosom the interesting confidence that Mr Burke Barker had proposed! The congratulations of Violet were warm and sincere; for Polly seemed so happy, and, for the time, so amiable, that it was impossible to withhold her sympathy; yet she wondered that a man so clever and accomplished should have admired Polly Cripps, handsome as she certainly was, and agreeable as she could seem. But, to ladies of all ages, it will, we fear, to the end of time, remain a wonder and a puzzle, how certain men can fancy certain women. And Polly was assuredly not sordid in her preference; for her W—— admirer, the manfacturer's son, was much richer than Barker; and on this Violet grounded a sincere compliment.

"Oh, Mr Benjee may or may not be rich: all will depend on his father and mother, and old Methodist aunts; and I know they hate me, and all of us, as much as I despise them. Barker has at least a thousand a-year, and very great prospects, if *our* party get it; or whether they do or not, they cannot want him. He is going down to an election next week—if I let him—where he will be everything."

"A thousand a-year is a handsome income."

"It will do for a beginning. If a clever man like Barker, in London, really love a woman, he can, somehow, always contrive to maintain her as becomes their station. My father has always said that. No doubt I might do better; and, even as an actress, gain a larger income; but, no matter—I have accepted dear Barker. My mother may not be satisfied; but all the rest of the

family think that she ought; and I am of age, and may please myself. I wish Charles Herbert had my spirit, Gabrielle; but he has not, and most luckily for you; for any connexion of the kind would be utter ruin to your professional prospects—you that may be rich and famous, and marry much higher than anything that proud Mrs Herbert's son can offer you. What an insolent, supercilious woman that is!"

"How can you talk so, Miss Cripps. Why should Mr Herbert's name be associated with mine? Though for me, certainly, Mrs Herbert may marry her son to any one she pleases; yet that gentle being surely looks anything rather than insolent or supercilious."

"Well, my dear; but don't cry. I am glad to see you shew so much proper spirit. Nor is it altogether right to have Charles dangling so much about us, now that I am known to be engaged. I must speak to papa about that."

"Anything youl ike," said Violet, hardly able to refrain from tears. "Only I would much rather nothing whatever were said on the subject. Mr Herbert has been very civil to us; but for particular attentions—oh, no, no—for heaven's sake, do not expose me to the ridicule of having imagined"——She could get no farther.

"Well, Gabrielle, never mind him," replied Polly, too much wrapt up in her own good fortune to heed the distress of her companion. "Be a singer in high reputation, and you will bring Herbert to your feet. Good bye, dear. How strange it is to be a bride, Gabrielle, or about to be one. I feel like a winged creature."

While this was passing, and while Violet sought her little French bed, with feelings anything but joyous and spousal, Mr and Mrs Cripps were holding, below, not the most amicable of family councils. The lady was full of complaints and reproaches; and the burden of every oration was—"Where is all this to end?" and Mrs Cripps threw herself about on the damask sofa, making its joints creak in a way that would have horrified its refined owner.

"They wish to get you out of this trumpery house already—and the sooner the better. Don't fancy that I am not aware of your goings on, Mr Cripps. . . . . Polly, at least, I fancied, would have played her cards better, when I gained the point, with no small trouble, of Mr Benjamin taking her letters; and I'm certain, the smallest management would have made him renew his addresses, when out of the reach of these old, greedy wretches. But I suppose your fine doings here frightened him, as they must any sensible man. You are the talk of all W——."

"D——n W——," returned the Professor, who could not plead guiltless to Shuffleton's attorney having impertinently intimated that the house would be required, at farthest, immediately after Easter, and who was conscious that many "trifles," as he called long bills, were already pressing upon him; but was it like a woman of sense—was it like a wife, to reproach man who had done and was doing such great things for his family, and who had made such way in society. "Come, *now*, my dear, be reasonable, good-humoured, like yourself—you know that all W—— and Mrs Somers Stocks, on the back of it, is bursting with envy to hear of the way in which we have got forward."

Mrs Cripps hoped this was true, and she was softened, yet she returned to the charge.

"But, Cripps, I see nothing solid—nothing *solid*, sir—such as a connexion with a man of a wealthy, if vulgar family, would have been; and as for that Mr Burke Barker"——

"You have taken a prepossession against my friend, Barker, ma'am; your son Jack's best friend. There is a man worth cultivating. There is no limit to his rise. He may grow into a second Sheridan!"

"Fiddle, faddle, Cripps—Benjamin will have fifteen thousand pounds, every penny of it."

"And never get a step farther, take my word. Barker will, in all likehood, get into Parliament—his talents"——

"And why not my son Jack, as well. Is he cleverer than our Jack? and I don't above half like Jack's appearance either, poor fellow. Mr Benjamin would have settled a jointure of three hundred a-year on Polly, I dare say, if she had managed well."

"Miss Cripps gives me a son-in-law worth, to my family, ten hundred a-year, madam."

"Only he has not a sixpence, gambles, and is very extravagant, and drowned in debt."

"Poh, poh, Mrs Cripps; you are not to judge, by vulgar rules, of a man like Barker. Polly likes him too—and the girl has a right to please herself"——

"Oh, surely, sir; please herself. Your son Edmund too, who, like an idiot as he is, has been sighing and dying for your wonderful pupil, for these five months, should also please himself, and propose for her, though Juliana Stocks, a girl of fortune, has been almost throwing herself at him."

"Foolish puppy! my pupil!" replied the Professor, contemptuously; the man of taste and genius, for the moment, triumphing over the father.

"I fancy my son is not good enough for her, Mr Cripps," retorted the angry lady, who had not forgotten the pride of a mother. "Mademoiselle attired in the first fashion, and driving about in her carriage, must marry a man of family and fortune, sir; while your daughter throws herself away on a fellow who has not a penny save what he scribbles for. Upon my veracity, Mr Cripps, you have managed finely with your family. That wretch, Susan, too, peaking and pining for a still lower fellow of that sort. I shall be glad to make her over to Mistress Stocks, as a governess, to keep her away from London, for I make no doubt, but that she will run off with the vagabond if she once find him."

"What do you mean about my pupil, madam, marrying a man of fortune, or any man whatever?"

"I mean Mr Charles Herbert, sir. A man of

large estate—no less. I mean that, after all the trouble and expense at which you have been with that girl's education, Mr Cripps, you will never make a penny by her for your family."

She was, beyond doubt, a coarse-minded person, Mrs Cripps: the Professor often felt that; which, however, only meant, after all, that she went directly to points, which he approached gingerly, and by circumbendibus; partly, perhaps, to conciliate the feelings of others, and not a little to spare his own.

"My pupil is my pupil, ma'am; firmly articled; under heavy penalties. . . . . I know my ground, Mrs Cripps—you have done well about that foolish Susan; but my daughter, Maria, she is the pride of my family: in her prudence and tact I have the utmost confidence. If she has bestowed her affections on my friend Barker—I despise sordid considerations—I give my daughter with confidence and pleasure to my friend!"

Mrs Cripps growled inarticulately.

"We have made up a little party to dine at Richmond to-morrow; I fear you will be too fatigued to join us; and my pupil has long requested liberty to spend a Sunday afternoon with an old Scotch nurse, who lives somewhere off the Strand. Mike Twig, or, if she prefers, one of the housemaids, may attend her, and fetch her home, or she may take a coach, at least, back. She is not to hear of, nor be in any way annoyed with this nonsense you tell of Edmund's passion; nor by any member of my family, ma'am." The Professor's tone became imperative. "You understand me, Mrs Cripps. In this family, my pupil is a person of the utmost consequence."

Mrs Cripps was a little subdued, and also too indignant to reply. Father, daughter, and pupil, together, were bearing too hard upon her; even her darling Jack was grieving and disappointing her. No doubt his air and demeanour had improved astonishingly; but he had not pushed his way one inch on what she called "solid ground." So reasoned Mrs Cripps in the strength of provincial ideas and impressions, but they gradually gave way. She was now living in a fine house, however uncertain might be the tenure by which it was held; she was driven about by her son in her husband's handsome phaeton; her husband's income, reckoned by his own arithmetic and the W—— standard, seemed immense; handsome dresses had been ordered for her, but not at Madame Ramsden's; her children were to be brought to town immediately, and her eldest daughter was a bride! Mrs Cripps had been more or less than wife, mother, and woman, could her ill-humour or her reasonable fears have stood out against so many mollifying influences; and, besides, Mrs Cripps had full domestic employment.

In the meanwhile, not the least satisfactory circumstance to her was, that the want of small change, so pressingly experienced on Saturday morning, had vanished before Tuesday noon, when Mr Cripps put twenty sovereigns into his lady's hand, telling her that their tradespeople supplied everything, and all the bills would be settled after Easter, or, at any rate, at Midsummer; this sum was for the postman and pocket-money—mere current nothings. Before an hour had elapsed, Jack had coaxed his affectionate mother out of a fourth of her stock of ready money; but, on that same day, he did the family some service.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Barker wont go it, governor; he is so engaged in courting Poll, and—between ourselves—raising the needful for his matrimony, that no good is to be got of him. I am aware of the emergency, and have made a glorious pen-and-ink splash myself. The rascally tradesmen cannot have the bowels of Christians who will annoy you after this announcement, till your great venture is tried; and dont deserve a half farthing in the pound if they do. Hearken!" and Jack read:—

"Laud we the Gods! The genuine English Opera is about to be revived, with more than the brilliancy of its pristine era. We understand that the celebrated Professor Cryppes, the Italianized-English composer——" ["No, hang it, I must score out Italianized; that dont chime," interjected Jack.]—"*English* composer, is engaged upon a serious opera, in which his pupil, Mademoiselle Gabrielle, of whom fame speaks wonders, is to sustain the part of the heroine. The subject of the opera is the beauteous Queen of Scots, and the enamoured and ambitious minstrel and cavalier, Chasteller, who expiated his daring gallantry upon the scaffold, not without suspicion of having created a very tender interest in the bosom of a princess ever devoted to music and poetry. It is whispered that the pens of Mr E. L. B. and T. M. are engaged upon the recitative and lyrical parts of this splendid composition, which excites no small sensation in the fashionable as well as in the musical world. One superb scene was rehearsed last night at the Professor's residence, in the Regent's Park, before a distinguished party of foreign amateurs and the *elite* of the London musical world. At its close, the Princess di L—— clasped Mademoiselle in her arms, kissed her repeatedly, and, plucking the jewelled tiara from her own regal brows, placed it with her own hands among the fair tresses of the lovely syren who so charmingly personated the beautiful Queen. Mademoiselle is still so young, that, careful as her education has been, her teacher is of opinion, that the full powers of her astonishing organ are not yet completely developed, any more than her artistic skill. Her face is extremely lovely, and her figure of the most sylph-like mould. Notwithstanding her foreign name, which is believed, for family reasons, to be assumed, her style is purely English. The new syren is understood to be sprung of a noble, but decayed French family, a younger branch of the house of Chatelrault, and ruined by the Revolution. Mademoiselle, though a strict Protestant, was educated in a convent, where her magnificent voice, remarkable, among the choir of nuns and pupils, for its purity, flexibility, and

compass, was accidentally discovered by the manager of the Italian Opera of Paris, who chanced to be at Dieppe with the Court. Save for her religious scruples, the young Catalani would have been adopted by the Duchess d'Angouleme, who settled a pension upon her. The late overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty again reduced this gifted creature and her family to the utmost distress; and, overcoming her strong repugnance to public life, she has nobly sacrificed her own feelings to the interests of the beloved family, of whom she now forms the sole dependence. The youthful syren"——

"Stay there, Jack," said the Professor, gravely. "Is not this a *leetle* too strong."

"What, sir, my *chef d'œuvre*? Too strong? not a bit of it: your own hints, merely paraphrased by Barker. Come, order Eustache to fetch another bottle of claret, and we shall discuss the heads *seriatim*. My good papa, you *are* behind the age. Now, I flatter myself, I begin thoroughly to understand this sort of work: either how to tickle John Bull, or touch him gently on the *raw*. If you come it too hard, the monster gets fractious, and bolts, and perhaps kicks you down in his uproarious fits. Barker may be cleverer at using the stronger alkalis—he has the trick of it, and the nature too; but let me alone for applying the "soft sawder." But I'll call down Barker, who is billing with Polly up stairs, to convince you. . . . Fancy so acrid a chap as that in love—yet he is, as they call it.—Let alone, any sort of girl—if she but knows how to entangle a man's vanity—what a precious fool she may make of him. Polly's health, governor—you have a daughter, sir."

The Professor mused, and Jack went off, and re-appeared arm in arm with his friend, when the study was resumed.

"Is not this the very thing, Barker?" inquired Jack, when, with due emphasis, he had again read over his paragraph. "Is it not a *chey-devy* now? Let me alone, Professor, for knowing a thing or two. Depend on it, this is just the neat thing for you. Had your pupil been a dashing, dominant, foreign beauty, with a Parisian, or even a St Petersburgh fame, blazing before her path, the case would have been totally opposite. Ask Barker else. Then the leading events would have been, a flight to Hamburgh in the disguise of a courier, to escape the amorous persecution of some Grand Duke or Prince of the blood,—or haply the jealousy of the Empress. Every man should best understand his own trade. Leave puffing to me."

"I must say," replied Barker, "that this, as a preliminary announcement, is not far amiss, Jack. Honest John Bull—bless him for a dear, credulous, good-natured soul—rather enjoys being pleasantly duped. It does him good, if he does not find it out; and no great harm if he does; it makes his bile percolate. Next to being the most conceited of monsters in his extreme nationality—his English Clayism—the contradictory brute can either fancy nothing in art, of home production, at all tolerable, or else that it is the pink of all perfection. Then he loves, nay, worships aristocracy, all the while affecting sturdy independence; and, as for beauty, no beauty can equal English beauty; in which the animal is for once right—by accident. But John is a soft-hearted monster at bottom, and, with all his airs of bravado, values the domestic affections, perhaps, above everything else; though he makes the most ridiculous mistakes about what best promotes and cements them. No, no, Sir," continued Barker, rapping the nails of his open hand smartly upon Jack's masterpiece; "this is the very thing. Great talent accidentally found out; but that should have been by yourself: sound Protestantism—extreme personal beauty—noble birth—decayed family—most painful sacrifice to filial and sisterly affection. Stay, suppose we add"—and Barker seized the pen and wrote at lightning speed—"it happens by a remarkable coincidence, [every body likes coincidences, which are often anything but remarkable,] that, in personating the lovely Mary Stuart, the fair debutante claims descent from the Scottish house of Darnley through the noble house of Chatelrault."

"I—I am unlearned in the Scottish peerage," hesitated the Professor.

"Why, for that matter, so am I; but small genealogical knowledge will serve the turn here. One or two plodders may detect inaccuracy"—["Hang them; they find blunders in every thing," interjected Jack]—but the busy millions and the idle thousands, alike will know nothing of it; and what people don't know, does them no ill. Yes, this will take, sir, and tell in two worlds. We will conquer America, sitting here in London! But remember, Cripps, not in the *Cerberus* first; that would hurt the cause, our connexion being known; we can follow it hard up there." With this the sitting broke up.

Mr Burke Barker, who was to set off by the night-mail, on that electioneering business in a southern county, which promised so rich a harvest, and had come so pat, had still to kiss away the gems flowing in anticipation of a ten days' separation from the bright eyes of his tender bride. Yes! Polly was now a bride, and the marriage was to take place immediately after the election; which, whether it succeded for the candidate or not, must succeed for Mr Burke Barker. It seemed as if Heaven had been graciously pleased to call an old Earl to itself, at this particular time; and his son to the House of Peers, to speed the hymeneal bliss of Polly Cripps; for it was on the strength of the coming contest that Mr Barker had proposed, not wholly uninfluenced by the delicate hints of the distressed damsel, that, now her mamma was arrived, she might be forced into the arms of that detestable rich manufacturer, hateful to her long before she had come to London, or felt any attachment—but now!——

With any plodding, matter-of-fact man, beyond the age of what the Scotch call "calf-love," and not blindly in love, or burning in the hot

stage, Miss Cripps would never have succeeded so easily, strange as this may appear, as with the acute, penetrating, and experienced Barker. Soured and perverted as his original mind was become on many points, he still possessed excitable imagination, which an artful woman might play with; and sensibility to what seemed warm and disinterested personal attachment. In his position, isolated and solitary in the midst of crowds; with hundreds of selfish or vain employers and patrons, and as many nominal friends, yet with scarce one for whom he could feel greater esteem, or on whom he could place more reliance, than Jack Cripps, and few whom he could like so well as Jack, it was soothing, as well as flattering, to be loved and preferred by a handsome and accomplished woman, of fair reputation, who might have made what the sex almost universally term a better match. On first acquaintance, though the free, decided manner—a good counterfeit of the thoroughbred aristocratic—of Cripps' very handsome daughter, together with her marked attention to himself, had made that impression which time and care may deepen, he had also been much struck with her less obtrusive but not less attractive friend. On the night of Covent Garden, in particular, when Miss Cripps had first excited and then piqued his vanity, by her flirtation with the redoubted Count Rodolpho, he had been peculiarly charmed with what he had seen of Violet; but, at succeeding interviews, though to him she continued particularly civil and pleasant, his own quick observation, and the hints of Jack and Polly Cripps, "that Charles Herbert and Mademoiselle were ages gone in love with each other," restored Barker to the allegiance, which every day confirmed. Miss Cripps became proud of her conquest, and more cautious in her flirtations; and Jack's declaration, that "Diogenes Barker, the democrat, was in love, and his sister Polly, the deuce of a clever wench," recorded an unquestionable fact. But "Polly was in love too." Jack could not quite comprehend that—but so it was.

"My daughter will prove a doating wife," said the Professor, sipping his claret on the day of the final arrangement.

"Where do you propose to get shifts and nightcaps for her?" remarked Mrs Cripps, sharply.

"Some things—nay, many things—I must have, for common decency," urged Polly.

"As you are only to be in furnished lodgings—to have no house—the less the better," rejoined her contradictory mother. The Professor always counted so largely on those vast vague sums, which he was to receive at Easter, that it is probable he had come to believe that, at that date, he really could pay all his debts, and afford his daughter a handsome *trousseau*, and suitable wedding presents. All his life he had entertained vague expectations of somehow getting money. This was one of his hallucinations.

"I'll drive you to Madame Ramsden's to-morrow, to hear her ideas for you, my dear." Polly was but too familiar, of late, with Madame's ideas. They had been strongly represented to her every week for a month back.

"I don't think I shall employ that person more. Her style is but second-rate after all, and she charged Mademoiselle monstrously for a few trifles. She runs up such a bill!"—— And this introduced the story of Violet's missing bank-note, and Mrs Cripps' notions of the extravagance of Mademoiselle, and the folly of the Professor.

"She'll be quite as glad, by and by, to make a good *debut*, as you can be to have her father," remarked Polly, "if you manage well. Madame duns and quite frightens her out of her wits, poor dear. I believe Madame is a greater scarecrow to Gabrielle at present than Mrs Herbert herself."

The information was generally correct, and the hint was not lost. Violet was, indeed, made utterly wretched, by what rather annoyed the intrepid bride herself; and now her misery was complicated, by the idea that this appalling debt had been contracted under the most suspicious appearances; when, like an absolute swindler, she had gone to the milliner's in Mrs Herbert's carriage. If she had not directly, herself, used that lady's name, she had suffered it to be understood that Mrs Herbert was her acquaintance, and, perhaps, her hostess.

The very civil and mild young woman, who had called that morning to inquire if it would then be convenient for Mademoiselle Gabrielle to settle the account, had said—"Madame directed me to say, that she imagined that you and the other young lady were particular friends of Mrs Herbert, ma'am." Violet instantly disclaimed the acquaintance, and as earnestly as if it had implied disgrace; but how to answer the other query? To tell that she had been robbed was easy, but could she hope to be believed; and then the sum total of the robbery was not the half of what she owed. Her misery was strongly depicted on her pale features; and the merciful dun, of her own motion, gently hinted—"Perhaps it may not be convenient to-day, ma'am? Shall I tell Madame you desired me to call in a week hence?"

"Yes," faltered Violet. "Not in a week, but in ten days, for then I may have heard from my distant friends." She felt there was an implied falsehood, and added—"Heard what they advise."

The girl went away; and Polly Cripps—at this time being, like all brides, as restless as a turtle that has lost its mate—came in, and found her in tears.

"That odious woman dunning you again!" said the bride. "Why should you heed her. Don't patronise her more; I shall not, I assure her. But I need money at present quite as much as you, Gabrielle; and if we could guarantee each other, I think how we could raise some."

"How, Maria?—for I am sure I cannot, unless Mr Cripps would be good enough to advance for me; and how can I expect that."

Indeed you need not; my father has not

half enough for his own emergencies. But Charles Herbert"——

"Good heavens, Maria!" cried Violet, starting; "you cannot think of anything so horrid?"

"I do, though; and where is the mighty harm? I would guarantee you."

"You, Polly?—have you any money more than myself?" said Violet, with rueful simplicity, where another might have laughed.

"I shall be a married woman in a few weeks, as Herbert knows; and I fancy a married woman's debts may be recovered," returned Polly, smartly, and like a woman of business, and her mother's own daughter, or her mother's self writ large.

Violet made no reply. The plan of Polly had brought more vividly to her mind the most distracting idea by which it had for some days been haunted, that of Charles Herbert hearing of her disgraceful embarrassments, and in the very worst form.

"So you will not go into my scheme?—for your own relief, Gabrielle, remember."

Violet shook her head mournfully. "Anything but that."

"Then I have no more to say to you. I meant you well; and this is your gratitude, ma'am."

Miss Cripps reflected that, whatever became of Violet's debts and her own, she, as a bride, must have money; and from her father there was none forthcoming. Of the sums raised by bills, and other ways and means, concerning which the Professor received illumination from some of his professional friends, his son and his son-in-law elect, nearly the whole had been swallowed up; and, from some occult cause, the civilest tradespeople of January had become the rudest of March. Charles Herbert had already repeatedly complied with the urgent demands of the Professor's polite notes; and other young men, frequenters of his parties for a time, agreed that they were too pleasant not to be paid for, in a reasonable way, by small forced loans. But, on the whole, Mr Cripps found this was a bad plan; his fashionable friends were beginning to absent themselves, and, suffer who might, they must therefore be spared. To enjoy both the countenance and money of aristocracy, was too much to expect. Thus was the bride of Barker left to her own resources; and, bolting her chamber door, to keep off her mother's domiciliary visit, Polly, when she left Violet, hastily arranged her writing materials, soliloquizing thus:—"'Tis all I ever made of the spoon, if I make out this, for the plague he has given me, save a few paltry trinkets, which I will return with the money after I marry;" and she began to write:—

"Regent's Park, London,
"26*th March*, 18—,

"My Dear Benjamin,—You will, I am confident, forgive the familiar appellation of our happy childhood, when to each other we were 'Benjamin and Polly,' the inseparables in every dance and nutting party.

"Papa and I were exceedingly disappointed when we found that you had left town without seeing us again, especially as our foreign servant, though he had general orders 'Not at home,' was particularly desired to admit you, whom I flattered myself he could not fail to recognise from my description. I think I could have recognised you among a thousand, as on that day when the carriage drove past you in St James' Street; and I am sure you fancied me mad in bowing to you. I fear you may have gone away under the impression that we declined seeing you; which is one urgent reason for my addressing you. The recollection, I assure you, of dear W——, makes any one from that beloved quarter precious to us, much less one of our most valued friends. I judge of your feelings by my own heart, when I say so.

"I am confident you will be delighted to hear of my dear father's astonishing success and brilliant prospects. He has much more of the first musical employment in the metropolis than he can overtake; and he teaches none but the daughters of the highest nobility, on terms that would have frightened us, in the days of our simplicity, at dear W——. By the newspapers, you will learn that the Professor is bringing out an opera, for which the greatest success is anticipated; and a successful opera, let me tell you, is a fortune in itself.

"In the meantime, the heavy expense, incidental to getting up the piece, and our launch in London, have, I fear, though I dare not seem to guess it, pressed hard on dear papa's funds; and a certain delicacy in which, I can fully sympathize, prevents him from applying in this emergency to even the most intimate of those friends who would be delighted to assist him. You will, in these circumstances, my dear Benjamin, forgive, I am sure, the tender feelings of a fond daughter, distracted between her native delicacy and her devoted filial affection for such a man and such a father. Nothing short of these emotions could enable me to make the present application; nor is there another man in existence but yourself, the friend of childhood and youth—though now far distant—to whom I could bring myself to state the necessity, for which I blush even on paper. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, would, I am convinced, materially relieve papa, until returns comes in, for the great expense attending the approaching event. [Polly thought that here she had avoided telling a lie. How silly are those cunning sinners who fancy it so very easy to cheat the devil.] Mademoiselle Gabrielle will most gladly be my guarantee, if between old friends, as I cannot help still fancying that we are, anything of the sort is required. As I anxiously wish no one in the family to suspect the bold step on which my feelings have urged me, I pray that you will write me, under the cover of Mademoiselle.

"Adieu, dear Benjamin! If you have my vivid memory for old times, you will not again leave town without gladdening the Regents' Park with tidings of dear W——, and with the most wel-

come sight to be met in it, the face of an old friend. Never, amidst the beauty and gaiety of this splendid quarter, can I forget the sweet summer-house in your garden, and the old black cherry tree.

"Your affectionate and faithful
"Humble Servant,
"Maria Cripps."

Thou false and treacherous Polly! who couldst thus convert the best affections of a simple kind and unsuspecting heart into the means of gulling and plundering—"seething the kid in its mother's milk;" marrying Barker on Benjamin's gold. That "sweet summer-house!"—It was the very spot where the bashful Benjamin, in the effervescence of his boyish passion, had first essayed his uncouth infant arts of courtship to the endless diversion of the bold romp of sixteen. It was, as a very statesman, in extremity at human nature's naughtiness, was once compelled to exclaim, "too bad;" and, we venture to think, that if Mr Barker had been cognizant of the whole case, there might have been some danger of the affianced wife being repudiated, as slight punishment of a thing so *broad;* done for so paltry an object. There was a waste of character and eloquent deceit which might have sufficed to trick a whole constituency, employed on one booby, to gain a poor hundred pounds. It was a ruinous, small ware, female trick, which he never could have sanctioned. He knew the world too well for that. Jack Cripps, on the contrary, would have enjoyed it as "a famous hoax," and shared the spoils.

Though Mr Barker came afterwards to understand some of the consequences of this manœuvre, he fortunately never learned the precise contents of his bride's letter. It is more important to tell that, in due return of post, an answer came, under cover to Violet, who amazedly saw Miss Cripps snatch what appeared a bank order with rapture, and fling its tender envelope, half-read, into the fire; vexed to find that *business* was to bring her correspondent so very soon to town, and assuaging her conscience with the resolution of returning his trumpery coral necklace, and other pledges of love, with her wedding-cards and a slice of the bride-cake.

While Violet was looking on in wonder, sensible of a little curiosity about what she witnessed, and uneasy at the involuntary share which she had borne in an unacknowledged correspondence, an equally exciting scene, in which she was also involved, was acting in the neighbouring residence. There sat Mrs Herbert with her step-son at a very late breakfast; the young man, between whiles, gleaning from the morning papers such pieces of intelligence as he fancied likely to interest or amuse her. All at once, on commencing a new paragraph, his voice dropped, and he abruptly stopped short, after having read, "Laud we the Gods!"

Mrs Herbert, quietly observant of his movements, and able to read much more of his secret thoughts, in his ingenuous countenance, than Charles at all times cared to reveal to her, perceived his colour heighten, and his brows knit, as he flung down the paper with an air of irritation and impatience, and as hastily snatched it up again for another perusal. Mrs Herbert, though with the most well-bred absence of manner, failed not to observe every shade of change in the reader, nor yet to note the page and column of the newspaper which had proved this stumbling-block. "Consummate impertinence!" was the muttered expression, ere Charles so far recovered his presence of mind as to ask for another cup of coffee, while he placed his elbow on the obnoxious journal, as he cursorily perused one or two more. When he rose from the breakfast-table, he said, lifting the self-same print, with an affectation of indifference which half amused his mother, when viewed in contrast with the usual cordial frankness of his manners—

"You don't patronise the wicked *Cerberus*, I believe. I dare say you are quite right." And he put the newspaper into his pocket, as he went out, saying, "Do not expect me to dinner—I had forgot an engagement. An Oxonian is to dine with me—an old friend."

"Then, I presume, he is a presentable person: pray, rather fetch him with you to my small, my cabinet dinner; only the Tarbets, and one or two more. It would be a pity to leave a stranger alone, when you join us."

"I—I am afraid I cannot shake him off."

"I don't want you to shake him off, Charles; you don't understand me."—"I read you better," thought the smiling lady.—"Language, it has been said by Talleyrand, and long before him, was given to men to conceal their thoughts; with my poor Charles, even writing will hardly do that. I have no doubt whatever about his present thoughts; but I must see farther."

Charles Herbert had not been three minutes gone when his mother ordered her maid to desire the youngest footman, Robert, to go to Regent Street for a book which she wanted; and, among other newspapers, the *Cerberus* of that day. No copy of the print was to be had.

"Robert is so stupid, ma'am," remarked the smart soubrette, who read her lady almost as fluently as her lady did Herbert. "Perhaps I could get the poyem for you ma'am; the paper with it, I mean, if you please?"

"It does not signify, Jenkins," returned the lady, who was arranging flowers in a vase; "though, if you are going out on other business,"——

"I must, ma'am, have soaps, ma'am, for Mrs Herbert, and some extra and particularly nice thread, to take up that rent in the Chantilly veil, ma'am; and"——

"Yes, that must be had, Jenkins: I am only surprised that a person so extremely attentive to your duties as yourself should have neglected that; and, as you will just pass the newspaper place, you may try. And, by the way, is not Mistress Linton to come to-day about that matter you mentioned?—which yet I am persuaded cannot be correct."

"Perfectly correct, ma'am. I assure you,

ma'am; if you mean about the new people in Mr Shuffleton's house, ma'am. Mistress Linton herself, with her own eyes, saw the indentical gold or moloo *pangdool*, ma'am, which stood in Mr Shuffleton's back drawing-room, over the hottoman on the right side of the fireplace, under a glass cover, ma'am; and the indentical inlaid chess-table and shooberbe set of chess gentlemen, ma'am, which cost five hundred or else fifty pounds in Paris, ma'am, in that same pawnbroker's in the city, as I told you, ma'am, which a young gentleman, who squints, in a blue Spanish cloak, brought there, in a close hackney coach, which the coachman said was from the West End—our End, ma'am."——

"Well, you may have done now; and see that I am informed when the Scotchwoman comes, and secure me ten minutes to talk with her, whatever visiters may call."

"And the newspaper for Mrs Herbert, ma'am, if you please?" Mrs Herbert did not choose to appear too anxious, she therefore merely nodded assent; and Jenkins, knowing her cue, tripped off. The two hours of her absence seemed ten to her anxious mistress; yet Jenkins, if tardy, had not been idle.

The incipient passion which, in right of her age—only yet some twenty-eight—and her position in the family, she had, three years before, begun to conceive for the young Oxonian, had smouldered away under his entire indifference; or rather that provoking insensibility or abstraction, worse than indifference, which appeared to render the young man, on his periodical visits home, quite as insensible to the small-featured and trimly dressed airy soubrette, as if she had been the fat coachman. In these circumstances, her transitory flame had expired and been succeeded by an affection quite as natural—a restless, insatiable curiosity about all the affairs, but, especially, the love affairs of the only young gentleman connected with her "present family." The servant who had attended Charles on his electioneering expedition had been as communicative as any reasonable waiting gentlewoman could desire; nor did the domestics of the nearly-adjoining houses by any means preserve that stiff and awful distance maintained by the mistress of one of the residences. It was from the accidental hints of Jenkins, who, most innocently, referred to the day (merely as a date) on which "Mr Charles had sent home the Miss Cryppes in the carriage," or "on which the Miss Cryppes had gone to Madame's, to order things, in the carriage," that Mrs Herbert learnt a circumstance offensive to her pride. This had been followed by other occurrences, even more painful and alarming, arising from her son's intimate connexion with "those people." She had herself seen him escorting the young ladies; and she was aware that, with a whole set of thoughtless young men and *roué* elderly ones, Charles was a constant frequenter of their parties; nay, that he had failed in engagements, by which he ought to have felt honoured, to attend those vile parties. It had cost her a great effort, at different times, to prevent him from entering seriously upon the subject of her equivocal neighbours; and, when playful avoidance was no longer possible, she had, in the tone of entreaty, commanded that he would not speak of them. One day, with tears in her eyes, she had said, when Charles urgently begged that she would hear him:—

"Charles, my dearest son—God is my witness how much dearer you are to me than all other interests and objects on earth put together—I will not listen to you on this one point. Certain things are best left unexplained even between the nearest friends. I look forward for you, and I cherish your feelings of self-respect too tenderly to permit your now saying one word of which you shall ever, in any circumstances, live to be ashamed. You shall not have to remember, much less to regret, that in any rash moment of your life you have laid your heart too nakedly open before even me, your most indulgent friend."

Charles kissed the hand stretched out to him; and still he would have spoken and have pleaded against this misconception, and protested against the shadow of shame being involved in what he had to say and to urge.

"She is not a member of this family, mother. She is an orphan girl, of good parentage."

Mrs Herbert would not listen. Violet was not Lady Laura Temple, whoever she might be, and that was enough.

Mrs Herbert rose hastily, on the occasion mentioned, her handkerchief at her streaming eyes, and motioned her son not to follow her.

By Jenkins, who could "draw an inference" better than many students of logic, and as well as ever a waiting-maid in May Fair, these scenes, if imperfectly seen, were shrewedly interpreted. After her return from the hunt of what she was pleased to describe as "the poyem" in the *Cerberus*, and an intermediate conference with Mike Twig, with whom she had condescended to walk home, she was in fine condition to furnish her mistress with explanatory notes, had the slightest opening been offered or permitted. But Mrs Herbert did not even stop her reading to receive the newspaper. She pointed to the little table beside her, as if she desired not to be disturbed; and Jenkins placed it there, left the room, and in one instant returned, apologizing for forgetting to mention before, that she had met Lady Laura Temple's "young lady," and that her ladyship was very well that morning.

There was an exulting sense of gratified revenge in perceiving that Mrs Herbert was already engaged with the paragraph of which Jenkins herself was fully mistress.

"Let her pride be her punishment," was her spiteful thought. "Great ladies will place no confidence in their young ladies. Why should we care for them? let her take it indeed!"

The malicious wishes of Jenkins did not, in this instance, take effect. Derision, and a scornful sense of the ludicrous, curled the beautiful lip of Mrs Herbert, as, flinging the newspaper on the hearth-rug, she beckoned the abigail

to withdraw, and resumed reading. But why did she pick it up, and again spell it over? It was to make assurance doubly sure.

"'Consummate impertinence,' you well might say, Charles;" and her features brightened, and her eyes sparkled. "No, no, my dear boy, unless you were more mad—more infatuated than ever young man, fancying himself in love, was before you, there is no danger to be apprehended here. Your pride and nice sense of honour are my security against this Mademoiselle, although, for a moment, your understanding should fail you."

On the whole, though Mrs Herbert resolved to give a hint to Shuffleton's attorney about the system of swindling which his odd tenants were commencing, she still deemed it wise to be silent to Charles himself. Silent, kind, nay most indulgent, but resolute to prevent irremediable disgrace and misery; she would treat him, if matters came to extremity, as one might a dear friend under delirium—restrain him for his own safety. Every passing day shewed her more clearly how wrong-headed Charles was capable of being, where his generous feelings were interested—or his haughty sense of independence, rendered morbidly acute by his father's extraordinary will, aroused. To look coldly on any animated thing, which, from its very weakness appealed to his protection, was, above all, to rouse the spirit of Charles; and, in such cases, his heart or his impulses, as his mother reasoned, seldom tarried to take counsel of his judgment. One of the most violent quarrels in which Mrs Herbert had ever been called to mediate between the father and son, had no greater cause than a mangy puppy which Charles, when a little boy, had found dying in the fields, dripping and shivering, and with a stone about its neck, as if it had just escaped one mode of death to meet another more lingering and pitiful. The whole family had been annoyed with his favourite, though he had nursed it in the stable, and in his own room; and the housekeeper, who hated it, complained of "the poor brute," Charles said, "which had not a fault or a vice, save that it was ugly and mangy, which it could not help, and he would rub it well, and cure it." Mungo's accuser retorted that it was filthy and troublesome, and would certainly go mad, and bite him.

Mrs Herbert smiled in reflecting upon the young boy's generous sturdiness of disposition, for which she loved him all the better at the time, and his open defiance of his father's anger, when he proclaimed—"If you put away Mungo, I'll go with him—I will—I don't care for being bit." Nor could she forget how her own affectionate and dexterous management of the boy had reconciled every difficulty. Mungo was pensioned off with an old soldier, who undertook for his complete cure, and Charles visited him every day, until the dog got well. When Mungo no longer needed his affection, he became gradually indifferent to the brute, and Mungo was promoted into the confidential post of a carrier's dog, after which Charles totally forgot him.

"I must forbear, not alone the girl, but the whole Cripps tribe," thought Mrs Herbert, "or we should have mangy Mungo over again; and Charles not 'caring to be bit' by 'the lovely Scotch orphan'—that is her style, I believe. What fools young men—ay, the ablest of them—can be made! Men in love are really greater fools than women; only their madness seldom lasts so long."

"Mistress Marion Linton below, ma'am, to wait upon Mrs Herbert, ma'am," was the fresh announcement of Jenkins to her lady.

In respect of her age, and probably of her confidential functions as a woman of business, Mistress Linton was usually honoured with the *tabouret* in Mrs Herbert's dressing-room, though that lady was not at all remarkable for the ease of her intercourse with "the lower orders."

"A cup of chocolate for Mistress Linton, Jenkins—and you need not return: let Robert fetch it. I am daily more pleased with your young countryman, Mistress Linton—he does credit to your recommendation."

"I'm proud and happy at that, mem,"—returned the Scotswoman, "aye weel-pleased to hear ony gude o' my country folks, though no a drap's blood to mysel; the mair be here that it's about ane o' them—puir young freendless thing, I have ta'en the liberty to come this same day to trouble ye."

"I said you need not wait, Jenkins," [exit Jenkins, pursing in her thin lips.] "Any of the people in Mr Shuffleton's pretty house is it? Nice people are they, who take good care of his furniture? I am sure *you* will wish that."

The house-letter shook her head.

"I hope it may be sae; but I misdoot, from all I can gather, it's no that like, my leddy."

"Then you don't like them, I fear?"

"I have, with your pardon, no right either to like or dislike them, whatever I may do;" and she added, drily, "and they are great friends o' Maister Charles, which *must be* ae gude sign o' them."

"Of my son?—very slight acquaintances only, that I am aware; you know enough of gay London society not to consider young gentlemen *friends* in all the houses where they go to parties," replied Mrs Herbert; and the shrewd Scotswoman at once found ground.

"'Tis a professional family I believe," continued the lady: "rather an odd quarter for them; as the families resident hereabout are not likely to suit them at all."

"You mean, mem, not to tak' up wi' them; not to countenance them—the leddies, ye mean? for the gentlemen are jocose enough wi' the Professor's folk, as they ca' him; though in our country, at least in my day—for there's a new world there too noo—a professor wha kent never a word o' the Latin tongue, let a be Greek, and Philosophy, and Mathew Matticks, wad been thought but a droll professor; and, indeed, I canna but fear that this same ane, even wi' the customs of England, is muckle better than a downright swingler, mem; who has entrapped into his cus-

tody and keeping an innocent young leddy o' good birth and family; an orphan, my leddy, fatherless and motherless, and sae having a claim on a' good folks' regard and kindness; trepanned her to make a singing play-actor o' her, as other villains have stolen Scotch bairns to make them gipsies or chimbly sweepers:—forbye, he is harrying and spulzieing Mr Shuffleton's house as sure as ever the Scots did the English, lang syne."

"This is intelligence for Mr Shuffleton's attorney only, not for me," returned Mrs Herbert, now rising, pre-determined not to hear one word of Mrs Marion's orphan countrywoman. "I am just going out; but I shall send a note to the attorney if you wish it. I am sorry I have no leisure to-day—Good bye."

"Your most obedient, madam," said Mistress Marion, stiffly, on being thus summarily dismissed; "and I hope I have not given you owre much trouble. . . . I'll see to business mysel; many thanks." And she retired discomfited, but not cast down.

On that same evening, there was to be a particularly brilliant musical party, a sort of rehearsal, at the residence in Regent's Park, from which Professor Cryppes had been duly warned; and, odd as it may seem to rustics, between that brilliant party and the visit to the city pawnbroker, of the young gentleman, who "squinted in a blue Spanish cloak," there was close and essential connexion. Jack, who had put the frightened governor up to the thing, received no more brokerage on the transaction than five pounds in loan, out of the twenty-five which had been raised on Shuffleton's "pangdool and chess gentlemen," and given to Mrs Cripps to carry into effect the elegant but not expensive entertainment. In some quarters, the family credit was still good. The green-grocer had taken alarm long before the more aristocratic wine merchant; living apart from "the whisper of a faction" of mop-sticks and shoulder-knots, who resented the intrusion of the pretenders into their patrician quarter, more loudly, if not so deeply, as their masters and mistresses. So one twenty pounds might do very well for the night, for trifling articles; and, besides, presents of fruits, flowers, and game were now often appearing, sent from the estates of considerate young estated visiters, in Covent Garden market and the poulterers' shops. The Professor, by the way, never knew whereabouts the estate of Colonel Rivers lay; nor learned, save by report, of the famous preserves of Sir George Lees, though he noted both gentlemen as among the most voracious, or, as it pleased them, dainty consumers of his cates.

Let us at once, however, quit, or soar above, such sublunary and vulgar purse and trencher matters. On this night, a foreign lady, with the title of Princess, was to be present at the rehearsals, of which Jack had obtained the second-sight; and Count Rodolpho Zanderschloss had prevailed with the Professor to receive two of his particular friends, young American *attachés*, from whom he expected letters of introduction to the United States. Mademoiselle was positively to appear on this night, and to sing; and Herbert, passionately longing to see Violet after a whole week of absence, broke his engagement with his mother and his own resolution, and took, as if by instinct, the accustomed route. And several circumstances had arisen to justify, as he imagined, that change of resolution, since he had perused the egregious puff to which he was certain she could be no party. Already his hopes of conciliating his mother were low, and now Violet was about to be unconsciously betrayed into placing an impassable gulf between them for ever. By a little delicate management, or, perhaps, tacit connivance, he had come to learn the nights on which Violet would appear; and on these he went early, and sometimes was so happy as to find her for two minutes alone. These were what the Professor called his Family Nights, when he did not receive persons of the very first distinction.

On the great night, which had taxed to the utmost all the resources of Monsieur Eustache, and almost driven Mrs Cripps mad, Herbert, with the faint hope of finding Violet alone, and anxious to have some conversation with her, went very early, and was fortunate; for after he had waited about half-an-hour she entered, and started, and blushed, and looked brightly glad for an instant, and suddenly as grave; protesting business, which was to direct some plants to be removed to the staircase from that conservatory off the saloon which Jack Cripps had pointed out as so famous a place for a little sly flirtation.

"Mike Twig, who is the best creature in the world, is to carry these bow-pots for me; I can't think what has become of him," said Violet.

"Accept of me in his stead. I fear, by the figure Mike cut when he admitted me, he has not yet put the finishing touches to his dress. I know I am very early; but I have been so unfortunate as to miss you the last two times I have been here, and I come charged to-night with a special message from your friend Mrs Linton. After visiting my mother, she visited me to-day, at my chambers."

"This way," said Violet, leading the way into the conservatory, half afraid of the purport of the message.

"Mrs Marion has trotted over the half of London, and not been able to find out the young man. Here is your letter. Am I mistaken in thinking that once before I gave you back a letter with this address? Am I impertinent in venturing to inquire who the man so honoured may be? You are very young, Violet—young in heart and in experience of life; your old rough friend—forgive me for hinting it—seems disturbed about this correspondence, and if I may dare to say so—about the character and habits of the young man who has so strongly interested your feelings."

"I have never even seen him," said Violet, emphatically, but blushing deeply at the same time, and lowering her eyes under Herbert's

fixed gaze. "Alas! I cannot find any trace of that most unhappy person. If you, Mr Herbert —I have thought of it often, but durst not ask you—if you, who are always so good-natured, would make inquiry?"

"I, Violet!—but if you wish it?"

"That I do, most earnestly. One morning I did get up very early to try to find him out myself; in *that* St Martin's Lane, where I overheard Quintin telling his sister the poor fellow harboured; but it was so—oh! so horrible—so disagreeable—so——Yet it is not pride, I am sure—I am not an aristocrat—I should be humble enough."

"*You*, Violet? You absolutely frighten me. *You* search for this man, by yourself, in such haunts?"

"Yes, I did; and I might have found him too, had I not been such a coward, and so afraid of detection."

Charles Herbert was almost bewildered.

"And you really wish me to try?"

"To find out poor Susan's lover? Certainly I do; and would bless you. They have been attached since childhood—so long, so tenderly; and she sees no errors in him as others do. She is so wretched, and her mother so severe and harsh—but I must not betray if I cannot console poor Susan."

"Her mother!" repeated Herbert with strong emotion. "All mothers are alike, I believe; all cold, proud, ambitious. . . . . And you, dearest girl, you can thus pity one who loves unhappily —one who is but the more wretched for cherishing the deepest, strongest, most passionate love? *Then, Violet, pity me,*" and he wrung the trembling little hand which he had seized.

The words thrilling in her ringing ears, sent a sudden chill to her heart, a choking feeling of indescribable anguish; as if she was about to die, and could not die. Herbert then loved—desperately, hopelessly loved—perhaps that proud and beautiful Lady Laura; and now Violet first felt without any disguise the humiliating truth that she had hoped for, sought to gain—though in all maiden modesty—passionately yearned for the affection of one who was all to her, and to whom she was nothing!

Her emotion could not be wholly concealed as her dry lips imperfectly uttered—

"Pity you, Mr Herbert? Oh, surely!" and she laughed low and hoarsely. "But I believe I am wanted; I am engaged to dance," and she tried to withdraw her hand.

"Stay, Violet, you do not, you cannot affect to misunderstand me? Whom do I love save yourself—you, dearest! loveliest! But, you are ill—very ill."

There was another powerful revulsion of feeling; a sudden flood of exulting, extatic bliss; an eternity of joy compressed into an instant of time; and then a languid suspension of the pulses of life; and, as consciousness returned, a soft kiss lingering on her lips;—but that, after all, might have been a dream. It was certain that she was leaning in an easy chair, to which Herbert had carried her, and that she saw Mike Twig rush in, buttoning his knuckle-deep wrist-bands, and heard Herbert whisper—"Call the housemaid quietly. The lady is better; the heavy odour of these plants made her ill a minute since; but she is coming round;" and as Mike fled to communicate the event to the household, Herbert seized the instant to pray that Violet would see him soon—to-morrow, if possible —but, if not, the first day possible, at Mistress Linton's; and she had sighed consent, ere the hurly-burly began, and she was carried up to her chamber by the agitated Professor and the maid-servant.

"It is tight lacing," said Miss Cripps, "I have often warned Gabrielle of that; she pinches her waist so, Mr Herbert."

BURSCHEN MELODIES—No. II.*

Seyd umschlungen Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Drüben überm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.
SCHILLER.

THE Burschen Bacchanals are, in a sort, very religious; and this is a phenomenon that our Scottish understanding does not at first sight readily comprehend. What religion can there be in a drinking song? is a question which a "Presbyterian sour" *(absit invidia!)* will very naturally ask; but a very foolish question manifestly, so soon as it is considered that the practice of piety does not consist mainly in the painful exactitude of sabbatical observances, (in which point we Scotch are certainly not free from a certain judaizing *δεισιδαιμονία*,) and that the living theology of the human heart is completely inventoried as little in Calvin's Cate-

* We were asked the other day, What is the etymology of the word *Bursch*? To which question we replied, as is often done, by saying that, in German, the word *Bursch* signifies, "a young man, a young fellow;" and that the German student, being the prince of good fellows, is *κατ' ἐξοχην* the *Bursch*. We find, however, that this is putting the cart before the horse, and that *Bursch* properly and originally signified student, or, at least, stipendiary student,

chism, as in the Canons of the Council of Trent: The ancient heathens *(fas est et ab hoste doceri)* poured libations to Jove, and mingled piety with the juice of the grape. Schiller also, the purest of Christian poets, was not afraid to sing—

> This glass to the Spirit of love,
> In the starry tent above!

And it seems sufficiently clear that a man who is not religious in his cups, is either a dark dismal fanatic, a narrow-chested ascetic, or a formalist and vain professor. "In VINO VERITAS." When the whole man comes out in undisguised triumph, why should piety remain sneaking behind, as if ashamed to shew her face amid the social virtues? And yet it is a fact that the piety of Scotland does not seem naturally to mingle with the festal adornments of life, but rather shrinks back from the contact of a lusty and luxuriant merriment, as from a thing unholy; and our Church music accordingly is as much characterised by a long-drawn funereal lugubriosity, as our table songs are unsanctified by the fellowship of a solemnizing and yet jovial piety. In Germany it is otherwise. Their profane music is more solemn and devotional than our's; but their religious music is also more light and cheerful,—when occasion calls, more joyous, triumphant, and even jocund, if need be. For why should not piety be jocund? Did not David dance before the Lord, and make a joyful noise with cymbals, and kettle drums, and manifold instruments? and shall we only have strength to crawl and creep, and prostrate ourselves before Divinity, as if the Father of all good things were a stern task-master, the sceptre of his love a rod of iron, and his smiling heaven a dome of lead? Truly we are too dull and sombre in our Scottish devotions; we are heavy and drawling in our Church motions; we have gone into the opposite extreme from the worshippers of Dionysus and Aphrodite; their religion was too sensuous, our's is too spiritual; we have cut off the limbs and flourishes of piety; and the doctrine of grace, which we preach, is slow to enter into fellowship with the Graces. O that Aeschylus, and Pindar, and King David, might rise from the grave, and read us a lecture on sacred music! The most rhythmical Theban would doubtless teach us to relieve more frequently the heavy drawl of the continued spondee, with the easy undulations of the queenly dactyle, and the airy trip of the tribrach. But church reforms are the most hopeless of all things, lagging even behind the proverbial tardiness of the law. "Were it not for dunces we should all be doctors;" so we must even be content, for some centuries more, to do without the organ, and with the Dundee psalm: remembering, also, in charity, that the virtues and vices of nations, even more than of individuals, are branches rooted into one stump; and that, though the moral, like the physical atmosphere of our country, be, in some views, dull and misty, yet we are free, by God's blessing, from volcanos, and earthquakes, and hurricanes, and yellow fevers, (moral and physical,) *et hoc genus omne.* Our flies are troublesome; but they are not mosquitos.

A German Bursch and a Scottish Student of Divinity, certainly, are not likely to agree on many matters; on music, especially, there would be much quarrel; for the Bursch would insist on singing, Sunday and Saturday, in the parlour, and on the street, with a loud, mellow, and luxuriant stream of notes; all which the Scottish Student of Divinity would consider, not only very improper and extremely unbecoming, but also sinful. But we must bear in mind that the Sabbatical practice of the Bursch is moulded on the principles of the Augsburg Confession, (see the chapter *de ecclesiasticâ potestate;)* and we err very far indeed, if, because of a difference in this particular matter, we condemn the Bursch, generally, as a profane person. His week-day songs might; many of them, for solemnity and dignity, well pass for psalms; and it may be said, generally, that, as the German people are the

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and was thence transferred to young fellows in general. The following notices will be interesting to the curious in things German:—

Etymology of the name BURSCH.—Cur vero, nunc inquies Lector, Studiosi in vniuersis Germaniae Academiis vocantur *die Bursche?* *Bursa* scilicet olim vocabatur domus, in qua certus inerat Studiosorum numerus certo subiectus Professori, quem appellabant *Rectorem Bursae.* Cognoscere id licet ex *Epistolis obscurorum virorum* pp. 17, 39 72, 114, 148, 162, atque alibi. Factum deinceps, vt sodales talis *Bursae* vocitarentur *die Bursche.* Docuit hoc iam Motschmannus in *Erfordia literata,* T. i. p. 646, & Baringius in *Nouis literariis Kohlianis* anni 1737. p. 168. Accuratius vero me respondere docet Lutherus in *Colloquiis* suis *mensalibus* f. 233, b. edit. anni 1569. Referens enim, *dass die Bursche von Studenten dem Capellan zu Wittenberg vors haus gestommen sey, und seiner gespottet, und gepredget habe, wie er,* (a very Burschikos proceeding!) manifestum facit, prius moris fuisse, totam Studiosorum societatem vocare singulari numero *die Bursche, (Bursam,)* deinde postea accidisse, vt Studiosi plurali numero dicerentur *die Bursche,* & vnusquisque Studiosus *der Bursch.*"—*Conringii Antiquitat Academ. Gottingen,* 1739.

This account is confirmed in every point by Adelung, in his large Dictionary.

We learn, from the glossaries of the middle ages, that the word *Bursa* was often used for clubs or congregations of people on common cost. (See *Börse.* N.B., *Börse* is the German for the Exchange, as the *Börsenhalle* in Hamburg.) In Dasipodius and Pictorius, accordingly, the word Burse is used of any society; and the privates in the army used to be called Bursgesellen, because they were paid out of a common purse. In the same manner, when the University of Paris was erected, the stipendiary students, supportedout of the king's *Bursa,* received the name of *Bursarii;* and, as all the universities in Europe were formed on the Parisian model, the students came to be called *Burschen.* Neither the privates in the army, nor the students at the universities, were particularly remarkable for sobriety of manners; hence the verb *Burschiren,* now obsolete, but found in Hans Sachs—

> "Wir bulen tanzen, und Burschiren."

And Fusch remarks, that a certain Archbishop of Mentz, for his marvellous capacity of drinking, was nicknamed "Burscman."

most religious in Europe, so their music, like their literature, is the most completely tinged and interfused with the reverential atmosphere of devotion. Some people, indeed, will have it that the Germans have no religion at all; only religiosity, as we have heard it phrased; but they who speak thus, are, for the most part, clerical men, with sympathies only for their own paltry sect, or, it may be, only for the outside pillars of that church, out of whose gold they are paid for preaching a gospel of damnation to the non-established. But the Germans are, beyond all question, very religious. Only mark the difference: The religion of many "respectable" (*vide* Carlyle) people in this country is a mere church-fixture; out of the earth it will not go, and, without an Act of Parliament, it cannot stand: whereas, the German flaps his wings, and hovers to and fro in his poetico-philosophical balloon, and sways playfully, and, in the fulness of that perfect love which casteth out fear, bounds and gambols joyfully before the Lord. Moreover, the German's creed does not consist in a certain number of definite articles, on which you can lay your fingers and count every inch; but the soul of man, he says, is magnetized heavenward: God is the polar star to which our whole nature points; and Christian faith is not of the head mainly, but of the heart. So, at least, we have heard a long-locked cerulean-eyed Bursch, with an almost prophetic enthusiasm, discourse; and, having heard this, we were not surprised to find in the music-roll of the *Commers table*, a rolloping "VIVALLERALLERALLERA! or a mad whisk of Burschikosity, like that—

Ca donc! Ca donc!
Thus day for day live we,
A company of topers most beautiful to see!

succeeded by the solemn grandeur of "ALLES SCHWEIGE," the half-cheerful, half-sad resignation of "VOM HOHEN OLYMP," and the more graceful and angelic religion of "Schiller's Ode to Joy."

Music is the most religious of the Arts, because it is the most spiritual. It has no bounded tangible body like painting; it dramatizes only by modifying the flow of emotion within the soul; and, as it does not attempt the intelligible definition of any outward object, it is on that account the more fit to deal with those highest and noblest emotions of the inward man, which exist more in aspiration than in attainment, more in faith than in knowledge. Song tames the savage by its own virtue, without formal preaching or discoursing on the benefits of civilization; and there are certain melodies which, though forming no part of a devotional service, have an innate power to wake reverence in the soul, and create religion (so to speak) without help from the catechism. In not a few of the Burschen Melodies, though the words are merely patriotic or Bacchanalian, a hidden power of piety manifestly sways; and the devoutly disposed singer can, with difficulty, refrain from giving utterance to the workings of religious reverence in appropriate words. Some such experience may have given birth to the pious adaptation of one of our Burschen Songs, to the purposes of an English Benedicite, which the reader will find in the next page. The anonymous contributor, from whom we received these verses, has our best thanks for his good intentions; and we can assure him, that "ALLES SCHWEIGE" is only one among many Burschen Melodies that may be considered as more honouring than honoured in being received into the denizenhip of public and social devotion.

This air (No. IV.) is the famous patriotic hymn (*Landesvater*, or Burschen Consecration Song *Weihelied*) that stands first in all legitimate collections of Student's music, as it is supreme in the reverence and religious homage of every genuine Bursch. The name *Landesvater*, by which it is commonly known, is from the last verse, which in the original runs:—

Landesvater,
Schutz und Rather,
Unser ——— lebe hoch!
Ewig soll mein König leben,
Und mein Mädchen auch daneben,
Er fur alle, Sie fur mich!

In our translation, this verse does not appear; and for good reasons. The *Landesvater* is always sung dramatically, in full solemn convention of the Burschen, and accompanied with certain ceremonies, an allusion to which, in the English version, without the possibility of realizing the living drama, would only serve to excite (from imperfect sympathy) an emotion of the ludicrous. In devoting themselves to the service of their country, the Burschen, one after another, beginning with the President, take the wine cup (or beer mug) in one hand, and a sword in the other, and, after piercing each his bonnet with the sword, drink solemnly "*Auf des Vaterlandes wohl!*" to the weal of Fatherland. The sword makes the round of the table, till, laden with caps, it returns back to the President. The two last verses of our translation, are sung by each Bursch successively, as he hands the sword to his neighbour. In these verses, the original contains an allusion to the cap—

"Nimmn den Schläger in der Linke,
Bohr ihn durch den Hut and trinke,
Auf des Vaterlandes Wohl!"

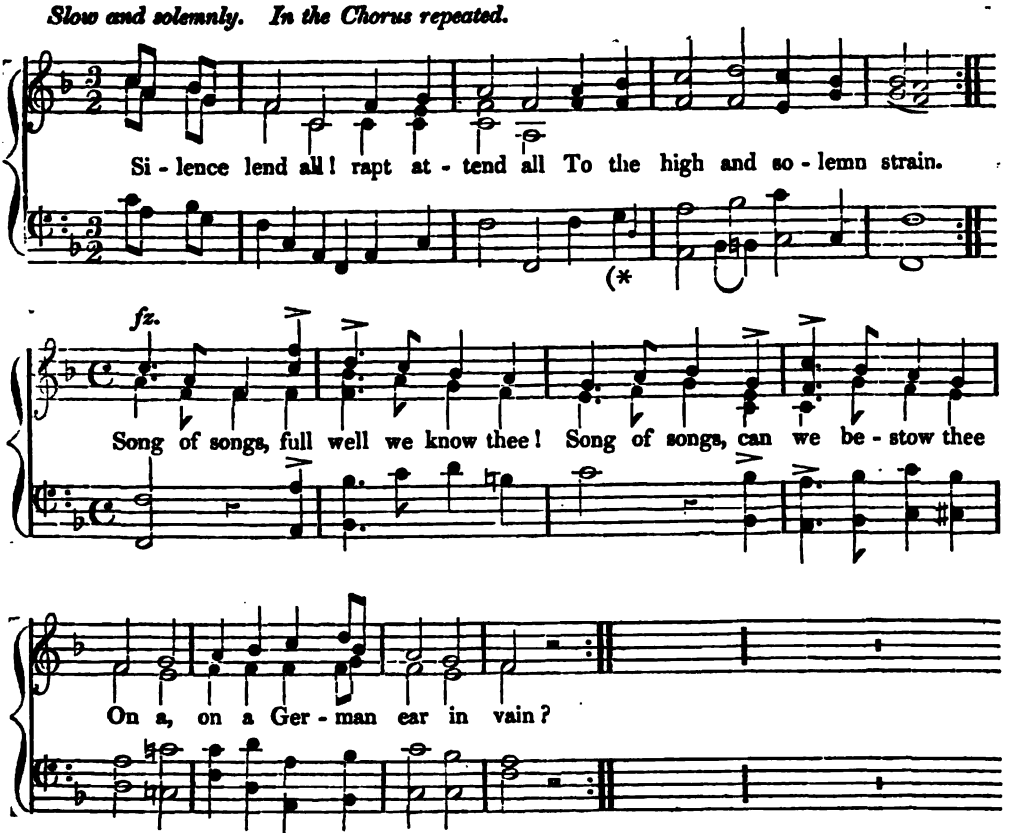
which, for the reason just stated, we have omitted; and, as these same verses in our translation make a very well-worded as well as spirited conclusion to a solemn patriotic song, we have omitted altogether the last verse, as being, for our undramatic edition, superfluous. This verse, moreover, is so Burschikos in its expression that, to an English ear, it would altogether disturb the *maestoso* tone of the whole.

"Live the prince whom I serve cheerly!
Live the maid whom I love dearly!
He for all and SHE for ME!"

Nothing could be more natural than this finalé in the mouth of a Bursch; it is a genuine touch of true young man's poetry; and with the befitting accompaniments of time, place, and person (wherever they can be procured,) on no account to be mutilated.

ALLES SGHWEIGE.—*Melody* IV.

Slow and solemnly. In the Chorus repeated.



Silence lend all!
Rapt, attend all
To the high and solemn strain!
Song of songs, full well we know thee!
Song of songs, can we bestow thee
On a German ear in vain?

Sons of Hermann!
Comrades German!
Sing your Fatherland's proud song!
Fatherland! thou land of glory,
Choose the sons that bow before thee
To avenge their country's wrong!

Life to give thee,
Only live we,
Thee we serve with heart and hand;
Gladly for thine honour die we,
Glad the cannon's mouth defy we,
At our Fatherland's command.

Whoso knows not,
Whoso glows not
With this high and holy zeal,
Shall not share our sacred union,
Shall not hold with men communion,
Not profane the German steel!

One and all sing!
Let the hall ring
With the praise to Deutschland due!
Take the sword that Germans swear by!
Take the sword that Burschen bear high!
And your sacred vows renew!

Bright with bold wine
From the old Rhine,
Take this goblet in thy hand!
Quaff the Rhenish bumper gleely,
Let thy true blood flow as freely
For our German Fatherland!

BENEDICITE.—*(Original.)*—To the same Air.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!

Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

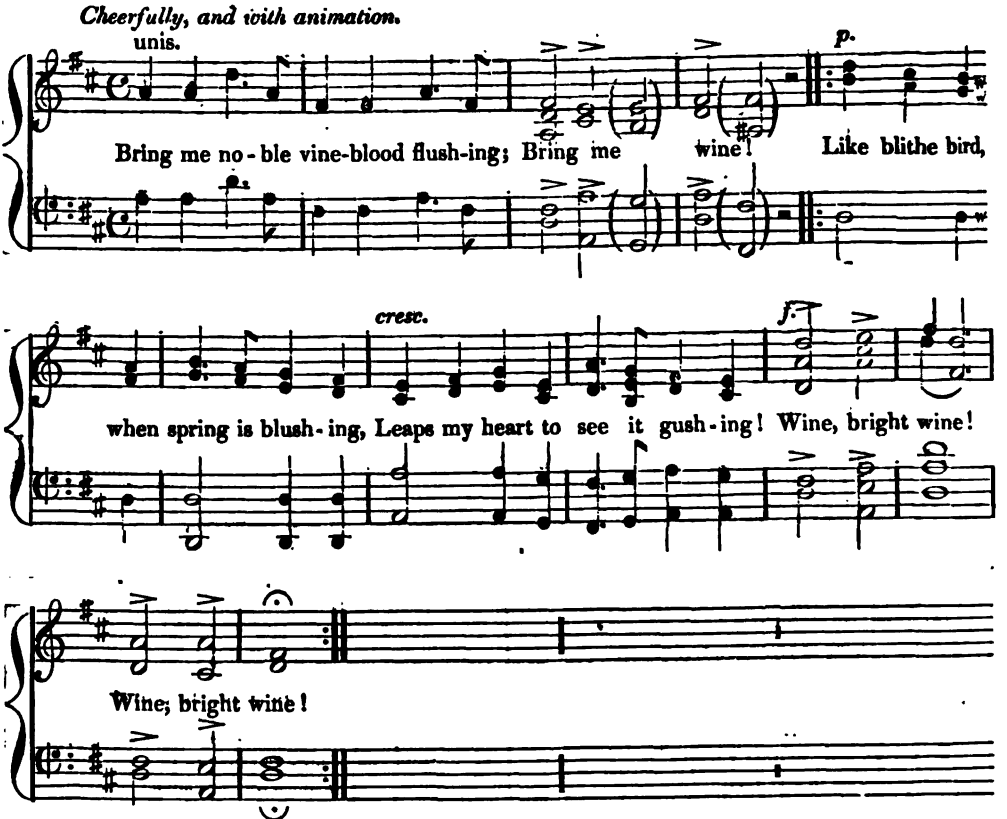
Rolling river
Praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Woodman lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise him ever,
Bounteous giver!
Praise him father, friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

Our second melody (No. V.) is, like the Bacchus blood of which it sings—rich without being luscious, strong without being tart. The words are by the celebrated Arndt; one of that multitudinous band of "lyre and sword" patriots who, in 1813, drove out Napoleon to bring in the King of Prussia, and whom the said King of Prussia turned adrift as soon as he found he had no more occasion for them. The people are bound to serve the king, but the king is not bound to serve the people.

"BRINGT MIR BLUT DER EDLEN REBEN."—*Melody* V.



Bring me noble vine-blood flushing,
Bring me wine!
Like blithe birds, when spring is blushing,
Leaps my heart to see it gushing,
Wine, bright wine!

Bring me maidens, fair and smiling,
With bright wine!
Maidens tricksy, witching, willing,
Sorrow-chasing, care-beguiling,
With bright wine!

Hail to thee, deep fount of feeling,
Wine, bright wine!
Wit is flashing, mirth is pealing,
Sun, and moon, and stars, are reeling
In bright wine!

Hail to thee, thou strength-inspiring
Wine, bright wine!
Fear, the thief, slinks off; and firing
Heroes' hope and high aspiring,
Lives strong wine.

Bring me truth, and love devoted,
With bright wine!
Honest German souls well-noted,
Honest German songs full-throated,
With bright wine!

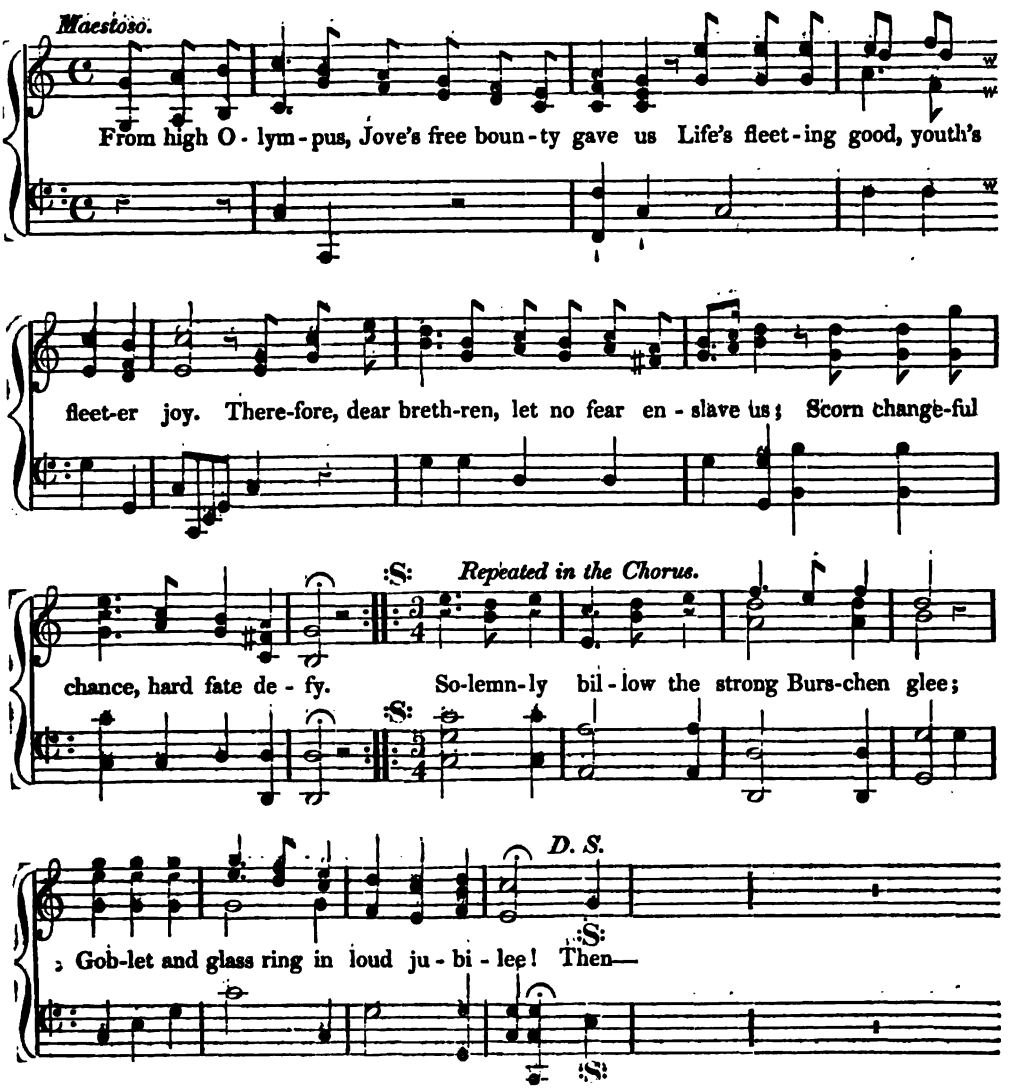
Fill yet once!—this cup is owing
Of bright wine
To the goddess, bright and glowing,
FREEDOM!—fill to overflowing
With bright wine!

No. VI. is a song, both the words and the air of which exemplify, in a striking manner, that mingling of religion with the cup, which we have noted as so characteristic of the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans. The air is one of the most popular of the Burschen melodies, and is sung, with various words, on many occasions of great pomp, solemnity, and seriousness. At school festivals and public examinations, it is often heard. Its tone of plaintive

resignation, coupled with the allusion to frail mortality, in the last verse, renders it peculiarly fitted for the funeral service; and the echoes of a sad occasion of this kind from the churchyard, without the north gate of Göttingen, are yet fresh in the ear of the present reporter.

"Wir weinen und wünschen die Ruhe hinab,
In unsers Bruders kühles Grab."

VOM HOHEN OLYMP.—*Melody* VI.



From high Olympus, Jove's free bounty gave us
Life's fleeting good, youth's fleeter joy;
Therefore, dear brethren, let no fear enslave us,
Scorn changeful chance, harsh fate defy—
Solemnly billow the strong Burschen glee!
Goblet and glass ring in loud jubilee!

When life is young, unnumbered joys before us
Flash, and around mirth's wild waves roar;
But when cold eve her thin grey veil draws o'er us,
We greet thy light, blithe sun, no more.
Solemnly, &c.

While God's high will extends life's rapid measure,
Drink Joy's full cup, fan flaming fires;
But when the curtain falls, depart with pleasure;
March with the word, sleep with your sires.
Solemnly, &c.

Brother this cup to her—thy heart doth name her;
Fill to the maid that loves thee, fill!
Let loud vivats with echoes blithe acclaim her,
Till in each nerve her bosom thrill!
Solemnly, &c.

And when pale death a brother's bond shall sever,
And Nature claim what Nature gave,
We weep and pray, may peace and rest be ever
On our dear brother's silent grave.
We weep and we pray o'er our brother's cool grave,
May God keep thy soul in his peace, brother brave!

The man who laughs loudest at the social banquet, will weep with the deepest and most plaintive sorrow over the grave of a friend; and such is the Bursch.

CORN-LAW RHYMES.

BY A DISCIPLE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men."—*Proverbs*, 30th chap., 14th verse.

I.

Behold the sacred truth!
The Corn Lords *these* be they;
Their's is a cruel sway
That knows no ruth.

They mar the face of earth
In insolence of power;
The while their brother's dower
Is toil and dearth.

The fulness of the land
Blasphemingly they hold;
Hard is their heart and cold,
And closed their hand.

Must mighty nature, crush'd,
Before these shadows bow?
Must justice veil her brow—
Her voice be hush'd?

How long shall "whited walls"
Their rottenness uphold?
Britons, be wise, be bold,
Injustice totters—falls!

II.

"No people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire."
—Bacon.

Take heed, ye rulers, lest our land,
For which a Sydney died,
Which ne'er yet lacked a patriot band,
Have pass'd her noon of pride.

The hearts ye rule with iron sway,
Are stalwart hearts and strong;
Right worthy of the realm are they
That thrill'd to Milton's song.

Pity yon pale-faced artisan
Whose hard-earned crumbs ye tax;
With eyes that lust for gain, ye scan
The very bread he lacks.

Loud hath he pray'd, and long and fast;
Tempt not a nation's strength:
The tree oft bends before the blast,
And yet may break at length.

What! would ye that a land like this
Should spirit-broken be?
Should coward stoop the rod to kiss,
Nor spurn its slavery?

Old England's reign of mind must cease,
If humbled to the dust;
Would ye now rule in pride, in peace,
Be merciful, be just!

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Life of the Rev. William Milne, D.D. By the Rev. Robert Philip, author of "The Life and Times of Bunyan," "Whitefield," &c. &c.

Dr Milne, the fellow-labourer in China of Dr Morrison, was, in boyhood, the playmate of his biographer, the Rev. Robert Philip. He was a young rustic, literally a herd-boy, in Aberdeenshire, when missionary enterprise first awakened the holy ardour of many youths in humble life, and, it is to be feared, inspired others with motives of mixed and questionable character. To the latter class Milne did not belong. The account of the boyhood of Milne, and the history of his spiritual fathers—the blacksmiths, basket-makers, and weavers of a poor and wild moorland district,—men rich only in knowledge, in faith, and in good works, is, to our feelings at least, exceedingly interesting. When our readers have perused the following passage, many of them, we are persuaded, will sympathize with us. The author begins with sketching the peculiar scenery of his bleak native district; and it is a picture which will be recognised, not without emotion, by many a Scottish wanderer:—

It is hardly either sublime or beautiful scenery; but there is enough of both in it to make one feel that even a shepherd boy of ordinary talents, who is out in all weathers, could not be utterly uninfluenced by it. William Milne certainly was not. I am not quite sure now that I have been *with* him upon the corner of the hill above Reekhouse, when we were boys, admiring the windings of "the bonny Boggie," in the valley between the hills and the mountains, but I remember well the mutual zest with which we often talked of these scenes,

"O'er the hills and far awa,"

when we met in England. We had both mused as well as played upon the same spots, and sat upon the same grey-stones and mossy hillocks, gazing at old Noth, the throne of the clouds, and at the ruins of old Reekhouse, the castle in the valley. Our lips and hands had often been as blue as blaverts [blawarts?] with blackberries, gathered among the heather-knolls and etnach [juniper] bushes. Besides, those spots were dear to us both, as ground hallowed by the memory of our pastor, Mr Cowie of Huntly, who sometimes preached and catechised in the neighbourhood; and by the labours of the elders, who often visited the Sabbath Schools in turn. We had thus been under the same teachers, although not in the same school, and retained an equal love to them. The Nathaniel-like spirit of John Leslie, the Ezekiel-like sublimity of Saunders Sievewright, the Paul-like shrewdness of William Smith, and the Jacob-like unction of James Cruikshank, had alternately awed and interested us. They loved us, too, from the time they saw anything hopeful about us—perhaps even before. This pleased us then, and it amazed us afterwards. We only thought of them, then, as the best men in Huntly, among many good men: but when we first met in England, we spoke of them as *wonderful* men, for we had found no parallels to them anywhere in the same rank of life. We thus discovered that our minds had been brought into contact with *genius* as well as extraordinary piety, although we knew it not at the moment. . . . . Both the mountains and the men rendered his [Milne's] young spirit thoughtful, when he began to pray among the sheep-folds. Even then, he felt that it was *sublime* "to sit on the top of a hill, reading the lives of the Martyrs; admiring their patience and fortitude in suffering, and seeing them 'overcome' their enemies, by the blood of the Lamb, and the Word of their testimony."

It was "The Cloud of Witnesses," not "Fox's Book of Martyrs," that awoke the emotions of Milne the herd-

boy. Of the above humble worthies, Adam Sievewright was the chief instrument in the conversion of the future Missionary to China, the coadjutor of Dr Morison in translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language, and forming the Chinese Dictionary. Dr Philip's presentation of this lowly and pious man, Adam Sievewright, is graphic and, we will answer for it, correct; though we may have some doubts, or perhaps it is mere difference of taste, about "the *melting* and *gentle* tones" of a genuine Aberdonian voice.

"I remember," says Dr Philip, "this meek, and lowly, and lovely Christian well. His melting tones and gentle voice seem even now falling upon me. I see him yet at the 'ingle-neuk' in his cottage; seated amidst his bundles of *sauchen wands* (willow twigs) twisting a butter-basket, and talking about the glories of the Covenant of Grace to young Milne! He set him to learn basket-making too, whilst, like Aquilla instructing Apollos, 'he taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly.' But one night, on parting, he put 'Boston's Four-Fold State,' into his hands, with a solemn charge that it should be read prayerfully. It was so; but it stopped Milne's basket-making. The good old man observed this, and asked him one day, "William, what has become of the basket now?" "Oh," he answered, "I have got *other* work to do now." . . Just at this crisis, the venerable Cowie came to preach at Adam Sievewright's house; and took for his text, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be *with you all*." Adam used to say of that sermon, "Oh, but the minister had more than usual *freedim* that nicht. Eh, sirs, it was a *saavoury sermon!* So it proved. My friends, captivity was turned 'like streams of water in the south.'"

It is delightful, even to those who know nothing about Cowie, to note the fervent and affectionate admiration with which Dr Philip, his pupil and protegé, (as we believe,) speaks of him.

Missionary zeal was flaming high about the period of Milne's attention being strongly turned to religion, and Strathbogie was "the very cradle of missions," as it is now of something which, if not so universal, is not much less important to Scotland. He aspired to become an Apostle to the Heathen; and he was, accordingly, sent to Gosport, to receive, along with other young men, the instructions of Dr Bogue. The *Kirk* had not then, nor for long afterwards, taken up missions. Before sailing for China, Milne married a young woman of Aberdeen, another of the early friends of his biographer, and the fit helpmate of a Missionary.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to the labours of Dr Milne, and the personal history of that worthy pair, for whom their biographer expresses those partialities of early friendship which are felt to be amiable even when carried to excess. The same desire which William Milne felt to be a Missionary, led Rachel Cowie to long to become a Missionary's wife. The idea first took possession of her mind after being present at an Anniversary Sermon of the Society; and "the romantic" idea never again left her. She seems to have been an energetic, cheerful-spirited, active, and shrewd person, with that high sense of duty which made her admirably fulfil all the social relations. Her father had been unfortunate in trade, and Rachel was early put to learn "a branch of the millinery business." Her affectionate husband, in a brief memoir, written after her death, records her virtues; and from it we extract this encouraging example to the independent exertions of young women:—

The time now approached when Rachel's trials were to begin. Her mother, through accumulated infirmities, was frequently unable to leave her chamber. For some time her father's business had been on the decline. . . . He became insolvent. To Rachel this was a source of unspeakable anxiety. Her only surviving brother, scarcely out from school, could not well do for himself. Her sister, with a young family, could render no assistance. Her parents, now both infirm, and greatly harassed by inconsiderate and unmerciful requisitions, had no means of supporting their old age. A conscientious wish to discharge the demands of their creditors, as far as possible, led them to give up everything except their wearing apparel and a few books. It was in these circumstances that the filial affection of Rachel shone forth conspicuously. It had ever been their aim, in the course of her education, to form in her mind rational and sober views of life, and to fix her attention most on those acquirements which are the most useful—which endure the test of afflictions, and which wear to the last hour of life; and they were themselves among the first to reap the advantages. Rachel, seeing the declining state of her father's business, thought it her duty beforehand to make preparations for future exigencies. She, accordingly, with the consent of her parents, began business in the millinery line, partly with a view to provide for them in the case of insolvency. She had only a few pounds of money of her own to begin with, but she borrowed from a friend; and being conscious that her motives were upright and honourable, she earnestly prayed that God would prosper the work of her hands, and preserve her from the snares to which her new situation would expose her. Her efforts were so far crowned with success that, in a few months, she was able to repay what she had borrowed, to furnish a house comfortably, and to leave something over.

This seems rather quick work, but it is probable that the husband did not know exactly the number of the months, or else Rachel had found some adventitious aid.

She now took her destitute parents both to her own house, and supported them by her labour, nursed them with the utmost tenderness in their afflictions, attended them in their last moments, saw them die in the hope of the glory of God, and interred their mortal remains with decency and respect. . . . Ten thousand of blessings were daily implored to rest upon her head; and the expiring parents both expressed to her a hope that God would make all her bed in her sickness, and raise up kind and tender-hearted friends to her in every extremity; which hope was actually realized in the course of her future life."

To his friend's record of the filial piety of a beloved wife, Dr Philip adds:—"I was not seldom her companion on Sunday afternoons to visit her parents, when we gave them an outline of Dr Philip's morning sermon, while we drank tea with them. Angels would have enjoyed these visits—the interchange of love between the venerable parents and their devoted daughter was so full of both nature and grace! I owe much to these interviews; and not least to the regularity of the old lady in always saying, in good time, 'Now, my good *children*, it is quite time to get ready for the chapel,' as if I too had been one of her family."

It was probably at this time that the idea of becoming a missionary's wife was often sportively alluded to by this excellent young woman. We cannot say whether or not her pious companion to Dr Philip's chapel—who must have been several years younger than herself—was Jacob-ly inclined towards the amiable Rachel; but he states that these *playful* allusions always made him solemn; perhaps he means that he had a presentiment of her fate. "Not all the *glee*," he says, "with which she painted missionary life, on coral shores, and under banyan and bread-fruit trees, could hide the secret of her heart. She evidently made her pictures extravagant, just that she might conceal her wishes. This was years before Mr Milne knew her. Then she used to say to me, 'If Dr Bogue now wanted a wife, and would marry such a *little wee boddie* as myself, and go abroad, what a nice missionary pair we should make.'" Some of this lively

and excellent person's letters, while on the outward voyage with her husband, are published in the Memoir. She died at Malacca, in her thirty-sixth year, leaving several young children. Perhaps we have said more about this volume than will be generally interesting, and yet we hope not. With its missionary portion we have not intermeddled.

Prince Albert and the House of Saxony; with a Memoir of the Reigning Family of Saxe-Coburg. By Frederick Shoberl, Esq.

The first of these works of the hour, is a neat volume for the drawing-room table, the contents of which correspond exactly to the title. The attachment of Queen Victoria to her cousin is here represented as of very early date. It was resumed and strengthened upon the visit of the Prince and his family to England, to witness her Majesty's coronation. From that hour, the "brilliant destinies" of Albert were the theme of rumour at all the Continental Courts. In the winter of 1838, he and his brother made the tour of Italy. On his return, the first object that met the eyes of Prince Albert, in his private apartments in his father's palace, was the portrait of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes; a present transmitted by the Queen during his absence, and intended to give him an agreeable surprise on his return home.

Prince Albert, his Country, and Kindred, &c.

The other work, "Prince Albert, his Country and Kinsmen," is an agreeable discursive essay on German history, literature, and manners, illustrated with woodcuts, and containing as much about the Queen's chosen as may satisfy any reasonable degree of curiosity, even in very young ladies.

A Legend of Florence. By Leigh Hunt.

Few circumstances connected with pure literature have diffused more general, and, which he will prefer, more genial satisfaction throughout the world of letters, than that Leigh Hunt should have produced an eminently successful drama. It is in every way a triumph, and one of that kind which yields as much delight as just pride to the author. The play has been so much admired and run after, so eagerly perused in the closet as well as witnessed on the stage, that, even in the short space that has elapsed since its publication, we must conclude our readers as well acquainted with it as ourselves. The drama is exceedingly characteristic of the author's peculiarities, or rather of the idiosyncrasies of his genius; and yet he has managed to bring forward his "stout notions on the marrying score" with the singular tact and delicacy which, for once, has shut the mouth of the adversary.

Moxon's Edition of the Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford.

This is a companion volume to the Falstaffian edition of Shakspeare, lately edited by Campbell, and to the dramatic works, in one volume, of Ben Jonson. The introduction, filling sixty of the ample pages, is written by Hartley Coleridge, with competent knowledge and learning, and, which is much better, warm sympathy with the weaknesses, calamities, and evil chances of men of genius. The previous labours of Gifford have properly been made subservient to the perfecting of this edition.

Chivalry and the Eglinton Tournament. By James Aikman, Esq.

A set of plates which, though very coarsely coloured, are well drawn, and give a good, broad, and even lively notion of the leading scenes of the Eglinton Spectacle, is prefaced by an "Historical Sketch of Chivalry," written in a light and popular vein; and a Memoir of the ancient and illustrious family of the Lord of the Tournament. To these are appended a minute account of its progress during "the Three Rainy days," and of the various dresses; from the costume of the Queen of Beauty to that of the pipers and beef-eaters. So that, on the whole, this thin royal quarto, with its coloured illustrations, is the most complete *Book of the Tournament* which has yet appeared. The drawings are by Mr Gordon, and are so full of truth and spirit, though mere rude outlines, that one regrets to see them so bedaubed in the colouring; a fault which ought and might easily be remedied.

The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal; their Persecutions, and Expatriation from the Tyrol. Translated from the German, by J. B. Saunders.

How is it that Protestantism tends to increase in every country in which the Roman Catholic religion is established, and falls off only in Ireland, where, for centuries, there has been the most extravagantly endowed Protestant Establishment (in relation to numbers and extent of territory) that the world ever beheld? There must be a reason for this state of things; and it is one not difficult to discover. The above question is suggested to us by the subject-matter of the small volume named above.

In Zillerthal, a valley of the Tyrol—a Catholic country—the spirit of Protestantism, or of purely Bible religion, broke out about a dozen years ago among the peasantry, without any intervention whatever of priest or missionary, but simply from the people themselves reading the Bible inherited from their ancestors, and having some little commercial intercourse with Protestant communities. As the Austrian Government would not tolerate their worship in Zillerthal, they resolved to leave their fatherland, which, after an unsatisfactory negotiation with the Government, carried on for more than ten years, they were at length able to effect. The Emperor offered them a retreat in one of his Protestant States; but they chose to remove to the Prussian dominions, the King of Prussia being willing to receive and protect them. The work is devoted to a narrative of the heretical movement in Zillerthal; the social and religious position of the people, until the time of their emigration; and an account of their pilgrimage through Germany, on their route to Silesia. The anxiety of the Catholic clergy to win back these strayed sheep to the true fold was very great. Beyond the great fact of the refusal of the Government to tolerate their worship, "the persecution of the Zillerthals" was of a mild character indeed, compared with what we have been accustomed to think of as persecution. Nearly 500 of these people *voluntarily* left their country, not that they might enjoy entire freedom of worship, not to have the free choice of their own pastors and teachers, but to transfer themselves to the *Established Protestant* Church of another country. When a Protestant landlord clears his Irish estates of Catholic peasantry on account of their religion—clears it of native Irish, who owned and cultivated the soil for centuries before his English ancestors obtained a grant of its confiscated acres—no one ventures to call that persecution. Oh, no! that is merely the legitimate exercise of proprietary rights. Or when a Protestant divine, with pistol, proctor, and Peeler, collects his tithe-levy from a poor Catholic farmer, no one calls that persecution. It is law—the law of the land; exactly similar in character to that law under which John Thorogood is now immured in Chelmsford jail. On the whole, the persecution of the Zillerthal exiles—

the religion of the country and the arbitrary character of the Government considered—was of a mild nature, when compared with persecutions nearer home. Protestantism was a startling novelty in the Tyrol when, in 1826, this anomalous heresy broke out; while here the Church and the State have been persecuting Protestant dissent for centuries, and up to the passing hour. Among the other persecutions of the heretics of Zillerthal, was prohibition of the rites of marriage and burial—the very measure which the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has just adopted with the recusants of Strathbogie. Of how old a date is the English Dissenters' Marriage Act, or the persecution of the poor widow for setting up a tombstone to her husband's memory, and hundreds more of persecutions—grievous persecutions—in our Ecclesiastical Courts?

The Monk and the Married Man. By the Authoress of "Misrepresentation," "Janet," &c.

This Novel may have a temporary popularity, from the No-Popery frenzy of the hour. Yet it is not the work of a bigot. The authoress (Julia Rattary Waddington, spinster, or matron?) is, on the contrary, fully as severe upon certain evangelicals as upon the Catholics; though the story terminates with the conversion of a bigotted Catholic gentleman, through the beautiful example of his Protestant wife, and the discovery of the base arts, or pious frauds of priests and Catholic dignitaries. The Catholics, we imagine, will say that this author misunderstands or misrepresents some of their doctrines. Novels we should fancy the last place in the world for religious controversy. Is there not one nook to be left in the domains of literature for quiet tranquil enjoyment, in these renewed times of England's troubles?

Musings for the Multitude. By S. R. G.

We have here a small bundle of rhymes, by a clever town-bred mechanic, who displays quick parts, though not quite those of a Burns or an Elliott, and who has still a good deal to learn, with—which is ever the more difficult task—a great deal to unlearn. As a favourable specimen of the *Musings*, we quote this lively song:—

THE WORKING CLASSES, O!

Come, then, my honest grey-goose quill,
Thou shalt expose the fallacies,
And shew the pride that lingers still
In rich men and their palaces.
List to a bit of beggar's rhyme,
Ye wealthy lads and lasses, O;
In humble lays I sing the praise
Of all the working classes, O.

Chorus.

God bless the working classes, O!
God save the working classes, O!
Re-echo round the glorious sound,
God save the working classes, O!

Who make your sweetly plaintive lutes,
Your laces, wigs, and boddices:
Rouge, satins, silks, and wedding suits,
Tell me, ye gods and goddesses?
Ye dim-eyed dandies, know ye not,
Whence come your opera glasses, O!
But folks of rank ne'er deign to thank
Their friends, the working classes, O!

Who make the combs, your hair that parts,
If auburn, brown, or carroty?
Whence come the clothes that warm your hearts,
Which are as cold as charity?
Ye are dependant on the poor,
In every hour that passes, O!
All things of worth, upon the earth,
Spring from the working classes, O!

The Inaugural Addresses of the Lords Rectors of Glasgow, and an Historical Sketch of the University, &c. &c. By John Barras Hay.

This is a very handsome volume, elegantly embellished, and one that will be acceptable, we should imagine, to all who have been, or are connected with the Glasgow University. At one time, Glasgow was famous for learned Professors; of late it has been more celebrated for eloquent Lords Rectors—all of them eminent, even among the eminent men of their age, and one or two the foremost of living men. Need we name Brougham, Campbell, Stanley, Peel, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and others? In this volume the inaugural address of Mr Henry Cockburn, now Lord Cockburn, appears, for the first time, in print. It seems not a little strange that, among so many accomplished orators, Burke alone should have failed. When elected Lord Rector, in 1783, this eloquent and practised speaker became so confused that he abruptly abandoned the attempt—"unable to address," he said, "so learned an assembly."

The Czar: a Romance of History. By the Author of "Mannella," "the Executioner's Daughter," &c. &c.

A bright and animated romance is "the Czar," displaying knowledge of the country in which the scene is laid, and no mean artistic skill. The hero of the romance is the monster, Ivan Vassiliyitch; and a more striking picture of the far-reaching and diabolical influences of despotism has seldom been produced in a fiction than this sketch of his career. But the characters of Ivan and his satellites are no fiction. Truth is even veiled and softened, to render them barely tolerable to the English reader. The story is connected with English sympathies, by the introduction of the English physician to the Czar, and his daughter; and the ambassador of Elizabeth (Sir Thomas Randolph) to the Court of Russia. The Court of Nicholas will not greatly relish this faithful and spirited description of the Court of Ivan Vassiliyitch, long, in every way, as is the interval between them.

The Drama of a Life. By Edmund Reade. Author of "Italy," and "The Deluge."

This is a Dramatic Poem, in one volume.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, SERIAL WORKS, AND NEW EDITIONS, &c. &c.

A DICTIONARY GEOGRAPHICAL, STATISTICAL, and HISTORICAL. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. [Part I. of a work, the utility of which will be at once acknowledged, has appeared, and one for which the author, from his previous investigations, may be presumed to possess peculiar qualifications. While compiling the Commercial Dictionary, he states that a work of this kind was kept in view. The work is not meant to be too discursive; and, as it is intended for the especial use of Englishmen, due space and pre-eminence are to be given to those objects esteemed the most important to them. The name of the compiler is a guarrantee for the general correctness of the book, and for as great accuracy as is attainable in any undertaking of the kind.]

THE GLASGOW POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA or CONVERSATIONS LEXICON, Part 53d. Three more numbers are to complete this work. That before us is supplemental, and contains a few interesting Scottish biographies—as that of Galt, Hogg, Mrs Grant of Laggan, &c., &c.

CANADIAN SCENERY. Part I. The drawings by BARTLETT; the letter-press by N. P. WILLIS. [This work is exactly in the style of Bartlett's *Switzerland*. The literary department, so far as we may judge, is in-

tended to be more systematic than is usual in such works. There are several pretty and characteristic views in Part I.; as *Rapids, near the village of Cedars*; *Quebec*; and *a Wigwam in the Forest*, with squaws, canoes, and other accessories.]

History of Napoleon. [The memoir published by Tyas, has reached the thirteenth part, and the Treaty of Tilsit; so a great deal still remains, before we reach the cypresses of St Helena. The work is almost overlaid with illustrations, which, from the sameness of the subjects, become rather tedious by repetition.

Truth not Favour, or, the Fundamental Principle of Dissent, Examined by a Dissenter. [This writer having come gently round himself, and, from a strict, having become a very *liberal*, Dissenter, almost a Churchman, but a Low-Church Churchman, an admirer of Lord John Russell, but not of the Bishop of Exeter, wishes to shew cause for the change which has come over his opinions, and made him the moderate friend of Establishments and Endowments.]

The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham. [A reprint of an old *chap-book*, long known under the same name, with various additions; but much inferior to the "wisdom of our ancestors," of the same kind, once so current in Germany and Scotland.]

The Anti-Christian Character of the Corn-Laws, &c., &c. By George Troup of the *Montrose Review*. [Were this excellent pamphlet, which contains the heartfelt sentiments of a right-minded and earnest man, not so very low-priced as to be within every one's reach, we should certainly feel it our duty to make copious extracts from it. As it is, we recommend it especially to the Christian world; to those who profess to be the friends of the widow and the orphan, the poor and the needy; but who will not interfere to procure the remission of the cruel impost upon the bread of the fatherless and the poor, because that, forsooth! is meddling with politics, and religious persons have no business with politics.]

What Fellenberg has done for Education. [A sensible little treatise, written by a friend to education, who rightly believes that what Fellenberg has done in his own country, an English Fellenberg might do in ours; and who, in shewing what great things Fellenberg alone has accomplished, earnestly exhorts his own countrymen to be up and doing.]

The Christian's Book of Gems. [This is the prettiest selection of sacred poetry that we have seen for a long while; and the *Gems* are as choice as their setting is elegant. No better book-gift, of a serious character, can be offered to a young person than this.]

Walker's Manly Exercises. Sixth Edition. [As we have already mentioned this work with the approbation which it deserves, we have now only to say, that the new edition is beautifully embellished with plates and vignettes, and enriched by appropriate additions on relevant subjects.]

The Jesuit. A new translation of Spindler's novel, which, is not, we fear, over and above required. [This story somewhat condensed, is already translated for the "Library of Romance." It is, however, a work of considerable power, and not unworthy of being again pressed upon the attention of English romance readers and students of the science of human nature. Not that we believe, that however the Superiors of the Society of Jesus thought and acted, they ever talked in this style. The present anti-Catholic mania, may give interest to the book, though not of a healthy kind.]

Life of Wellington. [The 7th and 8th Parts of Major Jackson and Captain Rockfort Scott's "Life" have appeared. The one Part brings down the History of the Peninsular War to the affair of Ciudad Rodrigo, at the opening of the campaign of 1813. The work would be quite as accurately entitled, a History of the Peninsular War, as a Memoir of Wellington.]

Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, Part VI. [Mr Blaine this month treats his readers with the exciting, and almost romantic sport of hawking; and with prints of hawks, falcons, and the birds they prey upon, and numerous illustrations of that aristocratic amusement. *Shooting*, as a Field Sport, is commenced in this part; and the author is erudite and scientific on its implements and materials, guns and gunpowder, and fire-arms generally.]

The Indicator, Part I., and Beaumont and Fletcher's Work, Part II., have been added to Moxon's handsome reprints, and also Captain Basil Hall's Entertaining Voyage to the Great Loo-Choo Island. [We need not say that the *Indicator* is one of the pleasantest literary sketch-books in the language, and Leigh Hunt's most popular work. It is to be completed by another Part.]

The Pictorial Shakspere, Part XVI., presents us with Othello, beautifully Illustrated, and accompanied by a variety of interesting notes.

Yarrell's British Birds, Part XVII. is devoted to the *Doves* and *Pheasants*. The wood-cuts, with subjects so charming, are among the finest in this delightful work.

Ward's Library of Standard Divinity, a valuable series, has produced The Biblical Antiquities of Dr John Jahn. [This work, originally very bulky, and written in German, was abridged and written in Latin by its author, the Professor of Oriental History in the University of Vienna. It was lately translated by Thomas C. Upham, a professor in one of the endless Colleges of the United States, and is re-printed for this Library. It is a book esteemed by biblical scholars, and in its present form it is one that will be found highly useful to biblical students.]

Mr Macgillivray, the author of British Birds, has published a brief Manual of Geology, the first of a series of elementary scientific treatises, which he announces.

An English Grammar, edited by the Rev. Branden Turner, has appeared.

A Grammar of French Grammars. By Mr de Fivas, French master of the Edinburgh High School. [A careful and useful digest, which will form a safe and intelligent guide to inexperienced teachers, as well as to scholars.]

The Truth of Revelation, demonstrated by an appeal to existing monuments, sculptures, gems, coins, and medals. By John Murray.

Christian Reasons of a Member of the Church of England for being a Reformer. By Ross D. Mangles, Esq.

Deliciæ Literariæ; a New Volume of Table Talk. [This collection of tid-bits is made by that great compiler *Anon*. It possesses the merits of rarity, brevity, and novelty, which is saying something for any cousin-german of Joe Miller.]

The Sideral Heavens. By Thomas Dick, LL.D., Author of the "Christian Philosopher." [Dr Dick is so well known by his previous estimable treatises, in which science is systematically taught, though popularly illustrated, that it is not requisite to say much of an instructive work on a great subject, but which does not aspire to originality in the mode of treating it. The speculation and discussion bear small proportion to the facts yet the tenor of the work is perhaps too discursive.]

On the Influence of Artificial Light in Causing Impaired Vision. By Dr James Hunter, Surgeon to the Eye Dispensary of Edinburgh.

The subject of this practical treatise is one coming home, more or less closely, to every member of society having eyes, and using them to any useful purpose after sunset. We believe that the deleterious effects of gas-light on the eyes is not so great as is imagined by some; and are convinced that Dr Hunter has hit the mark, when he imputes the pernicious consequences, not to the use of good gas-light, but to that excess to which its comparative cheapness tempts; yet, every one reading and writing by gas-light, for any length of time, must have more or less experienced those inconveniences, or bad consequences, the causes of which are here investigated. To engravers, compositors, correctors of the press, females employed in fine needle-work, and many other classes of persons, the injurious effects of all artificial light in excess, and where ventilation is neglected, must be still greater than to students. Good gas-light, made from parrot or cannel coal, such as is used in Edinburgh, is here considered among the least hurtful of artificial lights; though the impure kinds made from sea coal, as in London, and not properly purified, are about the most noxious. It is the bad quality of the gas which has prevented this economical, elegant, and convenient mode of lighting from being generally adopted in London, and which has indeed created a well-founded prejudice against its use in private houses. Without the aid of the figures, we could not accurately convey to our readers Dr Hunter's plans either for ventilation, where gas is used, or for shades fixed on lamps, as a protection to the eyes; which last, by the way, as a general preservative, he imagines greatly overrated. We shall, however, copy out his description of a reflector, which, being of a simple kind, he considers the most generally useful. The uses of it are to add to the blue rays which are found deficient in all artificial light, and to abstract the red and yellow rays that are found in excess, and thus improve the colour of artificial light; another method is recommended, but we rest contented here with what is the most generally useful.

All that is requisite is, to provide a conical reflector, the inner surface of which should be stained or painted of a sky-blue or azure colour; this reflector must be placed round the flame in the way that is represented in Figures, &c. &c. [that is, fastened exactly over the lamp.] The effect of this arrangement is, that all the light passing upwards and downwards is intercepted by the sloping sides of the reflector; its red and yellow rays are absorbed, while the blue ones, reflected downwards, are made to combine with, and improve the bad colour of the light proceeding directly from the flame. The reflectors may be made of any convenient material, such as silk, tinted paper, or painted metal. . . . . The most durable, and, perhaps the best, are made of tin-plate or sheet-brass, bronzed on the outside, and painted of a light sky-blue colour on the inside.

Dr Hunter also suggests that the chimneys and shades of lamps be made of blue tinted glass, where the reflector above described would be inappropriate or inelegant, as in common sitting-rooms; and he points out the natural consequence that the blue tinted chimney and shade, if used along with the blue reflector, would more completely gain the desired end. The mode of fixing these reflectors is represented in the figures, and is easily understood. Dr Hunter places the comparative purity of artificial light in the following order:—1st, Oil Gas; 2d, Naphtha; 3d, Sperm Oil; 4th, Coal Gas, as made in Edinburgh from the best parrot coal; 5th, Wax; 6th, Spermaceti; and coarse oils and dipped candles he places lowest in the scale. All coloured light is injurious, but blue the least so; red is the worst of all, both from the strength of the rays and their heating power.

But we leave this sensible and valuable treatise to the reader, aware that the subject is one that must excite general attention while men's eyes are precious to them.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

NOTHING has occurred during the month to induce us to change the opinion we expressed in our last number, that no harm would ensue to the country, were Parliament at its rising to adjourn over next year. Little or nothing has been done, from which the People will derive any benefit; but, as usual, additions have been weekly made to their burdens. Last year, the excess of expenditure over income, was one million and a half. This year, owing to the distressed state of trade and of the country generally, the deficiency will be much greater. If new taxes must necessarily be imposed, we hope an addition to the land-tax will not be overlooked. Last year, the army was increased by 5,000 men, on account of the Canadian war; this year, it has been increased 8,000, on account of the Chinese war. There are, at present, 14,000 troops of the line in Canada; and considering that—taking into view all expenses—each soldier costs £100, the retention of that miserable dependency, which will be taken from us, or revolt, whenever we have nourished it sufficiently, costs the people of this country, for soldiers alone, nearly one million and a half a-year. The most important business which has been transacted in the present session of Parliament, is the appointment of a select committee "to inquire into the effects produced on the circulation of the country by various banking establishments issuing notes payable on demand." In the discussion which ensued, the observations of Mr Hume and Sir R. Peel were alone worthy of remark. The former said, that he considered it essential to the utility of the inquiry, that the question whether the currency was on a sound basis or not, should be open to discussion in the committee. He certainly entertained a very different opinion now from that which he had formerly held, on the subject of the currency of this country. In France, where the circulating medium had been almost entirely metallic, since 1791, there had been little variation in the exchanges, and much satisfaction on the part of the People. Since 1791, there had been only two pamphlets published in France on the subject of the currency; whereas he had been informed that Mr Richardson of Cornhill had himself published no fewer than *two thousand* pamphlets on the currency question, within the last two years and a half. Mr Hume declared himself almost a convert to having nothing but a metallic currency. Sir Robert Peel did not think that Parliament could consent to an inquiry which had the currency for its basis, without leading many to suppose that the present system was no longer to be maintained; and he for one declared that, however plausible might be the reasons for entering into such an investigation, Parliament had conclusively determined on a metallic currency, and on the present standard of value.

The question of the abolition of the punishment of death, in all cases, is making a slow but steady progress. Our very decided opinion is, that, under no circumstances whatever, is one man or set of men entitled to take the life of another. Whether the punishment of death, therefore, be more or less efficacious than other punishments, is a point which we consider it unnecessary to discuss.

We are much inclined to think that death is not the punishment which great criminals fear most, and that therefore it is not the most effectual in repressing crime. Against capital punishments mankind have, in all ages and in all countries, revolted. While every other person connected with the punishment of criminals has been held in respect by the people, the executioner—the last officer of the law, *the common hangman*—has been universally loathed, and his person has hardly ever been safe from the attacks of the populace. A system of laws which brings those who are intrusted with the execution of them, even while they remain unquestionably within the strict limits of their own duty, into contempt and disgust, cannot stand on any sure foundation. But an enlightened House of Commons thinks otherwise. When Mr Ewart, on the 5th of March, moved—"That it is expedient that the punishment of death should be abolished," the saints and the sinners—the unhanged of every creed—joined together, and defeated the motion by 161 to 90. This, however, is a gain on the last division. Let Mr Ewart go on, and success is certain.

As we anticipated at the outset of the quarrel between the Commons and the Queen's Bench, the former have been forced to yield. A little more historical reading might have saved Lord John Russel the humility of his defeat; for he would have found that, in all previous quarrels, the courts of law came off victorious. Whether the *attempt to legislate* will succeed any better than *the attempt to brow-beat*, is exceedingly doubtful. It is not likely that the House of Lords will be inclined to give any aid to the Commons in extricating themselves from the false position in which they stand. At all events, the predicament in which the Whigs have placed themselves is miserable. They are forced to appeal to that House which, only a few years ago, they declared a nuisance, by every organ they possessed—for protection against Stockdale; in the perfect knowledge that Stockdale is stimulated and aided in his proceedings by many eminent members of that body to whose shield they appeal for protection against the common law.

THE CORN LAWS.

The Corn Law Agitation goes on well in England; for there, the working classes have had the sense to join the middle class, and carry, or at least attempt to carry, one step of practical Reform, the obtaining of cheap food; which, we must fairly admit, appears to us to be of more consequence to the masses than cheap gambouge; for, to our certain knowledge, plethora, in any of its shapes, is not the disease of which working men have of late years died. The Charter is desirable, merely because, if it were obtained, no industrious man, in any rank of society, need want either breakfast, dinner, or supper. This is all that can be made of the Charter, and there is little chance of carrying the Charter for some time; but the objects which the working classes wish to obtain, can be much more easily secured in another way. The middle classes have gained two great objects of late years for themselves and the community generally, by management: the reduction of newspaper taxation, and the penny-post. Let the working classes take a lesson.

The great body of the people of this country are ignorant of the nature of the government under which they live. They think it is a monarchy—a "limited monarchy." It is so in appearance, and limited enough it is unquestionably; but the truth is, that the real power of the country is centred in a few of the great aristocratic families. We believe, that out of Venice, there never was a more complete oligarchy than exists in this country. The Queen is merely their servant; and so they treat her on every occasion. Of this heartless, sycophantish oligarchy, which insults the Throne, and tramples on the People by turns, the Corn Laws are at once the opprobrium and the support. As long as they exist, no improvement of the constitution or extension of the suffrage, none of the objects for which the body of the People are striving, can be secured. The Corn Laws, by giving wealth, influence, power, are the great panoply of abuse.

HIGHLAND DESTITUTION.

The Human Race a Nuisance in the North.—The periodical cry of destitution, as we predicted last year, has again been raised by the Highland lairds; but, apparently ashamed again to come a-begging to their southern neighbours for subscriptions, which eventually reach their own pockets in the shape of rents, the attack, this year, is on the public treasury, for funds to export the peasantry from their estates—peasantry who are better entitled to a subsistence from the soil on which Providence has placed them, than any chieftain or laird in all the Highlands, be his titles or estates what they may. We take some credit to ourselves for compelling the greedy Highland aristocracy to change the mode of their attack on the money of the public; for our articles, in former years, found extensive circulation in the newspapers, particularly in those of the West of England, where, from the more extensive intercourse, the Highlanders and the state of the Highlands are better known than in the south of Scotland. But the project of emigration is equally futile with the begging schemes which have hitherto been resorted to. No money which could by any possibility be spared from the public revenue, supposing there were a surplus, and not a deficiency, could produce any permanent benefit to the Highlanders. An emigration of anything less than 100,000 would not do any good; and as it has been found, by experience, that £20 a-head is the least sum at which an individual—taking men, women, and children, at an average—can be removed from Britain to Canada, *two millions* would be required for the first body of emigrants. To remove fewer than 100,000, would be merely throwing away money; for, as Lord Selkirk has shewn in his Observations on Emigration from the Highlands, any void which would be created by the removal of a few thousands, would very speedily be filled up, and the process of exporting the natives of the Highland glens would require to be annually renewed.

It is a remarkable thing, that it is only of late years that the Highland lairds have discovered that the peasantry on their estates are a nuisance, and that they are worthy of being placed only in the same category with blind puppies, rats, and mice—fit only to be drowned—a fate which has befallen so many of the unfortunate emigrants to Canada, in their passage to that country, from the unseaworthy condition of the vessels in which they were despatched. Half a century ago, the complaint of the lairds was, that their tenantry and peasantry *could not be kept at home*. In the number of the *Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1773, we find it stated that "the emigrations from the Highlands still increase. On the 16th of last month, 250 persons sailed from the Frith of Dornoch for New York. Another vessel is loading, with the same cargo, for Carolina. About the same time, 250 emigrants sailed from Fort George, and 380 of the M'Donalds of Glengarry and the neighbouring districts from Fort William." At this period the throwing of hundreds of small farms into one, to form an extensive sheep walk, had not begun, or, at least, had made little progress in the North and West Highlands; and hence the lairds feared that their rents would fall by the extent to which the emigration of their tenantry was likely to be carried. At that time, instead of the competition for farms which now prevails existing, it was exceedingly difficult to get a farm let to a "respectable tenant"—that is, to a tenant from whom the rent can be drawn, whether the soil yields it or not. Instead of the landlords receiving offers in hundreds for every farm out of lease, they were under the necessity of beseeching the tenantry to take their farms. We premise this explanation, in order to make our next excerpt from the above magazine (for the month of January, 1774) intelligible:—"The emigration from the Highlands and Western Isles still continues to be the *subject of popular complaint*. These complaints have even reached the Throne. In consequence of which, orders have been sent down for an exact state of the number, sex, and ages of those who have emigrated from North Britain within these two years; from which it is concluded that this subject will become the object of

Parliamentary deliberation the ensuing session. The notion of the strict connexion between population and national interest, is very generally received. In the Highlands, agriculture is little understood and less encouraged. The manufactures in the Highlands are neither numerous nor extensive. For want of proper incitements to industry, the people have acquired an habitual indolence. It will not be denied, that the rapacity and illiberal views of some of the landed gentlemen, may be a principal cause of this uncomfortable situation of the brave but poor and dispirited Highlanders. But whatever be the cause, *God forbid that statutory laws should ever be enacted for the purpose of preventing any man from leaving his native country.*" Here we have the Highland lairds applying to the Crown to prohibit emigration; now, sixty-six years later, we have them using all their efforts with the Government to furnish funds for their compulsory exportation—for, to call it *emigration*, that is, going away voluntarily, is downright mockery. The forced ejection, by the military, of the people from the Marchioness of Sutherland's estates, in 1820 and 1821, and from the island of Harris, no later than last year, is a decisive proof how far from a voluntary operation the emigration of a Highlander is.

About forty years ago only, the Highland Society set itself seriously to work to *prevent* emigration; and several reports on the subject were presented to the Society. It was for the express purpose of removing the dread of the Highlands being depopulated by emigration, that Lord Selkirk published, in 1805, his book on Emigration: his eighth chapter is headed, "*Emigration has no permanent effect on population;*" and of the facts by which he establishes his proposition, we give the following specimens:—"By the returns made to Dr Webster, in the year 1755, the seven parishes of the Isle of Skye contained 11,252 inhabitants. By those to Sir John Sinclair, between 1791 and 1794, 14,470. Some time after Dr Webster's enumeration, the emigrations commenced, and, since the year 1770, have been frequent and of great amount. A gentleman of ability and observation, whose employment in the island gave him the best opportunities of observation, estimates the total number who emigrated, between 1772 and 1791, at 4,000. The number who, during the same period, went to the low country of Scotland, going in a more gradual manner and exciting less attention could not be so well ascertained; but, from concurring circumstances, he considers 8,000 as the least at which they can possibly be reckoned." At present the population of Skye is not under 22,000, although emigration, and removal to the low country has greatly increased of late years. "Another instance," says his Lordship, "is quoted by Mr Irvine in his 'Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of Emigration.' It was communicated," he says, "by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who relates, from his personal knowledge, that in 1790, a place on the west coast contained 1900 inhabitants, of whom 500 emigrated the same year to America. In 1801 a census was taken, and the same spot contained 1967, though it had furnished eighty-seven men for the army and navy, and not a single stranger settled in it." Have the Highland lairds any facts to contradict these? If they have not, what an abuse of the public money would it be to employ it in encouraging emigration from the Highlands; and how absurd is it to look for any effectual relief to Highland destitution, we had almost said relief from Highland beggary, from emigration.

But it will be said that, though it might have been proper to prevent emigration from the Highlands in 1774 or 1805, it may be quite proper to encourage it now; and to call on the people of England and Ireland to pay for it, in order to raise the rents of the Highland lairds, or, what is the same thing, to save them contributing for the relief of the poor who cultivate their estates; because population has increased so much in the interval. But there has been, in truth, very little increase of the Highland peasantry. The low rate of increase will be strikingly shewn by contrasting the population of a few of our towns with one or two Highland counties, at three different periods, 1755, 1801, and 1831.

	1755.	1801.	1831.
Edinburgh, .	57,155	82,560	162,403
Glasgow, . .	23,546	77,355	202,426
Aberdeen, .	15,730	27,608	58,019
Paisley, . .	4,820	31,179	57,466
Dundee, .	12,427	26,084	45,355
Perthshire,	125,149	126,366	142,894
Sutherland, .	23,187	23,117	25,518

We beg the petitioners to Parliament for funds to export the Highland peasantry from their estates, to inquire how it has happened that, while the manufacturing towns maintain now ten times the number of inhabitants they did eighty years ago, in a considerable degree of comfort, except at comparatively distant intervals, such a county as Sutherland or Perthshire cannot support a population augmented by only one-tenth part, but that they every year come a-begging to the south for the means of keeping them from absolute starvation. Such a state of things is an absolute disgrace to every Highland proprietor, be he Gael or Saxon. If there is any sincere wish to remove it, let the only practicable plan be adopted. Let the petitioners take the advice which has been so often and so long tendered—establish in the north manufactures, especially of woollens, for which the Highlands afford numerous situations as favourable at least as Hawick or Galashiels. Until this be done, no money should be given to encourage Highland emigration: it will do no good: the most of it will find its way into the lairds' pockets in the shape of rents, and any void which may be created will be speedily filled up, either by the increasing population or by immigration from Ireland. What folly, indeed, is it to compel the people to leave Scotland, while tens of thousands of Irish are annually settling in it! Is it worth while to expend money in removing one race of Celts, to make way for another? At all events, if there is to be any emigration at the public expense, let it be an emigration of the lairds, not of the peasantry: the latter are of some use, whatever may be said of them; besides, they have the best right to the soil—that of prior occupancy; and there is no principle of justice, or law, or common sense, which demands that the peasantry ought rather to be removed from the soil on which they were born, than their lairds from the estates which they have acquired by purchase from those who had no better right to them than the peasantry now have. Herding sheep may not be a very intellectual or high employment, but it is at least as much so as riding after a fox; and it is, at all events, much more useful. We cannot conclude without reminding our English readers, that, in the Highland parishes, poor rates are all but unknown; and that the treatment received by English paupers, under the new act, would be considered by the poor Highlanders as fit for a prince. Let the lairds, therefore, put their hands into their own pockets, before they ask for assistance from others. They say they have no money; but there is an easy mode of raising it. Let them petition Government for an act of Parliament, empowering the Treasury to lend them a sufficient capital to establish manufactures on their estates, and declaring the capital thus lent a burden preferable to all others—prior or posterior—on the entailed and unentailed estates, and binding the Treasury to transfer the debt thus created within six months, for such price as can be got for it, to individuals. The last provision we consider essential, lest the loan undergo the fate of the West India emancipation fund, and the million lent to the Irish Episcopal clergy. With such an act there will be no difficulty in raising, in Scotland alone, as much money, at three per cent., as will transport the whole Highland population, from the highest chieftain to the lowest gillie, to America; or to establish in the Highlands, within a few years, manufactures more than sufficient to employ double their present population. We cannot see who can, with any decency, object to such a scheme; not certainly the lairds, whose properties are, according to their own account, sadly deteriorated by the present superfluous population vegetating in idleness on their estates; not the heirs of entail in expectancy, whose properties will be thereby enhanced; nor the mortgagees, whose

security must be benefited by everything which enriches their debtors. Let us see if this or any such scheme will be adopted by the annual petitioners for aid to the destitute Highlanders. If not, even the meanest Highlander that wears a kilt will know what to think of them.

TEE-TOTALISM OR TEMPERANCE.—We have been attacked by a tee-totaller, and accused of humbug, ignorance, wrong-headedness, and so on, for expressing an opinion in our last Magazine that, if French wines were allowed to be imported at a low *ad valorem* duty, it would check intemperance. The foundation of our opinion is this, that people must drink something, and few drink water when they can get anything better. The weaker the liquid, the less chance there is of intoxication. Men do not sit down to get drunk. They sit down to converse, to drink a liquid which is agreeable to their palate; and, if they sit too long, intoxication comes on imperceptibly, and without the will being at all consulted in the matter. Even the tee-totallers must drug themselves with tea or coffee, which are as highly stimulant to some constitutions as French wines are to others.

We were not ignorant that the analysis of chemists shewed that about one half of the contents of a bottle of port was spirits of a greater strength than is commonly used: but we were perfectly aware, from our own experience as well as that of others, that, if wine contained the alcohol which appeared from the analysis, its intoxicating effect was greatly diminished by its union with the other ingredients of the wine. But the truth is, that it is extremely difficult to ascertain whether a great proportion of the alcohol is not formed during the analysis. It is a question not yet decided, whether the alcohol drawn off by distillation was in that form in the wine, or only the constituent parts of alcohol, viz., oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, and that they are combined in the proportions necessary to form alcohol during the process of analysis. Though whisky is made out of malt, there is no alcohol in the malt, but saccharine matter only, which is converted into alcohol in the process of fermentation. In the case of port and sherry, brandy is added to them for the British market; but there is no fear of these wines being ever made so cheap as to become the habitual beverage of the common people. None of the French wines are mixed with brandy, and the strength of the lower-priced French wines need not alarm any one. We doubt, indeed, if they are so stimulant as strong tea and coffee, which the tee-totallers consider they may drink of any strength, and in any quantity. The tee-totallers have our good wishes for their success; but we do not believe that, in these northern latitudes, they will ever get any large proportion permanently to abstain from stimulating liquids; and we have some doubt if it is desirable. We have a strong opinion that a labouring man would be kept in better health if he had a bottle of good ale every day, than if he were to drink any quantity of tea the tee-totaller chose to furnish him. To such a man the tea is sheer waste. Any benefit he gets from such a potation arises merely from the heat of the water, and from the sugar and milk.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

It was expected that business would revive in the Spring: but the accounts from all districts are all but unanimous in representing trade as extremely flat. Opinions differ as to the cause of the long-continued depression. Among the mercantile men themselves the most general opinion is, that it arises from the restrictions on trade, and particularly from the Corn Laws, which render provisions, as well as all other articles, so much higher in this country than abroad, that it is impossible our manufacturers can compete with foreigners. Some attribute the depression to the state of the currency, and have formed great hopes from the Committee of the House of Commons lately appointed on that subject.

AGRICULTURE.

Tile draining.—For the last few weeks the weather has been most propitious for all sorts of agricultural labour, and, in consequence, a great quantity of spring wheat has been sown under the most favourable circumstances. In the earlier parts of the kingdom, oats were mostly all sown by the middle of March; and there has, perhaps, never been a better seed time. Now that a considerable proportion of last crop has been thrashed out, we can speak with certainty of the produce, and it has turned out both deficient in quantity and quality. Tile draining is going on in almost every county in Scotland with much activity; and those who have tried this system of draining in former years, find it most beneficial. The old system of draining proceeded on the notion that the wetness of land arose from springs, and hence the object was to cut them off; but the new system proceeds on the undoubted fact that the wetness, in nine cases out of ten, is occasioned simply by the rain-water accumulating, and not being allowed to run off by the retentive subsoil. It is obvious, that even where the subsoil is open, and the ground appears dry, the dryness is caused at the expense of wetness in some other place. The water may penetrate at the particular place where it falls, so deep as not to be injurious to vegetation there; but the mischief is merely transferred to another place, for the water must break out somewhere—no one, we suppose, imagining that the rain sinks into the centre of the earth. The new system, therefore, in reality, carries off, not only the rain-water as it falls, but also drains the springs, by removing the cause whence they arise. We have entered into this explanation, from observing that many of the old farmers have a prejudice against the new system, because it does not profess to remove springs directly; but it is evident that it does so indirectly; and so much more effectual is the drainage that, persons who have tried the new system thoroughly, are quite satisfied that making the old drains was little better than throwing away money. There is one error, which, however, is exceedingly prevalent: that of making the drains too shallow, or rather filling them too near the surface. The consequence is, that should it be afterwards wished to try the subsoil ploughing, it will not be practicable, owing to the shallowness of the drains; for they would all be destroyed in the operation. The top of the drain should be at least eighteen inches below the surface; but we have seen some which are not more than ten inches. In such cases the stirring of the subsoil, as recommended by Mr Smith of Deanston, and which has been found so useful wherever the bottom is retentive, cannot be attempted at any future period. A plough has been invented in England on the same principle as the subsoil plough—that is, for the purpose of stirring, but not of turning over or bringing up the subsoil, which has been employed for renovating old pastures with great success. In clay soils, in particular, the treading of the cattle, and the heavy rains, in the course of years, consolidate the ground so much, that the roots of the more valuable grasses, and the other plants which go to form a rich pasture, have difficulty in spreading themselves sufficiently. It was, therefore, a desideratum to be able to stir the soil without destroying the herbage. This has been accomplished by using a plough consisting merely of a coulter and sock, without a mould board. When the pasture is ploughed with this plough, there are left merely the longitudinal traces of the plough; and so little of the herbage is destroyed, that if the operation is performed in the spring, the traces are entirely obliterated in the course of three months, while the object of stirring the soil is effectually accomplished. If the pasture is deficient in any particular plant, the seeds of it should be sown previous to the ploughing, and they will be sufficiently buried to vegetate.

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TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1840.

THE GREEN LANE.—No. I.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

Gentle reader! (and if that thou art *fair* as well as gentle, so much the better, the more glad shall we be of thy company,) is it asking too much of thy good nature to request the loan of thine arm for a brief space, whilst we take a pleasant ramble together, to breathe the sweetness of the summer breeze, and bring our (perchance) chafed and care-worn spirits under the tranquillizing influences of beautiful Nature? Our way of life, as the divine Shakspeare hath it, is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. We are not so young as we were. Half-a-century of bleak and nipping winters has not passed over our head without depriving us of some little of the stoutness of limb and strength of body which we possessed of yore; but, in spite of our years, and no few or ordinary afflictions, we still bear about with us as blithe and as youthful a spirit as in the olden time, and hope to carry it to our grave.

Although we are by no means infirm, and though we have not yet taken to crutch or staff, still, in our walks and rambles, in our excursions and peregrinations, we like to have the arm of a friend; because—must we confess it?—we occasionally feel the want of a little support of the kind; but more especially because there is sociability, sympathy, and companionship in it. Arm-in-arm is the outward and visible sign of an union of spirits—of minds linked together by the bands of friendship and love. We feel inclined to be more communicative when thus leaning on a friend, than when we walk dissevered; we unbosom ourselves with more confidence; we reveal, with less hesitancy and more delight, our inmost thoughts and feelings; and, in strolling abroad with some agreeable companion, (like thyself, sweet reader!) to be charmed with the loveliness of Nature in its multifarious manifestations, we love to link our arm in his, and pour into his ear, with all the garrulity natural to our time of life, the host of fancies and cogitations that crowd upon us as we go.

So, fair friend! if thou art willing to accompany us in our projected ramble, and disposed to be gracious and kind, lend us thine arm!

It is a fine glowing evening, towards the end of May; a fresh breeze is stirring among the tree tops; the throstle is perched upon some favourite spray, singing sweet hymns to the setting sun; and that magnificent luminary is sinking in the west, begirt with deep-dyed splendours, like the departing spirit of some great good man, that catches a glimpse of the other world as it takes its leave of this, and passes from earth encircled with the glory of opening heaven.

Leave we the dusty highway to dip into the freshness of this verdant lane!

> Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud!

Climes of the beautiful! ye classic realms! Greece! Italy! match, if you can, the Green Lanes of Old England!

This singularly interesting feature of landscape-scenery is peculiarly our own. It is essentially English. We cannot meet with it in any other country on earth. America may boast her sea-like rivers and lakes; her far-stretching prairies; her pathless and interminable forests; but where are her green lanes? In vain we seek them among the cornfields and vineyards of sunny France, leading from farm to farm, and from village to village—bowery, verdant, and refreshing. Switzerland, with her mighty hills and sweet valleys, cannot exhibit them. Nor shall we find them in the land of song—the classic land of Italy—the land of the fair—so renowned for the loveliness of her scenery. Good reason have we to pride ourselves on this bewitching feature of our landscape—the leafy, green, and cotted lane—which has given birth to some of the sweetest pictures

our painters have produced, and some of the most exquisite descriptive passages to be met with in the writings of our authors. To poets, and such-like lovers of nature, the lane has ever possessed an indescribable charm. They have delighted to pursue the pleasant windings of its rutted road, beneath green hedgerows and embowering trees; by cot, and farm, and village; by mossy well and tinkling streamlet; schooling their minds amid its quiet and seclusion, and feasting on the many beauties that adorn their path.

Here is a sonnet from the pen of William Howitt. *He*, it seems, loves a ramble through the rural lane. Listen to what he sweetly says:—

When I go musing, in this happy time—
The opening of a late, but shining May—
Through winding lanes, which over me display
High banks, with the wood-sorrel's flowers in prime,
And rich luxuriant herbage, with the rime
Of night-dews slightly silver'd; when the gay,
Light, young-leaf'd branches all around me sway;
And when I hear the old familiar chime
Of chaffinch and wood-creeper, and that voice
Of summer nights, the cowering corn-crake's call;
I can no more keep down the sudden leap
Of my touched heart, thus bidden to rejoice,
Than I could charm back Nature into sleep,
And chill her bosom with a wintry pall.

Beautiful! Long, long may he continue to perambulate our green lanes, and cogitate those charming works which have yielded us so much delight!

Hear also the Bard of the Sofa—Cowper; these same lanes had a fascination for him. He says:—

For I have *loved the rural walk through lanes*
Of grassy sward, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs.

And Leigh Hunt, in an elegant Sonnet to Hampstead, written while in prison, beautifully sings:—

Sweet upland! to whose walks, with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise,
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air—
If health, unearned of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy *green lanes*, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return and find thee doubly fair.

And what says the contemplative Wordsworth on this subject? the "Prince of the bards of his time!" Have the green lanes of his native country no charms for him? Has the pen of Wordsworth recorded no love for the many beauties with which they abound? Listen! Speaking of himself, in "The Excursion," he says:—

I, whose *favourite school*
Hath been the fields, the roads, and *rural lanes!*

So they have been his favourite school! and the heart of every man of warm poetic temperament, young or old, must have a liking for the beautiful scenery of the English lane.

Reader! here, then, is one of these same lanes, sequestered and still, pleasantly winding among the farms and fields. Let us plunge into its shadiness, and pursue its sinuosities by the side of this tinkling runlet, and beneath the o'erarching green of these trees. How cool! how refreshing, after that hot walk along the straight and dusty highway! And what a stillness! No sound reaches us from the throng of rattling vehicles we have left behind. We are, as it were, out of the world, amid the profound quiet of the cloister-shade. Here might the meditative man muse undisturbed, and the poet "revolve his orbed thoughts," without interruption or annoyance. How delightful the young breeze that flutters among these branches, and keeps its original coolness in this leafy prison! How lovingly it greets our cheek! How softly it kisses the clustering blossoms of the snowy stitchwort on that grassy bank! How gently it stirs the sunlit foliage of these embowering trees! Let us inhale this delicious puff of fragrance from the hawthorn bloom! On either side, the hedgerows are covered with its odorous flowers. The air is laden heavily with its sweets. As some one says:—

The breeze doth rob the odorous hawthorn bush,
Nor cares to keep it secret; for the deed
To all is blazoned by the plunder shed.

See how those large bunches of blossom whiten in the shade of yon oak! Let us draw near and observe their beauty. What a profusion of flowers! How thickly the slight branches are covered with them! How fair they are! How delicate in colour, yet, at the same time, how unpretending! with something of a *rusticity* in their appearance, yet with how fragrant a breath! And what a busy buzzing crowd of bees are fluttering in them, and upon them! Keats has charmingly sung of

A bush of May-flowers, with the bees about them.

Soft!—'tis the lowing of a cow. And there she is—beautiful creature!—straying from her pasture, and cropping the daisied greensward of the lane. Here, over the hedge, is her fellow. Knee-deep she stands in rich verdure and golden buttercups, lifting her amiable face as we approach, and

Looking up asklant,
With sleepy eyes, and meek mouth ruminant.

How happy she seems! How much she enjoys the bounty of nature! How contented she appears with her lot! No aspirations, no ambition to be other than she is! Paul Potter, at his best, skilful though he was, would have failed in delineating her beauty. He could never have produced her like. What a rich purple gleam of hyacinth is on this old bank! What an affluence of vegetation, fresh and green! The tiny runlet glides along unheard, buried in the emerald depths of grasses and feathery fern. A fine study this for the landscape painter; a sweet corner for his picture.

Stand we a moment in the gloom of this old magnificent oak, stretching its arms over our heads as if to bless us.

Such tents the Patriarchs loved.

Mossy is its trunk, and encinctured with a twine of ivy to its central branches. The small birds love to nestle therein, and sport among the glossy leaves. Look up! How green the twilight imprisoned there! How intricate and involved the timber! What an exuberance of foliage! What ruddy scatterings of apple-fruit here and there, peeping through the green! What a delightful choir for the heart-stirring songsters of May! Sweet it were to rest here at early dawn, couched in the solemn shade, on the soft moss, breathing the hawthorn-scented gale, and listening with enraptured ear

> To every lay
> Which comes down from the green boughs, yet away
> Startles no stillness.

Or, suppose it to be an evening closing "the leafy month of June," or at the beginning of July, on which we take our stroll through the verdant lane. The hedgerows are then dressed in their loveliest attire, and are truly delightful to look on, covered with a profusion of gay flowers: the pink and white clusters of the wild-rose; the purple blossoms of the night-shade and vetch; the large creamy bunches of elder-bloom; the snowy hemlock; campion stars, crimson and white; the cerulean flowers of the speedwell; and the odorous honeysuckle, gadding from bush to bush: these are radiantly conspicuous, amid a host of minor beauties, charming the heart of every beholder, from the little child, burthened with a posy as big as himself, and the love-sick youth, who culls a nosegay for his mistress fair, to the hoary old man, leaning on his staff, who has crawled forth into the green lane while it is yet day, to feel, upon his withered cheek, the freshness of the summer breeze; to bask in the rays of the declining sun; to rejoice—though he himself is fast sinking into the tomb—in all the life, and loveliness, and joy that are around him; to catch a backward glimpse of the bright days of his youthful years, when the flowers which grace his path, though still a pleasure to behold, possessed, to his young fancy, a charm and a fascination, a richness and intensity of beauty, of which they seem now bereft; and

> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

though the halo which has passed away from the earth can never again be restored to his vision, yet is he cheerful amid the bloomy affluence, the deep luxuriant vegetation, that encircle him on every side; cheerful in the bounty and beneficence of that great good Being whom he worships night and morn—whose hand, with lavish prodigality, has strewn his path with nature's beauties, and encompassed him with the promise of good to come; cheerful, perhaps, in the pleasing recollection of a life well spent, in the memory of virtuous deeds and endearing charities; cheerful in the prospect of a bright future, in a world where life knows no change of season, where summer's sun sets not, nor declines from its meridian splendour, and where the beautiful flowers of summer know not what it is to fade.

Reader! this is indeed a pleasant path. We will stroll gently along, and keep an observant eye upon every object of interest we meet with, for a store of delight is in the perspective, a golden harvest awaits the gathering.

Step aside! what have we here, in this leafy nook? To what "secret" of the lanes will this small footpath through the greensward, hollow and worn, introduce us? How umbrageous a corner! how cool! The taper leaves of this knot of willows quiver in the breeze, and the woodbine trails its sweet flowers over the aged thorn. What a multitude of roses! what a profusion of gay foxgloves! And see how this green nook teems with the delicate harebell, and the glowing stars of the red campion! Here is a corner for ferns; and the broad, magnificent leaves of burdock! and this bushy canopy of hawthorn, willow, and umbrageous elm, overshadows a well. Yes, 'tis a well, mossy, but not deep—

> Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye,
> Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.

Look down! how green! how cool! how delicious would be a long draught of its clear water! And how beautiful is the bit of heaven reflected in its "crystal eye," with that tiny cloudlet sailing across the blue!

In the eastern world, from the remotest period, a well of sweet waters has been held as an inestimable treasure, of far greater value than heaps of silver or precious stones; and the individual who digged a well, was considered worthy to be holden in lasting remembrance, as having conferred a benefit on his species. In the Old Testament times, the digging of a well was looked upon as a matter of sufficient moment to be recorded in history. Many were the contentions in those days respecting the appropriation of this early species of property. A well was not unfrequently the nucleus of a town or city: around it, the wandering tribes pitched their tents, and, circumstances favouring, erected tenements for perpetual residence. The Bible contains many beautiful incidents related in connection with wells; the story of Hagar and Ishmael, for instance; in the entire range of our literature there is nothing more touching, so simply yet so *well* told. And the servant of Isaac meets Rebecca at a well, coming forth in the cool of the evening to draw water, as was then the custom; and sees the future wife of his master in the *good-natured girl*, who kindly gave *him* to drink, and drew for *all his camels* too. A charming narrative. Abraham reproves Abimelech for allowing his servants to take forcible possession of a well which he had digged; and enters into a covenant with him to restore it; and plants a grove of trees by it, and (beautiful piety) calls there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God.

In this saucy little island of Britain, where the earth is so prolific of its springs of sweet water, a well, and the digging of a well, are matters of far less consequence than they have at any time been in the east. No one signalizes himself here by boring a few yards into the earth

in search of water. Alas for the *fame* of the deed! well-digging has become an everyday *trade*, and the persons who make it their constant occupation are very commonplace people indeed. But even in this our country, a well of pure water is a treasure. In some parts, a single well supplies the needs of an entire village. And, in strolling through the green lanes and rural roads of Old England, whenever we meet with a well by the wayside, we invariably find near it, or at no great distance, a hamlet, or cluster of cottages, sending up its blue smoke quietly from among the trees, and enriching the landscape with its beauty. Children are fond of playing about a well, greatly to the terror of their watchful mothers; dabbling in the spilt water that, around its edge, lies sometimes in little pools; swinging on the windlass; or making mud of the crystal spring with pebbles: and many a charming group have we seen thus employed, which the pencil of a Gainsborough would have made immortal. To us, a well is at all times, in itself, a pleasure to behold; and we love, in our summer-eve ramblings through the verdant lanes, *dearly* love to stumble upon one, nooked in some leafy, lush recess, fern-fringed, and mossy to the bottom, whose clear and bubbling waters tempt us to uncoil the rusty chain, and fetch up a bumper cool as the polar ice, and grateful as cool. We have said, it is a certain indication of the near proximity of those picturesque abodes—those snug, suckle-wreathed, rose-embowered, romantic dwellings, for which "Merrie England" has long been famed—the cottage homes of her peasantry. And here, turning this crook of the lane in which we are wandering, and passing through the shade of this brotherhood of trees matted over our heads, we come, somewhat abruptly, on a cluster of sweet cots, standing, in social fellowship, side by side.

Oh, ye charming habitations, that seem the favourite abodes of peace and happiness! long, long may ye be at a distance from the great and noisy world—

> The crowd, the hum, the shock of men!

Long may the cares and troubles, the vices and follies, the heartlessness and hollow deceit of the world, be unknown in your embowered walls, beneath your mossy and tree-sheltered roofs! May the toiling slaves of commerce, the thunder of forge and loom, never scare away that healthy quiet which abides with you in this verdant and sequestered locality! May the gale of heaven, now bearing on its wings the sweet spoil of your garden-plots, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the delicious odours of the bean and clover blossom, never be contaminated with any of the noisome smokes and smells of crowded cities, stretching in foul overgrowth across the face of the land, and converting the daisied meadow into a wretched court, the green lane into a close and squalid alley, the rustic dwelling of the peasant into a workshop for the mechanic; but (as Goldsmith beautifully says) may every breeze breathe health, and every sound be but the echo of tranquillity! O Peace! that preferest the humble habitation of the cottager to the mansion of the rich and great, forsake not these quiet abodes! Let them ever be sacred to thee, and to the joys which are thine offspring! Preserve them in the entirety of their loveliness; protect them from desecration; and may the charm that now hangs around them in their beauty, abide with them for ever!

That bilious son of Song—that Rembrandt of poets—the shade-loving, shade-painting Crabbe—could scarcely bring himself to believe that peace *might be found* in the peasant's cottage. But Crabbe's perceptions were unhealthy. He loved not to look on the bright side of things. He had a fine eye for the glooms of life; but the sunshine he beheld through a smoked glass. Hear him:—

> Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease—
> Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please—
> Go!—if the peaceful cot your praises share—
> Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
> If peace be his—that drooping, weary sire;
> Or theirs—that offspring round their feeble fire;
> Or hers—that matron pale, whose trembling hand
> Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand!

Then says he:—

> By such examples taught, I paint the cot
> As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.

The picture, certainly, is anything but a pleasing one. It is *all* shade, without a *spot* of light. One would imagine Crabbe had been distraining for tithes! Pity he so delighted in the disagreeable—so loved to behold the wretchedness he describes so well—was so fond of searching for it—had so exquisite a faculty for finding it out—so keen a nose for carrion! Pity he had a jaundiced eye! Pity he had no heart for the beauties of Nature—no organ for the bright side of life—no taste for the cheerful, the lovely, the enchanting—no skill to detect the good and the bewitching! Had he painted the *agreeable* with the same truth, the same fidelity with which he has described what *shocks* and *disgusts*, his readers would have been grateful indeed.

Notwithstanding Crabbe's unprepossessing picture of rural life and rural felicity, the wish of "Memory's" poet will find an echo in many a heart:—

> Mine be a cot beside a hill;
> A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
> A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
> With many a fall shall linger near!

Let us sit upon this rude stile, in the shade of this fine umbrageous sycamore, and contemplate, for a few moments, the charms of the cottage group before us. How sweetly the evening sun looks upon them in their beauty, shedding his golden light upon thatch and wall, and streaming through the flower-fringed lattice, with a blaze and brilliancy like to a conflagration! How lovely the cluster of lilacs nodding over that mossy roof! And those branching oaks, still higher, beside which the thin blue smoke curls slowly and gracefully to the bluer sky! How charming the old elder, by yon cottage paling, bedight with creamy bunches of blossom

—the promise of a delicious cordial for winter nights! By the by, the picture of an English cot would be incomplete without this appendage: it cannot dispense with the elder tree, growing by the little wicket, or nooked in a corner of the garden. This characteristic must not be overlooked. And see, around that humble door, the bowery screen of thick nasturtium, with its vivid-green leaves, round and smooth, and flamy orange-coloured blossoms! How very beautiful the crowd of roses blushing on yonder white-washed wall, and soaring to the roof! They bring to recollection the words of Coleridge—

——— Our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window.

Brightly that little casement looks out from the coil of woodbine with which it is enwreathed, like a joyous and glittering eye! How snug is yon cottage porch, with its leafy walls, and one rude seat! How sweet a place to sit in, after the toils of the day; breathing the freshness of heaven's pure breezes; listening to the loud-voiced thrush—the fall of distant waters—the ringing voices of playful children; inhaling the fragrance of flowers—the breath of new-mown hay; gazing on the blue sky's witchery—the grandeur of the stately cloud—the magnificent sunset—the gentle rising of the silver moon—the first faint appearance of the stars; soothed by the soft hush of evening, and partaking largely of that peace which lies around!

Step nearer, and let us peep over those palings into the little garden-plot so redolent of sweet odours. See! in yonder corner, the cottager is at work, turning up the soil. Hark to the tinkle of his spade as it hits against the pebbles! and with what a ring the light dry earth leaves it, as he labours with might and main to accomplish his bit of digging before nightfall! How he nerves himself to the task! No shuffling—no straight-backs! He has evidently made up his mind what to do, and to do it quickly; and it is fine to behold the activity of his brawny arms, and the play of his lusty sinews.

How neat that flower-border round the cottage wall, edged with daisies! The good man obviously prides himself in keeping it orderly and trim. There you perceive a knot or two of choice pinks: bunches of sweetwilliam, in rich varieties; lupines; the elegant larkspur; candy-tuft; crowds of glowing poppies; and the Frenchman's darling—fragrant mignonette. Here is the flaming orange-lily, in all its glory; the double marygold; the clustering pansy, "rich and rare;" nasturtium, with its host of blooms; and the queen of flowers, the rose. Beside the window towers the lofty hollyhock; and sweet-peas conspire to keep the open lattice in leafy bondage.

Under the hawthorn, on the bank by the wicket, Tabby, the cottage cat, has couched herself in the sun, keenly alive to every motion in the long grass and leaves around her; whilst the restless magpie, in the wicker cage that hangs beside the door, looks cunningly about him, and chatters, voluble and loud.

Stroll we on a few paces to where the children are at play in the lane.

Bless them! We love to hear their sweet voices ringing cheerily and clear under the open sky. We love those noisy games of which they are so fond—the mirth that startles Echo from her sleep—

And shews the native gladness of their hearts.

Here they are, bareheaded, and some of them barefooted, but health blooming upon their cheeks, and rapture sparkling in their eyes. Look at this little party gambolling on the greensward. Over they go—heels over head! What care they for the hard knocks they get in falling! And how delighted are they—what a shout of merriment is set up—when one of their number rolls into the ditch!—Happy children, tumble on!—gambol whilst ye may!—the days are coming when you must *toil* for the poor pittance that buys you daily bread; when the cares of life will weigh heavily on your hearts, *now* so bounding and so elated! Enjoy the blissful present, then, as much as ye can—there is no time to be lost. Over again!

See that young urchin, with red cheeks and flaxen curls, paddling in the runnel that bustles along under yon hedge-side! How he loves to feel the cool water dance over his toes! How eagerly he pounces upon the minnow that darts from beneath the mossy stone before him, or comes flitting down the stream! How he flogs the tall weeds with his stick; and delights in making a puddle of the crystal brooklet!

Observe that pretty black-eyed girl, in the blue frock, with the toddling youngster by her side! She is making a garden in the dust, with twigs of trees, flowers plucked from the hedge-row, white pebbles, and bits of broken crockery picked up in the lane. And how pleased is little Davie with the contrivance! Now he fetches a stone and stops up a gap in the border—now a blade of grass, or an unmeaning straw, sticking it with profoundest judgment in the middle of the miniature *walk*, or exactly in the place where it should *not* be. With the spirit of mischief, he now runs over the laboured work, and destroys their little Eden, trampling under foot its flowrets and its bowers,

"And laughs to see the ruin he has wrought!"

See, he is now astride the grazing ass, supported by his sister. How he kicks and jumps, and opens wide his eyes, and fancies himself going to market!—Now he is unsupported—his sister has withdrawn her arm. How grave, how motionless! His tiny faculties seem to be busily questioning the danger. The ass lifts a leg—Davie's courage fails him—he makes a comical wry face, and begins to whimper—and Davie stretches out his little arms for help!—What a delightful poem is that of Mary Howitt's on little children! Here it is. Render! if thou, like ourself, art fond of the prattling and engaging creatures of which it speaks, thou wilt love it, and take it to thy heart for ever.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water-side,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!

In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone,
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them!—they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are you known;
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

We seldom behold children at their play without being carried back to the days of our own childhood, when *we* were one of those "*wee* things," and loved to gambol on the greensward, and gather buttercups in the fields. Many a little garden have *we* made in the dust, loaded ourselves with many a big posy, chased many a butterfly and young bird, in those early days. How light was our heart then! How blithe our spirit, with scarce a taint of care! With what speed and rapture we bounded to our merry playfellows! How we shouted, and ran, and leapt for joy! Sweet days of our childhood!—how bright ye were!—Why passed ye so soon away? Why were ye so fleeting and so transitory? In our depressed and sorrowful moments, when care sits gloomily on our brow, when troubles encompass us, and a weight of sadness lies at our heart, we cast an eye back to the morning of our life, and, from its unclouded sunniness, a cheering ray steals into our soul, and dispels, for a time, all gloom. What would we not give to be a child once more!

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(*Continued from our March Number.*)

Passing onwards from Brathay, a ride of about forty minutes carries you to the summit of a wild heathy tract, along which, even at noonday, few sounds are heard that indicate the presence of man, except now and then a woodman's axe, in some of the many coppicewoods scattered about that neighbourhood. In Northern England there are no sheep-bells; which is an unfortunate defect, as regards the full impression of wild solitudes, whether amongst undulating heaths or towering rocks: at any rate, it is so felt by those who, like myself, have been trained to its soothing effects, upon the hills of Somersetshire—the Cheddar, the Mendip, or the Quantock—or any other of those breezy downs, which once constituted such delightful local distinctions for four or five counties in that south-west angle of England. At all hours of day or night, this silvery tinkle was delightful; but, after sunset, in the solemn hour of gathering twilight, heard (as it always was) intermittingly, and at great varieties of distance, it formed the most impressive incident for the ear, and the most in harmony with the other circumstances of the scenery, that, perhaps, anywhere exists—not excepting even the natural sounds, the swelling and dying intonations of insects wheeling in their vesper flights. Silence and desolation are never felt so profoundly as when they are interrupted by solemn sounds, recurring by uncertain intervals, and from distant places. But in these Westmoreland heaths, and uninhabited ranges of hilly ground, too often nothing is heard, except, occasionally, the wild cry of a bird—the plover, the snipe, or perhaps the raven's croak. The general impression is, therefore, cheerless; and the more are you rejoiced when, looking down from some one of the eminences which you have been gradually ascending, you descry, at a great depth below,* the lovely lake of Coniston. The head of this lake is the part chiefly interesting, both from the sublime character of the mountain barriers, and from the intricacy of the little valleys at their base. On a little verdant knoll, near the north-eastern margin of the lake, stands a small villa, called Tent Lodge, built by Colonel Smith, and for many years

* The approach from Ambleside or Hawkshead, though fine, is far less so than that from Grasmere, through the Vale of Tilberthwaite, to which, for a *coup de theatre*, I recollect nothing equal. Taking the left-hand road, so as to make for Monk Coniston, and not for Church Coniston, you ascend a pretty steep hill, from which, at a certain point of the little gorge or *hawse*, (i. e. *hals*, neck or throat, viz., the dip in any hill through which the road is led,) the whole lake, of six miles in length, and the beautiful foregrounds, all rush upon the eye with the effect of a pantomimic surprise—not by a graduated revelation, but by an instantaneous flash.

occupied by his family. That daughter of Colonel Smith who drew the public attention so powerfully upon herself by the splendour of her attainments, had died some months before I came into the country. But yet, as I was subsequently acquainted with her family through the Lloyds, (who were within an easy drive of Tent Lodge,) and as, moreover, with regard to Miss Elizabeth Smith herself, I came to know more than the world knew—drawing my knowledge from many of her friends, but especially from Mrs Hannah More, who had been intimately connected with her; for these reasons, I shall rehearse the leading points of her story; and the rather, because her family, who were equally interested in that story, long continued to form part of the Lake society. On my first becoming acquainted with Miss Smith's pretensions, it is very true that I regarded them with but little concern; for nothing ever interests me less than great philological attainments, or at least that mode of philological learning which consists in mastery over languages. But one reason for this indifference is, that the apparent splendour is too often a false one. They who know a vast number of languages, rarely know any one with accuracy; and the more they gain in one way, the more they lose in another. With Miss Smith, however, I gradually came to know that this was not the case; or, at any rate, but partially the case; for, of some languages which she possessed, and those the least accessible, it appeared, finally, that she had even a critical knowledge. It created also a secondary interest in these difficult accomplishments of hers, to find that they were so very extensive. Secondly, That they were pretty nearly all of self-acquisition. Thirdly, That they were borne so meekly, and with unaffected absence of all ostentation. As to the first point, it appears (from Mrs H. Bowdler's Letter to Dr Mummsen, the friend of Klopstock) that she made herself mistress of the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the Latin, the German, the Greek, and the Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of the Syriac, the Arabic, and the Persic. She was a good geometrician and algebraist. She was a very expert musician. She drew from nature, and had an accurate knowledge of perspective. Finally, she manifested an early talent for poetry; but, from pure modesty, destroyed most of what she had written, as soon as her acquaintance with the Hebrew models had elevated the standard of true poetry in her mind, so as to disgust her with what she now viewed as the tameness and inefficiency of her own performances. As to the second point—that for these attainments she was indebted, almost exclusively, to her own energy; this is placed beyond all doubt, by the fact, that the only governess she ever had (a young lady not much beyond her own age) did not herself possess, and therefore could not have communicated, any knowledge of languages, beyond a little French and Italian. Finally, as to the modesty with which she wore her distinctions, *that* is sufficiently established by every page of her printed works, and her letters. Greater diffidence, as respected herself, or less willingness to obtrude her knowledge upon strangers, or even upon those correspondents who would have wished her to make a little more display, cannot be imagined. And yet I repeat, that her knowledge was as sound and as profound as it was extensive. For, taking only one instance of this, her Translation of Job has been pronounced, by Biblical critics of the first rank, a work of real and intrinsic value, without any reference to the disadvantages of the translator, or without needing any allowances whatever. In particular, Dr Magee, the celebrated writer on the Atonement, and subsequently a dignitary of the Irish Church—certainly one of the best qualified judges at that time—describes it as "conveying more of the character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess." So much for the scholarship; whilst he rightly notices, in proof of the translator's taste and discretion, that "from the received version she very seldom unnecessarily deviates:" thus refusing to disturb what was, generally speaking, so excellent and time-hallowed for any dazzling effects of novelty; and practising this forbearance as much as possible, notwithstanding novelty was, after all, the main attraction upon which the new translation must rest.

The example of her modesty, however, is not more instructive than that of her continued struggle with difficulties in pursuing knowledge, and with misfortunes in supporting a Christian fortitude. I shall briefly sketch her story:—She was born at Burnhall, in the county of Durham, at the latter end of the year 1776. Early in 1782, when she had just entered her sixth year, her parents removed into Suffolk, in order to be near a blind relation, who looked with anxiety to the conscientious attentions of Mrs Smith, in superintending his comforts and interests. This occupation absorbed so much of her time, that she found it necessary to obtain the aid of a stranger in directing the studies of her daughter. An opportunity just then offered of attaining this object, concurrently with another not less interesting to herself, viz., that of offering an asylum to a young lady who had recently been thrown adrift upon the world by the misfortunes of her parents. They had very suddenly fallen from a station of distinguished prosperity; and the young lady herself, then barely sixteen, was treading that path of severe adversity, upon which, by a most singular parallelism of ill-fortune, her young pupil was destined to follow her steps at exactly the same age. Being so prematurely called to the office of governess, this young lady was expected rather to act as an elder companion, and as a lightener of the fatigues attached to their common studies, than exactly as their directress. And, at all events, from her who was the only even nominal governess that Miss Smith ever had, it is certain that she

could have learned little or nothing. This arrangement subsisted between two and three years, when the death of their blind kinsman allowed Mr Smith's family to leave Suffolk and resume their old domicile of Burnhall. But from this, by a sudden gleam of treacherous prosperity, they were summoned, in the following year, (June, 1785,) to the splendid inheritance of Piercefield—a show-place upon the river Wye; and, next after, Tintern Abbey and the river itself—an object of attraction to all who then visited the Wye.

A residence on the Wye, besides its own natural attraction, has this collateral advantage, that it brings Bath (not to mention Clifton and the hot-wells) within a visiting distance for people who happen to have carriages; and Bath, it is hardly necessary to say, besides its stationary body of polished and intellectual residents, has also a floating casual population of eminent or interesting persons, gathered into this focus from every quarter of the empire. Amongst the literary connexions which the Piercefield family had formed in Bath, was one with Mrs Bowdler and her daughter—two ladies not distinguished by any very powerful talents, but sufficiently tinctured with literature and the love of literature to be liberal in their opinions. And, fortunately, (as it turned out for Miss Smith,) they were eminently religious: but not in a bigotted way; for they were conciliating and winning in the outward expression of their religious character; capable of explaining their own creed with intelligent consistency; and, finally, were the women to recommend any creed, by the sanctity and the benignity of their own lives. This strong religious bias of the two Bath ladies, operated in Miss Smith's favour by a triple service. First of all, it was this depth of religious feeling, and, consequently, of interest in the Scriptures, which had originally moved the elder Mrs Bowdler to study the Hebrew and the Greek, as the two languages in which they had been originally delivered. And this example it was of *female* triumph over their difficulties, together with the proof thus given that such attainments were entirely reconcilable with feminine gentleness, which first suggested to Miss Smith the project of her philological studies; and, doubtless, these studies, by the constant and agreeable occupation which they afforded, overspread the whole field of her life with pleasurable activity. "From the above-mentioned visit," says her mother, writing to Dr Randolph, and referring to the visit which these Bath ladies had made to Piercefield—"from the above-mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which I firmly believe the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in." Secondly, to the religious sympathies which connected these two ladies with Miss Smith, was owing the fervour of that friendship, which afterwards, in their adversity, the Piercefield family found more strenuously exerted in their behalf by the Bowdlers than by all the rest of their connexions. And, finally, it was this piety and religious resignation, with which she had been herself inoculated by her Bath friends, that, throughout the calamitous era of her life, enabled Miss Elizabeth Smith to maintain her own cheerfulness unbroken, and greatly to support the failing fortitude of her mother.

This visit of her Bath friends to Piercefield—so memorable an event for the whole subsequent life of Miss Smith—occurred in the summer of 1789; consequently, when she was just twelve and a half years old. And the impressions then made upon her childish, but unusually thoughtful, mind, were kept up by continual communications, personal or written, through the years immediately succeeding. Just two and a half years after, in the very month when Miss Smith accomplished her fifteenth year, upon occasion of going through the rite of Confirmation, according to the discipline of the English Church, she received a letter of religious counsel—grave, affectionate, but yet humble—from the elder Mrs Bowdler, which might almost have been thought to have proceeded from a writer who had looked behind the curtain of fate, and had seen the forge at whose fires the shafts of Heaven were even now being forged.

Just twelve months from the date of this letter, in the very month when Miss Elizabeth Smith completed her sixteenth year, the storm descended upon the house of Piercefield. The whole estate, a splendid one, was swept away, by the failure (as I have heard) of one banking-house; nor was there recovered, until some years after, any slender fragments of that estate. Piercefield was, of course, sold; but that was not the heaviest of her grievances to Miss Smith. She was now far advanced upon her studious career; for it should be mentioned, as a lesson to other young ladies of what may be accomplished by unassisted labour, that, between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one, all her principal acquisitions were made. No treasure, therefore, could, in her eyes, be of such priceless value as the Piercefield library; but this also followed the general wreck: not a volume, not a pamphlet, was reserved; for the family were proud in their integrity, and would receive no favours from the creditors. Under this scorching test, applied to the fidelity of friends, many, whom Mrs Smith mentions in one of her letters under the name of "summer friends," fled from them by crowds: dinners, balls, soirees—credit, influence, support—these things were no longer to be had from Piercefield. But more annoying even than the fickle levity of such open deserters, was the timid and doubtful countenance, as I have heard Mrs Smith say, which was still offered to them by some who did not relish, *for their own sakes*, being classed with those who had paid their homage only to the fine house and fine equipages of Piercefield. These persons continued, therefore, to send invitations to the family; but so frigidly, that every expression manifested but too forcibly how disagreeable was the duty with which they were complying; and how much more they sub-

mitted to it for their own reputation's sake, than for any kindness they felt to their old friends. Mrs Smith was herself a very haughty woman, and it maddened her to be the object of condescensions so insolent and so reluctant.

Meantime, her daughter, young as she was, became the moral support of her whole family, and the fountain from which they all drew consolation and fortitude. She was confirmed in her religious tendencies by two circumstances of her recent experience: one was, that she, the sole person of her family who courted religious consolations, was also the sole person who had been able to maintain cheerfulness and uniform spirits: the other was, that although it could not be truly said of *all* their worldly friends that they had forsaken them, yet, of their religious friends it could be said, not one had done so; and at last, when for some time they had been so far reduced as not to have a roof over their heads, by one of these religious friends it was that they were furnished with every luxury as well as comfort of life; and, in a spirit of such sisterly kindness, as made the obligation not painful to the proudest amongst them.

It was in 1792 that the Piercefield family had been ruined; and in 1794, out of the wrecks which had then been gathered together, Mr Smith (the father of the family) bought a commission in the army. For some time the family continued to live in London, Bath, and other parts of England; but, at length, Mr Smith's regiment was ordered to the west of Ireland; and the ladies of his family resolved to accompany him to headquarters. In passing through Wales, (May, 1796,) they paid a visit to those sentimental anchorites of the last generation, whom so many of us must still remember—Miss Ponsonby, and Lady Eleanor Butler, (a sister of Lord Ormond,) whose hermitage stood near to Llangollen, and, therefore, close to the usual Irish route, by way of Holyhead. On landing in Ireland, they proceeded to a seat of Lord Kingston—a kind-hearted, hospitable Irishman, who was on the old Piercefield list of friends, and had never wavered in his attachment. Here they stayed three weeks. Miss Smith renewed, on this occasion, her friendship with Lady Isabella King, the daughter of Lord Kingston; and a little incident connected with this visit, gave her an opportunity afterwards of shewing her delicate sense of the sacred character which attaches to gifts of friendship, and shewing it by an ingenious device, that may be worth the notice of other young ladies in the same case. Lady Isabella had given to Miss Smith a beautiful horse, called Brunette. In process of time, when they had ceased to be in the neighbourhood of any regimental stables, it became a matter of necessity that Brunette should be parted with. To have given the animal away, had that been otherwise possible, might only have been delaying the sale for a short time. After some demur, therefore, Miss Smith adopted this plan: she sold Brunette; but applied the whole of the price, 120 guineas, to the purchase of a splendid harp. The harp was christened Brunette; and was religiously preserved to the end of her life. Now Brunette, after all, must have died in a few years; but, by translating her friend's gift into another form, she not only connected the image of her distant friend, and her sense of that friend's kindness, with a pleasure and a useful purpose of her own, but she conferred on that gift a perpetuity of existence.

At length came the day when the Smiths were to quit Kingston Lodge for the quarters of the regiment. And now came the first rude trial of Mrs Smith's fortitude, as connected with points of mere decent comfort. Hitherto, floating amongst the luxurious habitations of opulent friends, she might have felt many privations as regarded splendour and direct personal power, but never as regarded the primary elements of comfort, warmth, cleanliness, convenient arrangements. But on this journey, which was performed by all the party on horseback, it rained incessantly. They reached their quarters drenched with wet, weary, hungry, forlorn. The quartermaster had neglected to give any directions for their suitable accommodation—no preparations whatever had been made for receiving them; and, from the luxuries of Lord Kingston's mansion, which habit had made so familiar to them all, the ladies found themselves suddenly transferred to a miserable Irish cabin—dirty, narrow, nearly quite unfurnished, and thoroughly disconsolate. Mrs Smith's proud spirit fairly gave way, and she burst out into a fit of weeping. Upon this, her daughter, Elizabeth, [and Mrs Smith herself it was that told the anecdote, and often she told it, or told others of the same character, at Lloyd's,] in a gentle, soothing tone, began to suggest the many blessings which lay before them in life, and some even for this evening.

"Blessings, child!"—her mother impatiently interrupted her. "What sort of blessings? Irish blessings!—county of Sligo blessings, I fancy. Or, perhaps, you call this a blessing?" holding up a miserable fragment of an iron rod, which had been left by way of poker, or rather as a substitute for the whole assortment of fire-irons. The daughter laughed; but she changed her wet dress expeditiously, assumed an apron; and so various were her accomplishments, that, in no long time, she had gathered together a very comfortable dinner for her parents, and, amongst other things, a currant tart, which she had herself made, in a tenement absolutely unfurnished of every kitchen utensil.

In the autumn of this year, (1796,) they returned to England; and, after various migrations through the next four years, amongst which was another and longer visit to Ireland, in 1800, they took up their abode in the sequestered vale of Patterdale. Here they had a cottage upon the banks of Ulleswater; the most gorgeous of the English lakes, from the rich and ancient woods which possess a great part of its western side; the sublimest, as respects its mountain accompaniments, except only, perhaps, Wastdale;

and, I believe, the largest; for, though only nine miles in length, and, therefore, shorter by about two miles than Windermere, it averages a greater breadth. Here, at this time, was living Mr Clarkson—that son of thunder, that Titan, who was in fact the one great Atlas that bore up the Slave-Trade Abolition cause—now resting from his mighty labours and nerve-shattering perils. So much had *his* nerves been shattered by all that he had gone through in toil, in suffering, and in anxiety, that, for many years, I have heard it said, he found himself unable to walk up stairs without tremulous motions of his limbs. He was, perhaps, too iron a man, too much like the *Talus* of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," to appreciate so gentle a creature as Miss Elizabeth Smith. A more suitable friend, and one who thoroughly comprehended her, and expressed his admiration for her in verse, was Thomas Wilkinson of Yanwath, a Quaker, a man of taste, and of delicate sensibility. He wrote verses occasionally; and though feebly enough as respected poetic power, there were often such delicate touches of feeling, such gleams of real tenderness, in some redeeming part of each poem, that even Wordsworth admired and read them aloud with pleasure. Indeed Wordsworth has addressed to him one copy of verses, or rather to his spade, which was printed in the collection of 1807, and which Lord Jeffrey, after quoting one line, dismissed as too dull for repetition.

During this residence upon Ulleswater (winter of 1800) it was, that a very remarkable incident befell Miss Smith. I have heard it often mentioned, and sometimes with a slight variety of circumstances; but I here repeat it from an account drawn up by Miss Smith herself, who was most literally exact and faithful to the truth in all reports of her own personal experience. There is, on the western side of Ulleswater, a fine cataract, (or, in the language of the country, a *force*,) known by the name of Airey Force; and it is of importance enough, especially in rainy seasons, to attract numerous visiters from among "the Lakers." Thither, with some purpose of sketching, not the whole scene, but some picturesque features of it, Miss Smith had gone, quite unaccompanied. The road to it lies through Gobarrow Park; and it was usual, at that time, to take a guide from the family of the Duke of Norfolk's keeper, who lived in Lyulph's Tower —a solitary hunting lodge, built by his Grace for the purposes of an annual visit which he used to pay to his estates in that part of England. She, however, thinking herself sufficiently familiar with the localities, had declined to encumber her motions with such an attendant; consequently she was alone. For half an hour, or more, she continued to ascend; and, being a good "cragswoman," from the experience she had won in Wales as well as in northern England, she had reached an altitude much beyond what would generally be thought corresponding to the time. The path had vanished altogether; but she continued to pick out one for herself amongst the stones, sometimes receding from the *force*, sometimes approaching it, according to the openings allowed by the scattered masses of rock. Pressing forward in this hurried way, and never looking back, all at once she found herself in a little stony chamber, from which there was no egress possible in advance. She stopped and looked up. There was a frightful silence in the air. She felt a sudden palpitation at her heart, and a panic from she knew not what. Turning, however, hastily, she soon wound herself out of this aerial dungeon; but by steps so rapid and agitated, that, at length, on looking round, she found herself standing at the brink of a chasm, frightful to look down. That way, it was clear enough, all retreat was impossible; but, on turning round, retreat seemed in every direction alike even more impossible. Down the chasm, at least, she might have leaped, though with little or no chance of escaping with life; but on all other quarters it seemed to her eye that, at no price, could she effect an exit, since the rocks stood round her, in a semicircus, all lofty, all perpendicular, all glazed with trickling water, or smooth as polished porphyry. Yet how, then, had she reached the point? The same track, if she could hit that track, would surely secure her escape. Round and round she walked; gazed with almost despairing eyes; her breath came thicker and thicker; for path she could not trace by which it was possible for her to have entered. Finding herself grow more and more confused, and every instant nearer to sinking into some fainting fit or convulsion, she resolved to sit down and turn her thoughts quietly into some less exciting channel. This she did; gradually recovered some self-possession; and then suddenly a thought rose up to her, that she was in the hands of God, and that he would not forsake her. But immediately came a second and reproving thought—that this confidence in God's protection might have been justified had she been ascending the rocks upon any mission of duty; but what right could *she* have to any providential deliverance, who had been led thither in a spirit of levity and carelessness? I am here giving *her* view of the case; for, as to myself, I fear greatly, that if *her* steps were erring ones, it is but seldom indeed that *nous autres* can pretend to be treading upon right paths. Once again she rose; and, supporting herself upon a little sketching-stool that folded up into a stick, she looked upwards, in the hope that some shepherd might, by chance, be wandering in those aerial regions; but nothing could she see except the tall birches growing at the brink of the highest summits, and the clouds slowly sailing overhead. Suddenly, however, as she swept the whole circuit of her station with her alarmed eye, she saw clearly, about 200 yards beyond her own position, a lady, in a white muslin morning robe, such as were then universally worn by young ladies until dinner-time. The lady beckoned with a gesture and in a manner that, in a moment, gave her confidence to advance—how she could not guess, but in some way that baffled all power to retrace it, she found instantaneously

the outlet which previously had escaped her. She continued to advance towards the lady, whom now, in the same moment, she found to be standing upon the other side of the *force*, and also to be her own sister. How or why that young lady, whom she had left at home earnestly occupied with her own studies, should have followed and overtaken her, filled her with perplexity. But this was no situation for putting questions; for the guiding sister began to descend, and, by a few simple gestures, just serving to indicate when Miss Elizabeth was to approach and when to leave the brink of the torrent, she gradually led her down to a platform of rock, from which the further descent was safe and conspicuous. There Miss Smith paused, in order to take breath from her panic, as well as to exchange greetings and questions with her sister. But sister there was none. All trace of her had vanished; and when, in two hours after, she reached her home, Miss Smith found her sister in the same situation and employment in which she had left her; and the whole family assured her that she had never stirred from the house.

In 1801, I believe, it was that the family removed from Patterdale to Coniston. Certainly they were settled there in the spring of 1802; for, in the May of that spring, Miss Elizabeth Hamilton—a writer now very much forgotten, or remembered only by her "Cottagers of Glenburnie," but then a person of mark and authority in the literary circles of Edinburgh—paid a visit to the Lakes, and stayed there for many months, together with her married sister, Mrs Blake; and both ladies cultivated the friendship of the Smiths. Miss Hamilton was captivated with the family; and, of the sisters in particular, she speaks as of persons that, "in the days of paganism, would have been worshipped as beings of a superior order, so elegantly graceful do they appear, when, with easy motion, they guide their light boat over the waves." And of Miss Elizabeth, separately, she says, on another occasion:—"I never before saw so much of Miss Smith; and, in the three days she spent with us, the admiration which I had always felt for her extraordinary talents, and as extraordinary virtues, was hourly augmented. She is, indeed, a most charming creature; and, if one could inoculate her with a little of the Scotch frankness, I think she would be one of the most perfect of human beings."

About four years had been delightfully passed in Coniston. In the summer of 1805, Miss Smith laid the foundation of her fatal illness in the following way, according to her own account of the case, to an old servant, a very short time before she died:—"One very hot evening, in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, when I seated myself on a stone beside the lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew, till, in a moment, I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day, being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain; but it did not." From that time, a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave reason to suspect some organic injury of the lungs. Late in the autumn of this year, (1805,) Miss Smith accompanied her mother and her two younger sisters to Bristol, Bath, and other places in the south, on visits to various friends. Her health went through various fluctuations until May of the following year, when she was advised to try Matlock. Here, after spending three weeks, she grew worse; and, as there was no place which she liked so well as the Lakes, it was resolved to return homewards. About the beginning of June, she and her mother returned alone to Coniston: one of her sisters was now married; her three brothers were in the army or navy; and her father almost constantly with his regiment. Through the next two months she faded quietly away, sitting always in a tent,* that had been pitched upon the lawn, and which remained open continually to receive the fanning of the intermitting airs upon the lake, as well as to admit the bold mountain scenery to the north. She lived nearly through the first week of August, dying on the morning of August 7; and the circumstances of her last night are thus recorded by her mother:—"At nine she went to bed. I resolved to quit her no more, and went to prepare for the night. Turpin [Miss Smith's maid] came to say that Elizabeth entreated I would not stay in her room. I replied—'On that one subject I am resolved: no power on earth shall keep me from her; so, go to bed yourself.' Accordingly, I returned to her room; and, at ten, gave her the usual dose of laudanum. After a little time, she fell into a doze, and, I thought, slept till one. She was uneasy and restless, but never complained; and, on my wiping the cold sweat off her face, and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, which I did very often in the course of the night, she thanked me, smiled, and said—'That is the greatest comfort I have.' She slept again for a short time; and, at half-past four, asked for some chicken broth, which she took perfectly well. On being told the hour, she said—'*How long this night is!*' She continued very uneasy; and, in half an hour after, and on my inquiring if I could move the pillow, or do anything to relieve her, she replied—'There is nothing for it but quiet.' At six she said—'I must get up, and have some mint tea.' I then called for Turpin, and felt my angel's pulse: it was fluttering; and, by that, I knew I should soon lose her. She took the tea well. Turpin began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head upon the faithful creature's shoulder, became convulsed in the

* And, in allusion to this circumstance, the house afterwards raised on a neighbouring spot, at this time suggested by Miss Smith, received the name of Tent Lodge.

face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired."

She was buried in Hawkshead churchyard, where a small tablet of white marble is raised to her memory, on which there is the scantiest record that, for a person so eminently accomplished, I have ever met with. After mentioning her birth and age, (twenty-nine,) it closes thus: —"She possessed great talents, exalted virtues, and humble piety." Anything so unsatisfactory or so commonplace I have rarely known. As much, or more, is often said of the most insipid people; whereas Miss Smith was really a most extraordinary person. I have conversed with Mrs Hannah More often about her; and I never failed to draw forth some fresh anecdote illustrating the vast extent of her knowledge, the simplicity of her character, the gentleness of her manners, and her unaffected humility. She passed, it is true, almost inaudibly through life; and the stir which was made after her death soon subsided. But the reason was—that she wrote but little! Had it been possible for the world to measure her by her powers, rather than her performances, she would have been placed, perhaps, in the estimate of posterity, at the head of learned women; whilst her sweet and feminine character would have rescued her from all shadow and suspicion of that reproach which too often settles upon the learned character, when supported by female aspirants.

The family of Tent Lodge continued to reside at Coniston for many years; and they were connected with the Lake literary clan chiefly through the Lloyds and those who visited the Lloyds; for it is another and striking proof of the slight hold which Wordsworth, &c., had upon the public esteem in those days, that even Miss Smith, with all her excessive diffidence in judging of books and authors, never seems, by any one of her letters, to have felt the least interest about Wordsworth or Coleridge; nor did Miss Hamilton, with all her *esprit de corps* and acquired interest in everything at all bearing upon literature, ever mention them in those of her letters which belong to the period of her Lake visit in 1802; nor, for the six or seven months which she passed in that country, and within a short morning ride of Grasmere, did she ever think it worth her while to seek an introduction to any one of the resident authors.

Yet this could not be altogether from ignorance that such people existed; for Thomas Wilkinson, the intimate and admiring friend of Miss Smith, was also the friend of Wordsworth; and, for some reason that I never could fathom, he was a sort of pet with Wordsworth. Professor Wilson or myself were never honoured with one line, one allusion, from his pen; but many a person, of particular feebleness, has received that honour. Amongst these I may rank Thomas Wilkinson; not that I wish to speak contemptuously of him: he was a Quaker, of elegant habits, rustic simplicity, and with tastes, as Wordsworth affirms, "too pure to be refined." His cottage was seated not far from the great castle of the Lowthers; and, either from mere whim—as sometimes such whims do possess great ladies—whims, I mean, for drawing about them odd-looking, old-world people, as *piquant* contrasts to the fine gentlemen of their own society, or because they did really feel a homely dignity in the plain-speaking "Friend," and liked, for a frolic, to be *thou'd* and *thee'd*—or some motive or other, at any rate, they introduced themselves to Mr Wilkinson's cottage; and I believe that the connexion was afterwards improved by the use they found for his services in forming walks through the woods of Lowther, and leading them in such a circuit as to take advantage of all the most picturesque stations. As a poet, I presume that Mr Wilkinson could hardly have recommended himself to the notice of ladies who would naturally have modelled their tastes upon the favourites of the age. A poet, however, in a gentle, unassuming way, he was; and he, therefore, is to be added to the *corps litteraire* of the Lakes; and Yanwath to be put down as the advanced post of that *corps* to the north.

Two families there still remain, which I am tempted to gather into my group of Lake society —notwithstanding it is true that the two most interesting members of the first had died a little before the period at which my sketch commences; and the second, though highly intellectual in the person of that particular member whom I have chiefly to commemorate, was not, properly speaking, literary; and, moreover, belongs to a later period of my own Westmoreland experience—being, at the time of my settlement in Grasmere, a girl at a boarding-school. The first was the family of the Sympsons, whom Mr Wordsworth has spoken of, with deep interest, more than once. The eldest son, a clergyman, and, like Wordsworth, an *alumnus* of Hawkshead school, wrote, amongst other poems, "The Vision of Alfred." Of these poems, Wordsworth says, that they "are little known; but they contain passages of splendid description; and the versification of his '*Vision*' is harmonious and animated." This is much for Wordsworth to say; and he does him even the honour of quoting the following illustrative simile from his description of the sylphs in motion, (which sylphs constitute the machinery of his poem;) and, probably, the reader will be of opinion that this passage justifies the praise of Wordsworth. It is founded, as he will see, on the splendid scenery of the heavens in Polar latitudes, as seen by reflection in polished ice at midnight.

> Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
> The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
> That, waving to and fro, their radiance shed
> On Bothnia's gulf, with glassy ice o'erspread;
> Where the lone native, as he homeward glides,
> On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides,
> Sees, at a glance, above him and below,
> Two rival heavens with equal splendour glow:
> Stars, moons, and meteors, ray oppose to ray;
> And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

"He was a man," says Wordsworth, in conclusion, "of ardent feeling; and his faculties of

miad, particularly his memory, were extraordinary." Brief notices of his life ought to find a place in the history of Westmoreland.

But it was the father of this Joseph Sympson who gave its chief interest to the family. Him Wordsworth has described, at the same time sketching his history, with a fulness and a circumstantiality beyond what he has conceded to any other of the real personages in "The Excursion." "A priest he was by function;" but a priest of that class which is now annually growing nearer to extinction among us, not being supported by any sympathies in this age.

His course,
From his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,
Had been irregular—I might say wild;
By books unsteadied, by his pastoral care
Too little check'd. An active, ardent mind;
A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
To cheat the sadness of a rainy day;
Hands apt for all ingenious arts and games;
A generous spirit, and a body strong,
To cope with stoutest champions of the bowl—
Had earned for him sure welcome, and the rights
Of a priz'd visitant in the jolly hall
Of country squire, or at the statelier board
Of Duke or Earl—from scenes of courtly pomp
Withdrawn, to while away the summer hours
In condescension amongst rural guests.
With these high comrades he had revelled long,
By hopes of coming patronage beguiled,
Till the heart sicken'd.

Slowly, however, and indignantly his eyes opened fully to the windy treachery of all the promises held out to him; and, at length, for mere bread, he accepted, from an "unthought-of patron," a most "secluded chapelry" in Cumberland. This was "the little, lowly house of prayer" of Wythburn, elsewhere celebrated by Wordsworth; and, for its own sake, interesting to all travellers, both for its deep privacy, and for the excessive humility of its external pretensions, whether as to size or ornament. Were it not for its twin sister at Buttermere, it would be the very smallest place of worship in all England; and it looks even smaller than it is, from its position; for it stands at the base of the mighty Helvellyn, close to the high-road between Ambleside and Keswick, and within speaking distance of the upper lake—(for Wythburn water, though usually passed by the traveller under the impression of absolute unity in its waters, owing to the interposition of a rocky screen, is, in fact, composed of two separate lakes.) To this miniature and most secluded congregation of shepherds, did the once dazzling parson officiate as pastor; and it seems to amplify the impression already given of his versatility, that he became a diligent and most fatherly, though not peculiarly devout teacher and friend. The temper, however, of the northern Dalesmen, is not constitutionally turned to religion; consequently that part of his defects did him no especial injury, when compensated (as, in the judgment of these Dalesman, it *was* compensated) by ready and active kindness, charity the most diffusive, and patriarchal hospitality. The living, as I have said, was in Wythburn; but there was no parsonage, and no house in this poor dale which was disposable for that purpose. So Mr Sympson crossed the marches of the sister counties, which to him was about equidistant from his chapel and his house, into Grasmere, on the Westmoreland side. There he occupied a cottage by the road-side; a situation which, doubtless, gratified at once his social and his hospitable propensities; and, at length, from age, as well as from paternal character and station, came to be regarded as the patriarch of the vale. Before I mention the afflictions which fell upon his latter end, and by way of picturesque contrast to his closing scene, let me have permission to cite Wordsworth's sketch, (taken from his own boyish remembrance of the case,) describing the first gipsy-like entrance of the brilliant parson and his household into Grasmere—so equally out of harmony with the decorums of his sacred character and the splendours of his past life:—

Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads
By which our northern wilds could then be crossed;
And into most of these secluded vales
Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
So at his dwelling-place the priest arriv'd,
With store of household goods in panniers slung
On sturdy horses, graced with jingling bells;
And, on the back of more ignoble beast,
That, with like burthen of effects most priz'd
Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
Young was I then, a school-boy of eight years:
But still methinks I see them as they pass'd
In order—drawing toward their wish'd-for home.
Rock'd by the motion of a trusty ass,
Two ruddy children hung, a well-pois'd freight—
Each in his basket nodding drowsily.
Their bonnets, I remember, wreath'd with flowers,
Which told it was the pleasant month of June.
And close behind the comely matron rode—
A woman of soft speech and gracious smile,
And with a lady's mien.—From far they came,
Even from Northumbrian hills: yet theirs had been
A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheer'd
By music, pranks, and laughter-stirring jest;
And freak put on, and arch word dropp'd—to swell
That cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
Which gathered round the slowly moving train.
"Whence do they come? and with what errand charg'd?
Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
Who pitch their tents under the greenwood tree?
Or strollers are they, fitted to enact
Fair Rosamond and the Children of the Wood?
When the next village hears the show announc'd
By blast of trumpet?" Plenteous was the growth
Of such conjectures—overheard, or seen
On many a staring countenance pourtray'd,
Of boor or burgher, as they march'd along.
And more than once their steadiness of face
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humour, by stern looks,
And questions in authoritative tone,
By some staid guardian of the public peace,
Checking the sober horse on which he rode,
In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still
By notice indirect or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despite
A simple curiosity to ease:—
Of which adventures, that begull'd and cheer'd
Their grave migration, the good pair would tell
With undiminished glee in hoary age.

Meantime the lady of the house embellished it with feminine skill; and the homely pastor—for such he had now become—not having any

great weight of spiritual duties, busied himself in rural labours and rural sports. But was his mind, though bending submissively to his lot, changed in conformity to his task? No:

> For he still
> Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
> A stirring foot, a head which beat at nights
> Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes.
> Few likings had he dropp'd, few pleasures lost;
> Generous and charitable, prompt to serve;
> And still his harsher passions kept their hold—
> Anger and indignation. Still he lov'd
> The sound of titled names, and talked in glee
> Of long past banquetings with high-born friends:
> Then from those lulling fits of vain delight
> Uprous'd by recollected injury, rail'd
> At their false ways disdainfully and oft,
> In bitterness and with a threatening eye
> Of fire, incens'd beneath its hoary brow.
> Those transports, with staid looks of pure good-will,
> And with soft smile his consort would reprove.
> She, far behind him in the race of years,
> Yet keeping her first mildness, was advanced
> Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
> To that still region whither all are bound.

Such was the tenor of their lives; such the separate character of their manners and dispositions; and, with unusual quietness of course, both were sailing placidly to their final haven. Death had not visited their happy mansion through a space of forty years—"sparing both old and young in that abode." But calms so deep are ominous—immunities so profound are terrific. Suddenly the signal was given, and all lay desolate.

> Not twice had fall'n
> On those high peaks the first autumnal show,
> Before the greedy visiting was closed,
> And the long privileg'd house left empty; swept
> As by a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
> Had been among them; all was gentle death,
> One after one, with intervals of peace.

The aged pastor's wife, his son, one of his daughters, and "a little smiling grandson," all had gone within a brief series of days. These composed the entire household in Grasmere, (the others having dispersed, or married away;) and all were gone but himself, by very many years the oldest of the whole: he still survived. And the whole valley, nay, all the valleys round about, speculated with a tender interest upon what course the desolate old man would take for his support.

> All gone, all vanished! he, deprived and bare,
> How will he face the remnant of his life?
> What will become of him? we said, and mus'd
> In sad conjectures.—Shall we meet him now,
> Haunting with rod and line the craggy brooks?
> Or shall we overhear him, as we pass,
> Striving to entertain the lonely hours
> With music? [for he had not ceas'd to touch
> The harp or viol, which himself had fram'd
> For their sweet purposes, with perfect skill.]
> What titles will he keep? Will he remain
> Musician, gardener, builder, mechanist,
> A planter, and a rearer from the seed?

Yes; he persevered in all his pursuits: intermitted none of them. Weathered a winter in solitude; once more beheld the glories of a spring, and the resurrection of the flowers upon the graves of his beloved; held out even through the depths of summer into the cheerful season of haymaking, (a season much later in Westmoreland than in the south;) took his rank, as heretofore, amongst the haymakers; sat down at noon for a little rest to his aged limbs; and found even a deeper rest than he was expecting; for, in a moment of time, without a warning, without a struggle, and without a groan, he did indeed rest from his labours for ever. He,

> With his cheerful throng
> Of open projects, and his inward hoard
> Of unsunn'd griefs, too many and too keen,
> Was overcome by unexpected sleep
> In one blest moment. Like a shadow thrown,
> Softly and lightly, from a passing cloud,
> Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay
> For noontide solace on the summer grass—
> The warm lap of his mother earth; and so,
> Their lenient term of separation pass'd,
> That family— * * * *
> By yet a higher privilege—once more
> Were gathered to each other.

Two surviving members of the family, a son and a daughter, I knew intimately. Both have been long dead: but the children of the daughter—grandsons, therefore, to the patriarch here recorded—are living prosperously, and do honour to the interesting family they represent.

The other family were, if less *generally* interesting by their characters or accomplishments, much more so by the circumstances of their position; and that member of the family with whom accident and neighbourhood had brought me especially connected, was, in her intellectual capacity, probably superior to most of those whom I have had occasion to record. Had no misfortunes settled upon her life prematurely, and with the benefit of a little judicious guidance to her studies, I am of opinion that she would have been a most distinguished person. Her situation, when I came to know her, was one of touching interest. I will state the circumstances:—She was the sole and illegitimate daughter of a country gentleman; and was a favourite with her father, as she well deserved to be, in a degree so excessive—so nearly idolatrous—that I never heard illustrations of it mentioned but that secretly I trembled for the endurance of so perilous a love under the common accidents of life, and still more under the unusual difficulties and snares of her peculiar situation. Her father was, by birth, breeding, and property, a Leicestershire farmer; not, perhaps, what you would strictly call a gentleman, for he affected no refinements of manner, but rather courted the exterior of a bluff, careless yeoman. Still he was of that class whom all people, even then, on his letters, addressed as *esquire:* he had an ample income, and was surrounded with all the luxuries of modern life. In early life—and that was the sole palliation of his guilt—(and yet, again, in another view, aggravated it)—he had allowed himself to violate his own conscience in a way which, from the hour of his error, never ceased to pursue him with remorse, and which was, in fact, its own avenger. Mr K—— was a favourite specimen of English yeomanly beauty: a fine athletic figure; and with features handsome, well moulded, frank, and generous in their ex-

pression, and in a striking degree manly. In fact, he might have sat for Robin Hood. It happened that a young lady of his own neighbourhood, somewhere near Mount Soril I think, fell desperately in love with him. Oh! blindness of the human heart! how deeply did she come to rue the day when she first turned her thoughts to him! At first, however, her case seemed a hopeless one; for she herself was remarkably plain, and Mr K—— was profoundly in love with the very handsome daughter of a neighbouring farmer. One advantage, however, there was on the side of this plain girl: she was rich; and part of her wealth, or of her expectations, lay in landed property, that would effect a very tempting *arrondissement* of an estate belonging to Mr K——. Through what course the affair travelled, I never heard more particularly, than that Mr K—— was besieged and worried out of his steady mind by the solicitations of aunts and other relations, who had all adopted the cause of the heiress. But what finally availed to extort a reluctant consent from him was, the representation made by the young lady's family, and backed by medical men, that she was seriously in danger of dying, unless Mr K—— would make her his wife. He was no coxcomb; but, when he heard all his own female relations calling him a murderer, and taxing him with having, at times, given some encouragement to the unhappy love-sick girl, in an evil hour he agreed to give up his own sweetheart and marry her. He did so. But no sooner was this fatal step taken than it was repented. His love returned in bitter excess for the girl whom he had forsaken, and with frantic remorse. This girl, at length, by the mere force of his grief, he actually persuaded to live with him as his wife; and when, in spite of all concealments, the fact began to transpire, and the angry wife, in order to break off the connexion, obtained his consent to their quitting Leicestershire altogether, and transferring their whole establishment to the Lakes, Mr K—— evaded the whole object of this manœuvre by secretly contriving to bring her rival also into Westmoreland. Her, however, he placed in another vale; and, for some years, it is pretty certain that Mrs K—— never suspected the fact. Some said that it was her pride which would not allow her to seem conscious of so great an affront to herself; others, better skilled in deciphering the meaning of manners, steadfastly affirmed that she was in happy ignorance of an arrangement known to all the country beside. Years passed on; and the situation of the poor wife became more and more gloomy. During those years, she brought her husband no children; on the other hand, her hated rival *had:* Mr K—— saw growing up about his table two children, a son, and then a daughter, who, in their childhood, must have been beautiful creatures; for the son, when I knew him in after life, though bloated and disfigured a good deal by intemperance, was still a very fine young man; more athletic even than his father; and presenting his father's handsome English yeoman's face, exalted by a Roman dignity in some of the features. The daughter was of the same cast of person; tall, and Roman also in the style of her face. In fact, the brother and the sister would have offered a fine impersonation of Coriolanus and Valeria. This Roman bias of the features a little affected the feminine loveliness of the daughter's appearance. But still, as the impression was not very decided, she would have been pronounced anywhere a very captivating young woman. These were the two crowns of Mr K——'s felicity—that for seventeen or eighteen years made the very glory of his life. But Nemesis was on his steps; and one of these very children she framed the scourge which made the day of his death a happy deliverance, for which he had long hungered and thirsted. But I anticipate. About the time when I came to reside in Grasmere, some little affair of local business one night drew Wordsworth up to Mr K——'s house. It was called—and with great propriety, from the multitude of holly trees that still survived from ancient days, *The Hollens;* which pretty local name Mrs K——, in her general spirit of vulgar sentimentality, had changed to *Holly Grove.* The place, spite of its slipshod novelish name, which might have led one to expect a corresponding style of tinsel finery, and a display of childish purposes, about its furniture or its arrangements, was really simple and unpretending; whilst its situation was, in itself, a sufficient ground of interest; for it stood on a little terrace, running, like an artificial gallery or corridor, along the final, and all but perpendicular, descent of the mighty Fairfield.* It seemed as if it must require iron bolts to pin it to the rock, which rose so high and, apparently, so close behind. Not until you reached the little esplanade upon which the modest mansion stood, were you aware of a little area interposed between the rear of the house and the rock, just sufficient for ordinary domestic offices. The house was otherwise interesting to myself, from recalling one in which I had passed part of my infancy. As in that, you entered by a rustic hall, fitted up so as to make a beautiful little breakfasting-room: the distribution of the passages was pretty nearly the same; and there were other resemblances. Mr K—— received us with civility and hospitality—checked, however, and embarrassed, by a very evident reserve. The reason of this was, partly, that he distrusted the feelings, towards

* "*Mighty Fairfield.*"

And mighty Fairfield, with her chime
Of echoes, still was keeping time.
WORDSWORTH'S "WAGGONER."

I have retained the English name of Fairfield; but, when I was studying Danish, I stumbled upon the true meaning of the name, unlocked by that language; and reciprocally (as one amongst other instances which I met at the very threshold of my studies) unlocking the fact that Danish (or Icelandic rather) is the master-key to the local names and dialect of Westmoreland. *Faar* is a sheep: *fald* a hill. But are not all the hills sheep-hills? No; Fairfield only, amongst all its neighbours, has large, smooth, pastoral savannahs, to which the sheep resort when all the rocky or barren neighbours are left desolate.

himself, of two scholars; but more, perhaps, that he had something beyond this general jealousy for distrusting Wordsworth. He had been a very extensive planter of larches, which were then recently introduced into the lake country; and were, in every direction, displacing the native forest scenery, and dismally disfiguring this most lovely region; and this effect was necessarily in its worst excess during the infancy of the larch plantations; both because they took the formal arrangement of nursery-grounds, until extensive thinnings, as well as storms, had begun to break this hideous stiffness in the lines and angles, and also because the larch is a mean tree, both in form and colouring, (having a bright gosling glare in spring, a wet blanket hue in autumn,) as long as it continues a young tree. Not until it has seen forty or fifty winters does it begin to toss its boughs about with a wild Alpine grace. Wordsworth, for many years, had systematically abused the larches and the larch planters; and there went about the country a pleasant anecdote, in connexion with this well-known habit of his, which I have often heard repeated by the woodmen—viz., that, one day, when he believed himself to be quite alone—but was, in fact, surveyed coolly, during the whole process of his passions, by a reposing band of labourers in the shade, and at their noontide meal—Wordsworth, on finding a whole cluster of birch-trees grubbed up, and preparations making for the installation of larches in their place, was seen advancing to the spot with gathering wrath in his eyes; next he was heard pouring out an interrupted litany of comminations and maledictions; and, finally, as his eye rested upon the four or five larches which were already beginning to "dress the line" of the new battalion, he seized his own hat in a transport of fury, and launched it against the odious intruders. Mr K—— had, doubtless, heard of Wordsworth's frankness upon this theme, and knew himself to be, as respected Grasmere, the sole offender. In another way, also, he had earned a few random shots from Wordsworth's wrath—viz., as the erector of a huge unsightly barn, built solely for convenience, and so far violating all the modesty of rustic proportions, that it was really an eyesore in the valley. These considerations, and others beside, made him reserved; but he felt the silent appeal to his *lares* from the strangers' presence, and was even kind in his courtesies. Suddenly, Mrs K—— entered the room—instantly his smile died away: he did not even mention her name. Wordsworth, however, she knew slightly; and to me she introduced herself. Mr K—— seemed almost impatient when I rose and presented her with my chair. Anything that detained her in the room for a needless moment seemed to him a nuisance. She, on the other hand—what was *her* behaviour? I had been told that she worshipped the very ground on which he trod; and so, indeed, it appeared. This adoring love might, under other circumstances, have been beautiful to contemplate; but here it impressed unmixed disgust. Imagine a woman of very homely features, and farther disfigured by a scorbutic eruption, fixing a tender gaze upon a burly man of forty, who shewed, by every word, look, gesture, movement, that he disdained her. In fact, nothing could be more injudicious than her deportment towards him. Everybody must feel that a man who hates any person, hates that person the more for troubling him with expressions of love; or, at least, it adds to hatred the sting of disgust. That was the fixed language of Mr K——'s manner, in relation to his wife. He was not a man to be pleased with foolish fondling endearments, from any woman, before strangers; but from her! Faugh! he said internally, at every instant. His very eyes he averted from her: not once did he look at her, though forced into the odious necessity of speaking to her several times; and, at length, when she seemed disposed to construe our presence as a sort of brief privilege to her own, he adopted that same artifice for ridding himself of her detested company which has sometimes done seasonable service to a fine gentleman when called upon by ladies for the explanation of a Greek word—he hinted to her, pretty broadly, that the subject of our conversation was not altogether proper for female ears; very much to the astonishment of Wordsworth and myself.

SONNETS, WRITTEN IN EXILE.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

I.

MAN'S heart may change, but Nature's glory never:
And, while the soul's internal cell is bright,
The unclouded eye lets in the ceaseless light
Of outer loveliness, to charm us ever.
Though youth hath vanished; life a winding river,
Lost in the shadowy woods; and the dear sight
Of native hill, and nest-like cottage white,
'Mid breeze-stirred boughs, whose crisp leaves gleam and quiver,
And murmur sea-like sounds, perchance no more
Shall move my breast, save as a dream gone by;
Yet still I feel as I have felt of yore,
And deem this earth an Eden. Yon blue sky—
These gorgeous groves—this flower-enamelled floor—
Have deep enchantments for my heart and eye.

II.

Man's heart may change, but Nature's glory never:
Strange features throng around me, and this shore
Is not my fatherland; yet why deplore
This varied doom?—all mortal ties must sever.
The pang is past; and now, with blest endeavour,
I check the rising sigh, and weep no more.
The common earth is here—these crowds adore
That earth's Creator; and how high soever
O'er other tribes proud England's hosts may seem,
God's children, fair or sable, equal find
A Father's love. Then learn, O man! to deem
All difference idle save of heart or mind;
The world, thy home—each cause of strife, a dream—
Thy virtue, love—thy family, Mankind.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART IV.

Bentham's father had thoughts of entering him at Merchant Taylors' School, and with that view had taught him Lilly's Grammar. The manner in which he was to be educated was frequently discussed, and his father often embarrassed him by attempts to make an exhibition of the boy's talents. On one occasion, when dining at Dr Markham's house, there was a conversation as to what "genius" meant. It was vague enough, as most of such discussions generally are; but Bentham was called upon, by his father and the rest of the company, to tell them *his* notions of *genius*. "A pretty question to ask a poor, raw, timid boy," said Bentham to me, when he told the story; "a boy who knew no more about it than he knew of the inside of a man. I looked foolish and humbled, and said nothing; but Dr Markham was a shallow fellow, and Mr Cox, who was there, was a shallow fellow;—they were satisfied with Latin and Greek." It was, however, the intimacy existing between his father, Dr Markham, and Mr Cox, that decided Bentham's going to Westminster School in 1755. Mr Cox was father of the master in Chancery. He then lived in a large house in Chancery Lane, having an entrance also from Southampton Buildings. There it was that Bentham's first conference with Dr Markham took place. "It was," he said, "an awful meeting—with three reverend doctors of divinity at once, in a large room—to whom a trembling lad was introduced, who had been talked of as a prodigy."

The discussion about "genius" sadly puzzled Bentham. He was then between six and seven years old. He heard his father give a definition of "genius," after long fumbling in his mind, and the definition left the subject darker than before. Bentham has more than once told me, that on this, as on many other occasions, his father's attempts to shew him off led to extreme embarrassment and inward distress. He had no fancy to have his "uncommon promise" thus drawn upon; and felt, naturally enough, like a scholar who, on some momentous occasion, when all eyes are fixed upon him, is discovered not to have learned his lesson, and is, in consequence, delivered over to disgrace. The question, "What is genius?" haunted young Bentham for many years. No distinct conception could be attached to it; but, at the age of twenty, Helvetius' book, De l'Esprit, having fallen into his hands, it occurred to him that *Genius* was a noun-conjugate, derived from the verb *gigno*, of which the perfect tense was *genui*, and the sense became sufficiently indicated. Horace's line, "*Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum*," did not bring any solution of the difficulty. But, to discover that genius meant invention or production, was no small matter; and the discovery acted powerfully on Bentham's mind. "Have I a *genius* for anything? What can *I* produce?" That was the first inquiry he made of himself. Then came another: What of all earthly pursuits is the most important? Legislation, was the answer Helvetius gave. "Have I a genius for legislation?" Again and again was the question put to himself. He turned it over in his thoughts: he sought every symptom he could discover in his natural disposition or acquired habits. "And have I indeed a genius for legislation? I gave myself the answer, fearfully and tremblingly—Yes!"

I have noted this circumstance down almost in Bentham's words, as illustrating the fact, that the pursuits of a life may be influenced by a word dropped carelessly from another person. Many, no doubt, there are who can trace, as I am able to trace, to a single phrase or suggestion, the shifting of the whole mental tendencies. A solitary maxim has sometimes given a different colouring to a long train of thoughts and feelings.

I give, in Bentham's words, some more of his Westminster School reminiscences:—"The Mr Cox who has been mentioned was deemed a sort of a wit. Dr Markham was preceptor to the King; became Bishop of Chester; and afterwards Archbishop of York. He was concerned with Cox, and with a man of the name of Salter, a master of the Charter House, in the erection of the square in Dean's Yard, which was intended for the parents of those children who wished to send their sons to Westminster School. But they found no tenants, except one woman, who was an aunt of Gibbon the historian. There was considerable opposition to the building of this square, especially on the part of Prebendary Wilson, who was a sort of popular preacher. He took to 'Wilkes and Liberty,' and delivered anti-loyal sermons. My father was a member of the Antiquarian Society; and I, for a pun, was accustomed to call Mr Wilson the *Anti-squarian*. The anti-squarians were right—the scheme failed; and, when half-a-dozen houses were built, no new funds were forthcoming, and the houses were either pulled down or were left to decay. The consequence was, that most of the loss fell upon Cox, who himself lived in considerable state. Somehow or other, he was in debt to my father, and my father pressed hard upon him, and he complained of my father's harshness; a harshness caused perhaps by his not receiving the money on application. But my father would say to me that Cox was a generous man, and that it was strange he did not make the accustomed present when he was selected as godfather to my brother Sam. Alas! I was perhaps the cause of my father's severity; an innocent em-

bezzlement of mine might have given occasion to it. I was probably the source of much suffering to this poor Cox; and very, very wretched was I from the thought. If I was involuntarily the instrument of pain to him, how much of anxiety and distress did he unintentionally inflict upon me! It lasted for years; and the memory of it, with all its circumstances, is still vivid in my mind. It was in the year 1757, when I had been about a year and a half at Westminster School, that the circumstance happened. It was at my brother's baptism; and Mr Cox dined with my father. I was standing on the other side of the staircase, when he put a piece of paper into my hand with five guineas in it, saying—"Give this to your mother; she will know what to do with it." At Westminster School, I had often heard of the money possessed and spent by the boys. Such money was called "a tip;" and many a tip had they, but never a tip had I. My father had once given me 4s. 6d., of which I had spent a shilling, and another boy extorted the rest from me. It came to my father's knowledge. "It was no use," said he, coldly, "to give me money;" and he was rejoiced in, and availed himself of, every pretense to avoid giving me any. He might have safely given me a weekly allowance. I was made very uncomfortable, and thought the five guineas were a "tip" for me. I put them into my pocket, and went on spending them, still frightened at what I was doing. I thought there would never be an end of my five guineas; so, as I was fond of chocolate, I ordered a large mess of it; and, having no room to myself, sought a retired place to enjoy it; and the place I fixed on was a staircase leading to a solitary apartment. I was dreadfully afraid inquiries would be made about my chocolate. I was seen by a head boy, a sort of patron of mine, who asked me "if I had got a tip?" I was exceedingly anxious not to utter a falsehood, and I said, "five—five." He thought it was five shillings; and I had a momentary satisfaction in having avoided splitting upon that rock. I gave some money to a servant. How was I haunted with the dread of being discovered; for, had my father found me out, I should have died with shame and vexation; it being like the sword of Damocles over me, in the shape of terror and remorse. My mind was full of thoughtful struggles, partly with a sense of guilt, partly a conviction of innocence. The money was clearly meant for me; and what did I see in the school? The utmost prosperity on the part of the boys; the utmost destitution on mine. Then came the dread and distress at being the cause of my father's resentment towards one, who had been so generous to me. Time did not remove the pain: I could not, even after I grew up to manhood, have confessed it to my father, so fond was he of invective; and very long did my disquiet remain unsubdued."

This incident is a striking illustration of the almost morbid sensibility of Bentham's temperament. Often have I heard him speak of this event. It was a case in which he could not obtain the acquittal of his conscience; and once he said to me—"The recollection of that money was like 'the worm that never dieth,' within me."

Bentham remembered, with extraordinary accuracy, almost every boy and every event connected with Westminster School. It would be too much to give all the details which I have heard from his lips, but I will give an example or two.

"Westminster School was a wretched place for instruction. I remember a boy of the name of Moysey; he was a great scholar, and famous in the school; every eye was turned upon him; yet he turned out good for nothing. A great reputation at Westminster was quite compatible with worthlessness. There was one dull boy, Hammond, who became a member of the College of Cursitors. There was a son of the Stevens, who wrote about Shakspeare; and one Selby, a marvellously stupid chap, who talked of nothing but hounds and horses; he was very like one of the devils calling out for water, in a picture of the Last Judgment. All his conversation was to utter *yoix, yoix*. I was the least boy in the school but one, who was, I believe, a descendant of the Dearings, of the Civil Wars; and the bigger lads took a pleasure in pitting us one against another.

"There was one boy (Hindman) remarkable for strength: he could hold a heavy kitchen poker at arm's length for half an hour; he became afterwards a tenant at Browning Hill, but was so thoughtless and extravagant, that he could not pay his rent. He left the farm, and returned to it once as a beggar.

"Our great glory was Dr Markham; he was a tall, portly man, and 'high he held his head.' He married a Dutchwoman, who brought him a considerable fortune. He had a large quantity of classical knowledge. His business was rather in courting the great than attending to the school. Any excuse served his purpose for deserting his post. He had a great deal of pomp, especially when he lifted his hand, waved it, and repeated Latin verses. If the boys performed their tasks well, it was well; if ill, it was not the less well. We stood prodigiously in awe of him; indeed, he was an object of adoration. He published a flaming Tory sermon, which was much animadverted on in its day. Though Dr Markham never took cognizance of the lower school, yet my father was in the habit of settling the accounts with him, for the purpose of obtaining what he called his 'auspices.'

"The higher school was divided from the lower by a bar, and it was one of our pastimes to get the cook to throw a pancake over it."

Bentham was entered in the upper second form; beneath him were the under first, the upper first, and the petty. It was then the rule to place the new-comer under another boy, to whose fortunes he was attached; and they were called substance and shadow. Bentham's substance was a lad of the name of Fakenham, of

the family of the Longfords in Ireland. When he left, Bentham became substance, and had, for his shadow, Shipley, who afterwards took orders, and became Dean and Bishop of St Asaph's.

It was in his cause that Erskine so distinguished himself. Bentham thus mentioned the affair:—

"Shipley went to Christ Church, and was dismissed for some irregularity or other. He applied to the King, and Lord Camden reversed the expulsion, and reinstated Shipley. I was present when Lord Camden gave his judgment. The Bishop of Durham (Barrington) was standing behind the bar, and hard was the rap he got upon his knuckles. Camden's phraseology seemed very strange to me. His expressions were—'I am free to confess,' &c.—'I am bold to affirm that, on this point, Mr Shipley was condemned unheard.'"

Two sons of the Duke of Leeds—namely, the Marquis of Carmarthen, and Lord Francis Osborn, were among the Westminster scholars. The Duke came once or twice to see them: the Duchess came more frequently. She was the sister of the Duchess of Newcastle, whose husband was that foolish and ignorant Duke who was the Minister, and who spent a large fortune in gross eating and drinking, and said he did so for the good of his country, and in the service of his Majesty. One day, as the Duchess of Leeds was traversing the play-ground where I was amusing myself with other boys—one little boy amongst many great ones—the Duchess called me to her, and said—"Little Bentham! you know who I am." I had no notion she was a great lady, and answered—"No, madam, no! I have not that honour." I found that some strange tale had been told of my precocity, and my answer was thought very felicitous; and, not long afterwards, I was invited to go home with her sons to the Duke's. I was full of ambition; accustomed to hear myself puffed and praised; and my father was always dinning into my ears the necessity of pushing myself forward—so he hailed this visit as the making of my fortune. A short time before dinner, I was summoned up stairs to the Duke's apartment, where was a physician, to whom he said:—

"'This is Bentham—a little philosopher.'

"'A philosopher!' said the doctor; "Can you screw your head off and on?'

"'No, sir!' said I.

"'Oh, then, you are no philosopher.'

"Earl Godolphin, I remember, came in. I believe he had been in office in Queen Anne's time. He was a thin, spindle-shanked man; very old. At dinner, my attention was excited by a Mr Trimmer, an humble dependant of the family, who sat at the bottom of the table, and wore gold lace like the rest; for everybody wore gold lace then: but narrow was the gold lace worn by Mr Trimmer. At parting, he put a guinea into my hand. I was to tell the story when I went home. I told the story of the guinea; and the guinea was taken from me for my pains. Many times I dined there afterwards, and always got my guinea; and always told the story; and always lost my guinea on getting home. I was not indulged with the spending of any of my guineas, though I was indulged with a sight of them, and with being allowed to count them, which my father thought was a better thing; but *I* thought that what was mine was mine; and once I stole a guinea. They counted those that were left; the theft was discovered; I was in prodigious disgrace and ready to sink into the earth. My cousin Mulford, interceded for me, and, in process of time, my iniquity was forgotten."

Bentham's father had a great desire that his son should excel in accomplishments. At seven years old, he was taught to dance, which was a serious punishment to him; for he was so weak that he could not support himself on tiptoes. Attempt upon attempt was made by his father to force the feeble boy to go through the dancing exercise; but the ligaments which join the patella were so weak, that they could scarcely sustain the body. In later years, the ossification of age overgrew the infirmity. I have often heard Bentham say he was the feeblest of feeble boys; but, sensible of his defects, he supplied them by thought and care, and no one was more alert or active than he. His adroitness served for strength: and physical infirmity was counteracted by intellectual activity. He played at marbles with his thumb-nail instead of his knuckle; and was a very tolerable fiddler, by the dexterity of his arm, though he wielded the bow with difficulty. It was yet more difficult for him to manage a small gun, with which he was supplied by his father, in order to learn the military exercise. The gun was called little and light; but Bentham found it large and heavy. There was a corporal in the Guards, whose name was Maclean, and who was Bentham's preceptor. Bentham's father gave him a guinea for his services; a fact which I discovered in a memorandum book, and mentioned to Bentham, when he said—"Well, that is the first time I ever heard of this; for my father used to think he had recommended so many pupils to the corporal, that the corporal was bound to give me gratuitous lessons. My father did not intend to pay him, I know; and if others had paid the corporal as my father would have paid him, if he could, the corporal would have come but badly off."

Bentham's father found him one day ornamenting capital letters; so he insisted he should learn drawing. He had no taste for it; and his father provided him with a most incompetent master, who knew nothing of the rationale of the art. Practice had enabled him to make tolerable trees; but Bentham found his master's trees intolerable—not like trees at all; and his master could find no words to explain the laws of perspective, or the powers of light and shade. Bentham told his father that he should not break the commandment, which prohibited the making "the likeness of anything in the

heavens above or the earth beneath." When he sought to learn the laws of optics, his master was wholly unable to explain them. He was a boy inquiring into the reason of everything; and his master could give him no reasons at all. He wrote remarkably well, and was accustomed to hear himself quoted as a specimen of what a boy might do, in "running hand," "text," "round text," and so forth; but his merits in this particular were, he thought, considerably *embellished*.

Of music he was always fond. It was associated with his early recollections and enjoyments. He played Corelli's sonatas when he was very young; and, to the end of his days, the music of Handel was delightful to him. Indeed, of harmony he had an exquisite sense. "I hate the coarse unfeeling style of music. In playing I was afraid of a keyed instrument: if I touched a false note by accident, I was forced to play the true one. I composed a solo for the fiddle. I never had patience to study thorough bass—its technicalities are so repulsive, like the *a's* and *y's* in algebra."

Except in the instance of music, his father studied none of his tendencies. He only dreamed of making his boy a great man; but, in the meanest sense of greatness. Bentham had ambition enough, had it been wisely or kindly directed: but he could not cringe and creep as his father did; and he bore in silence the close despotism which taught him to fear, but forbade him to love, that father.

At Westminster School Bentham obtained considerable reputation for Latin verses. He often prepared them for his aristocratic companions. But he was much oppressed by the other boys, and delighted when he could escape to Barking or anywhere, except to his father's house. There was, however, one boy at Westminster, who played the part of protector to Bentham, and of whom Bentham always spoke with much affection. He was of a high family, and talked to Bentham of his descent. Bentham and he had conceived a sort of aversion to each other, which lasted for some time; one day, they mutually confessed their dislike, and each finding the other blameless, they became intimate, and wondered at their former aversion. They used to play at battledore together, and Bentham told me they had once kept up the shuttlecock 2,730 times. So accurate was his memory of the most trifling occurrences of his boyhood.

"I recollect the very spot now," he said to me, not long before he died. "I was then in my dwarfish state; but most of the scenes of my joys and sorrows have been swept away."

Of other early amusements, he thus spoke—

"Fishing is an abominable sport: waste of time associated with cruelty. Yet I fished; I wanted new ideas, and new associations and excitements.

"I was member of a cricket club, of which Historian Mitford was the hero. I was a dwarf, and too weak to enjoy it. When sixteen, I grew a head."

In youth, Bentham accustomed himself to write in French, and he wrote with greater facility than in English. He was not embarrassed by the choice of words. His want of a thorough acquaintance with the language he felt to be an advantage, as no difficulties presented themselves in the phraseology. He wrote boldly on; while in English, he was stopping to weigh the value of words, and thus soon got embarrassed. The scrupulousness of his phraseology will in future times be one of the great recommendations of his style.

The fagging system was in full operation when Bentham was at Westminster School. He often spoke of its tyranny and cruelty, of its caprices and its injustice, with strongly excited feelings. "It was," he said, "a horrid despotism." The little boys of the schools were subjected to all sorts of intolerant treatment; they were sent to great distances whether with messages or not. In different departments of the school, the fagging system was different; in some it was more, in some it was less, oppressive; but oppression was everywhere.

Bentham received strange impressions from his father as to other children of his acquaintance. One of them was a boy named Hutchinson, who, in after life, wrote the interesting memoirs of his namesake Colonel Hutchinson. Bentham was taught to hold him in contempt, because he was his inferior in learning. Perhaps these demands on his dissocial affections only inspired him with a more diffusive philanthropy: certain it is that the tone and tendency of his father's counsels were little favourable to paternal influence upon a mind so susceptible and philosophic.

Of the instruction, discipline, and usages of Westminster School, Bentham always spoke with reprobation. They were taught few useful and many useless things. The teachers were distinguished by their aptitude for some one or other trifle which was valueless. One man, the son of a tapster, and thence called Tappy Lloyd, was wholly occupied in teaching prosody; "a miserable invention," said Bentham, "for consuming time." Then Archbishop Williams' comments on the Catechism was another schoolbook which they were called on to study, and learn by heart. When there was a jingle of verses, Bentham got on very well, but he dreaded the sight and abhorred the labour of committing to memory what he thought was dull and stupid prose; but he learned it to avoid shame or punishment. "I never," he one day repeated to me, "felt the touch of the rod at school—never—never. What the pain of being punished was, I never knew. My brothers and sisters were sometimes chastised by my grandmother; but I had no such experience."

There were, in Westminster School, masters who were perfect sinecurists. They were paid fees for doing nothing; and Bentham's impression generally was, that the higher their rank, the less their efficiency. Bentham's father sometimes rewarded his attention to his studies by escort-

ing him to the inns and coffee-houses which he was in the habit of visiting. Many such little episodes in Bentham's history he was fond of narrating; as, for example:—

"When I was at Westminster, my father took me with him to the Rainbow Coffee-House. There it was that the *quality* of the Scriveners' Company mustered. The place was kept by one Jerry Hargreaves, and many were the jokes about him and the other Jerrys. In one corner of the coffee-room sat a Mr Wilcock, a prodigious favourite of mine, for he used to sing, to my extatic delight, "Four and Twenty Fiddlers all in a Row." He was a shrewd Scotsman withal, and in the court of assistants of the Scriveners' Company. He never failed to be present at all feasts and festivals, and especially at the dinner of the 29th July, to which I was sometimes invited. There I saw my father work the miracle of whisking away three bottles of indifferent and watery port, and replacing them by costly hock, which he did not allow to circulate beyond the three persons who, with himself, sat at the end of the table. I heard the fifth man grumble; but the aristocracy cared not for his grumbling. It was one of my father's master strokes of generalship. Under the plea of catering for the many at the great dinner, the privileged few, among whom my father was, always managed to get for themselves an initiatory—a little dinner; and the Scriveners' Company paid for both. No man more ingenious than my father in getting dinners; and getting them for nothing; and improving their character and their costliness. I remember when they got to turtle dinners; and the next step was to send home turtle to their wives. Mrs Jezebel (so Bentham named his stepmother) and Mrs Brown got their portion."

In 1758, Bentham had made such progress in Greek and Latin, that he was able to write a letter in both languages to Dr Bentham the Sub-Dean of Christ Church; and I find the following inscription, copied in his father's handwriting, which probably accompanied a copy of Bossuet's "Oraisons Funebres."

Λογοι επιταφιοι

JEREMIÆ BENTHAM
Optimæ Spei Puero decenni
Ob eximios ingenij et industriæ fructus
In certamine literario Westmonasterr
Cal. Maij 1758 exhibitos

EDV BENTHAM
Ædis Xti Oxon. Sub. Dec.
Munusculum hoc
L. M. D.

Bentham preferred Greek to Latin; as the Greek expletives always came to his aid when he was writing verses. In attempting English verse, he said he could only find two expletives to help him out of any metrical scrape, and they were O! and Sir!

One of the visits which his father and he paid to White Conduit House in 1758, Bentham thus described:—"It was a delightful visit. There was a circular part, with little boxes around it, where we used to drink tea, eat hot rolls, and sometimes went so far as to order a syllabub fresh from the cow. In those times there was an organ: but the unpaid put down the organ and suppressed the music. There was also a large tea room, somewhat on the Panopticon plan. This was an eye-sore to the unpaid, and they shut it up. It became afterwards a Methodist meeting house, and scenes of mourning and terror superseded the scenes of merriment and comfort."

Some months before Bentham was entered as a student at Oxford, his father took him there to witness Lord Westmoreland's installation. I have heard him say that his respect for a place was measured by its distance from London, so that the proposal to visit Oxford was a most welcome one. They had for a companion a clergyman whose father had a post in the King's kitchen; and he supplied them with royal gingerbread for the journey, a viaticum which the young traveller then tasted for the first time. Dr Herbert Mayo had recommended that Bentham should be sent to St John's, as being celebrated for logic; but some other influence decided for Queen's.

On the 27th June, 1760, Bentham's father set out with his son to settle him in Oxford; and this is the entry in his Diary:—"June 27-28. *Aujourd'hui à midi*, set out with my friend, Mr William Brown, and my son Jeremy, from London for Oxford. Lay at Orkney's Arms, by Maidenhead Bridge. Got to Oxford at dinner, *après midi*. Entered my son a commoner at Queen's College; and he subscribed the statutes of the University in the apartment of Dr Brown, the Provost of Queen's, he being the present vice-chancellor; and, by his recommendation, I placed my son under the care of Mr Jacob Jefferson, as his tutor—paying Mr Jefferson for caution-money, £8; entrance to Butler, &c., 10s; matriculation, 17s. 6d.; table fees, 10s. The age of my dear son, upon his being admitted of the University this day, is twelve years, three months, and thirteen days. On the 29th, *matin, à l'eglise* of St Mary; *après midi*, dined with the vice-chancellor at his own apartments at Queen's. 30th, Dined in commons at Queen's College with Mr Jefferson and the rest of the fellows and gownsmen of the house. Paid for a commoner's gown for my son, £1 : 12 : 6. Paid for a cap and tassel, 7s. Expenses of journey to Oxford, £7 : 5 : 3."

Thus Bentham was a collegian at Oxford when only twelve years and a quarter old—an extraordinary age, or youth rather, for University education; but the precocity of Bentham's talents was the cause. He was not only very young, but very short—quite a dwarf—so that he was stared at in the streets wherever he went.

Bentham, on account of his tender age, was not required to take the oaths; and it relieved his mind from a state of very painful doubt. Even then, the objections he felt against needless swearing were strong; and the germs of his future writings on the subject of useless oaths were present to his thoughts. His scruples of con-

science were not always understood by those to whom he confessed them. Once his father led him to a place, such as he had been unused to, where he heard a person preaching in an unwonted style:—

"What place is this?" inquired he.

"It is a Dissenting meeting-house," answered his father.

"What! may we go there?" was the boy's query.

"We may just put our heads in," replied his father.

But the answer shocked Bentham. It was shuffling and insincere. If it was right just to put in the head, it was right, he thought, to put in the whole body; and, if not right to put in the whole body, it was not right just to put in the head. Bentham could not understand such inconsistency, such indifferent logic. In the latest years of his life he once said to me:—

"I never told a lie. I never, in my remembrance, did what I knew to be a dishonest thing."

Jacob Jefferson, who was appointed to be Bentham's tutor, was a morose and gloomy personage, sour and repulsive—a sort of Protestant monk. His only anxiety about his pupil was, to prevent his having any amusement. A very harmless battledore and shuttlecock, were one of the enjoyments of Bentham; but Jefferson made it a point to interrupt him, not for the purpose of calling him away to his studies, but solely to stop any pleasurable excitement. He forced him to read "Tully's Orations," all of which he knew by heart; or the Greek Testament, which he had mastered years before; so that the tasks were alike an annoyance and humiliation. Jefferson felt pleasure in mortifying others; and Bentham thought that his time was wasted without instruction. Jefferson gave, or professed to give, what he called lectures on geography. This was one of his lectures—"Where is Constantinople?" and then he touched the part of the map, where Constantinople is, with a wand. Queen's College had, at this time, considerable reputation for its logic; and Bentham owned that Jefferson gave him, out of Sanderson's logic, some materials for correct reasoning. The English logic taught was Watts', which Bentham always called "Old woman's logic." But his tutor took no trouble to ascertain what his pupils knew or knew not. He cared not whether they advanced or retrograded. The philosophy they learned was from Rowning; and they were amused by such paradoxes as that "water is as solid as a diamond." Bentham took to the study of mathematics of his own accord, and without the assistance or even the knowledge of his tutor, who was always more ready to reprove than to encourage. He graduated his animadversions thus:—

"Fie for shame!" that was for the slightest misdemeanour: then followed—"Fie, fie for shame!" and then, for some higher offence—"Fie, fie, fie for shame!" increasing in solemnity of utterance. The tutor had a morose and melancholy look—very unlike another instructor of Bentham's, Dr Fothergill, who had a jolly rubicund complexion, though a very bashful man. His conversation was pithless and insipid. In his old age, he took to himself a wife; and it was the general wonderment that he had found courage to ask anybody to marry him. As Jefferson took pupils for six guineas, and his rival, Dr Fothergill, required eight, the cheaper was selected by Bentham's father. It mattered little—the difference was only between Bavius and Mævius. The professors generally spent all their mornings in useless routine, and all their evenings in playing cards.

Having been introduced at Oxford, Bentham returned to Westminster school; but went finally to Oxford the following October.

The narrow allowance which Bentham got from his father, did not enable him to live without incurring debt at Oxford; and miserable he was when obliged to confess the fact to his father. Dr Bentham, who was the Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, was the channel through whom the communication was made; and a remittance of ten pounds was sent to relieve the student from his embarrassments. Bentham had been a candidate at Westminster School for one of the nine vacancies to the University presentation; and Dr Bentham was one of the reverend examiners. Bentham stood out the last, and the least of the boys, and succeeded in obtaining the right of admission to King's College; but he was dwarfish, and so weak, that ill-usage was apprehended; and he did not go after all. The successful candidates were clad in a solemn suit of black, and looked like old men. Bentham's appearance was most singular, and attracted great attention. He was only between nine and ten years old; as diminutive in figure as precocious in intellect; and wearing short breeches, skirted coat, and the rest of the costume of mature age. The procession passed before the dignitaries, who were seated in the hall of the school, with great formality. Among them was Dr Burton, the Jacus Etonensis, who was supposed to be an admirable Latin scholar, and whose reputation for ancient learning made him an object of special awe. He was scarcely less distinguished as a *bon vivant*, and for a habit of mixing *quodlibet cum quolibet* on the same plate. Bentham's father applied to Dr Bentham for a studentship; but got for an answer that his patronage was engaged. Afterwards, he spontaneously offered one to Bentham; who was so humbled by neglect and annoyance, and so desponding, that, after consulting his morose tutor, Mr Jefferson, he declined the favour which the doctor proffered.

A memorandum of his father, at about this period, is curious:—"August 18, 1760.—Paid given son Jerry more than received back from him of the guinea I *gave* him to play a pool at quadrille."

"Oh, I remember this"—on my calling the memorandum to Bentham's attention—"This was at some aristocrat's house. I never got any money but to play at cards; and only when I won money was I allowed to keep it; so that a

passion for play was likely to be excited in me. But I was cured at Oxford, where they always forced me to pay when I lost; but I never could get the money when I won; so I gave up the habit."

This was a very busy period in the life of Mr Bentham, senior. After the death of Bentham's mother, his father took to wife-hunting; and many were the women to whom he paid court. Some of those he pursued were abandoned, when, on inquiry, some deficiency in money, person, or reputation, was discovered. Bentham used to give a strange account of his father's pursuit of wives. One there was whom he left when he discovered she had false teeth. Another, who had a black-eyed, forward daughter, was pursued with the double purpose of winning the young lady for his son, and the mother for himself. Bentham heard of the project, and the project's abandonment; at the same time, his father whispering to him that the lady was given to drink. Then there was a damsel who had £17,000 of her own—but she refused; and Mr Bentham told his son that she was crackbrained and good for nothing. Another was a lady of title, who had a handsome house, a large garden, a pompous greenhouse, a fine establishment of servants, and £1500 a-year: here his proposal met with a negative. Another was a high-church, intolerant, aristocratical lady; but she turned a deaf ear to his fascinations. At last he took up with Mrs Abbott—a buxom widow, young, frangant, and sparkling. She was not unacquainted with all these adventures; for he used to consult her, and seek comfort from her in his disappointments; against which, at last, she provided a final and efficient remedy. The marriage projects were among the few topics on which Bentham was ever consulted by his father. As they were all intended for the aggrandizement of the family, he thought their importance required family discussion. There were great things constantly achemed; and a frequent promise was, that there was to be a carriage with four horses instead of two!

Among the persons to whom Bentham was introduced at Oxford, was Oldfield Bowles, a gentleman commoner of Queen's College; a proud man, who received Bentham somewhat disdainfully. He was the patron of a place where the Hell-Fire Club was held; a club somewhat characteristic of the then state of Oxford. It was a club of Unbelievers, Atheists, and Deists, who professed that, as they had a knowledge of their future destiny, it became them to prepare for it; and they used, it was said, to strip naked, and turn themselves round before a huge fire. Infidelity was certainly very rife at Oxford, and exhibited itself in forms the most offensive. The hypocrisy of the place disgusted Bentham, and he spoke of that University with asperity to the end of his days.

His father forced him to take a part in many matters which were annoying to him. He subscribed for him to the concerts, and required him to attend. "I attended," he said, "in a most melancholy state. I sat still while the music played: not a living soul had I to speak to. Unhappy while I was there, I was not less unhappy when I came away." His father caused him many petty vexations. On one occasion he got into a long and angry dispute with a paper-hanger at Oxford, about papering Bentham's room; and it ended in his sending paper down from town. This brought upon Bentham the ill-will of the Oxford paper-hanger; who found many ways of saying and doing, and causing others to say and do, unfriendly things. The chamber which was the origin of the misunderstanding, was a very gloomy one. It looked into the churchyard, and was covered with lugubrious hangings. Bentham's fear of ghosts, and of the visitations of spiritual beings, was strong upon him; and the lugubriousness of the chamber and its neighbourhood added to his alarms. But he was enabled to effect a change with another student, and got two guineas in addition, for his thirdings on account of his better furniture. His father was angry with the change; for with all his admiration of his son's talents, he seems never to have had the slightest idea of the peculiarities of his disposition and character. Once, at Oxford, going round to see the sights, his father took him into the hall at Christ Church, where the students were all assembled at dinner. He compelled the timid boy to go from the bottom to the top of the hall, to walk round the tables, and to report whether he recognised any schoolfellow. Bentham was ready to faint—to sink into the earth with agony. His father was altogether insensible, and had no notion that there could be anything improper in intrusion on such an occasion. "O, would he but change places with me!" said the poor lad to himself; but he dared not give utterance to any such thoughts. His father thought it excellent strategy to force him into notice; and, among other arrangements for that purpose, he sent him a silk gown to wear, while the other students wore gowns of stuff.

A grievous annoyance to Bentham, at Oxford, was the formal dressing of the hair. "Mine," he said, "was turned up in the shape of a kidney: a quince or a club was against the statutes; a kidney was in accordance with the statutes. I had a fellow-student whose passion it was to dress hair, and he used to employ a part of his mornings in shaping my kidney properly."

Generally speaking, the tutors and professors at Oxford offered nothing to win the affections of Bentham. Some of them were profligate; and he was shocked with their profligacy: others were morose; and their moroseness alienated him: but the greatest part of them were insipid; and he had no taste for insipidity.

Among the few persons whom he remembered with pleasure, in talking of this period of his life, was a Mr Darling, who was a curate near Andover, and whom he visited with his father. He noticed Bentham with great kindness; and Bentham, in return, applied to him one of Martial's epigrams; and, instead of the poet's hero, inserted the good clergyman's name. For this he

got no little praise; and the visit was a succession of enjoyments. He shewed to Bentham, among other things, a solar microscope. "That man was rooted deep," he said, "in everybody's affections; and everybody lamented that no preferment was given to so excellent a person. At last, preferment came, in the shape of the living of Wargrave, in Berkshire; and everybody felt as happy as if some individual good fortune had been conferred on them."

If the teachings of the University were not very instructive, so neither were its amusements very interesting. Fishing was one of them. Bentham sometimes went to fish, as a relief from the weary monotony of existence. It brought some new ideas, and new occupations. At that time, a bubble on the water's surface was a variety, and had a charm; and, to catch a minnow, was an interruption to the dulness of the day. But even the fishing sports partook of the system of neglect with which all education was conducted. Generally a poacher was hired to go with a casting-net. He caught the fish; and the youths went and got it dressed at a neighbouring inn. A few practised fly-fishing, who had skill and strength. Bentham had neither the one nor the other. No living being could be thrown into a situation less congenial than his was. Once or twice he was asked to hunt and to shoot. Others killed partridges—he only killed time. He fired as often as the rest; but the flash of the gunpowder hurt his eyes. Too timid to confess his dislike to sports that were so popular, he generally found or made an excuse for refusing to join them. In his later days, he applied his utilitarian philosophy to the subject, and made the whole animal creation objects of his benevolent suggestions; insisting that their claims to be spared the unnecessary infliction of pain stood upon the same basis as the claims of man himself.

All sorts of oppressions were exercised by the older on the younger students. One day a gentleman commoner asked Bentham to sup with him; and, after a magnificent supper, waylaid him on his return home, in a narrow lane, and seriously cut his eye, walking abruptly away. For such affrays, there was neither interference nor redress.

At Oxford, there was scarcely a companion in whose society Bentham could discover any pleasure. He found the College a stupid one, and the people in it as stupid. Mitford was a gentleman commoner there—Bentham only a commoner. They were members of the same breakfast club. Bentham thought his conversation commonplace, and never expected he would become an author. He was distinguished by his good looks, and his personal strength. "I took" said he, "to Edward Cranmer, a descendant of Bishop Cranmer, in default of better company. But he was a noodle; and there was another noodle of the name of Archer, who, with his brother, bought a commission in the Guards, which he afterwards quitted, and became a parson. There was one Poore. At fourteen he had a strong black beard. He had obtained one of the gold medals at Winchester, for a copy of verses; and this intoxicated him. He was quite jealous if I spoke to anybody but him; when, all of a sudden, he took to another youth, and discarded me entirely. The boy's name was Bower, whose elder brother or cousin became distinguished at the Chancery bar. There was a staid, sober fellow, of the name of Burleigh. His father was a parson; and he became a parson in turn. There was Stillingfleet—a proud priest, holding his head aloft in the air. There was a man of the name of Skip, who had some cleverness and some knowledge; and, after taking a bachelor's degree, he went to Edinburgh—learnt more—returned to Oxford, and became M.A. At Edinburgh he picked up a little unbelief, which he retailed at Oxford on his return. We had Nicholls of Barbadoes, who afterwards got a rural deanery. He was a great dandy, but an ugly little fellow, who had reached man's estate. He led me, now and then, into his chambers; and there, for the first time, I saw Hume's history, which was a great treat to me. There was a gentleman commoner, who took to me a little—De Sellis, a Swiss. His chambers were underneath mine. He took in the Annual Register, which had then just appeared. I was a child; he a man; so we had few ideas in common: but the Annual Register delighted me. There was a little party that moved round Dr Smith, who knew something of chemistry, and read lectures on chemistry to a small class. I would have given one of my ears to have attended him: but that was out of the question. This little party were proud of their distinction. One of them was Wynn of Wales; and another, Bishop Bathurst, a distinguished character.

"It was at Poore's chambers that I met Horseley. Poore was excessively vain. He was a protegé of Harris, the author of Hermes. Harris' son, the first Earl of Malmesbury, was then at Oxford: much too great a man to speak to me; but Poore had access to him. Poore talked a great deal about music, and was admitted to Harris' concerts. Horseley was a man of free conversation; he was proud and insolent. Poore was a professed, nay, an ostentatious unbeliever. Horseley's discourse was such as none but an unbeliever could use. Wilberforce knew his character; he had a perfect abhorrence of Horseley, and I have heard him call him 'a dirty rascal,' and 'a dirty scoundrel.' Poore used to boast to me, that he had made Franklin a Platonist; and he boasted loudly of the feat. I told him he had turned a wise man away from useful pursuits, to pursuits that were of no use at all. I dare say Franklin heard him very quietly, and was not moved in the least. There were two St Johns there. Goodyear St John, if he had ever learned anything, had forgotten it all. His life was one of gaming, drinking, and strumpeting. He used to take me by the heels and hold me, my head downwards; and I remember losing half-a-guinea in consequence, which fell out of my pocket. He became a parson, as there were livings in the family; so did another drunken

fellow of the name of Popham. There was a young wag called Crop, who was also a *debauché*. I do not know what became of him, but I remember he got a lecture from the Monk Jefferson, who told him he would bring his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. "No! I sha'n't," said he; "my father wears a wig." There was another sot, Lechmere, who used to drink till his eyes became purple, like Sheridan's. He came into parliament. They were all either stupid or dissipated. I learnt nothing. I played at tennis once or twice. I took to reading Greek of my own fancy; but there was no encouragement: we just went to the foolish lectures of our tutors, to be taught something of logical jargon.

When Bentham was thirteen, he wrote some Latin verses on the death of George II., and the advent of George III. They made some noise, as being the composition of so young a person; and were given, by Chamberlain Clarke, to Sir John Hawkins, in order that he might obtain Dr Johnson's opinion of them. That opinion was sent to Oxford, that Bentham might benefit by his corrections. Bentham himself said of his Ode—"It was a mediocre performance, on a trumpery subject, written by a miserable child. It was, perhaps, as good as those which were accepted."

I have, however, in Dr Johnson's handwriting, his observations on the Ode. He suggests some alterations, but concludes by saying—

"When these objections are removed, the copy will, I believe, be received; for it is a very pretty performance of a young man."

Illustrative of Bentham's situation at Oxford, is the following, addressed by him (Œtat 13) to his father, on

"*Tuesday, 30th June*, 1761.

"Dear Papa,—I have sent you a declamation I spoke last Saturday, with the approbation of all my acquaintances, who liked the thing itself very well, but still better my manner of speaking it. Even a bachelor of my acquaintance went so far as to say that he never heard but one speak a declamation better all the time he has been in College; which, indeed, is not much to say as, perhaps, you imagine, for sure nobody can speak worse than we do here; for, in short, 'tis like repeating just so many lines out of a *Propria quæ Maribus*. I have disputed, too, in the Hall once, and am going in again to-morrow. There also I came off with honour, having fairly beat off, not only my proper antagonist, but the moderator himself; for he was forced to supply my antagonist with arguments, the invalidity of which I clearly demonstrated. I should have disputed much oftener, but for the holidays or eves, that happen on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and, besides, we went three times into the Hall before we disputed ourselves, that we might see the method. Indeed, I am very sorry it did not come to my turn to dispute every disputation day; for, for my own part, I desire no better sport. I wish you would let me come home very soon, for my clothes are dropping off my back; and if I don't go home very soon, to get new ones, I must not go down stairs, they are so bad; for as soon as one hole is mended another breaks out again; and, as almost all the commoners either are gone for the vacation, or will go in a day or two's time, very little business will be going forward. Pray, give me an answer very soon, that I may know whether I am to wear clothes or go in rags. Pray, give my duty to grandmamma, and love to dear Sammy, and represent the woful condition of one who is, nevertheless, your dutiful and affectionate son,

"J. Bentham.

"I should be glad to know yours and Mr Skinner's opinion of Higgenbroccius.

"Pray, see if you can make out this thing, which is strictly true here:—*Nostra parva ursa non solum est rus, vel, sed etiam oportet ego.*

"Pray, excuse my not writing over my declamation.

"*From Queen's College, Oxford.*"

The following amusing Oxford story I find in Bentham's MSS. of this period:—

"Among the curiosities in the museum at Oxford, a certain cicerone, who was entertaining some strangers with the inspection of the contents of that repository, came at last to an old sword, deeply enriched with the precious rust of antiquity.

"'This sword,' says he—'ay, let me see—yes, this sword is the very sword that Balaam slew the ass with.'

"'I beg pardon, sir,' observed one of the company, 'for interrupting you; but my notion had all along been that the ass had found a friend to intercede for him, and that, as to all but a sound drubbing, poor dapple came off with a whole skin.'

"'I am speaking of the common accounts we have of that celebrated transaction; but, perhaps, these valuable archives may have furnished you with some more authentic evidence to shew that the intercession of the ass' friend was attended with like consequences to those of Don Quixote's interposition in favour of the young ploughboy that was receiving discipline from his father.'

"'Indeed, sir,' replied the cicerone, 'I know no more of the business than every gentleman present knows. It was my mistake. What you say is right—the ass was not slain. This sword, therefore, is the sword he would have slain the ass with, if he could have got one.'"

In 1763, being then about sixteen—a rare honour for so young a lad—Bentham took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had, for some time, been in possession of a small exhibition, amounting to about £20 a-year.

When Bentham came to town from Oxford, his father insisted upon his attention to the dancing-master; and, though he hinted at his repugnance, it was in vain.

"I never can make out this figure of eight," he said, "which the dancing-master will have me to learn. If the other dancers will stand still—if they will consent to be statues for a

little while—I will make the figure of eight around or about them; but, as they are always moving, I know not where to find them."

With all his love and admiration of his son, it is strange how Mr Bentham should have so completely failed in obtaining his confidence. Never were two natures more unlike. The one all trepidation and susceptibility; the other rude, bold, and reckless. The consequence was, that Bentham never opened his heart to his father. He could not even communicate to him his sorrows. Bentham was more than once penniless. All his money was stolen from him at Oxford by the person who made his bed. He never breathed a word of the calamity; for his father had no idea of a misfortune without connecting with it the condemnation of a fault, and never allowed an opportunity to pass of attaching blame. Bentham's temperament led him to seek or to find excuses or consolations for errors and for afflictions: his father found, in both, motives for condemning the sinner or the sufferer. I find the latest letters to his father commence with the words—"Honoured Sir." He liked this formality, even from a son. Few people paid him voluntary respect; and he was glad to get the semblance of it, whenever and wherever he could. He used to reproach his son for being an object of contempt to the ladies.

"It is I," said he, "who know how to fascinate the ladies."

But the ladies who visited his father were such as Bentham had no wish to fascinate; and his dialike to their insipidity was attributed to *mauvaise honte.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE BROKEN VIOLIN.

From the French of Béranger.

COME, my poor dog! my faithful beast,
Come, eat, despite thy master's sorrow;
I've yet one cake left from the feast—
Black-bread must be our fare to-morrow.

The foreign foes, whom treach'ry's hand
Hath made our Lords this vale within,
Have bid me play; when their command
I spurn'd, they broke my violin!

Oft it the village concert made—
Now, farewell fêtes and happy days!
Who'll lead the dame beneath the shade?
What now the glance of love shall raise?

The strings my fingers lightly prest,
Oft on the marriage morn so gay,
Told to the blushing fair one's breast
The coming bridegroom's trim array.

Now, in the barn or 'neath the tree,
The Sunday will seem sadly long!
And can the vintage prosperous be,
Commenced without the cheerful song?

Its notes made less each wearying toil,
And eas'd the ills the peasants found;
For nobles, taxes, barren soil,
Its voice consol'd the hamlets round.

To fiercest hates it friendship taught—
Of bitterest tears it still'd the flow;
No sceptre upon earth ere wrought
Such blessings as my little bow.

But now the savage stranger race
Have roused my soul against their yoke;
A musket! that shall well replace
The violin they here have broke.

And all my friends from whom I go
Will say, if I should fall for France,
"He would not that a brutal foe
Should on our ruins gaily dance."

So come, my dog! poor faithful beast,
Come, eat, despite thy master's sorrow;
I've yet one cake left from the feast—
Black-bread must be our fare to-morrow.

Devonport. L. F.

LINES WRITTEN IN DUNFERMLINE CHURCHYARD.

"RICH with the spoils of Time," this scene
A thousand homilies is worth;
For thoughts of "that which once hath been,"
And what the future may bring forth,
Here crowd upon the gazer's mind
With such an overpowering rush
As doth recall the mighty gush
Of that lifegiving, wondrous wind
Which swept across the whitened bones
Of Israel's host of slaughtered ones;
And, with its potent influence,
From that blanched, dry, unsightly mass,
Before the astonished Prophet's sense,
Made, as it were, an army pass.
Here, underneath our feet, there lies
The dust of twice three centuries.
Here Bruce and Denmark's sainted maid
Mingle their clay with common men,
Till God shall call them up again.
Here "Wallace Wight," in sorrow, laid
His aged mother's honoured head;
And here the hoary hawthorn stands
He planted with his patriot hands,
To mark the consecrated spot
Where I have often shed a tear
Over the sacred, hallowed bier
Of her who ne'er shall be forgot
By Scotland's faithful sons, who know
That to her blessed stock they owe
Freedom's best friend—oppression's foe.
Here stands the darkly scarred remains
Of one of Scotland's proudest fanes;
Which stern, uncompromising Knox,
Ah, too severely! made to feel
That fierce iconoclastic zeal
Which makes us half regret the blocks
To which our fathers wont to kneel;
And gilds, with colours warm and bright,
And yet subdued, (like the soft light
Which through a painted window streams,)
All that long since hath passed away,
And decks, with a misleading ray,
Even Superstition's most pernicious dreams.

MEMOIRS OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.*

If any man of the present age has come under the denunciation, "Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you," it is Sir Samuel Romilly. And yet he fulfilled his apostleship, and enjoyed the general esteem, throughout a long public life, by no arts of compromise, by no trimming or truckling to the great, or courting popular favour. Honour was thrust upon him, unlooked for and unsought. The secret of the great social success of Romilly is honourable to human nature as well as to a character in which all good and kindly elements were most happily commingled. To a sound intellect he united a judgment calm and dispassionate; a mind of singular rectitude; and, with the most honourable feelings, a remarkable gentleness and tenderness of disposition. Modesty tempered his well-regulated ambition; and, in one word, it may be said that, throughout his career, he found sterling honesty to be the best policy, without once thinking of regulating his conduct by the selfish tenor of the maxim. Great power of application, and of regular unremitting industry, gave effect to the higher qualities of his mind; though it is probable that, in the latter years of his life especially, his arduous professional engagements and parliamentary duties were more harassing and incessant than was consistent with the undisturbed enjoyment of mental tranquillity. At the time of his lamented death, his friend, Mr Wilberforce, in his diary, regrets that Romilly had not allowed himself even the rest of the Sabbath, as he had urged upon him; not for the sake of his soul, but for the healthful preservation of his intellect. The early domestic circumstances of Romilly were well adapted to the favourable developement of his mind and disposition. He was nursed in the bosom of peace, love, and competence; blessed abundantly with every real blessing of life; and, until within a few weeks of his end, he might have been pronounced one of the happiest as well as the most honoured among the eminent men of his age. The details of Romilly's early and domestic life will, we venture to think, ultimately be found the most instructive as it certainly is the most captivating portion of this autobiography: for such the work may be described; which consists solely of a narrative and diary kept by Romilly, and selections from his correspondence. His sons are merely his editors; and, in this capacity, so far are they from being intrusive, that the reader is often left to wish for more copious information, and farther explanations of the text. They have, however, avoided vagueness and obscurity, by publishing the narrative entire. It is charmingly written, possessing all the simplicity and truthfulness of Franklin's autobiography, with greater tenderness of sentiment and moral beauty; nor can we better describe the work than in the words of Romilly's friend, Dumont, when he was consulted on the propriety of publishing it:—

"There is, I think, no other work of this kind which could produce the same moral effects upon a youthful mind. On one side we see great talents, great reputation, and ample fortune; and, on the other, an obscure origin, scarcely any education, years lost,—and all these disadvantages overcome by unwearied application, and by efforts constantly directed towards the same end. It is a lesson composed entirely of facts, worth more than volumes of moral sentiments; to which none of those pretences, by which young people commonly reconcile to themselves their own nothingness, can be suggested as an answer. Nor does the example stop here. During twenty years, no one enjoyed happiness surpassing his, and this of a kind to be described by him alone who felt it. . . . . A charm is spread over the whole work, and it leaves in the mind a feeling of affection for the author; and this because he displays himself without pretension, and because the picture he draws relates only to those moral feelings, those private virtues, which every one can imitate, and to that domestic life, the happiness of which, as it is derived from the purest and most amiable feelings, creates jealousy in the breast of no one. Mere men of the world will probably disbelieve it: in their eyes it will appear a romance, but one that will not offend them; and, by the middling ranks, the most numerous class of society, these memoirs will be read with the same feeling as that which dictated their composition.

"As to the memoirs of his Parlimentary life, I should have still fewer doubts about them."

It is no ordinary work which may justly deserve this character from an able and accomplished man, who had been the intimate and confidential friend of Romilly, from their youth upward.

Romilly was descended of a French Protestant family, who possessed "a pretty good landed estate" near Montpelier. At a very early age, his grandfather made a journey to Geneva to receive the sacrament; and from thence he came to London, giving up country, parents, and inheritance, that he might enjoy freedom of worship. In London, he became a wax-bleacher; married the daughter of a French refugee; and left a large family, slenderly provided for. Romilly's father was the youngest son. He was bred a jeweller in London, and worked as a journeyman in Paris, where he saved money to make an excursion to the seat of his ancestors. The descendants of the refugee French Protestants naturally clung together, and formed a little society among themselves. The mother of Romilly was the daughter of a refugee; and his father obtained her hand, after long opposition from her wealthy kindred, who, though she had no fortune, were averse to the match, where the only expectations of the young man were to rest upon industry, honesty, youth, good health, and long-tried affection. Of his father, Romilly always speaks with the warmest filial regard.

Naturally, my father was of the most cheerful and happy disposition, always in good humour, always kind and indulgent, always, even in the worst circumstances, disposed to expect the best, enjoying all the good he met with in life, and consoling himself under adversity with the hope that it would not be of long duration. . . . He was very religious, but his religion was without

* Three vols. 8vo, with Portrait, &c. Edited by his Sons.

austerity: and, though he did not fail to read prayers in the midst of his family every Sunday, he attached much less importance to the forms of religion than to the substance of it; and the substance he thought consisted in doing good to our fellow-creatures. His charity far exceeded the means of his fortune, and he sometimes indulged it to a degree which cold discretion might tax with imprudence. . . . . .

He used often to talk to his children of the pleasure of doing good, and of the rewards which virtue found in itself; and from his lips that doctrine came to us, not as a dry and illusive precept, but as a heart-felt truth, and as the fruit of the happiest experience.

All my father's favourite amusements were such as his home only could afford him. He was fond of reading, and he had formed for himself a small, but a tolerably well-chosen, library. He was an admirer of the fine arts, but pictures being too costly for his purchase, he limited himself to prints; and in the latter part of his life, as he grew richer, indulging himself in this innocent luxury to a degree perhaps of extravagance, he had at last a very large and valuable collection. He took pleasure in gardening, and he hired a small garden, in which he passed in the summer most of the few leisure hours which his business afforded him.

The delicate health of the mother of this estimable family, who lost many of her children, left Romilly and his brother and sister to the care of a kind and pious female relation; one of those benevolent fairies that bless so many virtuous families of the middle rank, under the name of aunt or cousin. The picture of Romilly's youth would be incomplete without these adjuncts.

Mrs Margaret Facquier had lived in our family ever since my mother's marriage. She taught us to read, and to read with intelligence; though the books in which we were taught were ill suited to our age. The Bible, the Spectator, and an English translation of Telemachus, are those which I recollect our having in most frequent use. But this kind relation had too bad a state of health to attend to us constantly. During the last forty years of her life, it seldom happened that many weeks passed without her being confined to her bed, or at least to her room. The care of us, upon these occasions, devolved on a female servant of the name of Mary Evans, who was ill-qualified to give us instruction or to cultivate our understandings; but whose tender and affectionate nature, whose sensibility at the sufferings of others, and earnest desire to relieve them to the utmost extent of her little means, could hardly fail to improve the hearts of those who were under her care.

Perhaps there hardly ever existed three persons more affectionate, more kind, more compassionate, and whose sentiments and whose example were better calculated to inspire every soft and generous affection, than these two excellent women and our most excellent father. It was under the influence of these examples that we passed our earliest years; as for my mother, she was incapable, from the bad state of her health, of taking any part in our education.

The servant whom I have mentioned was to me in the place of a mother. I loved her to adoration. I remember when quite a child, kissing, unperceived by her, the clothes which she wore; and when she once entertained a design of quitting our family and going to live with her own relations, receiving the news as that of the greatest misfortune that could befall me, and going up into my room in an agony of affliction, and imploring God upon my knees to avert so terrible a calamity.

The training of these excellent persons could not have been wholly unexceptionable; for, from earliest infancy, devils, ghosts, and witches, had obtained possession of the imagination of Romilly, and become a source of horror and torture to the sensitive and thoughtful child. Though nothing could be more serene and tranquilly happy than the life of this excellent person for many a year, yet there was an original germ of despondency in his mental constitution; and, along with the superstitious and gloomy terrors which haunted his boyhood, came the fear of the death of those he loved, and especially of his father. But these were but clouds in the sunshine; and the imagination of the boy was "as often busied with the brightest creations."

Sir Samuel Romilly was one of the many eminent men who are self-educated. He had been taught to read, as we have seen, by his female relative; and he went very early to a school kept by a French refugee—a man ignorant, harsh, and pretending; who could

As soon have doubted that food is the proper remedy for hunger, as that blows and stripes are the only genuine promoters of goodness, and incentives to virtue. From the nature of the school may be conjectured what was, in general, the description of the scholars. They consisted, principally, of the sons of all the barbers, bakers, and butchers in the neighbourhood; and the superior gentility of my father's trade was, I believe, the contemptible motive for the favour which we experienced. At this miserable seminary we continued for several years, and the only acquisitions that we made at it were writing, arithmetic, and the rules of the French grammar. The more familar use of that language we acquired at home; it being a rule established by my father, that French should be spoken in the family on a Sunday morning, the only time which a constant attendance to business allowed him to pass with us.

Of Latin, which his father was desirous that he should acquire, as he wished him to enter the profession of the law as an attorney, Romilly then knew as much as his master, which was exactly nothing. The law was, unfortunately for his father's scheme, embodied, to young Romilly, in the repulsive person of a Mr Liddel, a thriving attorney of Threadneedle Street:—

A shortish fat man, with a ruddy countenance, which always shone as if besmeared with grease; a large wig which sat loose from his head; his eyes constantly half shut and drowsy; all his motions slow and deliberate; and his words slabbered out as if he had not exertion enough to articulate. His dark and gloomy house was filled with dusty papers and voluminous parchment deeds; and in his meagre library I did not see a single volume which I should not have been deterred by its external appearance from opening. The idea of a lawyer and of Mr Liddel were so identified in my mind, that I looked upon the profession with disgust, and entreated my father to think of any way of life for me but that; and, accordingly, all thoughts of my being an attorney were given up as well by my father as myself.

Commerce was the next destination of the future eminent lawyer and legislator. His godfather was Sir Samuel Fludyer, a cousin-german of his father—a man who, from a very humble beginning, had attained the highest civic dignities: been created a baronet, and elected a Member of Parliament for the City of London. The appointment of clerk in his counting-house might have led to brilliant fortune; and Romilly, accordingly, commenced the study of merchants' accounts. His expected patron died suddenly of apoplexy, and the incipient clerk applied his skill to keeping his father's books, which he did for two years; occasionally also taking orders, and waiting upon customers. His leisure, of which he had a good deal, was spent in desultory but

not unprofitable reading, though it led to what is, we believe, a very common and but seldom a very deplorable consequence.

Ancient history, English poetry, and works of criticism, were, however, my favourite subjects; and poetry soon began to predominate over them all. After a few attempts, I found myself, to my unspeakable joy, possessed of a tolerable faculty of rhyming, which I mistook for a talent for poetry. I wrote eclogues, songs, and satires, made translation of Boileau, and attempted imitations of Spenser. My feeble verses and puerile images were received with the most flattering applause by my family, and afforded supreme delight to myself. I was soon persuaded that I possessed no inconsiderable share of genius. My father's business became every day more unpleasant to me, and I lamented that I had not been educated for some profession connected with literature. I considered that it was not yet too late for me, with an abundance of zeal, to make a very great progress. I determined, therefore, when I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, to apply myself seriously to learning Latin, of which I, at that time, knew little more than some of the most familiar rules of grammar. Having made myself tolerably master of the grammar, I was fortunate enough to meet with a very good scholar in a Scotchman of the name of Paterson, who kept a school, in Bury Street, St James's, and who became my instructor.

In the course of three or four years, Romilly had read, by himself, every prose classic writer; and when he came to Ovid and Virgil, from whom, among the other Latin poets, he attempted poetical translations, he relates, with instructive sincerity:—

They appeared to me to have such merit, that I remember reading with triumph, first Dryden's translation, and then my own, to my good-natured relations, who concurred with me in thinking that I had left poor Dryden at a most humiliating distance; a proof certainly, not of the merit of my verses, but of the badness of my judgment, the excess of my vanity, and the blind partiality of my friends.

He also attempted Greek, but soon gave it up; though he carefully read the best Greek historians, orators, and philosophers, in the Latin versions usually found in class books. His general education was, in the meanwhile, proceeding most auspiciously, in a happy and cheerful home.

My reading had been so various, that I had acquired some slight knowledge of a good many sciences. Travels had been one of my favourite subjects; and, as I seldom read either travels or history without maps before me, I had acquired a tolerable stock of geographical knowledge. I had read, too, a good deal of natural history, and had attended several courses of lectures on natural philosophy, given by Martin, the optician in Fleet Street, by Ferguson, and by Walker.

My father's taste for pictures and prints could hardly fail of being communicated to his children. I found a great source of amusement in turning over the prints he was possessed of, became a great admirer of pictures, never omitted an opportunity of seeing a good collection, knew the peculiar style of almost every master, and attended the lectures on painting, architecture, and anatomy, which were given at the Royal Academy.

Such were my pursuits and my amusements; but these were not my only amusements. My father's house furnished me with others most congenial to my disposition. Several happy changes had by this time taken place in our family. As my mother advanced in age her constitution was strengthened, and she at last recovered a good state of health. Our family had been increased and enlivened by two female cousins, the children of my uncle Isaac, who had been left orphans in their infancy by the premature and almost sudden death of both their parents within a few days of each other. Immediately after that melancholy event had happened, Sir Samuel Fludyer took the eldest under his guardianship, and Sir Thomas the youngest; but a few years only passed before death reduced them both to a second orphanage. Their sprightly society and amiable dispositions contributed most essentially to the happiness of us all.

The eldest, particularly, added to the utmost sweetness of temper, extraordinary accomplishments and uncommon beauty. Her charms were really most captivating, and both my brother and myself felt the effects of them. Mine, however, was the love of a child, and soon yielded to my brother's more earnest passion, which increased and strengthened with time, and was many years afterwards rewarded by marriage. They have ever since lived happy in each other and in their children, surrounded at this moment by eight of them, and having never for a single instant had their harmony interrupted.

The death of a rich relation of Romilly's mother, who left liberal legacies to every member of the family, raised his views, and finally led to the adoption of that profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament. The world may join with him in blessing the memory of this generous and judicious friend; since, without his legacy, the upright statesman, the enlightened and philanthropic legislator, would, in all probability, have been condemned to wear out his life in some way which must have greatly narrowed, if it did not wholly impede his public utility.

Before following Romilly into professional and public life, we must look again on the charming domestic pictures which embellish the early portion of his narrative:—

Upon receiving so large an accession to his fortune, my father removed out of his country lodgings into a house, still however at Marylebone; though, by the increase of the new buildings, it had ceased to be the country, and was merely the outskirts of London. There our whole family now resided throughout the year, what had been our town-house being appropriated entirely to business. Our new house was in High Street, and, to judge from its external appearance, its narrow form, its two small windows on a floor, and the little square piece of ground behind it, which was dignified with the name of a garden, one would have supposed that very scanty and very homely, indeed, must have been this our comparative opulence and luxury. But those who had mingled in our family, and had hearts to feel in what real happiness consists, would have formed a very different judgment. They would have found a lively, youthful, and accomplished society, blest with every enjoyment that an endearing home can afford; a society united by similarity of tastes, dispositions and affections, as well as by the strongest ties of blood. They would have admired our lively, varied, and innocent pleasures; our summer rides and walks in the cheerful country, which was close to us; our winter evening occupations of drawing, while one of us read aloud some interesting book, or the eldest of my cousins played and sung to us with exquisite taste and expression; the little banquets with which we celebrated the anniversary of my father's wedding, and of the birth of every member of our happy society; and the dances with which, in spite of the smallness of our rooms, we were frequently indulged. I cannot recollect the days, happily I may say the years, which thus passed away, without the most lively emotion. I love to transport myself in idea into our little parlour with its green paper, and the beautiful prints of Vivares, Bartolozzi, and Strange, from the pictures of Claude, Caracci, Raphael, and Corregio, with which its walls were elegantly adorned; and to call again to mind the familiar and affectionate society of young and old intermixed, which was gathered round the fire; and even the Italian greyhound, the cat, and the spaniel, which lay in perfect harmony basking before it. I delight to see the door open, that I may recognise the friendly countenances of the

servants, and, above all, of the old nurse, to whom we were all endeared, because it was while she attended my mother that her health had so much improved.

Romilly's first connexion with the law took place in the office of one of the Six Clerks of Chancery, to whom he was articled for five years. His master acted also as a solicitor in Chancery. The business of the apprentice left him a good deal of leisure, which he still devoted to reading and composition; and he had already resolved that he should merely *live* by the profession of the law, and attain fame by literature. In poetry, or rather rhyme, by the age of nineteen, he luckily wrote himself out; or, as he says, had "the sense and good taste to wean himself from the habit of versifying;" though he still hoped—and a most useful and stimulating hope it must have been—to become a *very* distinguished author. He, accordingly, exercised himself in prose composition, by translating into English the finest models the Latin tongue affords; and he diligently read and studied the best English writers. About this time, Romilly formed a friendship, which had the happiest influence on his character and prospects. In the Rev. Mr Roget, his future brother-in-law, he found one who, by age, education, judgment, and the warmest sympathy, was eminently fitted to be his guide. This gentleman, a native of Geneva, had lately come to London, and been elected the pastor of that French chapel which the Romilly family attended. This desolate-looking chapel, with its thin congregation of old women, and monotonous foreign preacher, had been among the calamities or bugbears of Romilly's boyhood; and we believe that, in adverting to them, and their effect upon himself, he gives a very faithful picture of the way in which dull, cold, doctrinal discourses are listened to by the young. He says:—

In truth, I did not even attempt to attend to them; my mind was wandering to other subjects, and disporting itself in much gayer scenes than those before me, and little of religion was mixed in my reveries.

On Roget's election, a neat and cheerful small chapel was built; but the difference between the preachers was even greater than between the new and old edifices.

We heard, from Roget, sermons composed with taste and eloquence, and delivered with great propriety and animation. He was, indeed, possessed of the genuine sources of eloquence; an ardent mind, a rich imagination, and exquisite sensibility. Immediately upon his arrival in England, he became acquainted with our family, and that acquaintance soon grew into very great intimacy with us all. He took pleasure in talking with me about my studies; used to give me great encouragement to persevere in them; and often pronounced of the talents, which he supposed me to possess, predictions that have never been fulfilled, but which, as is often the case with prophecies of another kind, had a strong tendency to bring about their own accomplishment.

Roget was an admirer of the writings of his countryman Rousseau, and he made me acquainted with them. With what astonishment and delight did I first read them! I seemed transported into a new world. His seducing eloquence so captivated my reason, that I was blind to all his errors. I imbibed all his doctrines, adopted all his opinions, and embraced his system of morality with the fervour of a convert to some new religion. That enthusiasm has long since evaporated; and though I am not even now so cold and insensible as to be able under any circumstances to read his writings with an even and languid pulse, and unmoistened eyes, yet I am never tempted to exclaim, *Malo cum Platone errare, quàm cum aliis vera sentire*,—a motto which I once seriously inscribed in the first page of *Emile*. But though the writings of Rousseau contain many errors on the most important subjects, they may yet be read with great advantage. There is, perhaps, no writer so capable of inspiring a young mind with an ardent love of virtue, a fixed hatred of oppression, and a contempt for all false glory, as Rousseau; and I ascribe, in a great degree, to the irrational admiration of him, which I once entertained, those dispositions of mind, from which I have derived my greatest happiness throughout life.

In our family, Roget found a society well suited to his taste. His visits to us became frequent; his conversation was uncommonly interesting, and he had soon secured the friendship of us all. My sister he inspired with warmer sentiments than those of friendship. On his part, he was by no means insensible to her merits, but he forbore for some time to offer his addresses to her. He had no property but the very moderate income which his church afforded him; my sister's fortune, though not large in itself, was comparatively large, and her expectations were supposed to be much greater, for my father, from his assiduity, the long time he had been in business, his extensive dealings, and his moderate expenses, was reputed to be possessed of great wealth. Roget's intimate friends endeavoured to dissuade him from making a proposal, which, they said, they foresaw would be unfavourably received; they were, however, as much mistaken with respect to my father's disposition as with respect to his fortune. Upon the first mention of Roget's addresses, my father declared, that, if they had my sister's approbation, they had his; he had long before resolved never to resist, or even to check, his daughter's inclinations. With respect to Roget, however, it was not a case in which my father was merely not to oppose; he could not but approve a marriage so well calculated to render a beloved child happy; and it was, soon afterwards, solemnized to the great satisfaction of all our family.

There was one person, indeed, who, though not of our family by blood, was from long intimacy and mutual affection considered almost as a part of it, to whom this event gave as much pain as it did satisfaction to all the rest.

To the romantic and melancholy love episode alluded to, we cannot advert. The union of his sister with Roget brought a great accession of happiness to Romilly. His affectionate reminiscences describe the period which followed this marriage as one of pure unmixed happiness. He says:—

I had always loved her with the tenderest affection. I had conceived for Roget the sincerest friendship, and their union increased and enlivened these sentiments. I passed most of my leisure hours with them, enjoying the small but well-selected society which frequented their house, and enjoying still more their conversation when alone.

I shall never forget the charms of our little frugal suppers, at which none but us three were present; but where we never were at a loss for topics that went to the hearts of all of us: where each spoke without the least reserve, nay, where each thought aloud, and was not only happy in himself, but happy from the happiness of those most dear to him. Our happiness, indeed, was such that it could hardly be increased; but, if not increased, we might, at least, reckon upon its duration; the sources of our enjoyment were in ourselves, not dependant upon the gifts of fortune, and not subject to the tyranny of opinion. We were young; myself, indeed, but just of age: and many years, in the enjoyment of the purest friendship and affection, seemed to be in store for us. Vain, however, were these expectations! our happiness was as transient as it was pure.

This beautiful paragraph closes the first portion of the narrative, which was not resumed

for seventeen years; by which time Sir Samuel was well advanced in life, and had long been the happiest of husbands and fathers. It, however, suits us better, in this brief sketch, to follow the natural course of events.

By the judicious encouragement of Mr Roget, who had conceived those sanguine expectations of the intellect and talents of his young relative, which the future so amply justified, Romilly was now led to look to the higher walks of his profession, and, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the Society of Gray's Inn. His legal studies were judiciously pursued; and it seems to have been the singular felicity of his life, to have come into intimate contact only with the worthy, the wise, and the kind. While pursuing his studies with an assiduity which injured his health, his mind became harassed by anxiety for his sister and her husband.

The happiness they enjoyed upon their marriage was as pure, and as complete, as is ever the portion of human beings; but it was of very short duration. They were blessed with one sweet child to increase that happiness; but not long after the joyful event of his birth, in the spring of 1779, and just when I had projected to pass the approaching summer with them in a lodging they had taken at Fulham, and when we had begun to carry our project into execution, Roget was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, attended with a violent spitting of blood, and with other symptoms so alarming, that his life appeared to be in the most imminent danger. As the only chance of saving him, his physician recommended that he should be removed to his native air; and he, soon afterwards, set out for Geneva.

Mr Roget had a partial recovery, and, though never able to return to England, he lived for a year or two, during which period Romilly visited him and Mrs Roget, at Lausanne, partly for the recovery of his own health, which was now seriously deranged, but chiefly to convey an infant nephew, who had been left in London, to his parents. On this his first visit to the Continent, Romilly, during a short residence at Geneva, became acquainted with the celebrated Dumont, afterwards the friend of Mirabeau and of Bentham. To both of these distinguished persons Dumont must have been introduced by Romilly. It is delightful to trace this life-long virtuous friendship to its pure source.

During this residence at Geneva, I formed a friendship with a young man about my own age, of the name of Dumont, who was then studying for the church, and was soon after admitted one of its ministers. Roget, who had been long acquainted with him, had spoken to each of us in such favourable terms of the other, that we were desirous of becoming friends before we had met; and a personal acquaintance, improved by a little tour we made together to the glaciers of Savoy, and round the lake of Geneva by the Tête Noire, Martigny, Bex, and Vevey, was soon matured into a very intimate and firm friendship, which remains to this day, increased and strengthened by the number of years during which it has lasted. His vigorous understanding, his extensive knowledge, and his splendid eloquence, qualified him to have acted the noblest part in public life; while the brilliancy of his wit, the cheerfulness of his humour, and the charms of his conversation, have made him the delight of every private society in which he has lived: but his most valuable qualities are his strict integrity, his zeal to serve those whom he is attached to, and his most affectionate disposition.

This was written nearly thirty years after the acquaintance of Romilly and Dumont commenced. Romilly returned from Switzerland, through France, and spent some time in Paris, where he chanced to be during the rejoicings for the birth of the Dauphin in 1781. In a few short years he saw in Paris very different sights. At this time Romilly met, among other remarkable men, D'Alembert and Diderot. His judgment upon the true merits of the feud between the latter and Rousseau, is favourable to the citizen of Geneva, and apparently just.

Symptoms of the Revolution were already visible to the far-seeing. D'Alembert, though more cautious than Diderot, pointed out the effect which philosophy had produced, in his own time, upon the minds of the people. Formerly the birth of a Dauphin had made the nation drunk with joy. "Now, they regarded with great indifference the birth of another master." This indifference, however, had no place when the son of Napoleon was born; and the birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux again intoxicated our fickle neighbours.

In 1783, Romilly was called to the bar; and he gave up his first circuit to conduct his widowed sister and her two orphan children back to England. He went this time to Lausanne by Paris, accompanied by a highly valued and accomplished friend, a young barrister, named Baynes, whose premature death, a few years afterwards, Romilly and Wilberforce deeply regretted as a public loss. In Paris, Romilly renewed his acquaintance with several persons worthy of being known, and, in particular, with one amiable family, with some of the members of which he continued to correspond down to the close of his life. The letters of the mother and daughter of this family, written during the horrors of the Revolution, and Romilly's replies, are, next to his correspondence with Mirabeau, and his confidential letters to his brother-in-law Roget, among the most interesting portions of the work. On this second visit to Paris, on the route to his sister, Romilly saw Franklin, to whom his friend Baynes had a letter of introduction.

Dr Franklin was indulgent enough to converse a good deal with us, whom he observed to be young men very desirous of improving by his conversation. Of all the celebrated persons whom, in my life, I have chanced to see, Dr Franklin, both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable. His venerable patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manner and language, and the novelty of his observations, at least the novelty of them at that time to me, impressed me with an opinion of him as of one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed. The American Constitutions were then very recently published. I remember his reading us some passages out of them, and expressing some surprise that the French government had permitted the publication of them in France. They certainly produced a very great sensation in Paris, the effects of which were probably felt many years afterwards. Diderot was at this time dead; and D'Alembert was in so infirm a state that I thought he would gladly enough dispense with a visit from me.

Sir Samuel does not detail the slow and gradual but steady steps, by which, without connexions or patrons, he crept into professional employment, which, we believe, has never been,

in point of emolument, surpassed at the bar. His first years were occupied chiefly in drawing pleadings; and he had not, for a long while, occasion to open his mouth in Court. On the Midland Circuit, which he chose—every circuit being alike indifferent to a friendless lawyer, without connexions on any circuit—because it possessed no great talent to eclipse any young aspirant, he found Perceval, and Sutton, afterwards Lord Manners and Chancellor of Ireland, with a number more, who do not particularly deserve notice, though two legal portraits are well worthy of preservation. The latter is a genuine John Bull—an admirable unique. Next to Sergeant Hill in rank,

But far before him in business, and, indeed, completely at the head of the circuit, stood * * * *; who, without talents, without learning, without any one qualification for his profession, had, by the mere friendship, or rather companionship, of Mr Justice * * *, obtained the favour of a silk gown; and by a forward manner, and the absence of commanding abilities in others, had got to be employed in almost every cause. The merits of a horse he understood perfectly well; and when in these, as sometimes happened, consisted the merits of a case, he acquitted himself admirably; but in other cases nothing could be more injudicious than his conduct. In spite, however, of his defects, and notwithstanding the obvious effects of his mismanagement, he continued for many years, while I was upon the circuit, in possession of a very large portion of business. . . . . At different places we had provincial counsel, who joined us. The most remarkable of these was Old Wheler, (so we always called him,) who lived in the neighbourhood of Coventry; an honest, sensible, frank, good-natured, talkative old lawyer. He had been upon the circuit forty years when I first joined it, and was attending the assizes at the time of the rebellion of 1745. It was some years later, and when I attended the Coventry and Warwick Quarter Sessions, that I became very intimate with this cheerful, open-hearted, kind old man; but I was so much delighted with his conversation and society, that I cannot, upon the first mention of the lawyers whom I found upon the circuit, refuse myself the pleasure of speaking of him. He had read nothing but law, he had lived only among lawyers, and all the pleasant stories he had to tell were of the lawyers whom he remembered in his youth. His stories, indeed, were repeated by him again and again; but they were told with such good humour, and had so much intrinsic merit, that I always listened to them with pleasure. Among some peculiarities which he had, was a very great dislike to parsons and to noblemen. He often remarked, that it would have given him the greatest joy if his daughter and his only child had married a lawyer; but he had the mortification (a singular one, undoubtedly, but such it appeared to him) of seeing, before he died, his two grandsons the presumptive heirs of two different peerages.

Sir Samuel relates an amiable and characteristic trait of his early professional life, which proves that, with a natural delicacy and sensitiveness bordering on timidity, he was far from deficient in civil courage, where virtue demanded its exertion. What so formidable to a young lawyer, and one of the plebeian order too, who had his way to make, as ridicule? Yet this he braved, and we shall give the exemplary story in his own words:—

When I was called to the bar, it became necessary for me to have a servant, one who should be always in chambers to receive briefs, cases, and instructions for pleadings, if any should chance to be brought for me, and who should attend me upon the circuit, in the various characters of clerk, valet, and groom. It was a singular choice that I made of a man to serve me in these capacities. I have mentioned, I think, in the early part of my life, a female servant, to whom the care of myself, my brother, and my sister was entrusted, one Mary Evans, as simple-hearted, honest, and affectionate a creature as ever existed. Before she left my father's house, she had become strongly infected with Methodism; and, not long after she left it, she married a pious journeyman shoemaker, of the name of Bickers, as fervent a Methodist as herself. The poor man began to grow infirm; he had become incapable of working assiduously at his trade, and consequently incapable of supporting himself, and of supporting her. I could not endure the idea of seeing a woman, whom in my infancy I had revered almost as a mother, and who had loved me as her son, reduced to distress; and I could not afford to maintain her husband and to pay the wages of a servant besides. I determined, therefore, unpromising as the project seemed, to try whether I could not make shift with him as a servant. I certainly suffered, during several years, for my good nature. He could ride, and he could stand behind my chair at dinner, but this was almost all that he could do; and though I sometimes employed him to copy papers for me, he wrote very ill, and made a thousand faults of spelling. The want of proper attendance, however, was far less disagreeable to me than the jokes which he excited on the circuit. His appearance was singular and puritanical; and the first day he was seen on the circuit, he was named by the young men upon it, "the Quaker," an appellation by which he was always afterwards known. It is not easy to give an idea of the great familiarity which existed amongst the young men who went the circuit, of the strong disposition to turn things into ridicule which prevailed, and how very formidable that ridicule was. To all his defects, Bickers added that of sometimes getting drunk; and he has often made me pass very unpleasant hours under the apprehension that, half elevated with liquor, and half inspired with the spirit of Methodism which possessed him, he would say or do something which would afford an inexhaustible fund of mirth to the whole circuit. All this, however, I submitted to, from the motives which I have already mentioned; and, in spite of his increasing defects and infirmities, and notwithstanding the disagreeable hours which he made me pass, he continued my servant till the day of his death, (a period, I think, of about seven years,) though I was obliged, at last, to take a temporary servant to attend me on the circuits. With all his defects, he had some excellent qualities. He knew that it could not be for the services he rendered me that I continued him in my service, and he was all gratitude for my kindness. In every way that it was possible for him he showed his zeal and his attachment to me; and I shall not soon forget the earnestness with which he once ventured to offer me his advice upon what appeared to him to be a matter of no small moment. I had, sometimes, employed him to copy papers which I had amused myself with writing, upon abuses existing in the administration of justice, and upon the necessity of certain reforms. He had seen, with great regret, the little progress I had made in my profession, and particularly upon the circuit, and had observed those whom he thought much my inferiors in talents far before me in business; and, putting these matters together in his head, he entertained no doubt that he had, at last, discovered the cause of what had long puzzled him. The business of a barrister depends on the good opinion of attorneys; and attorneys never could think well of any man who was troubling his head about reforming abuses, when he ought to be profiting by them. All this he, one day, took the liberty of presenting to me with very great humility. I endeavoured to calm his apprehensions, and told him that what I wrote was seen only by himself and by me; but this, no doubt, did not satisfy him.

Young counsel, without friends, had then, as now, but one way of obtaining employment, and it was one which Romilly was quite unfitted to practise.

It is to gain an acquaintance with the attorneys at the different assize-towns, to shew them great civility, to pay them great court, and to affect before them a display of wit, knowledge, and parts. But he who disdains such unworthy means may, if he do not attend the Quarter Sessions, pass his whole life in travelling round the circuit, and in daily attendances in court, without obtaining a single brief. When a man first makes his appearance in court, no attorney is disposed to try the experiment whether he has any talents; and when a man's face has become familiar by his having been long a silent spectator of the business done by others, his not being employed is supposed to proceed from his incapacity, and is alone considered as sufficient evidence that he must have been tried and rejected. It was an observation, indeed, which I heard Mr Justice Heath make, "that there was no use in going a circuit without attending sessions."

Romilly acted on this hint, and fixed on Warwick, where he attended sessions for many years. We have lately witnessed the trials of Chartists, and rioters assuming the name of Chartists, at Warwick, and seen their privations in prison, and the severity of their treatment, at least as compared with the Birmingham rioters of 1791, who were guilty of much worse outrages, and those renewed and protracted. But the Mob of that period was a "loyal and well-affected" if furious and ignorant rabble. Their rallying cry was—"No philosophers;" "Church and King for ever;" and "Down with the Presbyterians;" and not Universal Suffrage. The Bishop of Exeter could not have withheld his pastoral benediction from men so well disposed to the Church as the brutal rioters of 1791. But the cream of the matter is contained in Romilly's statement.

It is very singular that all the persons who have most suffered from the outrages of the rioters, were persons particularly distinguished for their benevolence and charity, and who had most contributed to the prosperity of Birmingham by their industry. But all their virtues were of no avail in the eyes of men who had been deluded, by those who are very improperly called their superiors, into a belief that they intended to overturn the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of the country. I do not say this from conjecture, for I am just returned from Birmingham, where I have had occasion to inquire particularly into the causes and circumstances of the riots; and I am perfectly convinced that the persons who were the most active in destroying and burning the chapels and houses, *are not by any means the most criminal.* . . . . The persons tried were all men in low situations of life, and no discovery of any importance came out on any of the trials. Twelve men were tried, and only four were convicted. . . . Six were acquitted, although the evidence against them was so strong, that no rational being could entertain the smallest doubt of their guilt. Two of these six, Rice and Whitehead, acted as the ringleaders of the rioters, and Rice had been twice tried at Worcester and twice acquitted, though his guilt was proved beyond all doubt. If these two men had been convicted, it was hoped that they might have made a discovery of their employers; and for this reason it is supposed that the gentlemen, who have christened themselves the friends of Church and King, were particularly anxious for their acquittal. They were indeed anxious for the acquittal of all of them; and a private subscription was made for the purpose of affording the rioters all the legal assistance they could have. Two counsel and an attorney were employed for each of them, and three counsel appeared for the only prisoner who could afford to retain counsel for himself; for the friends of Church and King extended their generosity indiscriminately to all who had risked their lives in so good a cause. The assistance, however, which their counsel could afford the prisoners was inconsiderable, when compared with that which they derived from the absurdity of the leading counsel for the crown, the very extraordinary incapacity of the judge, and the most profligate partiality in the jury. The counsel for the crown began, in opening the first prosecution, by telling the jury that the prisoner was to be considered as an object of commiseration, and that he acted under a delusion and a species of madness, and he represented his case as that of a man who, though mistaken, was sincere in his opinions; and all this of a fellow who was a notorious thief, and had been tried several times before at Warwick for robberies. . . . . .

The judge, who has, and not undeservedly, the character of being the very worst upon the bench, who is totally ignorant of law, and who is incapable of stating facts in a manner intelligible to the jury, summed up several of the plainest cases for conviction, in the only way that could give the jury a pretence for acquittal. In one case, after stating the facts as strongly as *he* could to the jury, and telling them that they were proved by four witnesses, the veracity of whom was entirely unimpeached, who had no interest in the matter, and all of whom must be perjured and must intend wrongfully to take away the life of their neighbour if he was innocent, he concluded with telling them, that whichever way they found their verdict would be equally satisfactory to him. Two of the men who destroyed Dr Priestley's house were convicted; and as the evidence against them was not at all stronger than what was given against several of those who were acquitted, it can be ascribed to nothing but to a speech which was made by Mr Coke, another of the counsel for the crown, on opening the prosecution, in which he represented to the jury the scandal which their conduct in acquitting men accused of such offences, contrary to the plainest evidence, would bring on themselves and on the country. The jury, who, being most of them men of property in Birmingham, conceived themselves to be gentlemen, and who thought they might give false judgments and commit perjury without any reproach to their reputation, but that to suffer themselves to be told of what they had done without resenting it would bring an indelible stain on their honour, immediately took fire and complained to the judge; and afterwards one of them told a friend of mine that he thought they were bound, as gentlemen, to insist on Mr Coke's making them satisfaction, or fighting them one after another. Mr Burke's favourite spirit of chivalry, you see, is not quite extinguished; and when one finds so much of it still prevailing among the *noblesse* of Birmingham, one cannot be surprised that the doctrines of the National Assembly are with them so unpopular. The rage which prevails in Warwickshire against the Dissenters is not to be conceived by any one who has not been there. There is no story so incredible, no calumny so gross, as does not meet with implicit credit, and the most speedy propagation among the friends of Church and King; and the complete refutation of one calumny, instead of begetting distrust of the truth of another, only procures it a more easy reception. The appetite for defamation grows stronger as it has missed the prey, of which it thought itself secure. I heard one of these zealots declaring his utter detestation, not of Dissenters in general, but of those of Birmingham, founded, as he said, on the whole of their conduct, which he declared to have been scandalous and infamous beyond all example.

Such was the *equal* justice—the fair trials of 1791. We leave it to the reader to compare these with the late trials, and the mercy shewn to Lovett and Collins in Warwick jail. Romilly chanced to be in Edinburgh, on business, when Muir's trial took place. He says to Dumont:—

Nothing is wanting to Edinburgh but a fine climate to make it the place in which I should prefer, before any that I have seen, to pass my life, if I were obliged to pass it in any town. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the country around it, which is rich, highly cultivated, well wooded, well peopled, and bounded on the different sides with the sea, or with mountains. I have been pleased with everything I have seen in Edinburgh, and about it,

except the persons of the women; I mean those of the lower ranks of life, who are certainly very plain; and the administration of justice, which I think detestable. I am not surprised that you have been shocked at the account you have read of Muir's trial; you would have been much more shocked if you had been present at it, as I was. I remained there both days, and think I collected, in the course of them, some interesting materials.

Soon after Romilly had been called to the bar, he became acquainted with Mirabeau, who was even then famous in the world of letters and politics. The Count was residing in London. He conceived a very high opinion of the talents of Romilly, whom he praised everywhere, and especially to the Marquis of Lansdowne. That nobleman was the warm and discriminating friend of young men of abilities, who took his own views of public questions. Romilly had written an anonymous pamphlet, connected with the famous trial of the Dean of Asaph, which was presented to the Marquis by a mutual friend, and which confirmed his favourable opinion of the author, whose acquaintance he requested. From this period, the Marquis of Lansdowne acted to Romilly as a steady and kind friend. It was at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis, that, many years subsequently, Romilly met with the lady who long constituted the happiness of his life. The year before his death, we find him, in his diary, thus affectionately reverting to those times:—

After passing a fortnight at Tanhurst, I set out (*Sept.* 8th,) with my dear Anne and Sophy, to pay a few visits. The first was to my friend Phelps, at Chevenage, a house which he has lately taken near Tetbury, in Gloucestershire. In his neighbourhood, or, at least, within a morning's ride, are Dursley, Berkely Castle, Frocester Hill, and the Vale of Rodborough. We visited all these places, and passed our time most agreeably; and, on the 14th of September, left Chevenage for Bowood. We stayed there ten days. The amiable disposition of Lord and Lady Lansdowne always renders this place delightful to their guests. To me, besides the enjoyment of the present moment, there is always added, when I am at Bowood, a thousand pleasing recollections of past times; of the happy days I have spent, of the various society of distinguished persons I have enjoyed, of the friendships I have formed, here; and, above all, that it was here that I first saw and became known to my dearest Anne. If I had not chanced to meet with her here, there is no probability that I ever should have seen her; for she had never been, nor was likely, unmarried, ever to have come to London. To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes to be traced! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a land-mark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796, I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks, with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and, if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; she over-heated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his journey for several days, and in the meantime I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man. A most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of a little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labours of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone,—all are to be traced to this trivial cause.

Our last visit was to my old and most valuable friend Jeremy Bentham, at Ford Abbey, in the neighbourhood of Chard; a house which he rents, and which once belonged to Prideaux, the Attorney General of the Commonwealth. I was not a little surprised to find in what a palace my friend was lodged. The grandeur and stateliness of the buildings form as strange a contrast to his philosophy, as the number and spaciousness of the apartments, the hall, the chapel, the corridors, and the cloisters, do to the modesty and scantiness of his domestic establishment. We found him passing his time, as he has always been passing it since I have known him, which is now more than thirty years, closely applying himself for six or eight hours a day in writing upon laws and legislation, and in composing his Civil and Criminal Codes; and spending the remaining hours of every day in reading, or taking exercise by way of fitting himself for his labours, or, to use his own strangely invented phraseology, taking his ante-jentacular and postprandial walks, to prepare himself for his task of codification. There is something burlesque enough in this language; but it is impossible to know Bentham, and to have witnessed his benevolence, his disinterestedness, and the zeal with which he has devoted his whole life to the service of his fellow creatures, without admiring and revering him.

There is also a letter to Dumont, describing Ford Abbey, its inmate, and his guests; among whom were Mill, the historian of India, and Mr Place, the tailor, of whom Romilly writes:—

Place had been with him about three weeks, and was to quit him a few days after us. He is a very extraordinary person: by trade he is a master tailor, and keeps a shop at Charing Cross. This situation—a humble one enough—has, however, been to him a great rise in life, for he began his career in the lowest condition. He is self-educated, has learned a great deal, has a very strong natural understanding, and possesses great influence in Westminster—such influence as almost to determine the elections for Members of Parliament. I need hardly say that he is a great admirer and disciple of Bentham's.

Romilly had not been many years known to the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he was strongly pressed to accept of a seat in Parliament for one of the Marquis' boroughs, with, of course, perfect liberty to vote as he thought proper—a phrase quite well understood. If the offer was creditable to the judgment of Lansdowne, the refusal was not less so to the discretion and integrity of Romilly, whose love of independence was stronger than his ambition to enter Parliament. His decision deserves to be recorded for the benefit of all future protegés of the Whig aristocracy:—

It was that which, above all things, I should have rejoiced in, if I could have gone into the House of Commons perfectly independent, and not with the consciousness that I was placed there by an individual whose opinions might, on some important subjects, be very different from my own. Even with all these disadvantages, the offer was at that time so tempting, that I confess I hesitated: it was not, however, for long: I had the good

sense and the honesty to decline it, and I have ever since applauded my determination.

We have nowhere met with so just, penetrating, and candid an appreciation of the anomalous character of Mirabeau—the man made up of so many powerful and discordant elements—as in his friend Romilly's pages. They corresponded after Mirabeau returned to France, and met again when Romilly, accompanied by Dumont, made a third visit to Paris in the vacation of 1788. Mirabeau was delighted with the wit and extraordinary talents of Dumont. Their consequent intimate connexion is familiar to the world of letters. Romilly and his friend, at this important crisis, saw a great deal of the more remarkable of those persons who acted a prominent part in that Revolution which was already in progress. No one impressed him with so much reverence and regard as Malesherbes. The King had just recalled Necker, and consented to assemble the States-General. Romilly states :—

The best and most virtuous men (and I place the Duke de la Rochefoucald and M. de Malesherbes amongst the foremost of them) saw in it the beginning of a new era of happiness for France, and for all the civilized world. The ambitious rejoiced at the wide field that was opening to their aspiring hopes, and the men of letters began to entertain a higher opinion of their own importance than even they had before conceived. There was not, however, to be found a single individual, the most gloomy, the most timid, or the most enthusiastically sanguine, who foresaw any of the extraordinary events to which the assembling the States was to lead. Who, indeed, could, in that single measure, have discovered the seeds of what followed?—the abolition of the monarchy; the public execution of the king and queen; the destruction of the nobility; the annihilation of all religion; the erection of a petty but most sanguinary tyranny in almost every town of France; a succession of wars, all contributing to increase the martial glory of the nation; and, finally, the establishment of a military despotism, the subjugation of almost all the rest of Europe, and the nearest approach that is to be found in the history of modern times to universal empire!

The sanguinary horrors of that Revolution, of which he had augured so auspiciously, were doubly revolting to the feelings of a man of the humane and tender disposition of Romilly. The massacre of the prisoners in Paris, in the fatal days of September, filled him with disgust and despair. "One might as well think," he says, "of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa, as of maintaining a free government among such monsters." Dumont, though he as strongly deprecated the horrible and indiscriminate carnage committed in the name of Liberty, was able to take a more calm and enlarged view of the causes of the evils he deplored. After painting his agonized feelings and his bitter disappointment, flowing from the same source from whence so many good men had flattered themselves that human happiness was to arise, he endeavours, in a letter to Romilly, to take a forward and more consolatory view :—

I endeavour to find some counterpoise for these thoughts. I know that it is the approach of a hostile army which has thrown the people into this fever: I have not forgotten the rage and frantic grief which I myself endured when I saw Geneva surrounded by three armies, united to enforce our submission to a Government we detested. I can conceive that, in a great city like Paris, where so many passions are in constant ferment, they must have risen to a pitch of madness against the aristocrats, who have drawn down upon their country the scourges of Austria and Prussia; and that when the people found that the sanguinary manifesto of the Prussian Attila threatened to destroy all with fire and sword, that those who should escape the one might perish by the other, so they may have said to themselves, "Before we die, at least let us snatch from the conspirators the joy of their triumph." In their last paroxysm they murdered the prisoners, because a report had been spread that, at the approach of the Duke of Brunswick, the prisons would be thrown open, and that the prisoners would purchase their pardon by serving the king, and turning against the patriots.

I have just received a letter from Paris, written by the mildest, the most humane man I am acquainted with, and he seems to think that all that has taken place was necessary; that it was the subversion of a conspiracy; and that without it Paris would undoubtedly have been given up to foreign troops. It is M. Cabanis who writes to me thus. He has no interest in the success of the revolution; he is misled by party-spirit: but when party-spirit misleads good and enlightened men, it must surely have assumed some specious form. . . . . .

I do not attempt to palliate horrors which shake all my principles, but I endeavour to see things as they are; and I know that, if the people are ferocious, despots are no less so. Reckon the number of persons who, in Poland, have been the victims of a single woman.* Only reflect that this one woman, without provocation, without any cause whatever, may lay claim to the deaths of two millions of human beings. Think of Louis XIV., and you will perhaps admit that one may still wish for the success of the French arms, and for the destruction of the Prussians and Austrians, without offence to humanity. If the French should be beaten, I shall make up my mind to the event more easily than I should have done if these horrible scenes had never been acted. But I cannot help shuddering at this league, the principle of which it is impossible to justify, inasmuch as the blackest of the crimes of the French people were subsequent to it, and for the most part occasioned by it.

These passages deserve to be read twice by those who can see no sanguinary crimes save in the actions of rioters and insurgents; or who will allow no one to murder or assassinate with impunity save sovereign princes, for their sovereign pleasure.

In 1798, Romilly married; and, in 1802, during the Peace of Amiens, he visited Paris with Mrs Romilly, and saw the usual sights, and many of the "celebrities" of the new era. Twice he dined in state with Talleyrand. As we see nothing of the Consular Court in his diary, we may accept the substitute for it :—

A large company was assembled; we waited a long time for Talleyrand; soon afterwards dinner was announced. We sat down, about thirty. Among the men were Count Cobenzl, (the Austrian ambassador,) the Danish ambassador, General Andréossi, Admiral Brieux, Rœderer, Portal, (a physician.) and about ten or twelve Englishmen, particularly Charles Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord Holland, St John, and Adair. After dinner the company very much increased, and amongst those latter visiters were General Bournonville and Cardinal Caprara. Talleyrand received me coldly enough, with the air and manner of a great minister, and not of a man with whom I once was intimate. The dinner, and the assemblage after dinner, were so grave and solemn, that one might have conceived one's self rather at the court of some little German prince than in the house of a man of good society in Paris. The dinner was one of the most stately and melancholy banquets I ever was present at. I had the good fortune to sit next to Charles Fox, and to have a

* Catharine II. of Russia.

good deal of conversation with him. But for this circumstance, I should have found this dinner a very irksome and unpleasant task which I had imposed on myself. After dinner, in the room in which we took coffee, two young women, dressed *à l'Angloise*, and, as it is said, English women, walked in, and burned incense; after staying some time in one part of the room, they walked to another corner, still burning incense, till the whole room was perfumed.

Many just reflections on the despotism already established by Buonaparte, the symptoms of which were visible on every hand, occur in Romilly's diary, kept on this journey.

The *Edinburgh Review* had just started. Dumont appears to have expected a review of the "*Traité de Legislation Civile et Pènale*" to appear in it; and Romilly thus consoles him for the disappointment:—

I don't think you have any reason to be sorry, unless you think it would be of use to your book to have it abused. The editors seem to value themselves principally upon their severity, and they have reviewed some works, seemingly, with no other object than to show what their powers in this particular line of criticism are. They begin their account of *Delphine* with these words:—"This dismal trash has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic amongst us with gaping." Of Fievée's *Letters* they say:—"It is some advantage to have this kind of standard of *pessimism*, to see the utmost extent to which ignorance and petulance can go."

In 1805, the barren honour of the Chancellorship of Durham was thrust upon Romilly, by the bishop, solely from respect for his character, for they were hardly acquainted; and, in the same year, he was offered a seat in Parliament, by the Prince of Wales, who had been much pleased with his exertions as counsel, in a case in which Mrs Fitzherbert was interested, concerning the wardship of a child. Romilly respectfully declined the offer, which was probably meant to be a feeler or retainer in that case ever uppermost in the mind of the Prince—the persecution of his unfortunate wife. Romilly was directed by him to consult with Lord Thurlow upon the infamous narrative of Lady Douglas; and though he conducted himself with the strictest honour and rectitude in his subsequent connexion with this unhappy case, his mind seems to have received a bias against the Princess of Wales, from which it never wholly recovered. Thurlow at once declared that he did not believe Lady Douglas' narrative to be true, and that some parts of it were highly improbable. As a tissue of lies, it was not a good *composition*. Romilly had several meetings with the Douglases; and, at first, was less clear-sighted than Thurlow in detecting this infamous conspiracy. This was in the end of 1805; and, in a month afterwards, on the accession of the Whigs to office, he was appointed Solicitor-General, solely by the good offices of the husband of the Princess of Wales. Romilly is, however, quite justified in affirming that he never solicited office, nor paid court in any way to the Prince. He pronounces a severe judgment on the total unfitness of Erskine for the Chancellorship, which Erskine obtained at the same period. The Ministry brought Romilly into Parliament for Queenborough; and, to his deep mortification, the indignity of knighthood was inflicted upon him and Piggot, the new Attorney-General. Perceval had been spared this humiliation, "because he was an Earl's son."

The honourable and useful public life of Romilly is before the world. It is enough to say that, although he was mainly distinguished as a law-reformer, every good measure found in him a zealous supporter; and that, though naturally cautious, and solicitous to scrupulousness about whatever involved personal dignity, no consideration of prudence or expediency ever led him to shrink from his duty to the country and to mankind. The diary which he kept from this time, of his Parliamentary and public life, contains, like his correspondence, many wise and able remarks upon contemporary events, some of which are quite applicable to the present times; as this:—

The Opposition has objected to everything which has been proposed by the Ministry, except the Property-tax, which was originally a measure of their own party; but, as they do not act upon any great public principles, they are obliged to take very narrow ground. . . . . They scrutinize minutely all the details of the bills brought into Parliament, to find some inconsistency or inaccuracy in their most unimportant provisions.

The introduction, or restoration, of the trial by jury, in Scotland, in civil cases, and other projected reforms in the Scottish courts, were in progress at this time; though substantial reform seems as far off as it was thirty-five years since. But as the reform of the Court of Session, and the reduction of the number of the judges, are once more ostensibly the subject of Parliamentary inquiry, we shall cite one sentence from Romilly. It had been proposed to appoint ten judges, with a Lord Chancellor, as a Court of Appeal:—

The connexion between the Judge and the suitor has for many years, perhaps one might say for ages, been a subject of complaint in Scotland. Justice, we are told, was never better administered there than by the Englishmen whom Cromwell, during his usurpation, appointed to be Judges; and it is said that, when this remark was once made before an old Scotch Judge, he observed that there was no great merit in their deciding impartially, for they were a kinless pack. . . . . The expense of this scheme, and the increase of ministerial patronage which would attend it, are alone considerable objections to it. But there is another, and as it seems, a still more weighty objection to it. The business of the courts in Scotland is confined to so few persons, that, if Judges were chosen, not as we have seen them, but most conscientiously, and with the most scrupulous regard to their fitness for the situation, it may well be doubted whether it would be possible to find at any one time fifteen men, qualified by their learning, talents, and experience, for the judicial office. Where the persons qualified are so few, and the offices so numerous, to institute a new magistracy, and to make it so pre-eminent in rank, dignity, and emolument, that it must necessarily be considered as the first reward of the profession; what is it, but greatly to increase the evil, and to make it matter of necessity that the most important judicial offices should be filled by men quite incapable of executing the duties of them.

The death of Fox, the retirement of the Whigs from office, and the dissolution of Parliament, followed rapidly; and Romilly, apparently overcoming his former scruples, came in for one of the Duke of Norfolk's boroughs, for which he was to pay £2,000; but only if he kept his seat, or, in case of a speedy dissolution, was re-elected. After this, until he was elected for Westminster, by a spontaneous movement of the constituency,

it appears to have been understood that Romilly, as an important member of the Whig body, should be in Parliament; and his return was accordingly provided for by the party, though he declined being assisted from the Whig electioneering fund of those days. After losing Horsham, he paid £3,000 for Wareham. We might lift up our hands and exclaim about the open and shameless profligacy of those times, if the reports of election committees did not meet our eyes in every newspaper, revealing, as in the days of rotten boroughs, transactions to which open bargain and sale are purity itself. In the affair of Lord Melville, Romilly both spoke and voted with Whitbread; and on the inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York, he acted nobly with the Independent party. In several of his votes he went beyond his former colleagues, and was often in small minorities in questions affecting Ireland. On the vote which he gave against the Duke of York, he makes the following admirable observations:—

I have been told by several persons that, after making such a speech, I must give up all hopes of ever being Chancellor. I am not quite sure of that; but of this I think I may be sure, that if ever, after the part I have now taken, I should be raised to that situation, it will not be in expectation that I shall act in it otherwise than as an honest man. It certainly is not probable that I should receive such a promotion; nothing, perhaps, can be more improbable; but if, contrary to all expectation, it should happen, the promotion will be more honourable to myself, and more honourable to the person to whom I shall be indebted for it, than it possibly could have been if, upon this occasion, I had adopted a different line of conduct.

He supported Mr Madock's motion for inquiry into the conduct of Castlereagh and Perceval, in relation to Quintin Dick. To this gentleman they had sold a seat; and when he ventured to give an honest vote in the case of the Duke of York, they forced him to resign it. Romilly remarks:—

All the members of the late administration opposed the motion. I voted for it, and was in a minority of 85 against 310. It was said that such things have been done by all administrations. It may be so; but it seems impossible that when the notice of Parliament is drawn to them, it should not condemn them. In this case, too, the particular occasion on which the influence was exercised over the member, made it, in my opinion, a most aggravated offence. The very ministers who were charged with so exerting their influence, were among the foremost to observe, in the debate on the Duke of York, that the proceeding was purely judicial. The offence, therefore, was no less than obliging a magistrate to resign a judicial office, because he was about to decide a cause as his conscience dictated, but as Ministers disapproved. The conduct of the late Ministers, considered merely with a view to their own interest, is highly impolitic.

This, however, was the usual Whig tactics.

Romilly chanced to be at Durham during the celebration of the national jubilee—a clap-trap got up for popularity, when George III. entered the fiftieth year of his reign. He heard a very loyal, and not very truthful eulogy on the King pronounced, or rather preached, in the Cathedral. Among other grounds of panegyric, was the abolition of the Slave Trade; a measure to which it was notorious that the King was always most adverse, and which his six sons had voted against in a minority of eighteen peers, of which minority the Guelph family thus constituted a third. Of George III., Romilly remarks:—"I doubt whether the history of mankind can furnish an example of a good man seated on a throne, who, in the course of a long reign, has done less for the happiness of any portion of his subjects than the present King." Of Pitt, then the Tory idol, he remarked in Parliament:—

That he was, undoubtedly, a man of most extraordinary and splendid talents, but that much more, in my opinion, was necessary to entitle a Minister to the character of a great man; and that, with all the talents that Mr Pitt possessed, and the great influence which he had so long enjoyed, I looked in vain for any acts of his administration by which he had increased the happiness or improved the condition of any portion of his fellow-subjects.

Romilly had the same standard of excellence in books; namely, the amount of benefit and advantage they were calculated to confer upon mankind. Of Howard's book on the state of the prisons in England, he says, in a letter to his friend Roget, written on its appearance:—"It is not a book of great literary merit; but it has a merit infinitely superior. It is one of those works which have been rare in all ages of the world: it is written with a view only to the good of mankind!"

Canning attacked him the day after he had alluded to Pitt; and he replied, that, instead of declamation and laboured panegyric, Mr Canning might better have served the memory of Pitt, if he had shewn in what class of the community an increase of comfort and happiness was to be discovered as the effect of Mr Pitt's talents. And he remarks:—"The reputation of Mr Pitt, and the system upon which he acted, are inseparable; and his system cannot, in my opinion, be too strongly reprobated. It has produced the most mischievous effects, and is still producing them." This occurred in the debate on the Regency Bill. The illness of the King, and the imagined political predilections of the Prince of Wales for his "early friends," had, at this time, filled the Whigs with high hopes, doomed to bitter disappointment, through what they considered the perfidy of their pupil. Of the great popularity festival given by the Regent, soon after he came into power, Romilly writes:—

The Regent gave a grand festival, probably the most splendid and the most expensive that ever was given in this country. About 3000 persons were entertained at supper. I was present; the Regent spoke to me in his usual way, and my recent vote against the Duke of York does not seem to be at all resented. A reason given for this festival was, that it might give employment to the manufacturers; and it was desired that the dresses of all the guests should be of British manufacture. It does not seem likely, however, to gain the Regent much popularity. The great expense of this entertainment has been contrasted with the misery of the starving weavers of Lancashire and Glasgow. Among the higher orders, great offence has been given by the omission of invitations, either through neglect or design. The French Prince, who calls himself Louis XVIII., and the other Princes of the House of Bourbon, were among the company, and were received with great distinction. The policy of this is not easy to be discovered.

The rejoicings, when London was half crazy about Emperors and Kings, its visiters, did not find more favour in his eyes:—

The mischief which has been done to the morals and happiness of the inferior artisans by the long holidays, which they have been indulged with, is hardly to be conceived. I have been assured that several pawnbrokers have declared that, while these festivals lasted, they lent, on the pledges of the clothes, and furniture, and tools of their poor customers, about ten times as much as they are accustomed to do in ordinary times.

When the Prince Regent, after shuffling until shuffling was no longer practicable, declared, in his famous letter to the Duke of York, that he intended to retain his father's Tory ministers, and insulted the Whig leaders by the proposal of a Tory coalition with "*some* of those persons with whom the early habits of his public life were formed," Sir Samuel Romilly partook of the common resentment felt by the party towards their royal pupil; but he soon resumed the even tenor of his Parliamentary duty.

The assassination of Perceval draws forth some kind-spirited observations on the early and pleasant companion of the Midland circuit, whose society Romilly had latterly shunned, for reasons which, whether fashionable or not, have great moral weight.

I could not endure the idea of living privately in intimacy with a man whose public conduct I in the highest degree disapproved, and whom, as a minister, I was constantly opposing. I cannot, indeed, reconcile to my way of thinking, that distinction between private and public virtues which it is so much the fashion to adopt. It may be called liberality, or gentlemanly feeling, or by any other such vague and indefinite term; but it is not suited to any one who is really in earnest and sincere in his politics.

Romilly alludes to the ferocious exultation of the people at the murder of Perceval, and their open regret that the Attorney-General had not shared the same fate.

Among the first uses of sovereign power, the Regent wished to renew the persecution of his wife; and overtures from him were made to Romilly, through Nash the architect; for the Regent appears to have attempted to find tools for the great aim of his life, in every one who approached him. In a debate on a motion by Cochrane Johnstone, Romilly had apparently assumed the defence of the "Prince's Friends," in the affair of the Princess, which probably encouraged the Regent to the renewed attempt on one, the moral influence of whose character would have been so useful to his cause. Romilly behaved with his usual discretion and propriety.

8th, *Mon.* Mr Nash, the architect, who ever since his projected improvements of Marylebone Park, has been in great favour with the Regent, and who lives in constant habits of intimacy with Lord Yarmouth, called on me early this morning. He told me that the manly part I had taken in the debate on Friday had been very thankfully received at Carlton House; and, though he did not come with any express message to me, yet he knew with certainty that the Regent was very desirous of seeing and consulting me; and he desired me to tell him whether I should have any objection to see the Prince on the subject of the Princess of Wales. I told him that I was very sorry, but that I certainly must object to it. That the treatment of the Princess was a matter of great public concern; and that it appeared to me to be very unconstitutional for the Sovereign to advise with any persons but his Ministers, on any public matter.

13th, *Sat.* Mr Nash called upon me again.

The same scene was again and again repeated. The bold course taken by the Princess, through the advice of Brougham, appears to have astonished the more cautious Romilly, though he owned the complete success of the daring measures adopted. One could almost wish that Sir Samuel had at all times followed the rule, with lesser persons, to which he adhered in the instance of Perceval. The dinner that follows was an immediate sequence to the interviews with the semi-official Mr Nash.

21st, *Sun.* I dined to-day at Nash's. I and Anne had been invited some time, and we have been in the habit for some years of dining now and then at each other's houses. To my surprise, Lord Yarmouth dined there. It was his first visit, and he was introduced to Mrs Nash as a stranger to her. I was introduced to him in the same way, though I met him once before, some years ago at Holland House. Nothing passed between us but in the general conversation which took place. Politics were hardly adverted to; and though the Princess of Wales and the recent publications were mentioned, it was only by some common and trivial observations being made upon them. Before Lord Yarmouth came in, however, Nash took me aside to tell me that everything was in confusion at Carlton House; that this was the moment for bringing about a change of administration; that he was himself most anxious that it should be effected; and that I was the link by which the Prince might be reunited with his old political friends. I told him that to me this really appeared to be quite impossible. He said that he had, however, thought it right to apprize me of this, and that he had again had a long conversation with the Prince last Friday.

That I make memorandums of these conversations is not because I attach much importance to them. But it may be useful hereafter to recollect how little of importance does pass in them, especially after Lord Yarmouth's note of the other day.

Mr Egerton, Member I think for Chester, Mr Holmes, who is also in Parliament, a Mr Barnston, Dr Hughes, the principal of Jesus College, Oxford, Anne, two other ladies, and two of Mr Nash's pupils, and my son William, were the only other persons present at this dinner.

The prudence and virtue of Romilly was never endangered by these snares, and the Princess of Wales soon afterwards went abroad.

About the close of 1814, Romilly had a severe illness, occasioned by inflammation of the lungs, in which he was attended by his nephew, the son of his beloved sister, and his esteemed friend, who had now for several years been a medical practitioner; first, we believe, at Manchester, but, by this time, settled in London. Of this gentleman, who has long been eminent in his profession, and in the sciences intimately connected with it, Romilly had the satisfaction to enter in his journal:—

My nephew Roget alone attended me at the beginning of my illness; but afterwards, at his request, Dr Baillie was called in. He confirmed everything Roget had ordered to be done; and now, in my own case, as before in the cases of several of my children and of my servants, I had very strong proof of Roget's great skill and ability in his profession.

The beauty and tenderness of the few domestic letters which appear in these volumes, makes the reader regret that more of Romilly's familiar letters, to his sister, his nephew, or other near relations, had not found a place in it.

In 1815, Romilly voted, with a small minority, against the Corn Bill of that period, because he

"thought it an extremely injudicious and impolitic measure." On the 6th of March, of that year, we find this entry in his diary:—

6th, *Mon.* Great outrages have been committed against the Members of both Houses of Parliament who are supposed to be friends to the Corn Bill. The populace broke into the houses of the Lord Chancellor* and of Mr Robinson, and destroyed part of their furniture. Other houses, too, were attacked, such as Lord Darnley's, Lord Ellenborough's, and others.

7th, *Tu.* The same outrages and riots in different parts of the town, and a few persons killed or wounded by the soldiery.

8th, *Wed.* The riots continue, but to a less extent.

While the bill for extending trial by jury to Scotland was in committee, Romilly states:—

I took occasion to observe that all these evils, which the present measure is to relieve Scotland from, exist even to a still greater extent in our English Ecclesiastical Courts; and that the remedy provided by this Bill, of sending all questions of fact to be tried in issues by juries, is just as applicable, and may indeed be applied with much greater facility to our Ecclesiastical Courts than to the Courts of Scotland.

One reads with peculiar interest Romilly's reflections on the lamented death of Whitbread—a man whose memory the basest and most malignant spirit of party has attempted, and in vain, to calumniate:—

6th, *Th.* Poor Whitbread this morning destroyed himself, as it should seem, in a sudden fit of insanity. His friends have, for some time past, felt great anxiety about him. His health has been manifestly declining, and though he spoke, only two days ago, in the House of Commons, against the vote of thanks to the Duke of York, he has, I understand, for some time past, occasionally discovered an unaccountable despondency. A greater loss the country could not at the present moment experience than it has suffered in poor Whitbread. He was the promoter of every liberal scheme for improving the condition of mankind, the warm and zealous advocate of the oppressed in every part of the world, and the undaunted opposer of every species of corruption and ill-administration. The only faults he had, proceeded from an excess of his virtues. His anxious desire to do justice impartially to all men certainly made him, upon some occasions, unjust to his friends, and induced him to give credit and to bestow praises on his political enemies to which they were in no respect entitled.

In the autumn of this year, Romilly, accompanied by his wife, and some of his elder children, made a tour to Switzerland, through Flanders, and up the Rhine, to visit his eldest son, who had been for some time in Geneva, where Dumont was then residing. We notice the circumstance to introduce Romilly's observations on the habits of the Genevese literati, as they have a wider application:—

At Geneva I met my excellent friend Dumont, and formed an acquaintance with Sismondi, the historian, with M. Bonstetten, and with the Professors Prevost and Pictet, or, I should rather say, renewed my acquaintance with the latter. . . . . The society of Geneva I own a little disappointed me; they have a great deal of literature and of science, but still their conversation seems rather too much confined to the trifling topics which generally occupy the attention of a provincial town; and cards for the old, and dancing for the young, are the never-failing substitutes for conversation.

The whole party, with the addition of Dumont and Romilly's eldest son, went the length of Genoa, crossing the Simplon, and re-crossing Mount Cenis. The opinion of Napoleon, which the traveller conceived on beholding everywhere the stupendous monuments of his power and his genius, was probably more favourable than thirteen years before, when he had been in the neighbourhood of the Consular Court. When Romilly reached Paris, on the return of the party, he found what he terms the "spoliation" of the National Gallery—which Buonaparte had enriched with the plunder of the works of art in Italy—going forward. It must have been a galling sight to the Parisians; but one is scarce prepared for the sympathy of Romilly in their mortification and resentment at making restitution. There were around him deeper causes of regret and of apprehension. He states:—

Paris presented, while I was there, a very extraordinary spectacle—a metropolis in a state of peace, but yet given up to a foreign army; the King appearing to be possessed of no authority, but remaining a quiet and indifferent spectator; while foreign commanders affected to inflict punishment on the nation, and, according to the language of the Duke of Wellington, in his letter of justification, to make them an example to after times. Legislative assemblies pretending to debate, while the streets were filled with troops, and while loaded cannon were stationed on the neighbouring quays, and soldiers ready with lighted matches, that not a moment might be lost, at the first appearance of danger, in taking a signal vengeance on the inhabitants; and, during all this time, a treaty of peace is negociating—a peace, it must unquestionably be, just such as the conqueror chooses to exact from the conquered. That a peace of long duration can arise out of this seems hardly possible; and yet the victory of Waterloo, and all the successes of the war could to us be a subject of real joy, only as they enabled us to lay the foundations of a solid and permanent peace.

The unhappy King, to whom nothing but the basest adulation can have given the name of the "long desired," seems so little to have been wished for by his subjects, that he has been obliged to come among them in the train of an insolent invading army; and that it is by those invaders that he is at this moment maintained upon his throne. Never, surely, was humiliation greater than that which must be suffered by this ill-fated prince, condemned from the very windows of his palace to see, with shame, foreign armies giving the law to what his predecessors used to call their good city of Paris.

The French bitterly complain of the perfidy of the allied powers.

In 1816, as in 1834, the impetuosity of Brougham, who, in the latter period, only said, or was charged with saying, "The Queen has done it all," which was probably the truth, deeply displeased his party. He had attacked the Regent in the course of a speech, and, by his vehemence, afforded some of the trimmers among the Whigs a wished-for opportunity of either voting with the Ministers, or going away, which otherwise they could not decently have done. Impartial posterity may think that the "imprudent" speech was worth ten times the few votes lost, though they had put ministers in a minority. The times, even then, and much more now, are of that complexion when courage becomes true wisdom. But Romilly must have had an unconscious leaning to the Prince of Wales, who had courted

* The Lord Chancellor was greatly affected by this attack made upon his house, and discontinued his sittings both in the House of Lords on causes, and in the Court of Chancery (in one or other of which courts he ought to have sat every day,) till Monday, March 13, when he sat in the House of Lords, as usual, on appeals.

him, offered him favours, and loaded him with civilities. Of Brougham's generous outburst, he says:—

Poor Brougham is loaded with the reproaches of his friends; and many of them who are most impatient to get into office, look upon him as the only cause that they are still destined to labour on in an unprofitable opposition. I have no doubt that, whatever had been the division, the Ministers would still have continued in office. But it is not the less true that Brougham's speech was very injudicious as well as very unjust; for, with all the Prince's faults, and they are great enough, it is absurd to speak of him as if he were one of the most sensual and unfeeling tyrants that ever disgraced a throne. Brougham is a man of the most splendid talents and the most extensive acquirements, and he has used the ample means which he possesses most usefully for mankind. It would be difficult to overrate the services which he has rendered the cause of the slaves in the West Indies, or that of the friends to the extension of knowledge and education among the poor, or to praise too highly his endeavours to serve the oppressed inhabitants of Poland. How much is it to be lamented that his want of judgment and of prudence should prevent his great talents, and such good intentions, from being as great a blessing to mankind as they ought to be.

Now, we apprehend, that it is this very want of what Romilly considered "judgment," and "prudence," and the possession of other qualities, which this most amiable man and very cautious lawyer could but indifferently appreciate, that constitutes the power and consequently the great usefulness of Lord Brougham. Besides, this was in 1816, when the world had not yet learned half the secret of Brougham's gigantic strength. Had Sir Samuel Romilly lived to our times, and witnessed the career of Lord Brougham, he might have formed another opinion of what in great public emergencies really constitutes true prudence and judgment. He was greatly alarmed and distressed at Bentham venturing to publish his "Church-of-Englandism;" and he seems to have, at one time, prevailed with his friend to stop the sale of the book, which, however, must soon again have been on sale.

It may be noticed here, for the edification of modern Whigs, the Russells and Macauleys, that Romilly was in favour of Triennial Parliaments, for which he voted.

He was, in the following year, elected for Westminster, when Burdett, Kinnaird, Hunt, and Cartwright, stood along with him. His old friend, Bentham, took a part on that occasion, which Romilly thus candidly judges:—

Among the strange incidents which occurred during the election, was the decided part which my excellent friend, Jeremy Bentham, took against me. He did not vote, indeed; but he wrote a handbill, avowed and signed by him, in which he represented me to be a most unfit Member for Westminster, as being a lawyer, a Whig, and a friend only to moderate reform. This handbill he sent to Burdett's Committee; but, as it did not reach them till after they had become sensible that they had injured their cause by their abuse of me, they refused to publish it. Some of my friends were very angry with Bentham for this hostile interference against me. For myself, I feel not the least resentment at it. Though a late, I know him to be a very sincere, convert to the expediency of universal suffrage; and he is too honest in his politics to suffer them to be influenced by any considerations of private friendship.

He dined with Bentham a few days afterwards, along with Brougham, Dumont, Rush the American ambassador, and others—"a very pleasant party." This was in the end of July, 1818.

We shall now transcribe, in full, the brief and melancholy remainder of his journal:—

Sept. 3d. Arrived at Cowes.
12th. Anne went into the sea-bath.
13th. Taken ill.
14th. Sailed with Mr Fazakerley to Southampton.
16th. Consulted Mr Bloxam.
19th. Roget and William arrived, and Mr Nash.
Oct. 9th. *Slept for the first time after many sleepless nights.*
10th. Relapse of Anne.

[Lady Romilly died on the 29th of Oct., 1818. Her husband survived but for three days the wife whom he had loved with a devotion to which her virtues, and her happy influence on the usefulness of his life, gave her so just a claim. His anxiety, during her illness, preyed upon his mind, and affected his health; and the shock occasioned by her death led to that event which brought his life to a close, on the 2d of Nov. 1818, in the 62d year of his age.]—*Note by the Editors.*

Even our brief and cursory gleanings from these most interesting volumes, will enable the reader to judge of their literary merit, and, which is of far more importance, in some degree to appreciate the estimable and exemplary character of their author. In judging of the man, and of that record of his life and opinions which he has left for the delight and improvement of the world, and for the especial benefit of young men of the profession which his example has tended to purify and exalt, as well as of all future legislators, there are few who will not unreservedly adopt the conclusion of Dumont, cited at the commencement of this paper.

With a few more transcripts, illustrative of the formation of Romilly's character, and the growth of his opinions, we must close this notice. Those who have read the above extracts, cannot fail to have remarked the influence which the writings of Rousseau had on the mind or on the manner of thinking of Romilly. Heterodox as the opinion may be, this influence appears to have been, with his calm and temperate judgment, salutary and elevating. When his thoughts were first directed, by Roget's encouragement and his own laudable ambition, to the higher walks of his profession, he relates—"The works of *Thomas* had fallen into my hands. I had read with admiration his *Eloge* of Dauguesseau; and the career of glory which he represents that illustrious magistrate to have run, had excited to a very great degree my ardour and ambition, and opened to my imagination new paths of glory." With these feelings he entered on his profession, and became the pupil of a Mr Spranger, with whom he read, and who directed his legal studies. As he read, he formed a commonplace book, which he found of such great use, that he always afterwards considered it the only way in which law reports can be read to advantage. But his studies were not confined to the dry technicalities of law, else had he never acted the part which his knowledge and acquirements, as much as his excellent understanding, enabled him to assume in

public affairs. He read general history; he translated the best Roman historians and orators; he wrote political essays, which he sent anonymously to the newspapers; and he trained himself in oratory by a method recommended by Quintilian—that of expressing to himself, in the best language he could, whatever he had been reading, and using the arguments of Livy, Tacitus, and Cicero, as if they had been his own. From an early age, contemporary politics occupied much of his attention and leisure. He consequently attended both Houses of Parliament, and, in thought, answered the speeches which he heard delivered there. That time might not be lost, these mental exercises were reserved for the time in which he walked or rode; and habit at length became so powerful, that he could realize Godwin's idea, and think his speeches and compositions in the most crowded streets of the metropolis.

It is no longer a new opinion among travellers in France, that the French, if a gay, are far from being a cheerful people; but to this conclusion Romilly came, in 1781, before the Revolution. The populace he describes "as noisy rather than merry; and none seemed happy, unless happiness can be found in a tumultuous oblivion."

Did the reader ever see, or imagine, an Administration which might afford an exact parallel to this, which Romilly, in his letters to Mr Roget, describes as that of Lord North?

Of the whole administration, however, taken together, the principal characteristics are, want of system, and irresolution; and the latter, indeed, is but a consequence of the former. Having little confined views, they seem never, from the first, to have formed any comprehensive plan; and this original defect has increased with ill success. Perplexed and confounded with the mazes and dangers into which they have run, like children they turn away from what affrights them rather than endeavour to prevent it; they ward off the present evil that presses on them, but leave the morrow to provide for itself; they may truly be said, according to the Latin phrase, *in diem vivere*. Their plan of operations, for system they have none, changes with every new occurrence, with every various accident; every various passion takes its turn to rule them; regarding only the immediate object before them, they magnify its importance, they are now confident of success, now plunged into despair.

Romilly was present when Pitt, in May, 1783, introduced his motion for Parliamentary Reform. He remarks:—

One might imagine, from this crowding, that a great many persons took concern in the fate of their country; but the truth is, that it was the eloquence of Mr Pitt, and not the subject on which it was to be employed, that excited people's curiosity; and no doubt the reflection which his speech produced in the minds of many of his hearers, was not unlike that which the usurer makes upon the preacher in the *Diable Boiteux*. "*Il a bien fait son metier; allons faire le notre.*" . . . . (Pitt,) gave as a reason for not proposing to strike off the corrupt boroughs, and those which are the patrimony of particular families, that it would be an unjust and unwarrantable invasion of private property. This is a kind of argument, which, I confess, has no great weight with me; for I think the laws are not bound to protect men in the possession of such pecuniary advantages as they ought never to have obtained. If a man's having a pecuniary interest in a thing, no matter how acquired, is sufficient to make his property in it sacred, then may the laws become a shield to every species of fraud, iniquity, and immorality.

This is an argument which, universally applied, would fairly float us over the shoals and quicksands of iniquitous prescription: it durst scarcely be broached by one of less moral weight of character than Romilly, without incurring the most serious imputations. In the early part of his life, this great reformer of the Criminal Law held an opinion on death punishments, which he retained, we believe, to the last, and which, if sophistical, has the merit of ingenuity.

One reason why I cannot think that death ought so carefully to be avoided among human punishments is, that I do not think death the greatest of evils. Beccaria and his disciples confess that it is not, and recommend other punishments as being more severe and effectual; forgetting undoubtedly, that if human tribunals have a right to inflict a severer punishment than death, they must have a right to inflict death itself.

Romilly was prepared to avoid the peculiar snares which beset his own profession, and into which, if general opinion holds true, nearly every lawyer falls—from being early and anxiously on his guard against them. When on the eve of being called to the bar, he thus earnestly addresses his friend and monitor Roget; but the more effectual monitor was within:—

"I am soon to enter a career which possibly (though, I grant, not very probably) may place me in important and critical situations, which will certainly give me partial and selfish interests, incompatible with the good of others, and which will throw me amidst mankind, and condemn me to hear the profession of dishonourable sentiments without opposing them, and to be a near spectator of selfish and degrading conduct, without discovering my detestation of it. It will, in part, depend on you [on Roget] to save me from the contagion of such examples; for, though my heart still recoils from them with an antipathy which seems quite insurmountable, I have I know not what kind of terror, which I cannot overcome, of the force of habit, of perpetual temptation, of being familiarized with a contempt for virtue, and, above all, of an habitual attachment to the miserable gold which one earns. The best shield against these is, I am convinced, the society and conversation of such a friend as yourself, whom one may consider as the pledge and deposit of all the sacred engagements which one has taken with God, one's self, and one's fellow-creatures. This very letter is some proof of what I say; for to whom could I write thus but to yourself?"

In writing to Paris, to Dumont, in 1790, when John Bull was as much *agog* for "drubbing the Spanish Dons," as he is now for being revenged on the "rascally Chinese," Romilly remarks:—"I am afraid—though I should not call anything that has passed with you *very French*—you would, if you had been here at the first news of the Spanish war, have thought us *very English*. The discovery of the grand elixir—which would efface pain and disease out of the list of human calamities—could not have given a man of humanity more pleasure than some persons felt here, at the prospect of plundering foreign merchants, and burning and sinking Spanish ships."

When the Whig Administration was broken up, after the death of Fox, and the No-Popery howl raised; it was supposed, according to Romilly, that the King advanced "a very large sum," out of his privy purse, for the purchase of

rotten boroughs, with a view to maintain his favourite Ministry. This monstrous charge, with others in these memoirs, the Tory writers must endeavour to repel as they best may.

Sir Samuel Romilly's opinion of the extent of Parliamentary privilege—important at any time—has an added interest at this particular crisis. It was delivered on the debate which took place when Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower for alleged breach of privilege. Romilly writes, in his Parliamentay Diary:—

A good deal of discussion took place; and as I differed from much of what was said, I thought it right to state my opinion. It was that the privilege of Parliament is unquestionably a part of the law of the land, and is to be administered only by Parliament: that, in a case of privilege, Parliament alone has jurisdiction; but that the courts of law have a right to determine whether the case be a case of privilege: that the House of Commons cannot call what it pleases breach of privilege, and imprison whom it pleases under pretence of breach of privilege. . . . . The Ministers seem more moderate than the Opposition; who talked of committing the attorney who brought the action.

But we must refer those who would fully understand Sir Samuel's opinion on Parliamentary privilege to the original work.

Sir Samuel Romilly participated in the general dislike felt by every honourable mind to the most odious if not also the most meanly servile man of the period, Sir John Leach, who enjoys the bad pre-eminence of being the only individual of whom this most candid and indulgent individual speaks with anything approaching to personal severity. After noticing the barefaced apostasy of Leach, when the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster became the price of his base services—past or expected—to the Prince Regent, in the affair of the Princess of Wales, Romilly, giving due praise to his talents, such as they were, remarks:—

He is, of all the persons almost that I have known in the profession, the worst qualified for any judicial situation. [Through the favour of the Regent, Leach was looking forward to succeed Eldon.] He is extremely deficient in knowledge as a lawyer. All that he knows he has acquired, not by any previous study which would have enabled him to understand the general system of our law, and the grounds and reasons of its particular provisions, but by his daily practice. This has thrown in his way a great deal of desultory information, which a good memory has enabled him to retain. In judgment he is more deficient than any man possessed of so clear an understanding that I ever met with. If ever he should be raised to any great situation, his want of judgment, and his confidence in himself, will, I make no doubt, soon involve him in some serious difficulty.

This was realized. Sir John Leach not only involved himself, but the Prince, whose willing tool he became; and yet this, in every way, worthless person, under the limited monarchy, and the boasted institutions of Great Britain, might, by the mere personal favour of the King, have held the highest office in the State. To complete his courtly character, Leach was also a would-be fine gentleman. "Constant attendance at the opera, and at the gayest assemblies," says Sir Samuel, "appears, in his opinion, to be as necessary to the support of his reputation as his presence in Westminster Hall; and he prides himself upon hastening every night from the dull atmosphere of the Rolls and Lincoln's Inn to the brilliant circles of high birth and fashion."

What a contrast, and what warning and encouragement to the young lawyer and statesman, does the career of these contemporaries afford! Whatever the reflections of Sir John Leach might have been, after he was ignominiously shelved, Romilly, up to his dying hour, could look seriously back upon his virtuous and well-spent life, and indulge in these most soothing and gratifying thoughts:—

Thinned as the ranks of Opposition have lately been,* it becomes each of us who remain to do all we can to resist the pernicious measures of the Government. The exertions I have made, to my own very great personal inconvenience, and the great interruption of my professional occupations, and, consequently, with no small pecuniary sacrifices, will, I make no doubt, be ascribed, by many persons, to an eager desire to turn out the present administration, and to obtain for myself the office of Lord Chancellor. . . . . How little do those who ascribe my conduct to such motives know me! With the utmost sincerity I can declare that I have no such ambition. Already I have attained the very summit of my wishes. The happiness of my present condition cannot be increased—it may be essentially impaired. I am, at the present moment, completely independent both of the favours and the frowns of Government. The large income which I enjoy, and which is equal to all my wishes, has been entirely produced by my own industry and exertion. . . . . The labours of my profession yet leave me some leisure both for domestic and even for literary enjoyments. . . . . The highest office and the greatest dignity the Crown has to bestow, might make me miserable; it is impossible that it could make me happier than I am already.

We now take a reluctant leave of this most valuable addition to English literature, and to the very highest order of moral works—those in which Virtue enforces, by the most winning exple, the lessons she inculcates.

* He alludes to the death of Whitbread and Horner.

SONNET.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

FROM cloud-swept Snowgate, Deavne! now swift, now slow,
Thou comest, playing still a busy tune;
And while rich woodbines brac'd the locks of June,
And wild hedge roses in her bosom glow,
That tune is sweet. On, sky-fed wanderer, go:
Waste not at monkish Burton this bright hour:
Pass Darfield's meads, and many a blossom'd bower;
Bid Wath good night, and sleep at Conisbro,
In Don's cold arms. Here, scarcely heard to lisp,
Thy waters bask in evening's purply gold;
And round thy lilies fresh, blush-ting'd, and crisp,
Linger—as loth to leave this loveliest scene.
Bard of the rustic wreath, my tale is told;
I stand again where thou hast often been.

A SONG OF TEE-TOTALERS.*

Ὦ πόπου, οἷον δή νυ θεοὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται.
ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κακ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρμορον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.
HOMER.

Zounds! what a set on the earth do plague us with peevish devotion,
Saying that Jove is to blame, because evil floods earth like an ocean!
But they themselves are the cause that evil on earth is so frisky,
Tainting their blood every day with a poison that mortals call WHISKY!
Odyssey, i., 32.

Ye lads of true spirit! though fools make a merit
Of wonders they 've done by the bottle,
And cite every sage in philosophy's page,
From Plato and old Aristotle,
To Schelling, and Fichte, and critical Kant;
Yet I guess, with their loud Bacchanalian rant,
From Noah to now, no such wonder they vaunt
As Matthew has done by Tee-Total.

Euripides says, in one of his plays,
Which he wrote by the light of the bottle,
That Pentheus was torn, by Greek women, one morn,
For joining the Theban Tee-Total.
But the tables are turned in these Christian days:
Tee-Total the realm and the revenue sways,
And rabid old Torydom bristles and brays,
That the Church is eclipsed by Tee-Total.

Old Cæsar in Gaul, over savages tall,
Tells what glorious victories he got all;
But VENI and VIDI, quoth Matthew, as speedy,
And VICI like him by Tee-Total.
But a Papist is Matthew, and sure it is rude
That such should pretend to do anything good;
And this is the cause of the cavilling mood
The Tories are in at Tee-Total.

But we'll gallantly sail with the Temperance gale,
Though the bishops in Ireland were shot all;
'Tis a pledge of success, I'm sure you may guess,
When the Tories oppose the Tee-Total.
For Protestant sermons no Catholic asks;
The Bishops, of course, sit at home on their casks,
Nibble heathenish Greek, and then flourish their flasks,
With a hearty *God-damn* to Tee-Total!

But my peepers are dim, if the world will swim
Any more in the froth of the bottle;
For coffee and tea, the wise now agree,
As pleasantly tickle the throttle:
And for genius, Johnson whole oceans of tea
Gulped; Schiller with coffee inspired tragedy;
And coffee to combat and victory
Led the Corsican.—Thanks to Tee-Total!

What makes a man frisky?—'tis soul, and not whisky;
O, look at the sons of the bottle!—
They may sing "Jolly nose!" but experience shews
A face pale as ashes they've got all.
God save them!—how oft, with lank looks, are they fain
To creep through the streets like a hen in the rain,
When a single volition their fusionless brain
Might renerve—by subscribing Tee-Total!

'Tis a barbarous relic of German and Gaelic,
Unless you have read and forgot all,
How Tacitus tells with what beer-inspired yells,
And with what a Bacchanal trot, all
Stark-naked, the wild woodmen rushed to the fight,
(*Berserking* in German I think it is hight,)
But they were mowed down; and it served them right
For blaspheming the goddess Tee-Total.

Poor drinker! you lie like a pig in a sty,
And in soul and in body you rot all;
Not Isis-Colquhoun will raise you so soon
As a touch of this goddess, Tee-Total.
Come, here 's my hand, brother!—get up from the mud!
From fumes that behaze you, from pimples that stud,
The fruitage of death in prophetical bud,
Be saved by a pledge of Tee-Total!

'Tis Paddy from Cork that will do you the work—
The others are not worth a jot all!
To Leamington fly, and to Jephson apply—
'Tis a round-about kind of Tee-Total.
The Puseyite says that the globe's all awry,
'Cause the bishop don't ride now his hobby so high—
Very well for the rider!—but you, friend, and I,
May more cheaply be saved by Tee-Total.

There's one Mr Semple has raised a proud temple
To Kant, and translates what he wrote all;
But did the philosopher teach men to toss over
Drink and the Devil, Tee-Total?
Oh, no! though he boasted a stern categorical,
I fear, like most Germans, he's mad, metaphorical;
But this is substantial, solid, and Doric all,
That Matthew has done by Tee-Total.

Could you get a divorce, as a matter of course,
When your wife is a scold and a sot all,
Mr Owen declares that human affairs
On a Liverpool railway would trot all.
But ask yourself this—when the Tee-Total plan
All bickers and brawlings domestic shall ban,
Then every good wife must please every good man,
By the virtue that lies in Tee-Total.

'Tis true Mr Tait has been getting, of late,
In some things quite anti-Tee-Total;
The Burschen, he says, are devout in their lays,
With, instead of the Bible, a bottle.
But the Germans, we know, are all quite transcendental;
And the *Quarterly* says that they soon will be sent all,
With Socialists, Chartists, and men who DISSENT all,
To prison to—study Tee-Total.

On the whole, I incline, from whisky and wine,
To think that the many, if not all,
Will be won by the priest, who lifts from a beast
To a god, by the spell of Tee-Total.
We live in the ferment of new and of old;
The Church lifts her head, and the bishops are bold;
Then why should the souls of the million be sold
To the Devil for want of Tee-Total?

Anacreon old, son of Bacchus so bold,
His heathenish rhymes we will blot all;
We, too, keep a poet, like Warren, you know it,
And this is his first Ode Tee-Total.
We mean quite to change the old classical plan;
Was it Greek, say, that gave us a Matthew, a Dan?
As Plato did Homer, so Bacchus we ban
From our NEW-MORAL-WORLD-TEE-TOTAL!

Then let each honest man starve the vile whisky can,
And plenish the brown coffee-pot all!
'Tis pleasure and pelf, the self of our self;
'Tis virtue, religion, Tee-Total!
Now crown all the cups, and I'll wind up my theme,
('Tis somewhat too long for a song you will deem,)
And drown the base mention, in coffee and cream,
Of all that's opposed to Tee-Total!

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* The air to which these lines were composed, "Ergo bibamus!" is German, and will be found in *Methfessel's Liederbuch*, No. 50. We have not, at our finger-ends, just now, any English air that suits; but intend to publish the German music by and by, with Goethe's words, in our BURSCHEN MELODIES.—*E. T. M.*

ADVERTISEMENTS AND ADVERTISERS.

Most people have come to the conclusion that one of the most thriving departments of modern literature is that comprehended under the head of Advertisements. The author of "Waverley" *was*, and the author of "Pelham" *is*, a great master of fiction in his way; yet we are sometimes inclined to doubt whether the imaginative powers of either are to be compared, in point of strength and vivacity, with those of that ornament of the rostrum, the renowned George Robins—a wit, a poet, and an orator, if ever there existed oratory, poetry, or wit, upon this nether earth; for proof whereof, *vide* the morning, evening, and Sunday papers. Immortal George is, in fact, the Homer of advertisements. Epics which cost *him* fifteen and sixpence a piece, and *us* nothing, are quotidianly placed before us by the fertile invention of this great master of the art of advertising.

Among the most flagrant Joseph Surfacisms of fashionable society, is the abhorrence, affected by the coteries, of this great and improving art. To see the curl of the lip with which the man of the world flings down a newspaper, two or three columns of which are occupied by announcements of sales of estates on the borders of Wales or the moors of Scotland, from the pen of our great rhetorician, one would suppose that there was something repellant to his nature in the art of puffery; or, to hear the tone of contempt in which our fine ladies pronounce the word "advertising shop!" in reference to some Regent Street haberdasher, or Cornhill silversmith, one might imagine that the mysteries of the broad sheet had never come betwixt the wind and her nobility; whereas all people, who live in the world with their eyes and ears open, are aware that there is no place or portion of the metropolis in which the art of advertising is better understood than within the narrow circle of the *beau monde*.

We do not pretend to blame the great world for following in the footsteps of the world it designates the little. The object of all authorship is to be read; and experience teaches that the most popular branch of what is called light reading, is that which contributes a duty to her Majesty's exchequer. We have known, for instance, a newspaper, propped by all the fine writing and writers of the age, prove a total failure, and drain the purse of the proprietor almost to bankruptcy, till he condescended to the vulgar expedient of devoting a page to advertisements. From that moment the speculation turned out a thriving concern. Society wisely understands that the portion of letterpress which an editor is paid for inserting *must* be of some value. Such is evidently the motive of Box for having published his Nickelby without advertisements. People will have it that the cost of providing paper for 40,000 copies would have trebled the price paid him for the advertisement. But it is no such thing! Box was clearly afraid of a rival near the throne. He did not care to bring his lucubrations, brilliant as they are, into competition with the poetry of Rowland's Kalydor, or the piquancies of the King of Oude's Sauce.

With this view of the case, we readily sympathize with the prevailing taste of the higher classes for figuring in advertisements.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print," said a great poet; and a great number of great people appear to be of the great poet's opinion. It is true this predilection takes many forms, and betrays itself in various degrees of weakness; but it is still the same fondness for self-advertisement. Consult the editor of some popular newspaper, concerning the paragraphs and "private" notes, concerning private details of private families, which he receives; and let him honestly confess how few savour of the servants' hall and housekeepers' room, of those who profess to announce fashionable balls and record fashionable dinner-parties; and how many are endited with a crowquill upon satin paper, and redolent of musk or *attar!* It is easy for the lovely creatures, who despatch their intelligence by the twopenny post or a confidential messenger, to attribute the blame to a scribbling porter or butler connected with the press. There lives not the porter or butler sufficiently versed in the accuracies of peerage nomenclature, to give the names of the fashionable five hundred, with all the correctness that, in most cases, marks the insertion. We know we could point out (but that we would spare their blushes) certain ladies of rank who especially excel in the wording and marshalling of these advertisements. That they delight in the task is plain, since they take the trouble of especially advertising every lord and lady who dines at their table; nay, we could mention some who are at the pains of despatching, even from the Continent, tidings to the morning papers, of their changes of residence, and acquisitions of acquaintance. It may be parenthetically remarked, that advertisements of this description are ever suspicious; and that a lady who thinks it necessary to trumpet to the world the quality of her visiters, has usually some cogent motive for making it a boast that people of condition consider her a visitable person. Superfluous advertisements of her guests are, in fact, so many certificates, differing very little from those attesting the infallibility of Eye Ointment and Soothing Syrup, or the unadulterated purity of Amontillado at 13s. 6d. per dozen.

In the same light may be considered the advertisements from fashionable mammas, announcing the report, and soon afterwards the inauthenticity of the report, of their daughter's marriage. "We understand that the youthful heir of the house of Rigmarole is about to lead to the Hymeneal altar the lovely and accom-

plished Lady Emma Fitzfaddle."—"We understand that there is no truth in the rumour that the youthful heir of the house of Rigmarole is about to lead to the Hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Lady Emma Fitzfaddle." If paragraphs of this description are not subjected to advertisement duty, it is clearly owing to the misplaced leniency of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

About Christmas time, again, the pens of the ready writers of the aristocracy are once more hard at work. We do not refer to the fashionable annuals, those very ineffable bulletins of lordly and ladyly inanity; but to the manifestos of benevolence, put forth by the affluent and humane belonging to the Peerage. We doubt whether a peck of coals or a Witney blanket be distributed from one end of the kingdom to the other, without being as well advertised as Mechi's Dressing Cases. "Christmas cheer"—"Roast beef and plum-pudding"—"180 aged women, and as many men, feasted in a barn by the Duke of Dormouse," (having outlived their powers of mastication,) and "dismissed, with sixpence apiece in their pockets, to bless the liberality of their noble benefactor," teem in every column of the daily journals. Instead of being on their guard to keep from their right hand all knowledge of the charities of their left, these illustrious advertisers are afraid that the very street corners should be left in ignorance of their Christian mercies; and if even-handed justice ruled the scale in the George-Robinsian world, these declarations of philanthropy would, each and all, be headed "Advertisement."

Take, for example, a fashionable morning paper, in the height of the season, and set apart every paragraph emanating from the parties whom it concerns: the announcements and description of entertainments, changes of domicile, arrivals and departures, bulletins of health, rumours of alliances; hints of elevation to the peerage or baronetage, of promotion to office; allusions to professional or private merit, theatrical engagements; literary projects, parliamentary movements; letters from members accidentally omitted from lists of majorities or minorities; letters from ladies accidentally omitted from lists of drawing-room presentations; letters from academicians whose works have been improperly described by the fine art critics, or from artists whose works have been evil-entreated by the academicians of the hanging committee; letters from *prime donne*, declaring that the sore throat was genuine which prevented them from singing at the opera, (while on a white-bait party at Greenwich;) letters from growers of prize pine-apples for the Horticultural, and importers of tapirs for the Zoological, &c., &c., &c.—and what will remain of original matter not subject to advertisement duty, except the leading article? *The London Gazette*, the records of births, marriages, and deaths, are all "Advertisements;" puffs of new novels, Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, white mustard-seed, and Assam tea, are admitted advertisements. But the unadmitted beat them as eight to two; and we maintain, and do hereby assert, that half the pamphlets covering the tables of the Houses of Parliament, and half the letter-press burthening those of the clubs of St James' Street and the reading-rooms of the three kingdoms, ought to be made tributary to the revenue, in the honest shape of "ADVERTISEMENTS."

Let Mr Baring look to it. Our warning is just in time.

IS IT A REVOLT OR A REVOLUTION?

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"———— Tabulata tibi jam tertia fumant,
Tu nescia."—JUVENAL.

When the shouts of the people advancing to the attack of the Bastille first struck the ears of the King, Louis XVI., he exclaimed, in consternation—"It is then a revolt!" "No, sire," replied the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancout, "it is a revolution." The Duke was right: it was so. Louis XVI. himself also perceived this, but too late.

My thoughts are never engaged by the state of the country, but this phrase recurs to my memory. I feel that, but a very little time before the first act of the Revolution of 1789, the man who should have foretold to the Court the day of the 14th July, and the night of the 4th August, would have been laughed at as a fool. I recall to myself the immense power which the clergy, the nobility, and royalty then exercised, by the connexion of their existence with governmental Europe; by the organization of the hierarchy, of property, and of the army; by the power of tradition and of custom; and I reflect on the few years that sufficed to crumble into ruins this giant-like labour of ages, and the few months that sufficed to elevate, on these ruins, the formidable, absorbing, and hitherto despised Third Estate which, at the commencement of the Revolution, *was nothing, and longed to be something.* This was a great lesson; but power rarely profits by the lessons of the past. Something analogous to the underworking crisis that preceded the explosion, is perhaps going on amongst us at the present hour; but none take note of it. It might be said—so shortsighted, so careless, are we to the future—that we have made a covenant with the present.

However, there is none. The future advances, advances at a giant's pace: already it casts its shadow over all that is now going forward; and those who disown it, or deign not to study its signs, do but abdicate all moderating influence on the crisis, without putting it off. Our situa-

tion is serious, and every day becomes more so. "Something is rotten in the State;" and ours is no longer a normal existence. Little by little, life is leaving the centre, and is stirring, disordered, fractionary, and unequal, at every point of the circumference. Whilst a kind of equilibrium has been established among the parties that contest the Parliamentary arena, which has ended in stagnation; whilst none among them is bold enough or powerful enough to make a single decisive step for the good or ill of the country—without this arena, and beyond the governmental sphere, there has grown and developed itself the element of a new power. It grows solitary, for all the others keep aloof from it; an enemy to all, for all are its enemies; on all sides, it is treated as an intruder; and none say to it—"Let us work together." There, where, according to the established system of things, we ought to find the power of function, we find only impotence—wavering, uncertain majorities of three, five, and ten; two powers in opposition on almost every point; a third, from its very organization, merely capable of *checking*, not of *doing*. There, where, according to the established system of things, we should look for the objects rather than the agents, for the executive rather than the initiative, we find a permanent agitation, a spirit of reaction, a desire for change, and a wish to bring it about by right or wrong, whatever be the obstacles. The shout of tumult has already been heard, blood has been shed, appeals to force have circulated through the masses. Is this a momentary effervescence, the result of some circumstantial and accidental crisis? Is it the work of a blind multitude, chained to the car of a few ambitious men of talent? No. I appeal to all those who have, of late years, followed the march of the popular element with an attentive and impartial eye. What is yet wanting to the discontented operatives, is a chief, equal to the task before him: those who have attempted the post, are already outstripped by the crowd. Evidently the agitation proceeds not from a few individuals: It comes from below; it springs directly from a long course of misery, neglected by those whose first duty is that of watching that there be no misery in the State; from complaints a thousand times repeated, and still remaining unnoticed; from hopes a thousand times deceived by plans of reforms which, it was said, were destined to work out the good of all, and whose straitened agency has spent itself in the sphere of particular classes; from an instinctive knowledge of the rights belonging to labour, that has begun to stir within the hearts of men; and from characters that God has graven on every human creature, and which time brings successively to light. These men no longer demand an immediate temporary ease—they ask a permanent remedy: they no longer supplicate the *city* for the alms of a little comfort—they desire to enter themselves into the city, and participate in the direction of affairs. They have rejected every topic of secondary agitation; and, if they have incurred reproaches on the subject of the Corn Laws, for not having essayed to push two points at once, they have, at least, proved, by the exclusiveness of their logic, that it is thoroughly a principle, and not merely an interest, that they intend to represent.

In the presence of this continually-increasing agitation—in the presence of these symptoms of uneasiness and irritation in the largest class of society—the men at the direction of social affairs appear to discern no other path to follow than that of coercion—no other remedy to apply than that of force. Discussion has no place in their ideas: they have rejected it on the various occasions when petitions were presented that would have furnished the opportunity: they have not even evinced a desire to afford to 1,200,000 petitioners the satisfaction of hearing themselves proved in the wrong, if wrong they be, but are preparing themselves for a struggle. Practical men, as they call themselves, they have set to work to calculate the numerical amount of agitation. "Give us," say they, "a Constabulary Force, and 5,000 more soldiers, and you may sleep in quietness: in that way we shall gain an equilibrium of power." This may be very well for to-day; but how with to-morrow? Is that definitively the absolute amount required to keep the movement in check for futurity? Suppose, on the other hand, that the amount of discontent has not yet attained its maximum; suppose, by their perseverance, by the action of example, so especially contagious in a body of the same class, or by an accidental crisis in affairs, this amount should happen to double, will you double your Constabulary and your 5,000 soldiers? Compelled to march at a pace whose rate is not in your own hands, will you turn England into one vast garrison? Will you organize one-half of the nation against the other, at an immense and profligate expense? Once engaged in the struggle, and forced to conquer or perish, will you be master of your movements? or rather, Will you not be led on, by the very fatality of the struggle, from act to act, to measures that you do not now even dream of? Suppose that the associations grow, and become more and more menacing, must you not endeavour to suppress them? Will you not be driven to slight the spirit of the laws of England, by hunting out the necessary authority in the dead letter of some forgotten enactment? And if the associations meet your means of defence by secrecy, must you not involuntarily encourage spies and informations; multiply political prosecutions: in short, betake yourselves to the iniquitous and perilous route of the governments on the Continent? Yes, step by step, all this must happen, from the force of circumstances, should such a course be ever so little adopted. European history vouches for it. Every struggle undertaken against a national element has *coups-d'etat* at the fingers'-ends; and *coups-d'etat*, in their turn, give birth to revolutions; but revolutions violent, bloody, and reactionary, where a larger and juster policy might have arrested

their progress, and changed them into peaceful evolutions.

Are we, then, to yield to innovation, wherever it presents itself? And is it sufficient for a demand, to ascend from below, supported by a certain number of individuals, that we should be held bound to do it right, at the risk of overturning the entire political edifice, by rudely changing the principle that has presided for ages over social organization?

No; but we are to study profoundly, conscientiously, and with the love of progression in our breasts, the character of the proposed innovation. We are to examine, without preconceived hostility, without deference to the fact established, solely because it is established, whether the time has not really arrived for the introduction into the State of a new principle of activity. We are not to forget that there are necessary and inevitable revolutions, dictated by the eternally progressive march of civilisation, which are but revelations of the Providential law that rules the world; and that to these it is a crime, and a useless crime, to offer opposition. We are to see whether the movement in question does not attach itself to one of those events that make a step in the ascending scale of nations. We are never to desire, in short, to repel innovation, solely because it is innovation; but only when, after mature and impartial study, it turns out to be unjust and contrary to the law of national developement.

I know well that it is not to the hierarchal heights of society that this work is to be left. There are political necessities that it is almost impossible to surmount. The initiative of great radical changes can only come from below; for we may require everything from power save suicide. But, in default of power, it must be the business of the whole entire of society. It concerns society and its future. It concerns her to know the law of her life at the existing moment, to conform to it; to know if right be on the side of those who seek to provoke a change, or on the side of those who think of opposing it; to know if the aim of every effort should be to maintain what is opposed to that which may be only the turbulent caprice of a faction, or whether to prepare and smooth the path for something which, being backed by the irresistible force of the times, will, sooner or later, surmount with violence all obstacles. Once more, this is serious and vitally important: for if right be on the side of the innovators—if the agitation we are talking of be, not the passing swell of the wave excited by the breeze, but the product of the gradual rise of the river from natural and permanent causes, of small account, are petty resistances; there are no dikes for what is swollen by God himself; and we are to think only of how to render the inundation less sudden and impetuous, more regular and fertilizing. When a revolution is inevitable, the ground on which it is driven back by force serves only to measure beforehand the extent by which it will pass its natural limits. It is the territory of reaction and of anarchy; and those who devote themselves to resistance, should, we conceive, take this thoroughly into consideration.

The whole entire of society should direct its attention to its situation; and the intelligences, those especially who have a share in the periodical press, should be of use as its enlighteners. That press, from its popularity and the reiteration of its appeals, already possesses great influence on the country. It might even—it alone, perhaps—might render to society most inestimable services, if it were but imbued with the importance and sanctity of its mission: if the young writers, whose souls are pure and untrammelled by party fetters, whose hearts have hitherto beat to none but words of patriotism and truth, would make the press the arena-field to debate the great questions raised by the existing agitation, and to prepare elements for the solution of the social problem. What labours are demanded, imperiously demanded, by our situation, some of which are at present scarcely planned, others not even glanced at! What matters for discussion to unravel, whose results, far otherwise important than the mere maintenance of the power of a few individuals, might fix a common point of departure for future efforts! The question of the Suffrage, considered as representing and confirming human individuality in the twofold view of right and of practice, or fact; the question of National Education, (*education* I say, and not instruction merely,) considered in the twofold view of national unity, and of the legitimacy of the penal power of which it alone can be the basis: the question of labour, considered as the property of the operative, as his stake in a partnership of association; that of centralization, so little understood hitherto, so often confounded with a tyrannical *concentration*, and degraded, by factions, to the condition of a question of monopoly or reaction: the great questions of political economy, assumed to have been settled, half a century since, by the school of Adam Smith, and which it may be time, I conceive, to submit to revision: the historical march, too, of the popular element, since not its first, but its most solemn appearance in the Puritans of the time of Charles I.—the actual state of the country, in a threefold respect—material, intellectual, and religious; the influence necessarily exercised on it by the changes which have been worked for the last fifty years, and which are working as well in facts as in ideas, throughout continental Europe. Again, too, and before all, that question which embraces all—the importance of which Germany, France, and Italy, have long since felt, and we have not even suspected—Whether life, and the developement of society here below, proceed from a superior law, whose fulfilment we may, perhaps, retard, but can never suppress; or whether only from human spontaneity acting without control, and without certainty? Whether the generations, bound in a circle of fate, are condemned eternally to roll the stone of Sysiphus; or whether, living each its particular life, grafted on the pro-

duct of the life of all those that have preceded it, they march forward under a Providential law of progression? Whether, in a word, humanity lives from day to day, the wandering sport of circumstances and temporary material interests; or whether she has a mission to realize here below, the consciousness of which daily brightens on her? Is not this the field on which the intelligences should meet at the present day? Is not this the ground on which, with love, with a religious desire of good, with sentiments that belong to the members of the same family, should assemble all those whom God has endowed with a strong principle of thought?

At this moment, I regret to say it, this ground is nearly neglected. We want creeds, and we have parties; sympathies, and we have contending interests; calm disquisitions, and we have improvisations suggested by the external facts of each day. We are smothered by the politics of detail. We waste valuable capacities in controversy on insignificant points; in paltry quarrels about persons whose fame a few months or a few years will suffice to extinguish. We sacrifice the politics of principles—the only good and productive politics—those alone that educate, sustain, and save nations. The periodical press recoils before general ideas, as though they were not the only ones that direct revolutions. It pretends to be exclusively devoted to what it is pleased to call reality, and which is but the accident of the day, as if the reality of the morrow had no right to its attention. It reflects the present: in no degree does it prepare the future. It reveals clearly enough the void, and does nothing to fill it up. A part of its writers occupy themselves with impertinences: their sole aim is to extract a momentary smile from muscles relaxed by *ennui:* they dance on a volcano. Others hound on the passions, as if there were not already enough of them let loose on the arena. All, or nearly so, busy themselves only with daily events, without ever tracing back the causes that produce them: they change or modify their anguage after an *émeute* at Birmingham or Newcastle: they approach the great national questions, with Chartism ever before their eyes.

We must not confound the signs of events that are preparing, with the events themselves—the disorderly, even culpable expression of the feeling that agitates the country, with the feeling itself. Chartism is only a sign—an expression. The "People's Charter" will not, in my belief, be the Charter of the future. Perhaps, of all the topics that it embraces, one only will remain, and it is that which represents a principle. But, though we should succeed in reducing it to fragments, and in the suppression of Chartism, the feeling which gave birth to, it would remain the same, and would soon fructify analogous demonstrations.

The question of political organization is entirely secondary; it is a means of realizing the change that time has matured. We may dispute on this means without touching the social question in the least. The social question have I said? It is, in truth, at the bottom of all that is going on at the present hour. Lord John Russell has well expressed this in a speech,* in my eyes, of the greatest importance—save that he has mistaken its exigency and strength. He has proclaimed, as I have done farther back, the inability of the constituted powers of the day to offer a remedy for the evil that disturbs society: he confesses that the agitation resulting from the consciousness of this evil, already breeds real danger; and yet, seeing that the sum of the malcontents does not express the generality of the people, he concludes that society should and may restrain it, with impunity. I, for my part, say that it cannot, and should not.

The political system of Lord John Russell—the system, in general, of existing society—is a system of the present; it lives from day to day; it has no anxieties for the future. Now, it is to the future that we owe ourselves. The life of man is short here below; but it is prolonged, in some sort, throughout all the generations that after us shall cover the soil of the country that God has assigned us, by the good that we bequeath them, whether we may be happy enough to transmit them its reality, or whether, for want of better, we may leave them the desire and the hope. It is sufficient that evil presses on any number of our brethren, for it to be our duty to seek a mode of putting an end to it; and this duty is imperious in the particular case; for we know that time must infallibly extend and aggravate the disease.

The present number matters little: it represents the avowed malcontents. The number of those who are silent is ten times greater; and we may be sure that the time for speaking will come to them too. Only when the time shall have arrived—when, incontestably, they will be, and will feel themselves to be, the strongest—much hatred will have accumulated, many instincts of reaction will have grown up in the shade, much fury will have sprung from our indifference. Are you satisfied that you will then be able to quiet them by concessions that would now appear the fruit of a sentiment of justice and love; and which, at that time, will be but an homage to force, paid by fear? Are you satisfied that the labouring classes, whom you now thrust into a separate herd, will not then resolve to enjoy *alone* the reward of a victory which they *alone* carried? You admit that the evil exists: it is, in your opinion, as in mine, a state of real positive suffering that wrests from the discontented this, as you call it, seditious cry; and think you that it will not have its echo—it matters little when—among all those who share in the same suffering? Think you that a million of tongues proclaiming this grievance, a million of men awoke to the consciousness of evil, does not constitute an apostleship sufficient to rouse all those whom ignorance, or—what you say must irrevocably be deceived—the hope of beholding a remedy for social inequalities, now

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August 2.

keeps silent? And this when the economical horizon is gloomy with inevitable storms; when, even if you happened to dissipate these storms, you are at that point that you cannot extend your operations, increase the return for your capital, accumulate undistributed riches, without rendering the disproportion more striking; at that point that you cannot dig a canal or open a railroad without, at the same time, opening a more potent route for the circulation of the appeals that you dread—without still more disabusing the intelligence of those who, for your purpose, should remain for ever in the dark!

This is not all. I know not if our statesmen ever occupy themselves with the necessities of the grand historical progression that the human race appears to follow, or whether European generalities enter at all into their plans; but, for a certain number of years, something so striking and so analogous has been going on in the bosom of almost all the continental countries, that I am astonished at seeing men of intelligence here looking on at the spectacle unmoved. It is not alone a feeble section of England that is gravitating towards the new-born dogma of the People—it is the whole of Europe. Everywhere the object of the movement is changed; everywhere the democratical element is substituted for all others in the agitation that foreruns the life of the future. There is visibly operating, in almost every country, a double phenomenon, of expansion in the popular principle, of concentration in all that does not belong to it—both furnishing the same indication. The aristocratic, military, and *bourgeois* elements, which each, in their turn, played in the past a principal and even initiative part in the manifestations of European life, are become resistant, conservative, or inactive; it might be said that they all feel they have no further mission to work in the world. The popular element everywhere aspires to ascend and to be in action: one would say that a sudden instinct has revealed to it grand destinies to accomplish. In it men hope; from it men fear; to it do martyrs immolate themselves. In Italy it has inspired the later movements; it has dissolved there all associations hoisting any other flag than its own: it is enthroned in *La Giovine Italia*, which alone embosoms the futurity of the country. In Poland it has changed the scope of revolutionary efforts, and has transformed what was a mere question of *independence* into a question of national *regeneration*. In France it pervades all the parties that aim at action. So thoroughly is this felt; so strong is the conviction, that henceforth it cannot be neglected, that those even who, at bottom, design somewhat else, usurp the name of the People, and pretend to be zealous for its cause. Buonapartism talks only of equality; and the legitimists of the *Gazette de France* preach Universal Suffrage. A belief in the coming accession of the power of the democracy, is everywhere exciting the enlightened. Genius bends before the signs that are pointing to the horizon. We see men like La Mennais and Chateaubriand, who have passed their whole lives in defending other powers, other ideas, suddenly turn back, by I know not what miraculous conversion, and render the most marked homage to the popular standard. A presentiment of a new order of things, of great events, that will communicate a new impulse to society, pervades the world. And whilst day after day witnesses the extinction of some existing thing, the weakening of the prestige that surrounded what was even yesterday a potent spell, the popular cause alone steadily grows. Every defeat is met with a new defiance; every obstacle thrown in the way of developement, by a renewed effort. Conquered in one spot, the democratic spirit and tendency momentarily disappear to break forth in another. Firm and compact in all places, its enemies are wearied and worn out. We would say that it has taken to a partisan warfare, till the time comes that it can operate by masses.

The People have been enslaved; they have escaped from slavery. They have been serfs; they have enfranchised themselves from serfage. They have been chained to misery and to nothingness by the subalternism of labour, and the immobility of wages; they desire emancipation and the attainment of equality. They have first won the right of life in the great city of Humanity; then the right of labour and liberty in the social city; they now desire to gain the right of participation in the political city. This is the result of the present struggle; this is the soul and the source of all the agitations that are produced in Europe; instinctive manifestations of a destiny more powerful than us all; and which, rely on it, will formulize itself more and more clearly.

And it is in face of this spectacle, before this progression, that has its developement in the history of the world, and its evident cause in a Providential law, that men think of resistance by some paltry material means—good, at the best, for suppressing a faction devoted to one interest or to individual ambition! It is an *émeute*, they say. Yes; but it is an *émeute* of the human race, raised by the will of God, who has created men for one purpose, the association of equals, the perfecting of all by all; and it is irresistible. The same appearances that present themselves at this day, were presented at each of the two great revolutions that delivered man from slavery and serfage. The same forces that are now opposed to it, were opposed to it, and were far more compact, at those two steps in the scale that it has surmounted. By what method, is it supposed, that those forces, that have twice lost the ground, will now maintain it? And if a studious, and, above all, conscientious and impartial reflection on our present situation, enlightened by the history of the past, should end in the discovery that what I have here barely enunciated is the truth—that it is a third step in the scale of developement, the possession of which is in question—and that there is in all these tendencies, irregular and disordered though they be, the sign of the near accomplishment of a new phasis of that humanity, which is a thought of the Deity explained by facts—would it not

be our most strict, most religious duty, to unite as brothers to prepare the ground and make ready the path? Would it not be the duty of the men of intelligence and of good intentions, among the middle classes, to associate themselves actively, with the efforts of the lower classes, now isolated, and almost without direction?

It is this study, nigh absolutely neglected, that I here invoke, in the name of the country whose future is seriously compromised by leaving it a prey to a schism that, a little later, will, perhaps, be irremediable—in the name of all those who desire the accomplishment of good, without violent crises, without convulsive reactions. I wish to see this question of the People, that embraces all the future, at length placed on its true footing—snatched from the arena of egotistical passions—treated with all the loftiness of the great principles of the dignity of man, of social progress, of the national vocation, and of the Providential law that rules and gives birth to events. For my part, I will contribute to it as far as I can, by a succession of articles on this subject. Perchance the example will be followed.

"Something is rotten in the State;" and we must not be contented by saying, with Horatio, "Heaven will direct it." It is through us that Heaven directs human affairs. The State, our country, has been given to us as our place of work. We are all workmen; and God, our master, will judge us by our performances.

HYMN—THE POOR MAN'S DAY.*

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Hail Sabbath! thee I hail, the Poor Man's Day!"—GRAHAME.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still art thou a welcome day.
When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's *heart* to pray.

Sun-waked forest,
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute empurpled moor,
Throstle's song that stream-like flowest,
Wind that over dew-drop goest,
Welcome now the wo-worn poor.

Little river,
Young for ever!
Cloud, gold-bright with thankful glee,
Happy woodbine, gladly weeping,
Gnat, within the wild-rose keeping,
O that they were blessed as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affliction's sons and daughters
Bid thy mountains, woods, and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God!

From the fever
Idle never,
Where on Hope Want bars the door;
From the gloom of airless alleys,
Lead thou to green hills and valleys
Plundered England's trampled poor.

Pale young mother,
Gasping brother,
Sister toiling in despair,
Grief-bowed sire, that life-long diest,
White-lipped child that sleeping sighest,
Come and drink the light and air!

Tyrants curse ye,
While they nurse ye,
Life for deadliest wrongs to pay;
Yet, O Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Man's Day."

Sabbath's Father!
Would'st thou rather
Some should curse than all be blessed?
If thou hate not fruit and blossom,
To the oppressor's godless bosom
Bring the poor man's day of rest,—

With its healing,
With its feeling,
With its humble trustful bliss;
With the poor man's honest kindness,
Bless the rich man's heart of blindness—
Teach him what religion is!

* For the measure of this lyric, some of the rhymes, and most of the thoughts, see the article, "Burschen Melodies," in *Tait's Magazine* for April, 1840.—E. B.

LADY MORGAN'S "WOMAN AND HER MASTER."*

THE ladies—that is, all civilized womankind—may be presumed disposed to resent the implied indignity of the title which Lady Morgan has chosen for her greatest work; but, we assure them, the fault is none of hers: she merely adopts that definition of womankind, sanctioned by law and by high legal authority. Blackstone writes—"As the old law-phrase runs, *Baron et Feme*—the BARON AND HIS WOMAN;" and Lady Morgan bitterly adopts the semi-barbarous jargon as the title and the motto of that remarkable book, in which she comes avowedly forward as the champion and philosophical historian of

* Colburn. 2 vols.

her sex. As the champion of woman, she is courageous, energetic, and full of resource; but, as the historian, it may be alleged that she is apt to lose the calm passionless impartiality and balance of the judge, in the fervour of the eloquent advocate, of the adroitness and exaggeration of the special pleader.

The two volumes published are but a portion, a splendid fragment, of the work meditated; and, with all their high merits of learning and eloquence, they, unfortunately, bring the philosophical history of woman only down to a period—the Fall of the Roman Empire—since which, the condition of the sex, by the spread of Christianity and the institutions of chivalry, has, in Europe, undergone greater change than in the previous 4,000 years. In these circumstances, we can only console ourselves with the hope of the speedy completion of the work—an event which will give the lovers of literature and the friends of woman the more pleasure, as the delay has been occasioned by weakness of sight, for which Lady Morgan's medical advisers have enjoined temporary cessation from her laborious and important task.

The work, so far as it has gone, is divided into books and chapters. It opens with an eloquently written and well-reasoned introductory sketch of the progress of civilisation; that gradual supremacy of mind over brute force still so far from being complete; and especially, as Lady Morgan maintains, in the respective conditions and relations of the sexes; for, if the social system is still most imperfect as it relates to the "Master," it remains much worse with his servant or slave; woman being "still a thing of sufferance, and not of rights," as in the ignorant infancy of early aggregation, when the law of the strongest was the only law acted on. It is asked—

> Even now, when supremacy has been transferred from muscle to mind, has that most subtle spirit—that being of most mobile fibre—that most sensitive and apprehensive organisation—has *she*, whom God placed to be a mate and a help to man, at the head of his creation, the foundress of nations, the embellisher of races, has she alone been left behind, at the very starting-post of civilisation, while around her all progresses and improves? And is man still "the Master;" and does he, by a misdirected self-love, still perpetuate her ignorance and her dependence, when her emancipation and improvement are most wanting, as the crowning element of his own happiness? . . . . . .
> If, in the first era of society, woman was the victim of man's physical superiority, she is still, in the last, the subject of laws, in the enactment of which she has had no voice—amenable to the penalties of a code, from which she derives but little protection. While man, in his first crude attempts at jurisprudence, has surrounded the sex with restraints and disabilities, he has left its natural rights unguarded, and its liberty unacknowledged. Merging the very existence of woman in his own, he has allowed her no separate interest, assigned her no independent possessions; "for," says the law—the law of man—"the husband is the head of the wife, and all that she has belongs to him." Even the fruit of her own labour is torn from her, unless she is protected by the solitary blessedness of a derided but innocent celibacy.

Lady Morgan describes the other pecuniary or propertied disabilities under which woman labours, without saying anything of certain countervailing immunities—considering favour instead of right rather an aggravation of the evil—and comes to the more cruel deprivations to which woman has been subjected by her master and law-maker—those which deny her maternal rights, and violate her most sacred feelings. Law has, in this instance, undeniably pressed hardly upon woman; while its proper province is neither to give superiority to the claims of father nor mother, but to the individual presumed to be best qualified to fulfil the duties of the parental relation. But man's injustice to his enslaved mate does not stop here. If opinion has become supreme over its antagonist, physical force, the very power which has unfettered society, and which strongly tends to set it entirely free, is called into operation against woman. On this new ground—opinion, which he has taken for himself,

> Her master meets her, citing against her what *he* calls philosophy and science. . . . . The natural dependence of the sex on its Master, its imputed inaptitude for the higher intellectual pursuits, and presumed incapacity for concentration are still insisted upon; and, while woman is permitted to cultivate the arts which merely please, and which frequently corrupt, she is denounced as a thing unsexed, a *lusus naturæ*, if she direct her thoughts to pursuits which aspire to serve, and which never fail to elevate. Educating her for the Harem, but calling on her for the practices of the Portico, man expects from his Odalisque the firmness of the Stoic, and demands from his servant the exercise of those virtues which, placing the *élite* of his own sex at the head of its master-roll, give immortality to the Master. He tells her, that "obscurity is *her* true glory, insignificance *her* distinction, ignorance her lot, and passive obedience the perfection of her nature." Yet he expects from her, as the daily and hourly habit of her existence, that conquest over the passions by the strength of reason, that triumph of moral energy over the senses and their appetites, and that endurance of personal privation and self-denial, which, with him, (even under all the excitements of ambition and incentives to renown,) are qualities of rare exception, the practices of most painful requirement.

Why should not these high demands or expectations be taken by Woman as her Master's tacit acknowledgment of her mental fortitude and moral superiority; as a confession that much being given much is required, to which the exacter tacitly owns himself unequal? This would, at any rate, be taking the matter by the best handle, and allowing man to keep his undisturbed monopoly of the vices.

But if the destiny of the sex has been thus severe among the most refined and intellectual of the human race in the most highly civilized societies of ancient or modern times, how much more deplorable has woman's condition ever been in that far larger portion of the peopled globe, which comprehends savage life; in the vast empires of China and India, and generally among the Mongolian and Ethiopian varieties of the species? Having made an eloquent eulogium upon woman, and what she has accomplished under all the crushing disabilities, the domestic tyranny, or the gross injustice and denial of rights to which, since the beginning of the world, she has been subjected by brute force, by "the divine right of the strongest," Lady Morgan proceeds briefly to discuss the condition of wo-

man amid the different savage or semi-barbarous races of mankind. She begins with the Red Man; and we are surprised that, while advocating the cause of the weak against the strong, she should not incidentally have betrayed more sympathy with the "stoic of the woods" himself, so compassionable a sufferer in the conflict between natural rights and physical force, aided by the cruel cunning of what is miscalled civilisation.

The condition of the *Squaw* is much more favourably, and, as we believe, truly represented by a late female writer, who judged from her own immediate observation, and who is, moreover, herself a bold and an eloquent advocate of the rights of woman. We refer to Mrs Jameson, who, relatively to their respective Masters, considers the Indian *Squaw* in a truer and more dignified position than the European lady—than the woman, as lady Morgan would say, of a more "policized society"—and in a happier physical condition than the household drudge of so many poor men's homes in highly civilized life.

With more successful reasoning, our author points to those evidences of the secret workings of conscience in man, and of that hatred inseparable from fear, which has made woman, in every age, be considered, among barbarous and many highly civilized tribes, as possessed of some marvellous but generally malignant power or influence over the destinies of mankind; as sybil, prophetess, and sorceress, down to the bleared witch, whom her cowardly imaginary victim might destroy without trial or accusation. Take this again by the best handle, and woman is entitled to assume that ascribing to her supernatural powers is a virtual confession of her natural intellectual superiority. But Lady Morgan is too grave, and too much in earnest, to descend to such a line of argument. Her picture of the condition of the women of Africa is, like that of the mate of the Red Man, somewhat overcharged. She is an advocate stating a case; not a judge impartially summing up evidence. When she paints the sanguinary horrors of *Mumbo-jumbo*—which, after all, is merely a ruder form of the wild justice of the English ducking-stool—she ought not to pass over the other demon, *Tampacara*, who protects the negresses from the jealous interference of husbands.

We entirely agree with our author that, bad as the position of the women of barbarous life may be, it is neither so debased, nor, we should say, so hopeless as that of the women of those vast empires of the East, "which vaunt an antique origin, and in which the lights of a semi-civilisation have surrounded a fraction at least of the species with the luxuries of wealth, and afforded something of the semblance of a social policy." The abject condition of the women of Oriental countries is mainly attributed to polygamy, "which crushes her under a slavery more revolting than that of the mere savage;" yet the root of this evil is not traced to the tyranny and sensuality of the Master, but, if we understand the passage aright, to causes existing in nature, the evil consequences of which should not, therefore, be visited wholly upon the Master. "The precocious developement of the maternal organization, which, in some Oriental countries, confounds infancy with motherhood, and leaves the functions of the brain imperfect, while the affections and the passions are already matured, may be assigned as the origin of polygamy—that institute which has the most impeded the progress of society, wherever it has been perpetuated."

Lady Morgan surely admits too much in ascribing the origin of the system which she reprobates as much to natural causes as to vicious institutions, begun by tyranny and brute force among the chiefs of tribes, and perpetuated by their satellites. In a striking passage upon the condition of the women of China, which immediately follows, she makes another admission subversive of the natural supremacy of womanhood; for it is not the sex, but the *caste*, the pure aristocratic breed, for which superiority is claimed. Lady Morgan, also, sometimes uses two-sided, if not unfair, arguments. Is, for example, the tight-lacing of our ladies, now so universally denounced by medical men, and by all men of reflection and good taste, fairly attributable to the sex which practises the pernicious absurdity, or to the "Masters?"—to whom Lady Morgan unhesitatingly ascribes the kindred abomination of the crippled and deformed feet of the Chinese women—a custom which is, with little of probability, traced to some alleged attempt among the women to conspire against the eternal Government of the Celestial Empire, but which is more likely to have originated in a perverted vanity.

Not content with asserting the moral and intellectual equality of the sexes, the eloquent champion of woman insists upon female superiority, and goes back to Paradise for proofs of their social equality, and the mental pre-eminence of the general mother, whose very name, *Eve*, signifies, in the Hebrew, *Life*, while *Adam* signifies *Red Earth*. Lady Morgan most ingeniously, and with the dexterity of a practised *Nisi Prius* pleader, makes out a good case for her first client, while she covers with littleness and shame the animated piece of red loam, our first father. Thus she reasons:—"To the female, Eve, was permitted the first exercise of mind, in the call made on her intellect by one who sought to influence human action by intellectual means, though for evil purposes." And our author farther argues, that the serpent first trying his wiles upon Eve, is rather a proof of the difficulty than the facility with which the female mind might be influenced. And then the motive, the temptation, was one worthy to be addressed to the highest intellect. "She should be as the Gods, knowing good from evil. The woman, therefore, (seeing the tree was to be desired *to make one wise*,) took the fruit, accordingly, thereof, and did eat." In the awful penalty incurred by this fatal act of disobedience, the advocate of woman points to the "sublime and prophetic distinction made in favour of the future mother of all living—from whom, and not

from her "red earth" helpmate, was to proceed *one* who should "swallow up death in victory."

But further of woman's superiority:—

The temporal punishments inflicted on Eve were marked by an intellectual pre-eminence in suffering—Adam's by personal degradation; to Adam was assigned the task of physical labour: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground from whence thou wert taken, for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return;" a humiliating vocation—a humiliating reminiscence, both spared as denunciations to Eve. Her retribution, on the contrary, was founded on the affections, and on the mind—sorrow that was to be multiplied, and pain (corporeal indeed in the first instance) but connected with griefs and anxieties still more harassing. Her desire was also to be to her husband, (that devotedness, the attribute of her peculiar and finer organization,) and her submission to his "rule" was the penalty of her sensibility, no less than the token of physical inferiority. . . . . In the sacred history of the origin of the species, there is a strict accordance with the great dogma of the East, that woman was a creature of high intellectual aspirations; and every subsequent epoch in sacred history produces evidences of her spiritual agency and mental energies in carrying on the great moral economy of the creation.

To the grand part performed by woman in the early ages, so far as tradition and written records, sacred and profane, bear testimony, the champion of the sex now addresses herself. With heroic women, the sister-spirits of the Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, she has intense sympathy. Semiramis, and the Cleopatras, especially the last and greatest of the name, are regarded with that enthusiastic admiration which makes us fear that when she descends to modern times, Lady Morgan will find nothing so sublimely great in womanhood as Catherine II. of Russia, the Hindoo *Begums*, or the ambitious and warlike living Queen of Madagascar. Lady Morgan would have better served her cause by founding an empire for woman, placed far above the regions of false glory, or even that which men call true glory, and confining herself to her sex's past achievements there. As Conqueror, Statesman, or Legislator, woman has never yet equalled her Master. The exceptions only prove the rule; but what a hideous world would the most heroic of her Masters have made of this, without her restraining and corrective influences, her wise ministrations of gentleness, courtesy, and love.

Of the exalted rank—the high consideration—which the mythology of Egypt gave to the female sex, if it ever really existed in the form assumed, it need only be remarked, that nothing of its ameliorating consequences can be satisfactorily traced either in the past history or present degraded condition of the Egyptian women. If the Egyptian husband ever "pledged himself to be obedient to his wife," he must have attached no more literal meaning to the vow, than do the ladies, or the gallant husbands of Europe to that taken by well-born wives.

In the brilliant outline of the Jewish history, in contrasting Sarah with Abraham, Miriam with Moses, and Deborah the prophetess, who, under her palm-tree, wisely and peacefully judged Israel for forty years, with the future succession of weak rulers and worthless kings, our author still vindicates the honour of the sex, and goes far to establish that the women of the Hebrews, the Hannahs and Naomis, the Judiths and Esthers, and the generous and hospitable wise woman of Endor, seem to have been in the van of civilisation; and that Abigail, Michal, and Bathsheba, prove themselves to have been morally and intellectually superior to the Masters with whom they were connected.

There is a quality in many of our author's chosen Hebrew or other Oriental women, described as "womanly adroitness," which obtains a higher place than dignified womanhood, or the strictness and purity of Christian morals would sanction.

Lady Morgan has something to say even for the bold, bad Jezebel, whom she considers, to some extent, the victim of the Jewish priesthood, whom she admires as a devoted wife, and "as superior, in firmness of purpose, to the weak and vacillating man to whom she was united, and upon an equality of courage with the bad man against whom she was opposed." Our author certainly sees in Lady Macbeth a much nobler spirit, and a higher intellect and courage, than in her more humanized lord.

The most noted blue stocking of antiquity, the Queen of Sheba, is lauded; and in her flattering reception from the wisest of men, is found another triumph for the sex.

"The women of the Hebrews," as a fragment of history, deserves great praise for its execution; though it is too diffuse and amplified for a portion of the history of Woman, unless that shall be extended to a greater length than "Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." But the close of this section of the work, (which, of itself, would make an interesting book,) affords us a ready specimen of Lady Morgan's delicate style of eulogy and resounding tone of declamation. After tracing the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews, she thus proceeds:—

Wherever the women of the Hebrews (the daughters of Sarah and Rebecca, who built up the house of Israel) were to be found; and where are they not? they still exhibit the type of that intellectual beauty which subdued Egypt, and reformed the penal statutes of Persia; and their fine heads are cited by science as models of the highest moral conformation. Bright thoughts flash from their bright eyes; quick perceptions animate their noble lineaments; and if the force of circumstances is no longer directed to elicit the higher qualities of an Esther or a Judith, the original of the picture drawn by the prophet king, of the virtuous woman "whose price is above rubies," may be found among the Jewish women of modern as of ancient times; for "they eat not the bread of idleness," and "the hearts of their husbands trust in them."

Still, superior as were the Hebrew women to their masters, through their spiritualized nature, and the temperament of their sex, (a superiority acknowledged by their prophets, and upheld by the wisest of their legislators,) their wrongs from the first were mighty; their disabilities to the end many. The last of their prophets thundered in vain his denunciations against the injustice of their Masters; and their most accredited historians have left on authentic record the enumeration of their wrongs, and the absurdity of their oppressors. Ancient

laws and modern prejudices have been alike unfavourable to their happiness and social consideration. Solomon first gave out from his harem—"From garments cometh moths, and from women wickedness"—a characteristic maxim from the destroyer of Uriah.* A modern Rabbin has improved on the proverb, by writing a work "On the Embarrassment of the Deity as to the Necessity of Creating a Female." The merits of the sex have no higher illustration, nor its wrongs a more authenticated record, than are to be found in the sacred and profane history of the women of the Hebrews. The pride of Israel was fast passing away—"the enemy had come in like a flood" upon the city of David—the eagles of the Pagan Cæsars fluttered over the portals of the Temple of Jehovah, and their banners, emblazoned with images, replaced the consecrated standard of the twelve tribes, when the greatest of the Hebrew prophecies received its accomplishment. The temporal power of the men of Judah was prostrate in the dust; and, if there was one among the descendants of Abraham who was still worthy of a spiritual mission, or of the fulfilment of a mystic prophecy, that one was found among the women of the Hebrews! But she whom from henceforth "all generations were to call blessed," was not of the queenly daughters of the Asmoneans, nor of the female Toparchists of the house of Herod; she was not one of the princesses who lived in palaces with "windows of agate and gates of carbuncles," and who died bequeathing provinces to imperial sovereigns. She was of "low estate;" a virgin espoused to a man, whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary." And when the Magii, or wise men of the East, were miraculously directed to seek and do homage to the mother "of the Son of the Highest," they "found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe, lying in a manger."

Nearly twenty centuries have joined the years beyond the flood since the occurrence of this most important of all events, by which the sex has been glorified beyond all distinctions which the world has ever lavished on its mightiest Masters—and still the name of "Mary" is heard with tender reverence, or invoked with pious faith, wherever the religion of peace and good will on earth to all men has been revealed or accepted.——Still, however, this "*Regina Cœli*" of countless altars, this "Mater Dolorosa" of eternal sympathies, before whose divinely human image the kings of the earth have bent the knee, and they who so long governed kings still fall prostrate, was yet in her human nature and affections, but "highly favoured and blessed among *women!*"

The women of Greece succeed those of Israel; and, in an eloquent and sweeping introduction, a rapid view is taken of the origin of the Greek Republics, and the circumstances producing the high physical and intellectual condition of their citizens. In the high civilisation of Greece, its refined philosophies, its poetical mythology, and its perfection in the arts, Lady Morgan finds the "unprecedented influence of the sex, from the earliest epoch to the latest and most refined days of its political existence"—finds that "a perpetual evidence is borne by the poetry, the arts, and the historic records of this highly gifted race."

This hardly needed proof. The marvel would have been had such results been witnessed independently of the agency of women. The mere love of the beautiful exalted the sex among this imaginative race. Their deities were chiefly female, and the most numerous temples and altars were raised to Venus and Diana, Minerva and Ceres, where priestesses ministered. From fable, and from history, our author has sought proofs of the elevated native character of the Grecian women, and their influence on public events, even where, as, in modern times, in Europe, their presence was forbidden in the national assemblies. Lady Morgan runs rapidly over the long bead-roll of the illustrious and learned females of Greece—long indeed, since even from "the critical acumen of the apple-women of Athens there was no appeal." But this splendour of female heroism, genius, and patriotism, only deepens the disgrace of the Masters, who degraded the possessors of the highest natural gifts into the outcasts of society. The sole privilege of the most remarkable of the accomplished Greek courtezans was, that they were not, like the legitimate mothers and virtuous wives of the free and noble citizens, shut out from the pursuit of knowledge, but, "chartered libertines of their minds as of their actions, they were left free to pursue the bent of their natural talents." To these women, possessed of many accomplishments, and few and precarious virtues, holding unbounded influence, and having no rights, without the power of men, or the pure virtues of women, is traced the political ruin of Greece, gradually mouldering away through its moral depravity.

The selfish tyranny of the Master was never more aptly embodied than in the dogma of the philosopher, as well as the voluptuary, of Athens:—"The *wife* for our house and honour; the Hetæra (courtezan) for our solace and delight;" and in this, as in every other case, injustice ultimately reacted on its perpetrators.

Were such a thing possible, one might suspect that Lady Morgan, after the lapse of so many centuries, is stirred by *l'esprit de corps* of legitimate wifehood, when she discusses the most eminent of the Athenian courtezans—Aspasia, the "fair friend" of Pericles; and, finally, by an act of injustice to his wife, and an outrage to public morals, his partner. She speaks of Aspasia much as does Madame de Sevigné of the fascinating and dangerous *Ninon*. To the seductions of the one is imputed the corruption of many of the young French nobility; to the other, the ruin of Greece; for to the influence of Aspasia over her vainglorious Master, Pericles, is freely imputed the downfal of the Republic. Her talents are even doubted, or placed on the level of those of the Pompadours and Dubarrys; and the age of Pericles, in corrupting influences and examples, is regarded as without parallel, save in the reign of the Regent Orleans, and of Louis XV.

As Lady Morgan is, in general, very far from being a severe or prudish censor of female frailty, often finding the true vindication of the women in the conduct and injustice of their Masters, it is the more remarkable to find her adopting, to its extreme limit, the maxim conveyed in the doggerel verse, that "the nation ne'er will thrive," until a certain purification is accomplished, of which, the Masters will be apt to say, only a visionary woman could dream. Her reasoning

* Solomon's father was the destroyer of Uriah. So this is a groundless accusation; though the wisest of men was not free even of blood-guiltiness.—*E. T. M.*

on this topic, though individually it may bear rather hard on the most illustrious of classic courtezans, is vigorous and philosophic; such as Rousseau might have employed when declaiming against the corruptions of society. After insinuating that, as the Mistress of the Master of Athens, the weak-principled Hetæra might have had much at her disposal wherewith to bribe even philosophy and to purchase eulogy, though her verses had not been poetry, nor her rhetoric eloquence, the moral dissector of Aspasia pertinently adds—

Allowing, however, to Aspasia the full reputation assigned to her, it is both possible and probable, that talents equally brilliant, might have been latent in the neglected minds of many of the contemporary wives who lived neglected, and who died unknown. . . . . It was the early and fatal mistake of the Greek legislation, under the impressions of Asiatic influence, to fear the development of the mind of woman, to make ignorance the guarantee of chastity, to separate virtue from the graces, and to deprive modesty of all those attractions, which render even vice respectable.

Lady Morgan, probably, underrates the acquirements and accomplishments, as she certainly does the influence of the women of honour in the Athenian Republic; and it is clear, whatever the true cause may be, that in those societies in which the women of reputation are the most intellectual and accomplished—those of London or Paris—the most eminent of their Masters still find some marvellous fascination in the coteries of "the fair friends," though respect for public decency may throw a veil around the intercourse. The influence of the modern Hetæra, has, it is alleged, been strongly felt in some of the continental courts, at very recent periods; though, save when a public scandal arises, like that connected with the celebrated *Hetæra*, Mrs Clarke, and the Duke of York, it is not easy to calculate its demoralizing amount in this country. But to return to Aspasia upon whom Lady Morgan apparently delights to avenge all "honest women":—

The example of Aspasia, her talents and her influence over the chief of the government, produced the most fearful moral results. Athens had, from that epoch, her school of pleasure as of philosophy. The mistress-wife, under the roof of her weak though illustrious husband, was at the head of a society which reduced libertinism to a system, and rendered vice seductive by the grace and talent by which it was combined. . . . . Aspasia, in the midst of her seducing nymphs, the models of art, and theme of poetry, giving lessons in eloquence to Socrates, and receiving from the master-mind of Greece instruction in dialectics and induction,—Aspasia, the wife of Pericles, sharing more than her studies with his friend, the gifted and unprincipled Alcibiades, was a singular instance of the incoherence of the institutes of man, when at odds with his passions. This Omphale of the political Hercules of the age, this Minerva of all the poets, parasites, sophists, and rhetoricians of Greece, who swallowed her pedantry with her pea-hen eggs, and repaid her nectar of Naxos with flattery as intoxicating, had finally the triumph of seeing the most virtuous women of Athens brought by their husbands to breathe the inebriating incense which perfumed her voluptuous saloon, and of beholding the law of Solon thus repealed in her favour.—But while Pericles thus availed himself of the arts of Aspasia, her influence over his mind produced the most fatal effect on his policy. To gratify her personal pique, he attacked and took Samos; and, to avenge her quarrels, (originating in the most shameful causes,) he undertook the expedition against Megara, of which the twenty-three years of the Peloponnesian war was the consequence. Aspasia, with the usual accompaniment of attendant nymphs, had the effrontery to embark on board the fleet with Pericles, in presence of the Athenian people, when the chief of the government set forth for Samos; but if hers was the effrontery, whose was the weakness which permitted it?—It was on the return of Pericles from this inglorious but conquering expedition, that he was received with triumphal honours, and that even the ladies of Athens were brought forth by their husbands to crown him with flowers, and to kiss his hands. But there was one among them who indignantly refused these marks of homage. It was Elpinice, the sister of the immortal Cymon, who, addressing Pericles as he stood in the tribune, where he had harangued the people with his usual sophistical eloquence, asked—"What have you done to wear the triumphal crown? Have you returned from a victory over the barbarian enemies of Greece? Have your laurels been gathered in fields where the Medians were put to flight, and the Persians vanquished? It was there that Cymon, my brother gathered his laurels! You have indeed returned victorious, but over whom?—over a free city of Greece! an ancient ally of Athens." To this epigram of Elpinice, Pericles replied by a smile and a quotation, the point of which is now lost, though its brutality might well have suited "the finest gentleman of his time;" for no men are so deficient in true courtesy to women as those who have lived most with the vilest.

We must leave it to the gallantry of Mr Savage Landor, to break a lance in honour of the memory of the divine Aspasia. The satirists and theatres of Athens neither spared her nor her illustrious protector; and Lady Morgan does not forsake her until, in widowhood, the brilliant Aspasia, from the alleged latent desire of the most depraved of the sex, to be made "honest women," becomes the wife of a grazier of Attica; whom, however, she was able to raise to the first offices of the Republic—surely some proof of her ability and influence, or else of the excellent discrimination with which she chose the successor of Pericles. But even for the vices of Aspasia, the champion of the sex finds an apology in the institutes under which she lived, and the vices of the men with whom she lived.

The laws of Solon were neither favourable nor fair to women. Lady Morgan might assert—and who durst gainsay it—that no system, or laws, has been fair to women, save that which alone have been fair to man—the laws of Jesus Christ. Advancing refinement practically modified the laws of Solon, but did not improve the social condition of the women, nor raise society through their means. As in other refined communities, matrimony sat easily on the "Baron," whilst its most rigorous yoke was imposed on his "Woman." Of systematic education the Grecian women knew nothing; and the domestic arrangements were all in subservience to the comfort or magnificence of the master. The one dogma conveyed to the dormant mind of women was "fidelity to their Masters." Yet something must have tempered this low condition. Xantippe led her philosopher the life of a dog; and Themistocles, in that jocular strain which never excludes essential truth, declared himself to be governed by his wife; who, however, was go-

verned in turn by her child, who thus ruled the Republic.

Keen sarcasm mingles with truth in our author's picture of the domestic life of the noblest Athenians; nor does she scruple to revive a little of the gossip or problematical scandal of antiquity, to make a hit at those philosophers who have come down to us as the calumniators of their contemporary women:—

The Athenian husband, with his public and professional duties, his duly performed gymnastics, his bath, his supper, and his delicious coterie abroad, was forced by one of the laws of Solon not to be too frequently found at home, nor to attend too assiduously in the apartments of his wife. It was towards the ninth hour, the cardinal epoch of the day, that shade of the sun when, after the heat, and dust, and fatigue of the city or gymnasium, the last toilet was made preparatory to the evening rendezvous, that Ischomachus [Xenophon's model for husbands] may be supposed to have sought his wife, fresh from the bath, and breathing its odorous unguents, preparatory to joining a party, to which a messenger from Pericles may have beckoned him. He has still some idle minutes on his hands, and ascends to the apartment where his young and solitary wife is seated haply at her tapestry-frame, embroidering the border of a tunic, a votive offering for the statue of Juno. The model of husbands sinks into his reclining chair—the exquisite model of the sedentary luxury of the Ischomachi of the nineteenth century—and probably presenting his wife with some childish emblematic toy, (such as a statue of Venus with a tortoise at her feet, the symbol that woman should never leave her home,) he hems portentously, knits his brows majestically, and then gives out authoritatively, the sentences which Socrates and Xenophon admired, and which have been preserved for the benefit of all future wives of all countries—"The mistress of a family, oh, my beloved," says Ischomachus, "ought to resemble the queen of the bees."

The discourse of the model husband does not, after all, differ so much from the panegyric of King Solomon on the virtuous wife, quoted by Lady Morgan elsewhere, as an enforced homage to the sex, as to justify her severe satire on the Athenian husband, though matters must have often gone pretty much as she describes them with the pattern husbands of women so taught, so married, and so neglected.

Ischomachus ceases, rises with dignity from his chair and [being in an exceedingly gracious humour] salutes his patient and silent auditress with the infantile caress which places her fair, dull head and little ears in his hand: and impressing a conjugal kiss on her matron brow, gathers up his rich and perfumed robe, and issues majestically from the gynaerium. He quickly descends to the outer portico of his dwelling; and, before the deserted, solitary young wife, has recomposed her thoughts, got over some little burst of stifling indignation at being thus for ever lectured and for ever left, and has resumed her monotonous tasks at her embroidery frame, the grave husband has thrown off his gravity, and is already in the temple of the graces, in the saloon of Aspasia—the circle of frolic nymphs—an emancipated husband! Here Ischomachus may have found Alcibiades, who had just got rid of his wife; may have embraced Socrates, recently escaped from Xantippe, while Pericles himself may have demanded his congratulations; for he too had obtained his divorce, and the chief of the Athenian people had become the husband of Aspasia, the quondam mistress of many lovers. Ischomachus, the type of all conjugal wisdom, the moral Ischomachus, has already forgotten his "queen of the bees," in his homage to the queen of the courtezans, and he kisses in token of felicitation, the hem of the hymeneal veil, which now replaces the airy drapery of the ex-high priestess of the Temple of Venus.

Here is "miching malicho." One might fancy that, with high Athenian society in her page, May Fair and the Chausse d'Antin were in our author's heart.

A chapter is given to the women of Sparta. The laws of Lycurgus, relative to women, do not fully satisfy their Sister-champion. It was impossible they should. Men solely can no more legislate aright for women, than, with deference to the ladies, could women for men.

The whole of the second volume is occupied with the Roman women of the different epochs of Roman history. Like the history of the women of the Hebrews, it forms another grand portion of the contemplated work; and, if we may use the expression, a fragment complete in all its features and proportions. It is written with equal ability, and with less of the pedantry of scrap-learning than is sometimes shewn in the earlier part of the work; and here, as historical records are much more complete, there is less room for conjecture and fanciful hypothesis. We have before hinted that Lady Morgan reveals warmer sympathy with the Judiths and Esthers, than with the Marthas and Maries of womankind. This prepossession is as marked in the sketch of the Roman women as in that of the heroines of a higher antiquity. She never fails in establishing that the most profligate of the Roman women were still, morally and even intellectually, superior to the men with whom their lives and history were associated. Guilty ambition, where its presumed motive is maternal affection or maternal pride, palliates sanguinary crimes in the eyes of our author; and it is apparently forgotten that the mother, cut off by the usages of society from wielding sovereign power, in elevating her son, grasps for herself all that is by her attainable. Lady Morgan finds the sublime of maternal sentiment in the exclamation of Agrippina, when, warned by the augur against the consequences of the criminal ambition which gave the succession of the empire to her son, she said—"Let me perish, but let Nero reign!"

The crimes, the artifices, the love of domination in Agrippina are all forgiven, or leniently judged, because she was "still above all, and in all, a mother!" and, therefore, bound to seek the aggrandizement of her son at the expense of justice, and the price of crime. In the grave farce performed by Agrippina, on the death of Claudius, for which his indomitable partner has so well prepared the machinery, that which stripped the rightful heir, the young Britannicus, of his inheritance, and gave the empire to her son; our author finds occasion for the measureless laudation which leads us to fear that, in the Empress Catherine, and her auxiliary, the Princess Daschkaw, she will yet find the greatest women of modern times. And it is not alone the intellectual vigour of the female agent in this great historial achievement which is placed above the combined power of the wily Seneca, the ductile Burrhus, the sordid army, the servile senate, the impressionable people, but the object, the feeling: "that feeling was maternal love, that object the empire of the

world!" Paternal love so manifested would probably have found a less indulgent and more discriminating judge in Lady Morgan.

We must now take leave of this work, leaving its author only on the threshold of her great subject; for, although the laws of the Hebrews and the Romans still affect the civil and political condition of women, it is in the history of the middle ages, and of modern times, that we are to find the growth of those institutions and usages which, without greatly extending their legal rights, have imperceptibly mollified their domestic and social condition. But to the concluding portion which we anticipate of this work, we look forward with yet greater interest—to that which shall reveal the evils, the injustice, and the numerous grievances, under which half the species continues to suffer, and which, advocating their removal and redress, shall claim for Woman all those "social benefits and civil rights which, in darker and more unlettered ages, have been assumed, under the supremacy of physical force, to have been the exclusive prerogative of her Master."

In the meanwhile, Lady Morgan has written a brilliant book, and also made a brave and gallant beginning of that grand agitation of which symptoms have of late been so rife—an announcement of those principles which philosophers* have broached, and which so many accomplished women have advocated, as those which, in recognising the natural rights of their sex, are to elevate the morals and promote the happiness of the whole species.

* We need only name Bentham, Godwin, and Condorcet.

THE WHIG AND TORY VETO MEASURES.

Soon after the conflict between the Courts of Law and the Church, which we narrated in our Number for March, had burst forth, it was rumoured in the Edinburgh Parliament House, that a legislative measure was about to be brought forward, which should create a popular feeling, in Scotland, in favour of the Whigs, unexampled since the days of the Reform Bill. Some members of the Whig party, zealous supporters of the Presbyterian church, were eager to have the Veto Act confirmed by Parliament; simply because, in the honesty of their hearts, they felt a full assurance of its perfection, and could not conceive the Legislature to be better occupied than in removing all impediments to its free action. There were others who had a very different "game to play," to use the words of the holy martyr against Presbyterianism, Charles I. These had seen much mischief done to the government, during the last election, by the clergy of the Church of Scotland and their adherents, and conceived that, by a happy arrangement of circumstances, they had now discovered the price at which this detachment of the enemy would be bought over. We believe it was at one time a matter of consideration, whether it would not be money well spent, were the Kirk bought over by a couple of hundred thousands for Church Extension; and those to whom it occurred that the same thing could be accomplished by merely humouring some hot-headed people, and allowing them to indulge their caprices at the expense of others, naturally felt that they would be entitled to the sort of praise bestowed on the inventor of some machine which occasions a great saving in capital and labour. They found churchmen clamorous for the Veto. They themselves cared neither for the Veto nor the Church, but they felt deeply on the Scottish county elections, and they considered that a cheap method of gaining them would be a most acceptable service to the Government.

They were pretty accurate in this conclusion, but their premises were not very sound. It not unfrequently happens that great people throw cold water on efforts to gratify and assist them, which, to their humble caterers, seem very felicitous projects. It was suggested, by those who were indifferent to the matter either as a Church project or a Whig project, that, however eligible a measure confirmatory of the Veto might appear to the retainers of the ministry in Scotland, ministers would have sagacity enough to see the folly of meddling with the matter. In bringing it forward they would have had to meet with as much party opposition as they have experienced in any of their attempts at legislation; those of their best supporters—the Dissenters—who did not oppose them, would have given them no support; and for both sympathy and reward they would have had to look to a class of men, who have allowed no body in these islands to excel them in a deadly opposition to everything that involves or professes to involve an extension of civil and religious liberty. It was said that the principal law officer of the Crown, for Scotland, was to superintend and bring forward the measure. If he had not lately publicly avowed his connexion with it, we would have given him credit for too much shrewdness to be implicated in so foolish a business. Before the Government had to decide whether they should move in the matter, fortune favoured them, in the shape of the Perthshire election, with a test of the value of the purchase which their friends called on them to make. The clergy, who loved Toryism far more than the Veto, yet felt that it was necessary to do or say something for the just and holy cause in which they professed so much enthusiasm; so, after leaving ground for much doubt and mystery, they got the Tory candidate to go to that half-way station, at which his own conscience and theirs could meet, and there they received back the apparent lost sheep to their bosom, with a heartiness and good will which it was gratifying to behold.

The measure that would have been brought in by the authorities for Scotland, had the Government consented to legislate on the subject, was, as represented in the Lord Advocate's communication published in the newspapers, an attempt to liberalize the Veto. The class in whom the franchise, if we may so term it, was to be placed, was not to be the heads of families in communion with the church, nor yet merely the male members of the congregation in communion with the church, but simply "the male members of the congregation of twenty-one years of age, standing on a roll, to be annually made up under the direction and superintendence of the minister and kirk-session." There is a degree of liberality in the terms of this proposal which, we have no doubt, would have made it very offensive to the Church; for it is quite impossible that they could devise a qualification over which they could exercise so complete a despotism as that of the communion; yet, there is quite enough of the old leven in the measure to vitiate its liberality. This roll to "be annually made up in every parish within one month after the last sacrament in each year, *under the direction and superintendence of the minister and kirk-session*," would still give the Church the power of moulding the constituency at its will; nor, though it is said that the roll shall consist "as well of non-communicants as communicants," are there any means by which the kirk-session could be prevented from limiting the list entirely to the latter body. The Lord Advocate

observes, that "some difficulty would attend the definition of members of the congregation, where communion was not taken as the exclusive test." If the qualification must be an ecclesiastical one, certainly there might be such a difficulty; but if his Lordship could have ventured to dispense with the minister and kirk-session, would not the simple possession of a seat, by payment or any other tenure, be a qualification both simple and expedient?

It is another feature of the Lord Advocates' plan, that, instead of the Veto being positive, by the dissent of a majority, it shall be negative, proceeding on the absence of a "call" by a majority. The reason stated is—"The system of dissent is in itself liable to objection, particularly as respects the presentee, whose character, it was thought, would be less affected by a mere failure to obtain a concurrence at a call, than by a positive dissent; an objection which acquires more force on the supposition of reasons being assigned without any judicial decision on their validity." This reason is pretty sound; but its application to the case only shews the difficulty of rationalizing anything connected with an Established Church. If the want of concurrence in a call should proceed from the circumstance of a majority not coming forward in any form, then the effect of it would be, to a certain extent, neutral: it would shew lukewarmness, at least, towards the presentee, but could not be adduced as shewing that there was a distinct antipathy to him. In practice, however, the result of such a system would undoubtedly be, that one presentee would be rejected after another, without there being any thing farther to his prejudice than that a majority of the male members of the congregation did not think it worth while to manifest their opinion on the subject, on one side or the other. On the other hand, if it was meant that, on the occasion of the constituency being assembled, if a majority of those who happened to be present did not positively concur, the presentee should be rejected, it is difficult to see how the proceeding could in any way have less effect on his character than the simple plan of dissent. It is merely a different way of putting the vote, and saying, "Do you agree?" instead of saying, "Do you object?" If a certain number of men, assembled in a room, are asked if they will accept a man as their pastor, and do not do so, they are, certainly, not more lenient with him, than if they simply rejected him. We have argued on this alternative, because the terms of the heads of the bill appear to be ambiguously expressed. They are as follow:—

"That hereafter, in carrying through the settlement of a minister in any parish, if, when the presentation and the presentee's letter of acceptance, with the certificates of his having qualified by taking the oaths to Government, shall have been duly lodged with the Presbytery, and by them sustained to the effect of their proceeding to the moderation of a call in his favour, the said call shall not be subscribed by a majority of the male members of the congregation, of twenty-one years of age, (standing on a roll, to be annually made up under the direction and superintendence of the minister and kirk-session,) who shall assemble in congregation on the occasion of moderating therein, the presentation in favour of such presentee shall, *ex ipso*, fall and be null and void. And it shall not be lawful for the patron on occasion of the same vacancy to renew the presentation in favour of such presentee."

The other arrangements, in as far as they respect second and farther presentations, and the use of the *jus devolutum* by the Presbytery, are matters of detail which do not much affect the principle of the measure; and all we have to remark on them is, that they appear to be rather too complicated to be put in practice at any considerable distance from the non-intrusion luminaries of the Bar.

Before Government had finally decided on their course, the Public were somewhat startled by the announcement from Lord Aberdeen, that, if ministers declined coming forward, he would take the settlement of this question on his own shoulders. Here was a certain instrument of popularity going a-begging; the Whigs were afraid to touch it, lest it might burn their fingers; but popular hits are now so rare, and so few of them, at all times, fall to the lot of the Tories, that they could not afford to let this pass them—at least without taking it home for inspection. Such were the views which the public took of the motives of the Tories when Lord Aberdeen gracefully declared his intention of clearing up all difficulties, and Lord Melbourne bowed an intimation to the effect of "We wish you luck o' the prize, man." It would appear, however, that, after taking it home for inspection, his Lordship found this same Veto a very different article from what he expected; but, then, he had made the purchase—at a public auction too—and it must be *caveat emptor*; the goods could not be returned. The more he examined the subject, in all its bearings, the deeper seems to have been his dislike; till, at last, it settled down in positive aversion and hatred; and he marches along to the House of Lords brimful of wrath, opens upon the Veto as formidable an attack as the courtesy of the Upper House to the clergy will permit, and dashes in the face of those who were running at his horse's heels, to catch the douceur, as effectual a permanent suppression of the Veto as an act of Parliament can be. This, we believe, is, in general, the feeling of the Public on the point. If it be a true feeling—if it be the case that Lord Aberdeen has entirely overlooked the *odium theologicum* which has embittered the whole of this contest, and has looked upon it as a mere row among good neighbours, which a little friendly interference will pacify, we suspect he will find himself much mistaken. But there is another view to be taken of the matter, much more favourable to his Lordship's acuteness and dexterity. This very questionable-looking proposal for settling the question may be, after all, the mere result of his Lordship's superior knowledge of human nature, and may be founded on a bold estimate of the baseness and profligacy of the clergy. The measure denies the Veto to any class of the congregation, while it increases the power of the church. May it not, then, be brought forward on the principle on which the smuggler offers a bribe to the custom-house officers? "Consent to take a third part," says his Lordship, "sink the claims of 'the Christian people,' and you shall have all that is given, to yourselves."

Lord Aberdeen's project is far more simple than the Lord Advocate's: a great part of it, indeed, is devoted to an enumeration of the various old Scottish statutes which have given power and influence to the Church. The constitutional disposal of the question is contained in the following portions of clauses:—

"The Presbytery, or a Committee of their number, shall meet, after due notice, at the said church, and shall intimate, that if any one or more persons, being in regular communion with the church, and of full age, and standing upon the communion-roll of the parish, to be made up in such manner as the church may direct, have any objection, of any kind, to the individual so presented, or any reason to state against his settlement in that parish, and against his gifts and qualities for the cure of the said parish, but which objections or reasons do not infer matter of charge against the presentee, to be prosecuted and followed out according to the forms and discipline of the church; the Presbytery are ready, either then or at their next meeting, to receive the same in writing, or to write down the same in their Minutes in the form and manner which such communicants may desire; which objections or reasons shall, without delay, be fully considered and disposed of by the Presbytery by whom they are to be cognosced and determined, or shall be referred by the Presbytery to the Superior Church Courts, for decision, as the Presbytery may see cause; the presentee and all parties having interest being heard in either case on the same.

"And be it further enacted, that if the Presbytery or other Church Court shall be of opinion, due regard being had to the whole circumstances and condition of the parish, and to the spiritual welfare and edification of the people, that, in respect of any of the said objections or reasons, the individual presented ought not to be settled in the said parish, the Presbytery or other Church Court shall set forth and specify, in their deliverance, the special ground or grounds on which it is founded, and in respect of which they find that the presentee is not qualified for that charge; in which event, they shall intimate their deliverance respecting the presentee to the patron, who

shall thereupon have power to issue another presentation, within the period prescribed by law."

By the present legal practice, the congregation may state objections to a presentee, which, if the Presbytery consider them valid, will be a ground for refusing ordination. These objections, however, to be effectual, must be founded on the fixed law of the Church. They must have been started, not for the occasion, or against the particular man, but prearranged to apply to all occasions and all men. By Lord Aberdeen's measure, however, the Presbytery are to have the power of rejection on any cause which they may deem good, with reference to the particular case; they are, in fact, simply to be empowered to reject the presentee if they don't like him. The vast extent to which the power of the clergy, as a self-regulating body, would thus be increased, is at once evident. If men are instructed to proceed on a certain specific ground in their actions, they will find it very difficult to justify themselves for following their own arbitrary inclination; but if they are allowed their own ground of proceeding, what is there to check them beyond their own will? The circumstance that objections must be given in by members of the congregation, would be but a mere nominal restraint. It is not requisite, as in the Veto, that a majority should object: the ceremony may be performed by "any one or more persons;" and it would be strange, indeed, if a case should ever occur where "one or more persons" cannot be influenced by an active Presbytery to open the door for the exercise of their authority.

This is, on the whole, a tempting bribe for the Church, and we wait with some curiosity to see whether or not it will be taken. If it be, then we shall have lived in an age when a wonderful operation has been performed, and an act of Parliament has either altered the will of the Supreme Being, or inverted the understanding of several hundred clergymen. The ground on which all the violent proceedings of the churchmen have been vindicated, has been, that they have not been acting according to their own reason or their views of expediency, but according to the view they have obtained of their Master's will. It is a bold thought in a statesman to convince them by act of Parliament, either that the will of the Supreme Head of the Church has taken a new turn, or that His servants have totally mistaken its nature. It is said by the observant, that there are already strong symptoms of a disposition to give way.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, including Visits to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, &c. &c. &c. By W. R. Wilde. 2 volumes, royal octavo.

The author of these entertaining volumes—a medical man—travelled with all the appliances and means which may render travelling instructive and pleasant. He accompanied a wealthy gentleman, in delicate health, who voyaged in his own yacht, of 130 tons burthen, and who was amply supplied with every comfort and luxury; entire freedom to follow inclination, and abundant leisure included. The plan of travel gave much freedom; and while it cut off some opportunities of strange adventures, spared the voyagers many of the privations and inconveniences to which travellers are everywhere exposed. Mr Wilde had one object, strictly professional, namely, *climate*; especially as climate is subservient to the cure of the English malady, consumption; and he returned with a conviction of the superiority of Madeira, and the Canaries generally, over every other locality which he visited. He has not neglected natural history and botany, nor any object in science of popular interest; but the work, on the whole, is unprofessional, and an exceedingly entertaining record of travel, by a quick, well-informed, intelligent observer, and lively narrator. Although many readers have so recently gone over, in whole or in part, nearly the same ground with Le Martine, Mr Stephens the American, Lord Lyndsay, Dr Cumming, and Mrs Broughton, we promise our readers much gratification in accompanying Mr Wilde in his voyagings and visits. We must say that Mr Wilde has been led rather too far out of his proper sphere by the fashion of the hour, in tracing coincidences, analogies, and the fulfilment of Scripture prophecies, in the objects which fell under his observation.

The Life and Genius of Rubens.

This work is translated from the German of Dr Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin, by Robert R. Noel, Esq. The name of Waagen is already familiar to the lovers of art in this country, by his able work on "Art and Artists in England." A sketch of the life and genius of Rubens introduces critical notices of the numerous celebrated pieces of this fertile painter, whose excellences, peculiarities, and defects, are justly appreciated by the sound judgment and discriminating taste of his critic and biographer. The work possesses additional interest, from so many of the masterpieces of Rubens being in the collections of this country, where they were seen by Dr Waagen. Mrs Jameson has added a considerable number of illustrative and critical notes to the volume; which, as befits the subject, is handsomely printed and got up.

Early Days of the Society of Friends. By Mary Ann Kelty. Pp. 471.

This is a compilation from the Memoirs and Journals of George Fox, and the most remarkable individuals among the first Quakers. It gives a circumstantial account of the persecutions they underwent while exemplifying what they considered the obedience of faith. The authoress appears to participate of the fervid ancient spirit of the sect; which, alas! has grievously cooled down in these latter times. She displays tenderness for even the undoubted fanaticism which mingled with the pure zeal of the first Friends.

Esther Copley's History of Slavery and its Abolition.

We are glad to see a second edition of this work. The authoress has added an appendix, bringing down her history to the abolition of the negro-apprenticeship system; but she takes no notice of the disclosures lately made in Parliament, and through the writings of Mr Buxton, Mr Turnbull, and others. Slavery is abolished by the British Legislature; but slavery, as it affects the myriads of Africa, is more rampant than ever.

The Book of Archery. By George Agar Hansard.

This is a handsome and entertaining volume, displaying much antiquarian learning and also poetical taste. It is illustrated with numerous good and appropriate designs; a portrait of her Majesty, in an archery costume, taking precedence. It is likely to become popular as an English table-book, for which it is both by matter and form, exceedingly well adapted.

Memoirs of a Prisoner of State, in the Fortress of Spielberg. By Alexander Andryane, Companion in Captivity of Count Confalonieri.

This interesting narrative has been completed to the English reader, by the translation of the latter part of the Memoirs; and the whole is reissued in two handsome volumes. A more complete illustration of the tender mercies of *absolutism*, not as it was in the dark and cruel middle ages, but as it flourishes now in the face of European civilisation, does not exist. Those who wish to learn how the *patriarchal and paternal* government of Austria exercises its mild paternal power, may read here; and henceforth hate "mild despotism" with a more perfect hatred. The narrative is full of character and interest. It is translated into English by an Italian gentleman, Signior Prandi, with spirit, accuracy, and grace, which ought to put many native writers on their good behaviour. Our notice of the first part of the book, upon its publication, fully explained its nature. The latter portion is not less affecting as a personal history, nor less instructive as a moral and political lesson.

Persecution of the Lutheran Church in Prussia.

Shortly after the Battle of Waterloo had restored the old monarchies of the Continent to their propriety, the King of Prussia, or his councillors, took it into their wise heads that social order would be best maintained in future, by strict conformity in religion. They therefore dictated that the Lutheran religion should cease throughout the kingdom, or be swamped in the favoured sect, "The Reformed Church." As a preparatory measure, a new liturgy was introduced into the Lutheran Church, by order of the king; and although some of the clergy at first opposed this act of tyranny, the majority, between flattery and fear, finally acquiesced. Latterly, symptoms of opposition broke out, and nineteen Lutheran ministers in all, in 1835, threw off the yoke, and publicly renounced the king-commanded new form of worship. The struggle, in its leading features, and in principle, resembles that between the Stuarts and the Presbyterians of Scotland, though neither persecution nor resistance has proceeded in Prussia to anything like the same extent. There have been some fines and imprisonments, and quarterings of soldiers, though we find no single case worse than that of John Thorogood, or the unfortunate victim of spiritual persecution, who was lately worried out of life in Wales. The conventicles of the recusant Prussian Lutherans have been, in one or two instances, dispersed by the military, but with no injury to life or limb, though a few prisoners were made among those who preferred their own old liturgy to the new one with which his Majesty had graciously supplied them. A good many of these poor people have latterly emigrated with their pastors; and the appearance of companies of them, last summer, at Newcastle, Hull, and other ports, has drawn attention to this religious feud between the King of Prussia and a portion of his Protestant subjects, and awakened sympathy. A division of them went, some time since, to South Australia, where their frugal, industrious, and persevering German habits, must make them valuable settlers. Others are following in the same direction. The narrative of this persecution and subsequent emigration, or rather the bundle of little narratives drawn up by the different pastors, has just been translated, and will be perused with interest by those who may at the same time inquire how it comes that the King of Prussia grants an asylum in his dominions to the Protestant exiles of Zillerthal who have lately left the Catholic Church, while he, at the same moment, by spiritual tyranny, compels his own subjects to forsake their fatherland. Unless the Prussian Government see the impolicy and injustice of this enforced conformity in religion, it is probable that many more of the persecuted will follow those who have already gone to South Australia and the United States.

One object of the publication of this narrative is, to make the distressed circumstances of these German exiles known to the religious world, and obtain for them pecuniary aid. There is another class of his subjects which the King of Prussia persecutes, of which we hear not a word in this narrative; though entire freedom of conscience is just as dear to the Roman Catholic as to the Lutheran Protestant, and quite as much his right.

Luther and his Times.

This is a Glasgow reprint of a Boston publication, of a popular and useful kind; and one written in that lively and dramatic style which preserves, as far as is practicable, the very words of Luther in the more remarkable emergencies of his life.

The New Robinson Crusoe.

A dialogue between a father and his children, translated from the French; and intended for a great improvement (so far as education or moral training is concerned) upon De Foe's immortal narrative. Comparisons are odious; but the new Robinson Crusoe is, nevertheless, an amusing and instructive book. By the adoption of English names for towns and persons, the translator has judiciously naturalized the work.

The Construction of the Ark, and Steam Navigation to India. By William Radford, R. N.

"What possible connexion can there be between the construction of Noah's Ark and Steam Navigation to India?" exclaims the reader. "Were it vessels for the transport of convicts or pauper emigrants to Australia, there might be some ground of inquiry." Mr Radford is not of this opinion.

It seems that vessels of the imagined build of the Ark are employed at this day on the Seine and the Danube; and the coal-barges of the Thames, and the *billy-boys* which come up from Rochester and Chatham, and so far off as Wisbeach, with bricks, stones, hay, and other lumbering cargoes, are all a sort of ark on the original model; so were the *gabarts*, we imagine, which were wont to ply on the Clyde. This gentleman would have iron steamers, in the fashion of the ark, constructed for the India trade, to sail *via* the Cape of Good Hope. He calculates that the voyage, of the lighter vessels for passengers, may be performed in forty days from London to Calcutta, calling at the Cape, Mauritius, Ponte de Galle, Madras, and Bengal. Mr Radford is a gentleman of magnificent ideas. Besides the iron-ark Indian steamers, which would possess all the comforts and luxuries of the best London hotels, he would have also bulkly slower steamers for goods, some of them to transport horses from the Pampas by eight or nine hundred at a time, to mount our Indian cavalry, who have, at present, indifferent horses. We fear Mr Radford, in his projected "leviathans afloat," or improved arks, forgets the morsel of the wisdom of our ancestors, which speaks of the folly of risking too many eggs in one basket. But, on the other hand, without boldness and enterprise the Pacific will never be bridged. Mr Radford's ingenious speculations are worthy of attention; and he stops the mouths of the sceptical and the timid, when he remarks, that it is scarce ten years since the steam-vessel ventured out on the open sea; not above thirty

years since Lord Stanhope was laughed at for his attempt to swim the steam-boat from London Bridge to Greenwich; nor, we add, nearly so long since certain grave scientific professors, in the North, had no faith in making safe passages, by steam, across the Frith of Forth.

On the Improvement and Preservation of the Female Figure; with a new Mode of Treatment of Lateral Curvature of the Spine. By G. B. Childs, Esq.

One might fancy full two-thirds of the women and girls of England crooked, or strongly inclined to go awry, from the number of works which are appearing on the prevention and cure of curvature of the spine. Mr Childs has his own mode of treatment, and his pet stays, like his brethren. In temporary or incipient cases, he thinks that the steady employment, for a few months, of the recumbent position, with the employment of exercise, friction, and manipulation, will generally remove the tendency to this malady. In these cases, the treatment is simple and seldom fails. Mr Childs dispenses with back-boards, steel stays, steel collars, &c., and strongly commends the Indian exercises. The reclining boards, so much in use, and so highly commended, he decidedly condemns; and proposes, instead of them, an extension couch, which he employs himself, and of which the inclination is regulated by a windlass. In very bad cases, he makes the patients lie upon their faces, employing at the same time manipulation, and mechanical extension of the spine. The print representing a poor girl stretched upon this rack, drives us back to the causes and prevention of spinal disease, about which Mr Childs discourses sensibly enough, going over the old topics. He denounces the worse than useless torture of issues and setons.

A Mother's Reminiscences for a Course of Reading and Instruction, addressed to her Daughter. By Mrs Borron.

From *thirteen* to *fifteen*, this lady directs her daughter to read the Bible, of course, "Beveridge on the Trinity," "Newton on the Prophecies," Goldsmith's Abridgements of Histories, the Abbé Tressau's Heathen Mythology, and Goldsmith's Natural History. For works to take up, there are Milton, Cowper, Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and "Young's Night Thoughts;" and, for entertainment, "Goldsmith's Citizen of the World," "Telemachus," "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra," "Agrippina, the Wife of Germanicus," and Wordsworth's Ballads; also "the glorious poetry of Mrs Hemans," and "every number that has ever been published of *Blackwood's Magazine*," though Mrs Borron rather fears that her beloved Florence, between the years of thirteen and fifteen, may not "be equal to the raciness and power" of Christopher and Sir Morgan O'Dogherty. We fear so too; and think the study had as well be delayed for the second course of reading, commenced after the young lady has communicated, or from fifteen to seventeen. In that period she is to read Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Chateaubriand's Travels, La Martine's ditto, Mitford's and Gillies' Greece, and different other historical works, with "Smith's Wealth of Nations," and "Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta." Byron—of whom fervent, nay, rapturous admiration is expressed—is proscribed; but "Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, and Campbell, neither vitiate nor degrade humanity," which is for them good negative praise. Mrs Borron is fond of "Pollok's Course of Time," and thinks that "Joanna Baillie has written marvellously well." And now we get to the novels, which are to be "Scott's, Cooper's, Bulwer's Pompeii only, and Miss Edgeworth's novels." Miss Burney is considered no great shakes, and "Clarissa," "Pamela," and "Grandison," are felt very "prolix" by Mrs Borron. "Smollett and Fielding are not sufficiently chaste to be admitted into a lady's library." Mrs Borron has not read their works. "Indeed," she says, "I could not;" so having tried and failed in mastering such atrocities as "Joseph Andrews," or "Humphrey Clinker," she must be held pardoned. After seventeen, the principal studies of the young lady should be logic, morality, (by which, probably, morals is meant,) and physics. Though the novels of Fielding are pollution, "it is necessary for you"—the lady exhorts her daughter—"to become perfectly conversant with the mythology of the heathens." Yet the young lady is warned against the evil example of the gods and goddesses, as against the infidelity of Gibbon, and that "daring pen of beauty and immorality" (Byron's, to wit) "which transfixed the world, whose scorn his earlier life had buffetted." The young lady may now try the "Fairy Queen;" but her main reading from seventeen onward is to be classical—*i. e.*, translations of the Grecian dramatists, including Aristophanes, of course and the Roman historians.

We are not severe or snarling critics. With a perfectly harmless book, however silly, we never interfere. It may do some good, and it helps to keep the paper-mills and printing presses going; but we have less forbearance with shallow presumption. Had this lady been content to confine her directions to her own daughter and her own desk, there would have been no harm done; nor can there be much as it is, unless English mothers of the middle class may look here for a guide in directing their daughters' reading, and find certainly not the most judicious. Look to the *hash* recommended to a girl of from thirteen to fifteen:—nothing in itself objectionable, but surely much that is unsuitable to so young a female student. But as the young lady specially addressed, is still, it would appear, in arms, her mother, who has begun to concoct plans of education, as early as Mr Shandy or Martinus Scriblerus for their offspring, may have leisure to reconsider and mature her course of female study within the next twelve years.

NEW NOVELS.

Arundel; a Tale of the French Revolution. By Sir Francis Vincent, Baronet. 3 vols.

The author of this tale has had the courage to subject himself to a severe ordeal; and to say that he has got well through it, is no mean praise. The scenes into which he has plunged—the remarkable persons he has ventured to revivify and place before the reader—are among the most extraordinary in the annals of the world's tumultuary history; and they are of yesterday. Time has not yet thrown that haze around them which subserves the purposes of the fictionist: they are familiar to our eyes, recollections, and associations; and, if not brought forward with truth and animation, they must be certain to experience an indifferent reception. The private story or romance, though its developement must have cost the author great care, (and, indeed, the whole details of the work evince immense labour and pains,) the private story is in no ways remarkable. The Queen, (Marie Antoinette,) the personages of the Court; with the distinguished leaders of the Revolution, and its progress, marked by successive scenes and epochs, from the assem-

bling of the *Tiers Etat* to the triumphant campaigns of the Republican army in Italy—where Arundel, rapidly promoted, acts as a general under Buonaparte—form the subject matter of the tale.

Arundel is a young Englishmen, of good birth and no fortune, who, having been expelled from the University for a cause which does him honour, finds his professional prospects blasted, and is induced to go to Paris—to which the opening scenes of the Revolution were then attracting so many noble spirits—from the desire of being a closer spectator, and, perhaps, acting a part in the grand drama so hopefully opening. Once on the scene, it was the author's business to precipitate his hero into the very heart of affairs; and, accordingly, Arundel comes into intimate contact with Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Danton, with numerous subsidiary persons, on the one side; and, on the other, with the Queen and her friends: both parties being most desirous to gain so valuable an adherent or auxiliary, from respect for his character, as much as for his probable usefulness.

The characters of Mirabeau, Danton, and others of the Revolutionary leaders, are sketched in bold outline; and that of the Queen is carefully elaborated in all its strength and all its weakness—in its devoted and heroic womanhood, as well as in the rash, infatuated wilfulness of the Court-bred and flattered Princess, blind to every fatal consequence of her arrogance and temerity, and, from the very bravery of her nature, to those especially which menaced herself.

We regret that our limits do not at present admit of a more detailed account of this romance, and that such works, like time and tide, wait for no one; as, altogether, we consider Arundel better fitted to fulfil the requirements of the more cultivated and critical readers of historical fiction, than any book of the sort that we have perused for some years.

The Interdict. 3 vols.

Here we have a pleasing domestic tale, which receives a graceful air of romance from the scene being laid amidst the most secluded and loveliest scenery of the south-west of Ireland, and from its various gentle-born personages, being, though neither improbable existences nor yet faultless monsters, the very antipodes of "the world's people." The story, apart from its merits as a romance, shews intimate acquaintance with the nicest shadings and most intricate points of the genuine Irish rustic character. The "boys" of the glen; the girls; the grannies, who act as the mothers in Israel—the Deborahs of the tribe; the nurses; the weddings; the *rows*; the barefoot pages or garsoons; even down to *Breestough*, the Irish turnspit dog, as full of frolic and mischief as his human companions; and *Lanty Maw*, the old roadster, who might have been own brother to Goldsmith's famous Fiddleback—are all graphically touched and well supported. The city of Cork affords specimens of Irish burghal high life and gentility; and the whole is pervaded by a tone of devoted affection and warm good-heartedness, which would recommend an inferior work. These are the lighter features of the tale: its serious interest turns upon the most awful of human visitations—hereditary madness.

Hawkwood; a Romance of Italy.

We have here a historical romance, of which the scene is laid in Italy, during the protracted intestine wars of its petty States. Though Hawkwood—a real person, an English soldier of fortune, of heroic character—gives name to the romance, the main hero is John Galeazzo Visconti, nephew of the Visconti Lord of Milan, whose ambitious enterprises form the historical portion of the romance; while its softer interest rests upon the fortunes of a young Englishman, Alfred Nevil, who repairs to Italy, to serve under his countryman, Hawkwood, who at this time, commands the troops of the Duke of Milan. Monks, bandits, abbesses, nuns, novices, astrologers, and Zingari, make up the usual *materiel* of a romance which is of fair average circulating library merit, and which, possessing many effective detached scenes, is always *get-at-able*, from the variety of character and rapidity of incident.

The Orphan of Nepaul.

This is a story illustrative of Hindoo religion, manners, and usages. The heroine imbibes a pure and devoted passion for a young English officer, who rescues her from destruction, when her village is sacked and her father killed; and who educates her, and loves her as a brother. He is engaged to a brilliant and beautiful young English lady, to whom he is deeply attached; and the devoted Hindoo girl proves her love and gratitude to her benefactor by the most essential service, sees him happily married, and droops and dies.

Indian Life; a Tale of the Carnatic. By Mrs Colonel Hartley. 3 vols.

An extraordinary production this, holding much the same relation to intelligible English prose, which a schoolboy's nonsense verses do to Latin poetry.

NEW POEMS.

Nina Sforza; a Tragedy. By R. Zouch S. Troughton.

An effective and beautifully-written drama, which reads well, and, we should imagine, would act better: but, on this subject, the uninitiated dare not venture a judgment. The deepest tragic interest of the play arises from the jealousy of Nina, the heroine, whom the arts of a villain—the Iago of the piece—lead to suspect the fidelity of her husband. Yet Nina is a Shakspearian woman, and vulgar jealousy is not her feeling; though we want the proper word to express that state of wounded affection, blighted hope, and inexpressible agony of regret, which wrings from the heart of Othello the exclamation,—"But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

The Lyrics of Mrs Cornwell Baron Wilson.

This lady has collected her fugitive verses, scattered through many of the lighter periodical works, into one very neat volume. Their general character is already so familiar to the lovers of pretty verses and elegant light literature, as to require no particular notice.

Poems of Chivalry and Fairy. By Walter Prideaux.

The Morea, and the Present State of Greece; a Poem. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane.

Sir Elwyn; a Tragedy.

Gleanings. By Lady Jervis.

We have in these "Gleanings" a collection of elegant poems, marked by the delicacy and tenderness of the feminine mind, though not distinguished by any remarkable vigour of thought or depth of sentiment. As a specimen, we should have selected *Mary's Dream*, which, without being an imitation, has much of the sweetness and purity of fancy of *Bonny Kilmeny*; but, as it has already

appeared in a periodical work, we choose this brief fragment :—

ROME.

Land of the past!—the meteor stone
Thine emblem is; like thee, it shone,
  Clear, burning, bright;
And, fallen, like thee,
  The memory of its vivid light
Alone remains. Say, can it be,
  This mass shone as a satellite;
This land was glory's diadem;
This Rome the brightest, proudest gem?
  Yes! tho' the living light be gone,
Scathed by the fire that gave it birth,
  Marked by the flame that round it shone,
The fire-stone lowly falls to earth;
  A thing more wondrous far to view,
In this its dark, volcanic form,
  Than when athwart the heavens it flew,
The meteor of the midnight storm.

As these modest gleanings in the fields of poesy are by a new, and, probably, a young aspirant, we shall do her the scanty justice of taking a specimen in a different range, in these graceful verses :—

I AM NEVER ALONE.

I am never alone—at early dawn,
  When the lark pours her joyous notes on high—
When the diamond dew-drop gems the lawn,
  And the daisy opens her tearful eye;
I am never alone—with fragrant hair
The spirit of the first young Hour is there.

In one loud pæan our songs arise:
"Thanks to our God for the earth and skies,
For the early dawn, the glittering dews,
For the heaven of song, the glow of hues,
For the life, the light, the love we share—
Thanks! thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!"

I am never alone—at warm noon-day,
  When the breeze is drank by the scorching heat,
When the lark hath hushed its thrilling lay,
  And the flowers shut up their odours sweet;
I am never alone, beside me lies
The spirit of the wood with deep dark eyes.

My heart is stilled with flower and bird—
My soul is with that spirit heard;
Low, soft as summer's breath arise—
"Thanks to our God for the earth and skies,
For the glowing noon, the cooling glade,
For the sweets of rest, the calm of shade;
For the life, the love, the peace we share—
Thanks! thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!"

I am never alone—at evening's close,
  When the twittering birds bid earth good night—
When the insect hums round the laurel-rose,
  And the bat flies low in the dim twilight;
I am never alone—on bended knee,
The spirit of the night-wind prays with me.

These poems are printed in Paris, with an elegance of typography which we have not been accustomed to see save from the printing-offices of Britain. If the types are not cast in England, our printers and publishers may well be jealous of Crapelet and Galignani.

Edinborough; a Poem. By Thornton Thistle, Gent. With Illustrations, by Luke Sharpe. Part I., The Bench.

Here we have a cleverish, and not at all an ill-natured local satire, which will make a prodigious noise for some days; and tickle the *Modern Athenians*, and a few of the denizens of the Scottish county towns, immoderately. The *Timorodes*—an Otaheitian high, or figure dance, in an imitation of which the venerable Ministers of the Scottish bench, are engaged—is designed by Luke Sharpe, and an evident plagiarism of "*The Reel o' Bogie*," which has met with so much applause throughout Scotland.

Another plate, representing Mr Thistle, W.S., the author, at tea, proves, as clearly as the report of Mr Wallace's committee is expected to do, how woefully the business of the Court of Session must have fallen off.

The poem is of the school of Peter Pindar and Beppo, but less witty than Beppo, and less wicked than Peter; for, if one can get over the awful audacity of presuming to meddle with the Sublime Bench, the worst of it is merely versifying those opinions of the respective characters and habits of the Scottish judges, which, whether strictly correct or not, have long passed current in Edinburgh gossiping society. When the satirist gets to the *pulpit*, which he threatens in No. II., we hope that, with equal talent, he may display a little more originality and gusto in his conceptions of character. The Cranston and Rutherfurd correspondence, in which so many judicial dignitaries were discreditably involved, has laid the Scottish Bench deservedly open to the satirist; though, when their function, apart from the individuals, is considered, Mr Thornton Thistle may, by very decorous persons, be thought to have gone a little too far. Without venturing upon the *personalities*, whether bitter, sweet, or tasteless, the recent correspondence about "cash matters" may afford us a fair specimen of the powers of Mr Thistle.

There 's no doubt, my Lords, that you have done
  Your situations and yourselves more deep ill,
By these manœuvrings, with every one
  Who knows the difference between a steeple
And a church-door, than if you'd slumbered on
Silent for centuries: which must be a solace
To that Post-Office patriot, Mr Wallace.

You should have stuck like wax to what you'd got;
  You should have travelled on by easy stages,
From single gowns to double, and what not:
  You never should have made a strike for wages!
You'll find you've made your easy chairs too hot
  To sit upon, and that the present age is
For putting sinecures of all kinds down;
And that your mantle 's not a dressing-gown!

Your aim and great endeavour should have been,
  Forgetting all, yourselves to be forgot;
And, like the governor of some sea-green,
  Dilapidated, castellated spot,
Consumed your beef and mutton, and *fifteen*;
  But never been so rash as fire a shot,
To set the people asking what the matter is,
And shew how ineffectual your batteries.

But now, to use an elegant expression,
  You've "put your foot into a pretty mess:"
There 's always been a very strong impression
  That you devoured the bread of idleness;
And that the Judges of the Court of Session,
  Should both have more to do and pocket less:
I think it was the late Sir Joseph Yorke
Who wished to blow you out on beef or pork!

And if your fare depended on your work,
  There 's some of you would feast on bread and water.

. . . . . .

One might fancy that poor Mr Thistle, W.S., puffing his tea-kettle over the embers in his garret, was not aware that "the judges' salaries bill" had passed with applause, no one questioning it, save Joseph Hume and one or two more such hard-working scrubs.

As to Lord C——e, Mr Thistle opines that

It had been better,
More of a piece with his propriety,
At once to have given in his resignation
Without a word about remuneration.

Far better thus his public life had closed,
Than what he did, or was advised to do—
His resignation, given upon proposed
Terms and conditions, or an I O U,
The clauses of an act to be transposed;
Or, quite as bad, to cut a clause in two;
As if he had been pauper in a poor house,
Instead of the proprietor of C——e.

And at the closing of his lamentations,
To end with such a paltry piece of fustian,
"My Lord, 'tis not for the remuneration,
That I have raised this notable combustion.
It is, my Lord, the grave consideration
That my judicial character 's a musty un';
If I retire to walk about my grounds,
With fifteen hundred—not two thousand pounds."

As a specimen of Mr Thistle's more dignified manner, we select the following elegant lines on the recent retirement of a highly revered and venerable judge.

Where are you, venerable sage, Glenlee?
Into the shades of private life retired,
After the lapse of half a century
Of duty done, respected and admired.
It will be some short time before we see
Your like again—a man who less required
Telling, that, tho' exalted, still he owed
A duty to his country and his God.

Plain without coarseness; calmly self-possessed,
But from all kind of arrogance most free;
With placid temper naturally blessed,
And dignified in your simplicity;
Activity of mind that knew no rest,
Where aught could be explored by industry;
A seeker after truth; a "second Daniel"
Come to the judgment; also a Nathaniel.

Guileless you were, and earnest in decision;
Acute in intellect, learned in the law;
Distinct in argument; of unerring vision
To seize a strong point, or detect a flaw.
You've carried off the wits of your Division;
You were to them their oracle or Shaw:*
I would that the career and the decline
Of all our Scottish judges were like thine.

On the whole, Mr Thistle inspires us with the desire to meet him again in the General Assembly, or anywhere else.

NEW EDITIONS AND SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

To Moxon's reprints has been added the Life and Epistles of Cicero, combining in one, Middleton's Life, Melmoth's translation of the general letters, and Dr Heberden's translation of the Epistles to Atticus; which last we should imagine a copyright work, though nothing is said about it. The book is very well printed, and forms a handsome and certainly a substantial volume, and a valuable addition to Moxon's reprints of standard works, and to any classical library.

The same publisher has issued four more parts of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, of which Southey's promised Introduction will probably form the last part. Leigh Hunt's Indicator, and Captain Hall's Journal, kept on the coasts of South America, are also completed; and Rogers' Italy is published as one of those neat and low-priced reprints, of which a few bound together make a handsome and compendious body of popular modern poetry.

Dr Wardlaw's Lectures on Church Establishments has been re-issued by Ward.

In Serial works, the Third Part of M'Culloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary has appeared; and the comedy of "All 's Well that Ends Well," forms the Nineteenth Part, and commences another volume of Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, which continues to be carried on with unabated spirit and taste.

Thomas—to the Life of Napoleon, brought out with Vernet's almost too numerous designs—has added No. I. of a new and spirited translation of the Devil on Two Sticks, cleverly and most amusingly embellished by Tony Johannot. It will be a handsome book, independently of its higher merits.

From Mr Tegg we have a good many more chapters of the wild adventures of that rollicking customer, Paul Periwinkle, with capital illustrations of the same by Phiz.

Among the newly-started serial works, is a Bible Cyclopædia by Parker, of which we cannot yet say much; and No. I. of a Dictionary of Painting as an Art, by Walter Savage, who appears to have a thorough understanding of the subject.

Virtue has commenced the publication of the Works of Josephus in parts, and in a handsome style, with a few good embellishments.

In embellished works, we may notice the appearance of another Scott Female Gallery, published by Tilt, of which two parts have appeared. The portraits are commendable as works of art, though some of them want individuality of character; a fault which must adhere to every portrait of which the original is ready limned by the varying fancies of individuals. Among the portraits are *Effie Deans*, in her days of innocence and happiness—a splendid beauty; the *Glee-Maiden*, is the "Fair Maid of Perth," a pretty creature; and *Alice Lee*—not the pious demure Alice of Scott, but, nevertheless, a real person. In *Diana Vernon*, Meadows has once more produced his "*wearyfu'*" young woman. It is singular that an artist, possessed of invention and versatility in inferior walks of art, should have in his imagination but one unvarying type of youthful womanhood. This assuredly is not *Diana Vernon*. It is a romping hoyden of the Meadows' sisterhood, racing home from a fair.

A few more numbers of Bartlett's Canadian Scenery have appeared. Among the plates, which are very well engraved, are views of Montreal, and of Orford Lake—an exquisitely beautiful winter scene. A *Shanty on Lake Chaudière* is another beautiful subject. The pen of N. P. Willis is, in these last numbers, devoted to the *Red Man*; on which subject he seems quite at home, and really pleasing.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

A Plea for Ireland. By a Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—This is a project of different reforms in the Church, in education, the system of land tenures, &c., &c., written by a man of liberal sentiments, who well understands the grievances under which Ireland labours, and who earnestly desires to see them redressed.

Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the Present State of the Country. By Montague Gore, Esq.

Advocacy of the Voluntary Principle on Religious Grounds only. By the Rev. Dr George Redford.

* Mr Thornton Thistle's allusions will not be understood out of Scotland. He alludes here to *Shaw* and *Dunlop's Reports*—a book of authority with the Scottish practitioners.

Advice to the Deaf. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq.

The Mission of the Educator; an Appeal for the Education of all Classes in England. By a Friend to Justice.

Facts and Evidence relating to the Opium Trade with China. By William Storry Fry, Esq.

The Chairman and Speaker's Guide. By Thomas Smith, Esq. Second Edition, 8vo, pp. 119.

Lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Portion of the Community. By Dr Channing. 18mo, pp. 87.

Three Speeches in Favour of an Extension of Copyright. By T. N. Talfourd. Small 8vo, pp. 148.

A Plea for Perpetual Copyright. By William Dougall Christie. 8vo, pp. 59.

An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright. By John J. Lowndes. 8vo, pp. 131.

A Remedy for the Distresses of the Nation; shewing a saving of 50 millions a-year, by an equitable adjustment of the Corn-Laws, &c. By the Rev. Thomas Farr. 8vo, pp. 90.

Glances at the Times, and Reform Government. By John Wade. 8vo, pp. 72.

Organic Changes necessary to complete the system of Representation. By Archibald Prentice. 8vo, pp. 31.

Mr Huskisson, Free Trade, and the Corn Laws. By William Atkinson. 8vo, pp, 24.

A Few Observations on the Corn and Monetary Laws. 8vo, pp. 13.

Remarks on Currency and Banking. By Thomas Nimmo. 8vo, pp. 30.

Outline of a Plan of a National Currency, Not Liable to Fluctuations in Value. By George H. Pell. 8vo, pp. 29.

Observations on Henry Drummond, Esq.'s Pamphlet; with a Plan for establishing a certain and fixed National Currency. By Donald Black, Esq. 8vo, pp. 25.

A Letter to J. B. Smith, Esq., President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, (on the Bank of England and the Currency.) By Samuel Jones Loyd. 8vo, pp. 28.

Remarks on the Management of the Circulation, the Bank of England, and the Country Issues, during 1839. By Samuel Jones Loyd. 8vo, pp. 135.

Reply to the Letter of Samuel Jones Loyd, Esq. By J. B. Smith, Esq. 8vo, pp. 22.

Reflections on the Recent Pressure on the Money Market. By David Salomons, Esq. 8vo, pp. 82.

On Monetary Derangements. By William Ward, Esq. 8vo, pp. 40.

A Letter to James William Gilbart, Esq., on the Regulation of the Currency by the Foreign Exchanges, &c. By Robert Bell. 8vo, pp. 32.

Thoughts on the Government, Union, &c., of the Canadas. By Charles Scott.—Montreal; 8vo, pp. 135.

[We have also, among political, controversial, and other pamphlets, two or three in refutation of Mr Owen's peculiar nostrums, which, in our opinion, may be very safely left to refute themselves. That gentleman cannot fail to be delighted with the noise which his *New Moral World* is making in the Old World.]

The Alphabet Explained; or, the Science of Articulate Sounds, in Connexion with the Origin and History of Nations. By the Rev. James Brodie.

A Hand-Book for the Churches. By a Labourer for Peace.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT.

The business, since the meeting after the Easter recess, has been of little interest to the inhabitants of this part of the island. The time of Parliament has been, in a great measure, taken up with Irish questions. Lord Stanley's Registration Bill has caused a great sensation in Ireland, as it will have the effect of disfranchising, as well as of preventing the registration of a great body of the poorer class of voters. O'Connell has been agitating with much effect against it; and numerous petitions, signed by very large numbers, have been presented to Parliament against it. Mr Villiers' motion for a Repeal of the Corn Laws, which was got rid of by a trick of the Tories before Easter, is to be renewed on the 26th May, and the sittings of the Corn-Law delegates in London are to be resumed on the 23d. From the energy and activity displayed by these delegates at their sitting, and the great influence they possess, we have little doubt that, in a few years, a Repeal of the Corn Laws will be obtained, which will form the precursor of the destruction of other monopolies and restrictions on the freedom of trade.

Lord Aberdeen has introduced a bill intended to remove the difficulties which the Veto Act has created in the admission of ministers to benefices in Scotland. The measure, however, leaves matters very much where it found them, and has given satisfaction to no party. It seems very doubtful if it ever become law. It is enacted, that, when a minister is presented by the patron to the Presbytery, he is to be appointed to preach in the parish church; and, afterwards, any one in communion with the Church, may state objections of any kind to the presentee, which objections the Presbytery or the superior Church Courts are to determine. If they are considered insufficient, the Presbytery are to proceed to the settlement. In this way, the power of the parishioners to control the settlement of unpopular ministers will be greatly curtailed, and the power of the Church Courts in the same degree increased. The inquiry as to the Supreme Court of Scotland, by the select committee of the House of Commons, has, for the present, as everybody anticipated, ended in smoke; and the Government has appointed the late Mr Solicitor-General Ivory to the vacant judgeship, without having the decency even to wait till the committee agreed to their report. The truth is, that, with the exception of the Member for Greenock, every member of the committee was resolved there should be no diminution in the number of the judges; and all means were resorted to, to perplex and break down the witnesses who were of a different opinion, by interrupting their examination, preventing questions being put, and so on. The Member for Greenock displayed his usual activity and indefatigable industry on this occasion; but it was impossible for any one—more especially, one not professionally conversant with the subject—to oppose two eminent and experienced Scotch lawyers, two Irish lawyers, and an English judge, backed by the chairman and whole other members of the committee, who were intent on bamboozling him and the witnesses he brought forward. It is rather a remarkable feature in this inquiry, that while the advocates who were examined, all of whom have every probability of being, sooner or later, promoted to the Bench, gave decided evidence against any diminution of the number of the judges, the great majority of the writers to the Signet and solicitors thought that at least four of the judges, that is, one of the Divisions of the Inner House, might not only be safely effected, but that such a reduction, conjoined with longer sittings in court, would make the Court more efficient than it is at present. Although,

however, the inquiry has, for the present, turned out abortive, a great deal of useful evidence has been collected; and we are strongly inclined to think that, when it is published, the opinion of the select committee will not be confirmed by the general voice of the country.

The House of Commons and its Committees: No. I.

We believe there is no subject on which the public entertain more erroneous notions than regarding the manner in which business is managed in Parliament. It is very generally supposed that it is conducted with as much order, decorum, and deliberation, as in our superior Courts of Law, or with, at least, as much as in a well-behaved popular assemblage: but there cannot be a greater mistake; and we shall therefore avail ourselves of the present opportunity of giving a slight sketch of what actually takes place. At four o'clock, the Speaker takes the chair; but if forty Members are not present, there is "no House," and an adjournment takes place without anything being done; for, we believe, it is not considered worth while even to read prayers to a smaller number. It appears remarkable that, with 658 Members, there should be any difficulty in collecting forty, or rather, possibility of preventing so many from meeting; forty being the sixteenth part of their number; yet so negligent are the People's Representatives of their duties, about which they talk so loudly to their constituents when addressing them in the progress of an election and from the hustings, that it requires considerable management often to "form a House;" that is, to have forty Members in attendance at four o'clock. There is, no doubt, often much trickery resorted to, for the purpose of preventing the "formation of a House;" and that is, when it is known that a motion is to be made which is disagreeable to the aristocracy, but which they do not dare to oppose and out-vote openly; because they are afraid to shew the selfishness of their motives in its naked ugliness before the People of Britain. In such cases, "the whippers-in," (of whom more immediately,) are actively employed to "whip out," or rather to prevent the Members from entering the House; and the unfortunate wight who is to move the obnoxious measure, when he comes prime-full to decant a three hours' oration about a measure on which he conceives the salvation of the empire depends—and perhaps he may be perfectly right in his opinion—is forced to bottle it up for other two or three months, or, perhaps, till another session; an operation which, in many cases, proves fatal: for, in the interval, not only the effervescence; but the strength, if it ever had any, often evaporates; and when the bottle is again uncorked, nothing is found to remain but what the alchemists called a *caput mortuum*, or worthless lees. It deserves to be remarked in passing, that "making no House" is one of the most approved recipes for getting quietly rid of measures which, though popular without doors, are a "bore" within, and yet which could hardly be openly opposed without creating a general disgust in the constituencies of the worthy representatives. But let us suppose that the one sixteenth part of our legislators in the Commons' House have assembled; prayers are read, without the presence of the profane vulgar, of course; and that you, the reader, who may have exerted yourself to the utmost, have wasted your time and money in securing the election of your representative; and who may be a man of more talent, information, and even wealth, than your Member himself, have a desire to see the legislative arcanum of the "first gentlemen of Europe." You will find yourself drawn up and standing under the charge of a body of the London Police, in a shabby lobby, without seats, and covered only to a very small extent by the coarsest matting. There you must remain till it pleases your Honourable Member to make his appearance. If you do not, after all, see *him*, he is sure not to see *you*; so you must be on the look-out. If in any favour with, or likelihood of being useful to him, he will, perhaps, have procured an order for your admission into the Speaker's Gallery, which forms the seats in front of the Strangers' Gallery, and which bears somewhat the same relation in "the House" as the two-shilling gallery does to the one-shilling gallery in a theatre, except that you neither see nor hear so well as you do in the shilling gallery of the worst constructed theatre in Europe. After being passed, with much formality, through numerous door-keepers, policemen, and nondescripts, whether holding the rank of gentlemen or not it would be impossible to say, you at length arrive at your destination, which consists of two rows of seats, raised to so great a height above the body of the House, that men of weak nerves cannot sit on them with any comfort. Indeed, it is universally agreed to be a place of a very disagreeable description, though certainly preferable to that in which "Strangers" are placed. You find yourself at so great a distance from the Speaker's, or business end of the House, that you cannot distinctly recognise the features of a single Member. Behind you is the Strangers' Gallery, consisting of three or four rows of seats; both galleries being capable of containing 200 spectators, for auditors they cannot be called, in any proper sense of the term. The House is a long parallelogram; and, in a gallery as high as that in which you yourself are placed, and immediately above the Speaker, you observe, where not interrupted by the chandeliers, the reporters' gallery. The two galleries we have mentioned are connected by other galleries, which occupy the long sides of the parallelogram, but are cut off from the profane public and reporters by barricades and locks: for a Stranger to pass which, would cost six weeks' imprisonment in Newgate at least. These side-galleries are occupied with a double tier of fine soft sofas, and are kept for the special use of the Members; and what use they are put to, we shall not fail to explain. Descending from the galleries to the floor, you see, at the extreme end of the House, the Speaker, in a gown and full-bottomed wig, seated on a raised seat; immediately under him three clerks with gowns and wigs, sitting at a large table, the sides or covering of which, (for it would be sacrilege to allow "a constituent" to get so near as to discover the fact,) for obvious reasons, descends to the ground; and, on each side, three or four rows of plain wooden benches, with backs, but without any accommodation for writing, or even for laying down books or papers, reach nearly the whole length of the House. The Members of the Administration sit on the lowest bench and nearest the Speaker, on his right-hand; and their supporters on the same bench and on the other benches behind them which rise gradually as in a theatre. The Opposition forms the same arrangement on the left hand of the Speaker as the Ministerials do on the right; so that the leaders on the one side, and those on the other, sit face to face, the breadth of the table only intervening between them—and fortunate it is, on many occasions, that it is a considerable deal broader than a man's arm can reach across. A little in advance of the Speaker's gallery, is a cross bench and too small tables, in pretty considerable use for the private correspondence of the Members; for they are too distant from the place from which the principal speakers speak, to enable them to take notes of the speeches. The bar consists of two pieces of timber, like walking-sticks, and which are, in general, ensconced behind the cross benches; but they can be drawn out, so as to meet and form a sort of obstruction against entering into the body of the House. Immediately below the Speaker's Gallery, on the Ministerial side of the House, are benches for such peers, not many certainly, as occasionally come to see what is doing in the "Lower House;" the concession of which benches shews, in a striking manner, the sycophancy of the Commons; considering that, in no circumstances whatever, are "the Representatives of the People" allowed to sit in the House of Lords, and that they are uniformly treated by their Lordships as if they were cattle, able certainly to stand up or lie down, but totally incapable of performing the operation of sitting. When the present Lord Advocate of Scotland is not to be seen in his proper place in the House, he is generally looked for near the benches set apart for the Lords. On the other side of the House, close by the bar, is placed Sir William Gosset, the Sergeant-at-Arms, in full dress, with a sword by his side, seated in a comfortable stuffed chair, the only one except the Speaker's in the house; and behind him and another small bar is a bench or two for such anomalous

gentry as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London; for, it must be remembered that, while all other persons, civil, corporate, or collegiate, is allowed to present a petition, only through a Member, the City of London claims and exercises the privilege of presenting its petitions by its own officials; and a more ludicrous scene than the presentment of such petitions is not to be witnessed certainly in Christendom. Figure a couple of dirty, greasy-looking personages, in faded red gowns and ridiculous wigs, accompanied by two more in darker habiliments, but equally "rum" in their appearance, attending them, shewn into the place behind the Serjeant-at-Arms we have described, and what might be called a check-bar put across them; after they are fairly encaged, the closing of the real bar or toll-bar of "the House" by the proper officers; the pompous strut of Sir William Gosset, "the Serjeant-at-Arms," "in full canonicals," *et cinctus gladio*—girt with a sword—as all "Knights of the Shire" ought to be, from his cushioned chair, up the floor of the most august assembly in Europe, announcing to the Speaker that the officials of the City of London have a petition to present; the consequential "Let them be admitted" of the Speaker; the absurd effect of the pushing back of the two sticks, forming the *bar*, into their recesses; the marching up of the two in red in front, and the three in black behind them, to the table to present their petition to the clerks; their unceremonious shoving it below the table, never to be seen again, the moment their backs are turned; but, above all, the retreat from the table backwards, the awkwardness of the movement of Aldermen who are so fat and luxurious as to require three cool chairs during one dinner; the imminent risk such dignitaries run of entangling their heels in their long-tailed robes; the expectation and hope, on the part of the Members and of the galleries, that such a catastrophe may certainly occur before they reach the bar; and the glorious fun that a tumble of the "City of London," in their exercise of an absurd privilege, would occasion, form altogether a spectacle, and create a feeling, which no other place, savage or civilized, in this earth, than "the Commons' House of Parliament," could present and raise.

But this is a digression from our main subject. "The House" is lighted with three enormous grotesque and shabby-looking chandeliers, in which are stuck 200 or 300 wax candles; for, with all their capital, industry, and talent, the "Londoners" have never been able to make tolerable gas—that of Edinburgh giving double the light from the same quantity; and, besides, they are still too much under the prejudice that gas, in private houses, "smells too much of the shop," to have the sense to use it in their private dwellings, even though it were well made. The candles in these chandeliers there are no means of lighting, except from the galleries, by rods of great length, with a match attached; and whether from the effects of the previous night's debauch—the sense of being present in so august an Assembly—the great importance of the duty of giving light to its constituent Members, or from whatever other cause it may be—certain it is that the hands and rods of the candle lighters "of the Commons" shake to a degree, which strongly reminds one of the trepidation displayed by the new-breeched urchin, who essays, for the first time, to fire a penny cannon. Taking the House as a whole, its shabbiness is extreme, and, except in point of size, it is not superior, in its internal appearance, to the booths in which wax figures or plays are exhibited at a country fair. No one can anywhere detect the least symptom of, or even pretension to taste; but everything, perhaps on purpose, or through affectation, is plain, not to say ugly, in an extraordinary degree.

Having said thus much of the *materiel*, we shall now come to the *personel* of "the House." The first thing that strikes one, who has not previously had an opportunity of seeing the "liberty of the subject," as displayed in Parliament, is, that all the "Gemmen" sit with their hats on, and, as far as can be seen, from the *ultima thule* of the gallery, their credit with their tailors cannot, by any means, be great: to tell the truth, a closer acquaintance does not dissipate this notion. It has been our fortune to attend many assemblages of men, in different countries in Europe; but the light in "the Commons House of Parliament" is so bad, the distance of the spectators from the Members is so great, and the whole affair is such, that, we believe, a stranger will be much disappointed with the general appearance of the "Members." In particular, several may be observed whom one never would have imagined could have *pretended* to be gentlemen, had not their presence in that assembly vouched for the fact. After much cogitation, we came to the conclusion that they must be the descendants of "The Country Gentlemen," of the reign of Edward IV., who, on the still current pretence, that *the farmers* were in danger of being ruined by the great importation of foreign grain, obtained an act to prevent its importation, till the price rose so high as to shew that starvation was impending. But these Members are evidently of much value; they attend prayers regularly, eat and drink much and quickly, speak not at all, are ever ready to vote for their party that black is white and white black, whether they can see or not; and attend ——— assiduously, with slight intervals, from four o'clock in the afternoon, till six next morning. To use the phraseology of the swell mob, adopted, as we have been told, by a considerable number of the "Representatives of the People," with *them* there is no mistake. *They* at least are at their post. They are neither at this Dutchess' dinner, nor at the Countess' supper; they are neither at the theatres nor at Mother ———'s; they never stray further than Bellamy's; they are, in short, constantly within sound of the Speaker's bell. The whippers-in have no trouble with them; *et voila* a great recommendation for an M.P. We hope the constituencies will not overlook this at next general election.

After regarding the general aspect of this great deliberative assembly and of its inmates, the thing that next strikes a stranger is the circumstance that numbers of men, apparently in the prime of their life and vigour, come into the side galleries appropriated for them, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, anxiously searching for the softest sofa, and lay themselves down at full length. "What can these fellows have been about to-day; the House rose at ten last night, and no committees have been sitting to-day?" remarks one of the strangers to another. "Studying Stanley's Irish Registration Bill," says one Irishman to another, "and now they have come here to chew their cud over it, and digest it so that they may be ready to shillelah the Tories, and support Dan, God bless him!" Sawney suspects this is not the true explanation; but keeps his tongue within his teeth, having a due regard for the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Speaker's warrant, and still more for the Police in the lobby and the Life Guards within hail. Can anything, in truth, be more indecent, more scandalous, more disgraceful than such a scene? Legislators—and both sides of the House are equally to blame—laying themselves deliberately down to sleep, in the presence, it may be, of 600 or 800 people, some of them, perhaps, their own constituents, at the very meeting of "the House;" men to whose care questions of vital importance to tens of millions of people are intrusted; Legislators always ready to vote—and this is the object of sleeping within the walls of "the House"—caring nothing for the facts or arguments by which these votes ought to be regulated, but who snore on till a division takes place, and the insolent cries of the mob of senators to the galleries to withdraw, rouse them from their deep slumbers. How long will the People of Great Britain and Ireland tolerate such conduct? Is this the Reformed Parliament? Is no farther reform necessary? may well be asked. But though our space is exhausted, our subject is hardly begun: in our next Number, God willing, we shall continue it in the same style as we have commenced it.

ENGLAND.

THE REVENUE fell short of the expenditure, last year, no less than £1,457,222; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates that, without new taxes, the expendi-

ture will exceed the income by £2,732,000; so that, after twenty-five years of peace, it has become necessary to increase the assessed taxes—of which a large proportion is raised by the window-duty—ten per cent.; the Excise and Customs, (with the exception of the duties on spirits, corn, and post-horses,) five per cent.; to add 4d. a gallon to the duty on all foreign and British spirits: and with these, a more strict collection of the assessed taxes, and a vote of credit of £395,000, it is expected to get the income up to the expenditure. We doubt this much: because, making an addition to a tax hardly ever produces a proportional increase in the revenue derived from it, but very often has a contrary effect; and because, last year, £1,116,882 were derived from corn duties, while, in the preceding years, not more than £200,000 had been derived from that source, and sometimes much less. Mr Hume made a motion to put the aristocracy in the same situation with the middle classes, by imposing a tax on the succession to land and mortgages, in the same manner as the succession to movables is now taxed; but this proposal found only thirty-nine supporters out of the 658 Members.—156 voting against it. O rare representatives of the People! If matters go on as they are doing, we shall be forced, whether we will or not, to get rid of some of our useless colonies, and reduce the army. Had we allowed the Canadians to revolt, we might have saved our increased taxation; for the retention of Canada costs the People of this country at least two millions a-year, and probably a much greater sum.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.—After all the delay which has occurred in the issuing of the stamps, we cannot congratulate those who have had the charge of the matter, either on the beauty of the designs, or the protection they have secured against fraud on the Revenue. The design on the envelope appears to us fanciful, ridiculous, unintelligible, and barely decent. It unquestionably occupies much more of the back of the letter than it ought to do, and leaves too little room for the address. In the labels the Queen is represented half asleep. What security there may be against the art of the forger we know not, but there is assuredly little or none against that of the chemist. The merest tyro in chemistry knows how to wash out completely the address of the envelopes and post marks after the letters have reached their destination, and to render them again fit for use; and the post-mark in the labels is with still greater ease removed. This arises from using printers' ink instead of an ink of a similar composition to writing ink, or a vegetable colour, in impressing the engraving on the envelopes and labels; and perhaps the fraud might be in some measure, if not entirely obviated, by having the coloured threads, not merely on the part of the letter where it is unnecessary to write, but also one or two, conspicuously exhibited on the back, where the address is written. Were any of the plans we have suggested adopted, a great check would be given to the cleansing of the stamps and using them anew; for the chemical re-agent which removes the address on the envelope and the red post-marks would, at the same time, obliterate the engraving, the impression on the stamp, or the colour of the threads.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

In the manufacturing districts, trade has shewn, of late, some slight symptoms of revival, though many operatives are out of employment, and almost all are paid reduced wages. So much for the theory that wages rise as the price of provisions rises: a theory that must be extremely agreeable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who appears to have applied it in his recent increase of the Excise and Customs' duty. If dear corn be advantageous to the working classes, so must dear malt, dear sugar, dear butter, and every other thing which falls under the cognisance of the officers of the Customs and Excise—and what does not? The feeling among the great body of the master manufacturers is, that no sound state of trade can exist until the Corn-Laws, and the other restrictions on the freedom of trade, be removed. This view is strongly corroborated by Dr Bowring's Report on the Prussian Commercial Union, which we have not space, at present, to notice in the manner it deserves. We shall, however, shortly revert to it at length, and shall, in the meantime, only say, that it contains the most decisive proof of the energetic and successful efforts of the German States to establish manufactures on a great scale in their territories. It is gratifying, in the meantime, to learn that a commercial treaty with France is nearly completed. It is probable that the all but prohibitory duties levied by the French on many of our manufactured goods will be greatly reduced; and, according to the continental account, the duty on French wine, which is now 5s. 6d. a gallon, is to be reduced to 2s., or 4d. a bottle; and the duty on brandy, now 22s. 6d., is to be fixed at 12s. or 14s. Considering that the duty on whisky is, in England, at present, 7s. 6d. a gallon, there can be little doubt that a reduction of the duty on brandy to12s., and on wine to 2s., would occasion an immense increase in the consumption, and that, in a few years, the revenue, from the low duties in this, as in numerous other instances, would speedily equal, if not exceed, the high.

AGRICULTURE.

Having lately made a tour of nearly a thousand miles through England and Scotland, we think we can venture to give some account of the recent state of the wheat crop, although certainly no opinion of any value can yet be formed of the prospect of the ensuing harvest. In the best districts—that is, where fine soil is combined with good cultivation—the wheat was extremely luxuriant; though in Bedfordshire, and some other districts, it was too forward; so much so, in some instances, that sheep had been sent to depasture it and check its growth. The injury arising from a crop being too early, is greater than would at first sight occur to a person without experience; for if it come into flower before genial weather has set in, the ear is sure to be stunted, and the grain deficient both in quantity and quality. But it was in very few districts, indeed, that over-luxuriance could be complained of. Generally speaking, the crop looked sickly and thin on the ground; and, in numerous instances, the probability of a favourable harvest was so very questionable that the grain had been ploughed up with the view of sowing another crop. Besides, owing to the heavy rains during winter, a much greater proportion than usual is spring-sown, which never produces so heavy a crop as winter-sown wheat. Where the soil is light and dry, the wheat suffered from the long continued drought; though the injury was repaired, in a great measure, by the subsequent rains. Notwithstanding the large importation of corn last year, the stock in bond is much less than for many years past; and the quantity of British grain in the hands of merchants and farmers is understood to be inconsiderable. It is not remarkable that, in such circumstances, the prices of grain should be slowly rising. But nothing can be more deceptive than the present mode of striking the general average. To take the last general average at hand, and compare it with the prices at Mark Lane in the *same week*,—that ending the 16th of May,—will shew sufficiently what we have stated. The general average for wheat was 68s. 8d.; but the prices varied in Mark Lane from 50s. to 74s., the low-priced wheat being totally unfit for human food, and used only for feeding pigs and poultry: the general average of barley was 39s. 9d.; but some was sold in Mark Lane, the same week, for 26s. There are many other markets in which prices are generally higher than in London. For example, in Edinburgh, on the 13th May, the highest price for wheat was 80s.; at Newcastle, on the 9th, 76s.; and so on. It thus appears that the general averages are kept down, and the duty consequently kept up, by there being sent to market large quantities of inferior grain, in bad condition, and, in many instances, with much of the chaff remaining in it. Even in Edinburgh and Haddington markets, we understand that the respectable bakers seldom purchase the wheat they use at less than 12s. a quarter above the average price. If the present system of averages is to be retained, the evil we have pointed out ought to be remedied, for it renders the operation of the Corn-Laws much more stringent than was originally contemplated.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1840.

BURSCHEN MELODIES.—No. III.

SONGS OF THE LIBERATION WAR.

Was wir gehört, gelesen
Tritt wirklich in die Zeit,
Gewinne jetzt ein Wesen
Auch du Gelehrsamkeit!
Schenkendorf.

Ecce quam bonum,
Bonum et jucundum,
Ceciderunt hostes,
Hostes sunt fusi!
Burschen Song.

Quoi! les Prussiens a Paris?
Beranger.

NAPOLEON was driven out of Germany, in the year 1813, mainly by three things: first, he was unhorsed by Boreas in the north; and, though he was ready to reply to the eager questioning of Europe, like a certain Modern Athenian, on occasion of a similar mischance—"Hurt! Oh, no, QUITE THE CONTRARY, my Lord!" yet the fact is that he was hurt, and that seriously, in more ways than one. The least of his misfortunes was, that he was obliged to borrow a clean shirt from the King of Saxony when he came to Dresden; the greatest, that he was shorn of glory, robbed of the *prestige* of victory. The "*On ne peut pas!*" that limits the successes of common humanity, was now publicly declared valid, in certain cases, against Napoleon also. Wagram had blotted out the memory of Aspern; but here was something worse than Aspern—something more ominous than a sullen retreat into a small island of the Danube—(a mishap which sappers and pontoons might repair and did repair;) here was rout, flight, total overthrow, anticipated annihilation. Besides, the wings of the French eagle actually were terribly mangled in that rude conflict; and, though they grew again, and looked very fair, with a rapidity and a lustihood which shewed that the genius of a magician was still there, yet they were not so strong as the old ones. Conscripts could never be veterans; the "*cochons du lait*," as Marshal Ney knew, might "fight like devils;" but they could neither create cavalry for the Emperor, nor food for themselves. In the second place, these things happened in the face—say rather at the feet—of Prussia; and the Prussia of 1813 was neither the Prussia of 1806 nor the Prussia of 1809. The Countess de Voss, first lady of honour to her Prussian Majesty, in the year 1808, received from an English officer, who had been in the West Indies, a most beautiful parrot, which amused the royal family greatly, by repeating, fifty times a-day, as if to prevent mistake, GOD DAMN NAPOLEON! ("Oh, the charming parrot!" says the Countess.*) But this was all the length that Frederick William's patriotism was willing or able to go at that time. In 1813, however, Europe was to be taught at last that the Prussian eagle was indeed an eagle, a legitimate consanguinean of the other imperial birds; Blücher, Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst had been nursing hate and brewing thunder for seven indignant years: with them, also, the whole Prussian people were a flame; a PEOPLE verily, (thanks to Stein and Hardenberg,) not an *army* merely, as in Frederick's days. This was what Napoleon did not calculate upon; and this, much more than the Russian robbing of the *prestige*, was the cause of the victories of Katzbach, Gross-beeren, Dennewitz, Culm, and Wartenburg, without which it is quite certain that Leipzic never could have

* Anecdotes of Foreign Courts. London 1827. Vol. i., p. 264.

been fought. The third thing that damaged Napoleon in 1813—hemming him round, as it were, with certain destruction—was the accession of Austria to the Russo-Prussian alliance, after the armistice of Poischwitz. This armistice the conqueror had been forced to enter into, as into that of Znaym, in 1809, by the determined resistance which he had met with from his enemies in two successive battles of fearful carnage and no plunder. Lützen and Bautzen were as honourable to the Prussians as Aspern and Wagram were to the Austrians. Napoleon beat his adversaries off the ground in both cases; but his loss was equal to theirs—his gain merely nominal; the spirit of the adversary unsubdued; and the fruits to be gathered depending altogether upon the general pacific or warlike policy of the party with whom he had to deal. The Prussians, in 1813, were not in a temper to be either cozened or bullied. It does not appear that they were strong enough to have conquered the great god of battles without the Austrians: with the Austrians, their victory was certain; and, whatever the thoroughgoing advocates of Napoleon may say, it does not seem in any wise unreasonable that the gigantic genius of war, overstriding the world in thunder, should be opposed by the only might which common mortals can bring against such dæmonian manifestations—superiority in the quality of moral enthusiasm, and in the quantity of cannon-balls.

It is really a pitiful thing to observe how biographers of great men, like the preachers of sectarian gospels, are not content that their hero be gigantic, unless they prove also that every other body is a dwarf. So Hazlitt metamorphoses the gallant Blücher (whom even Napoleon could afford to call an "invincible old devil") into a "wary adventurer;" and the generous ardour of the "lyre and sword" young soldiers of Prussia into a "brain-sick, pseudo-patriotism." We were astonished to meet with such expressions, even in Hazlitt's life of Napoleon. We hope we shall never be so unlucky as to stumble upon anything of the kind elsewhere. The man who can sympathise with the gospel of liberty in France only, and that gospel preached by NAPOLEON, has no heart to understand, consequently no pen to write, history.

But there is another false view of German patriotism which we are compelled to notice. Mr Alison, in his great historical work, (vol. vii.,) eulogizing, as well he might, the noble stand which Austria, single-handed, made against Napoleon, in the campaign of 1809, finds the whole philosophy of this fact in the stability of aristocratic Governments. We are curious to see what the learned sheriff, in his last volume, (advertised for November,) will make of the Prussian Liberation War; for it was only by the utter annihilation of aristocracy (so dear to "Old Fritz") that Frederick William was enabled to raise up a PEOPLE capable of meeting, at the point of the bayonet, the beardless boys* of the Republican Emperor. As to Austria, we think it was not Metternich, but the free mountain air, that inspired Hofer; and to have the steeple of St Stephen's, and the coffee-houses of the Prater, besides fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, before their eyes, was surely motive enough (without calling in the miracle of aristocracy) for the Austrians to drive Napoleon into the Danube at Aspern, and to make Macdonald pay sharply for his Marshal's baton at Wagram. The serfs of a despotic Government have a fatherland, on vital occasions, as much as the citizens of a free nation. Ride them on the back, and they will kick: bravely done; but it had been more brave if they had never allowed the rider to get on.

Here indeed lies the mystery. How did it happen that France over-rode Austria so bravely from Jemappes to the Battle of Leipzic, and paralysed Prussia, in 1806, by a single stroke, as if her very touch had been electricity? Was it the genius of the *redingote gris*, and the three-cornered hat, and the olive-complexioned face, and the eye (what an eye!) and the mouth that could smile how kindly, and how deceitfully, that conquered Germany; or was it that certainly in part, but something else also? We think it was something else also, and mainly. Napoleon was the incarnated Siva of victory. This cannot be denied. But the assiduous plying of multitudinous cannon, despite of all tactical superiority, beat him back into Leipzic, and over the Rhine in 1813; why did it not do so in 1806? Not because the gunpowder was not there, but because there was NO SOUL OF A GERMAN PEOPLE there to serve the guns, because Germany was beridden by aristocracy; that aristocracy being a mere gilded outside, prankt with all manner of vain gaudery; hence there was no independence, no freedom in Germany; no thoughts, no words, no songs of freemen, which are the alone proper fathers of heroic deeds. But, in 1813, the tables were turned. It was good for aristocratic Prussia that she had been afflicted. In the hour of need, (a cheap piety,) Majesty falls suppliant to the supreme god—the People.* In the consciousness of omnipotence, the People lift Majesty out of the bog, generously bear him on their shoulders, and transport him, with whoop, and halloo, and patriotic jubilee, to Paris. Majesty responds eagerly to the popular cry. Majesty did not then profess to fight for "legitimacy," as Talleyrand afterwards phrased it. Majesty was fighting for the liberty and independence of all European peoples. Even about freedom of the press and representative constitutions, mystical words were thrown out—intended to remain mystical. Absolutism sailed over Europe, floated upon a sea of democracy. Strange phenomenon! and yet true; recorded in many histories and

* "Bartloser Fäntchen Schwärme," says Stolberg, of the young conscripts, without metaphor.

* The king, whose courage and prudence shone forth in a manner worthy of the descendant of the great Frederick, had been rescued, by the affectionate loyalty of his PEOPLE and ARMY, from the thraldom prepared for him.—*Marquis of Londonderry's "War in Germany," p. 13.*

chronicles of bloody battles, found in many voluminous archives of state protocols and proclamations, and eternized also to our taste more pleasantly in many songs of the German fatherland, composed and sung by jovial Burschen, of whom every one could say, while he sung triumphantly—ET QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI!

The Reformation in France, we read, was fanned by Marot's *chansons;* and Martin Luther, in Germany, combated the Devil very valiantly with an inkhorn, (as the people in Eisenach shew you;) but more valiantly also, as he himself has left on record, by divine song. Had there not been music in Luther's soul, the Reformation—for an year and a day at least—might have gone ajee; for, in the hard conflict with that perfect impersonation of consistent Toryism, the Roman Pope, he required a comforter and familiar spirit to mellow him back to healthy humanity, after bathing in the theological vinegar of those days; and we know that he kept a sweet-singing bird in the inner chamber of his soul, more serviceable to those good Christians who know how to value it, than any heathen δαιμων ever was to Socrates. Blessed be thou, Germany, fatherland of song! for Napoleon also, the invincible Cæsar, and the stern bridge-destroying Davoust, and Vandamme the "blood-hound," mob-hooted into Siberia, were conquered by the power of sowes, whose name was LEGION. The songs of the German Liberation War were the utterance of a soul, instinct with fire far fiercer than the cannon's. There are who delight to contrast poetry and fact. Shallow! All history that is worth reading is written in poetry; and he who does not write it poetically does not write it truly. The historian is merely a more modern name for the Epopoeist. If he cannot make an epos of the stuff before him, he has mistaken his subject or cannot handle his pen. He who sits down, with a most perverse erudition, to write a history of political bandboxes, and recite, most solemnly, (like the Marquis of Londonderry in his "Tour in the North,") how many times the ladies of the Czarina change their dress in a day, proves his own relationship to the theme which he handles, not the barrenness of the luxuriant world in matters more pertinent. There is no lack of genuine epos—of great and good men, and great and good actions—in that much abused thing called modern history; for, despite of the vain pompous parading in court dresses; despite the many-folioed accumulation of protocols, proclamations, despatches, reports, and what not, the mere mappery and paper projection of what has had, or may, have some relation to a deed; despite of espionage and "necessary corruption," (as Frederick the Great would have it,) intrigue, management, finesse, ruse, and the whole mysterious diplomatic craft of using words adroitly for the purpose of expressing what men do *not* mean to say; despite of all this lacing up of the soul scientifically, with the countless packthread of political deceit; despite of all these odious appurtenances, belonging, as we are told by some, without remedy, to the "dignity" of modern history,—men, greatly honest, will still live and act truly in the world—honest hearts will sing out their honest faith, their triumphant conviction;

"For the soul triumphs with itself in words."

And wherever these things are, in ancient or in modern times, you have poetry and reality in one—epos or ode, we care not which, sung or written, it does not affect the substance. Carlyle has written a glorious epos on the French Revolution. Of the Liberation War also an epos may be written, with fewer sublime horrors, indeed, of a Dantesque Hell to paint, but with more of the sacred flame from heaven to inspire. But hitherto the poetry of the Liberation War has been principally developed in the lyrical shape. We have a broad billowy sea of national songs before us; too loud and strong, too lusty and vigorous, perhaps, to be welcomed by all who delight in the atmosphere of effeminate artificiality which envelopes our fashionable saloons; but not the less true, not the less substantial, not the less precious to any man with whom poetry is something more than the lace on a lady's gown, and divine music a thing more serious than the wanton play of arabesques curiously tickling the ear-chambers of a fool. Blessed be God! for a sturdy poetic swimmer in these piping times there is still one masculine enjoyment left—plunging with a full, fearless, outspreading of the whole man into the broad, strong-surging ocean of national song. There we make a dash to-day, into a region more stirring than the "Gaudeamus igitur" of our pious beer-boozings, into the bracing war-element of a substantial, *bona fide*, hard-fought battle, for the first right of man and the last—INDEPENDENCE. We hope many brave hearts are ready to join us. So pleasurable, indeed, is the fight of liberty to a generous mind, that if the old Tory Devil were killed outright to-day, one might almost wish him to come alive again to-morrow, that we might enjoy the triumph of conquering him a second time. And it is certainly not the most unphilosophical explication of the origin of evil, to say that vice exists only that virtue may have something to do; misery, to give benevolent men the pleasure of creating happiness; despotism, that there may be patriotism; a French Napoleon, that there may be a Liberation War in Germany; a feeble government of paper and red-tape, that there may be a strong government by the brawn of a man's arm, and the mellow roar of an honest heart; Haugwitz, that there may be Hardenberg; Brunswick,* that there may be Blücher.

On the 17th day of March, 1813—next after 1789, the most eventful year in recent history—

* Not the hero of Quatre Bras, of course, but the Manifesto-maker of 1792, and the prating old man, (nothing like Blücher,) who held councils of war when he should have been fighting at Jena. "*Ils se trompe ront furieusement ces perruques!*" said Napoleon in 1806 before that famous blow; and they did deceive themselves furiously indeed, even as much as the Emigrants, who sent multitudinous blusters into France in 1792, but were singularly weak and ineffective in their blows.

the King of Prussia declared war against France. The proclamation which he issued to his people on that occasion brings vividly before us the cause and character of the great national struggle which followed; a sort of royal *imprimatur*, as it were, to that Bible of patriotic songs, in which the history of the time is written. It may be serviceable to translate it:—

TO MY PEOPLE.

For my true people, and for all Germans, there is no necessity of a formal exposition of the causes of the present war: they lie bare to the eyes of Europe.

We lay prostrate beneath the superior power of France. The peace, which robbed me of one-half of my subjects, brought with it no blessings to compensate for so great a loss. Its wounds were deeper than those of the war. The marrow of the land was dried up; the principal fortresses remained in the possession of the enemy; agriculture was lamed; the industry of our cities paralyzed. The freedom of trade was annihilated, and thereby the fountain of our prosperity sealed. The whole land was in a state of pauperism.

By the most conscientious discharge of my obligations, I endeavoured to convince the French Emperor that it was his interest, as well as mine, to let Prussia resume her independence. But my sincerest attempts in the way of conciliation were nullified by arrogance and faithlessness; and we saw now, too plainly, that the Emperor's treaties, even more surely than his wars, aimed at our complete annihilation. The moment is now arrived when all illusions, as to our real condition, must cease.

Brandenburgers, Prussians, Silesians, Pomeranians, Lithuanians! you know what you have suffered for the last seven years.* You know what gloomy prospects are yours, if the struggle which we now begin be not gloriously ended. Think on your ancestors; think on the great Elector,† the great Frederick; think on the blessings which you enjoy as the fruits of what the swords of our ancestors gained under his captainship—freedom of conscience, honour, independence, commerce, manufactures, science. Think on the noble example of our powerful allies the Russians; think of the Spaniards, of the Portuguese. Nations, less numerous than we, have marched into the field against a superior army, and have come off victorious. Think of the Swiss; think of the States.

Great sacrifices will be demanded of all classes; for the struggle is great, and not small are the resources of our foe. You will be more ready to make these sacrifices for your fatherland and for your own king, than for a foreign governor, who, as so much sad experience has taught, offers your sons and substance up as victims upon altars where the worship is not yours. Trust in God, perseverance, courage, and the powerful assistance of our allies will crown our efforts with certain success.

But whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to make, they are nothing when set in the balance against the holy rights for which we must contend; unless, indeed, we shall cease to be Prussians and Germans even in name.

It is the last decisive struggle that we maintain for our wellbeing, our independence, our existence. There is no choice; between an honourable peace or a glorious destruction there is no medium. But even destruction you will face cheerfully for the sake of honour; for without honour a Prussian and a German will not live. But we have cause to hope with confidence, that God and our good-will will secure our just cause the victory; and with victory, a glorious peace, and the return of our national prosperity.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.*

Breslau, 17th March 1813.

This is a king's speech worth reading. There is honesty and pith in it; and, what is still more wonderful in royal orations, it strikes the very chord of popular opinion, and opens the gushing rivers of national poetry. But Necessity, that mighty mother, (not of the world, as Shelley will have it; but of many things in the world,) has done greater wonders than this: making absolute monarchs to understand (for a season) the genuine democratic principle of governing by public opinion. How the people replied to these noble words by nobler we shall hear anon in our songs; how they replied by deeds, the following extract, from the historical work just quoted, will best inform us:—

From this moment, the preparations for war were carried on with an unexampled energy and enthusiasm. Thousands hastened from the work-shops, from the comptoirs, from the halls of justice; the whole College of Government, at Breslau, offered itself to the King for the war service; but the King, honouring, as he could not but do, the spirit that animated these individuals, caused the Chancellor to issue a proclamation, prohibiting the public officers, in any of the great departments of State, from joining themselves to any volunteer Jäger corps.

The universities and the upper classes of the gymnasia dissolved themselves by instinctive consent; and the teachers were often the first to set the students an example of patriotic devotion to the national cause.† In vain was all protest on the part of the French Ambassador and the Commander of the French army in the Mark. All who were capable of bearing arms came thronging over the Oder, directing themselves either to Silesia or Colberg, where they were mustered and put under arms.

The enthusiasm, indeed, went so far, that even women and maidens, giving the lie to their sex, went out and shared the hardest service with the men. Everything lived and worked only for war. The long restrained voice of indignation with which the Prussian people had for seven years borne the loss of liberty and honour, now burst into a flame; but honest love for king and country, and a faith not to be shaken in the Divine aid, purified the strong motives of revenge to the noblest feeling of duty, and to the firm determination to regain their lost character by the sacrifice of everything that they held dearest and best in life. To attain this end, no sacrifice was esteemed too great. Those who could not personally join in the great struggle gave, the poorest, his

* Davoust's cruelties in Hamburg, and the tender-mercies of Vandamme in Bremen, were famous over all Europe. To all the supplications of the poor Hanseatists, the stern bridge-destroyer coolly replied—"*Vous n'avez rien enpropre rebelles que vous etes! votre peau meme appartient a l Empereur!*"—*Sketches of Germany and the Germans, by an Englishman.* London. 1836.

† Frederick William the Great, who kept France in check, and beat the Swedes at Fehrbellin in 1675. From this name the *modern* history of Prussia, so far as important European interests are concerned, may be dated.

* Geschichte des Deutschen Freiheitskrieges, vom 1813—15. Von Dr Frederick Richter. Berlin. 1838. Vol. I., p. 49.

† Among the Gymnasiarchs, *Jahn* and *Steffens* boast the greatest celebrity. They were both in Lützow's volunteer corps, with Körner. Jahn was a most original character; a very apostle of "Deutschthum" and nationality; a patriarch and prophet of the Liberation War. Men of this description were very serviceable to the King of Prussia before the battles were fought: they were the very soul by which he gained his victories. After the peace, they were looked on as madmen, and treated as traitors. Not a few of them saw the inside of Spandau. But the shameless proceedings of the King of Prussia against the patriotic Burschen and independent Professors, *after the peace*—men who were merely *honest*, and neither madmen nor traitors—would fill a volume. We may find some future occasion to sketch a scene or two from this chapter of the modern history of despotism.

mite in the shape of contributions for the outfit of volunteers. The farmer, in many cases, gave up his last horse, that his only son might ride into the battle against the oppressor of his fatherland. Women brought their jewels, children and beggars their spare-pennies, to the national purse. In Silesia, a young girl, with a beautiful growth of hair, sold it for two dollars, and sent the money to enlarge the national fund. In Berlin, under the direction of the Princess Wilhelm, the ladies formed themselves into societies for the tending of the wounded and others, who should suffer by the calamities of war. This good example was immediately followed almost in every city and town of the monarchy. Every family and social circle became a furnishing establishment for the great national arsenal; the iron work of the men, and the most slim fabrics of female skilfulness, were equally applied to the one great purpose. The very children in the schools occupied the vacation, and the hours of relaxation, in making *charpie* for the wounds; and little boys, spelling Nepos, ran after the army, with tears in their eyes, impatient now, at length, to be the heroes of whom they had so often read."*

Such was the practical poetry of the Prussians in 1813; and if men, whose every word was at the same time a deed, (as all true words ought to be,) flung stirring songs, by the hundred, out of their honest German breasts, instead of twirling pretty verses upon their finger ends, as had been done by nice punctilious rhymers in more quiet times, Goethe's aristocratic nerves might be a little shaken in his artistical chamber; but poetry was poetry still, and strength was strength, and reality more powerful than fiction. Nay, and if here and there, and in all directions, the generous enthusiasm of regenerated nationality seemed to run wild in a real "Berserker rage" of unchastened bellicosity—the madness of old Teutonic valour, that threw itself naked upon the sword of a foe, with a hurrah!—were not the French mad, too, with the old wine of the Revolution in their veins?—and was not Napoleon a very ΔΑΙΜΩΝ of battle, that could only be opposed by a power as transcendental as himself? "May God fill you with hatred to the Pope!" said Martin Luther to his friends, when he left Smalcald. "May God fill you with hatred to the French!" was what the Prussians read in every motion, in every look of gallant old Blücher; and it was this spirit of thorough-going Germanism that made the veteran of the Katzbach to Napoleon the most obstinate "Old Devil" that he ever had to contend with, and to the Germans the very Achilles and impersonated ideal of the war-epos of an age when every poet (except Goethe) was a soldier, and every soldier, by virtue of his cause, was a poet.

The patriotism of the Prussians broke forth with the greater might on this occasion, because it was a *smothered* flame. Not all the Prussians, perhaps not the majority, approved of the timid policy of the monarch in 1809. There was, and from 1806, had been, in the north of Germany, a strong war-party, who could not be at all times as easily silenced as the Countess de Voss' parrot. The whole country was in a dark ferment of slow-gathering revenge. Napoleon might gag the tongues of men and birds, but he could not prevent the formation of secret societies and "leagues of virtue," where the seed was sown in the hearts of thousands, that merely waited for a word to start up into a host of armed men invincible. In connexion with the *Tugendbund* or "league of virtue" we make the following extract from Menzel:—

The Tugendbund owed its existence to the Minister Stein; but he having committed himself by a letter, the King, to please Napoleon, was obliged to dismiss him. Hardenberg, however, who succeeded to the office, was animated by the same spirit. The Tugendbund flourished in secret, numbering among its members many of the greatest statesmen, officers, and literati of the day. Among these latter, the two most distinguished were Arndt, by his power as a popular writer, and Jahn, by his influence as a trainer of youth. This man introduced the long-neglected gymnastic exercises into the curriculum of juvenile education; knowing well that weak and brawnless bodies are never without a fatal reaction on the moral qualities of the mind. He used to walk with his tyros under the Linden in Berlin, and, when they came to the Brandenburger gate, he used to say to each fresh man—

"Well, my lad, what are you thinking on now?" and if the boy was stupid enough not to give a ready answer, he gave him a box on the ear, adding—

"What should you be thinking on here but this, how the four horses that once stood on that gate, and were taken to Paris by the French, may be brought back here again, and placed where they were?"*

A course of most instructive articles might be written on the regenerative process which Prussia went through, from the Battle of Jena to the Declaration of War in 1813; but we are no further concerned with the matter at present than to shew, as briefly as possible, the soul out of which the patriotic and warlike portion of the Burschen Melodies arose. We cannot, therefore, afford to enter into that most interesting history of Radical Reforms, which preceded the great national uprising; but one short and tragic story in the previous history, an ominous flash of the slumbering volcano, is too closely interwoven with the living facts of patriotic poetry to be passed over in silence. We allude to the story of Schill. The English reader will find it at considerable length in the seventh volume of Mr Alison. We take the following short notice from Menzel, (c. 470 and 476;) which extract, with Arndt's ballad, the words and music of which we have given, No. VII., will, we hope, be sufficient to command the sympathies of the reader.

Austria in the gallant stand she made for German liberty in 1809, was deceived in more points than one. She deceived herself in her own *Landwehr*, (militia:) numerous indeed and valiant; but *wanting that which alone can make a true soldier, the feeling of personal worth; subject to be flogged like serfs.* No less was Austria deceived in respect of Germany. Prussia was as yet too weak; all her fortresses in the hands of the French, and the new-born confidence in her old enemy Austria, as yet not confirmed; and the members of the Rhenish confederation were still base enough to enjoy self-aggrandizement at the expense of Austria, even though they had to pay for this paltry gain with the loss of German independence, and servile submission to a man

* Richter, p. 53; and Narrative of an Eye-Witness in Odeleben's Saxon Campaign, vol. ii., p. 114.

* *Menzel's Geschichte der Deutschen. Cap.* 469. A work that should be in the hands, not of every German student only, but of every reader of history.

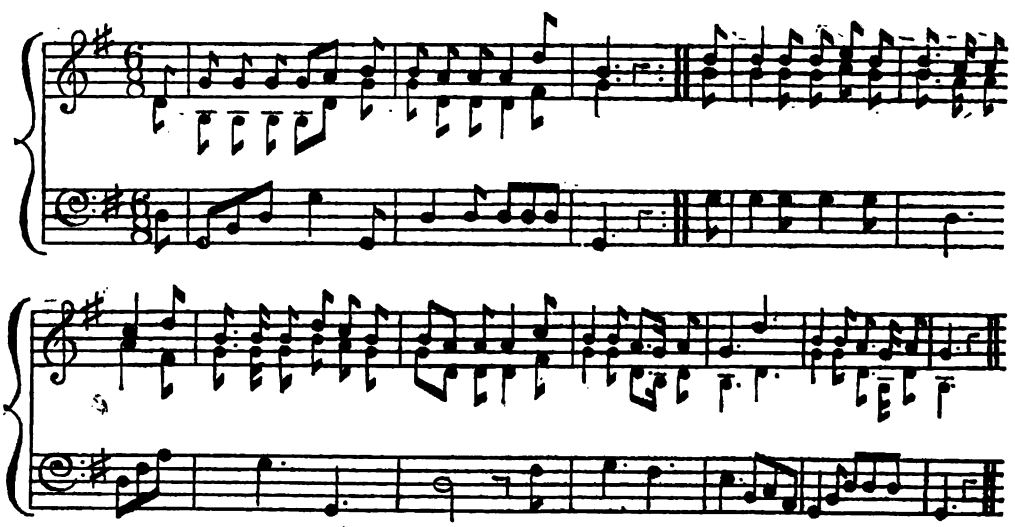
who was invincible so long only as German princes could not vanquish their selfishness.

We must not suppose, however, that because Prussia could not afford formally to declare war against France in 1809, the hearts of the Prussians were therefore cold to the sacred cause. Many hearts burned in secret. The fiery Schill could not contain his enthusiasm, and rode at his own charge with a regiment of hussars from Berlin, amid general applause, though a decree of a court martial immediately condemned his conduct. At the same time Dornberg rose in Hessia; and the plan was to raise the whole north of Germany. But Schill committed the fatal error of marching right north; and having thus separated himself from the Hessian and Westphalian patriots; he fell into the hands of the Danes, whose general, Ewald, without any order to that effect, out of sheer servility, joined himself to the Dutch, and, with an overwhelming number, shut up the rash hero in Stralsund. Schill fell in a bloody battle in the streets of that place, true to his own maxim—BESSER EIN ENDE MIT SCHRECKEN, ALS EIN SCHRECKEN OHNE ENDE.*

The Dutch cut off his head, put it into spirits of wine, and exhibited it publicly in the University of Leyden, where it was still seen a few years ago. Nobody claimed it. But herein lies the grand beauty of the German heroes of those days, of Schill, Hofer, Speckbacher—they fought without a fee.†

The ballad which follows, is a simple historical narrative in the old style, without any attempt at poetical adornment. Arndt was not an elegant and finished poet like Körner. He spoke to the people in the most common phrase of the people. So much the better; for the romances of real life which he sings are beauties that require no paint.

"ES ZOG AUS BERLIN EIN MUTHIGER HELD."—*Melody VII.*



THE BRAVE SCHILL.

There went from Berlin a soldier stout, Juchhe!
Six hundred Ritter with him went out, Juchhe!
Six hundred Ritter all German and good,
And thirsting all for the Frantzmann's blood.
Juchhe! Juchhe! Juchhe!
O Schill, thy sabre smites sore!

He rode along in gallant trim, Juchhe!
And a hundred footmen marched with him, Juchhe!
God bless your guns, brave footmen all,
And with every shot may a Frantzmann fall!
Juchhe, &c.

So marched the gallant stout-hearted Schill, Juchhe!
The Frantzmann, where he may come, shall feel, Juchhe!
No warrior, no king gave him command—
He was sent by freedom, by fatherland!
Juchhe, &c.

At Dodendorf fatly the sandy soil, Juchhe!
Was fed with the blood of the Frantzmenn vile, Juchhe!
Ten thousand that stood were hacked and hewed,
The remnant fled where the brave pursued.
Juchhe, &c.

At Dömitz they stormed each strong redoubt, Juchhe!
And drove the villanous Frantzmann out, Juchhe!
To Pommerland now they come, they come,
And the Frantzmann's keen *qui vive* is dumb.
Juchhe, &c.

Now bravely to Stralsund they ride, they ride, Juchhe!
Like the billowy swell of the Baltic tide, Juchhe!
O Frantzmann, Frantzmann! God lend thee wings!
'Tis Schill! 'tis Schill! and death he brings!
Juchhe, &c.

Like thunder they tramp through the ancient town, Juchhe!
Which saw, without flinching, dark Wallenstein's frown, Juchhe!
Which sheltered the travel-worn Charles from the foe;
O how are thy walls now, proud Stralsund, laid low!
Juchhe, &c.

God save ye now, Frantzmenn! the sword of the free, Juchhe!
For blood of the tyrant thirsts eagerly, Juchhe!

---

* Better an end with terror, than terror without an end.

† In the year 1835, the inhabitants of Stralsund erected a stone to the memory of Schill; and, about the same time, a monument was erected in Brunswick to twenty-five of Schill's officers, fourteen of whom had been shot in that town, and eleven in Wesel. Schill's head was redeemed from the Dutch, and laid to rest with the bones of the connexions of this distinguished German patriot.—Dr KOMBST.

With blood of the Frantzmann gallantly gored,
Is brandished in triumph the German sword.
Juchhe, &c.

O Schill! O Schill! thou soldier stout, O, weh!
They have hedged and snared thee round about, O, weh:
Many come from the land, and his coils from the sea,
The Dane, the serpent, hath gathered for thee!
O, weh! O, weh! O, weh!
O Schill, thy sabre smote sore!

O Schill! O Schill! thou soldier stout, O, weh!
O, why wilt thou not to the fields ride out? O, weh!
Shall walls imprison a heart so brave?
In Stralsund shalt thou find thy grave?
O, weh! &c.

O Stralsund, a sorrowful city art thou! O, weh!
A sorrowful sight thou lookest on now! O, weh!
Through the heart of the gallant the death-shot came;
The base with the noble make pitiless game.
O, weh! &c.

A Frantzmann cried, with a butcher-cry, O, weh!
"The death of a dog the dog shall die!" O, weh!
May rooks and ravens batten on him,
Like a thief that dies on the gallows grim!
O, weh! &c.

They carried him forth, and all are dumb; O, weh!
No fife to play; no beat of the drum; O, weh!
No cannon salute; no greet of the gun,
To tell that the race of a soldier was run.
Oh, weh! &c.

With cruel sword they severed his head; O, weh!
In an honourless pit his body they laid; O, weh!
And there he sleeps, in the cool, cool grave,
Till God to honour shall wake the brave!
Juchhe! Juchhe! Juchhe!
O Schill, thy sabre smote sore!*

In this translation, we have thought it our duty to give the whole local details of the story, which the historian, and those intimately acquainted with the geography of Schill's march, would not willingly see omitted; but those who wish to make this song *tell*, will confine themselves to Stralsund, omitting verses 2, 4, and 5. It is needless to say, that the sudden change from cheerful to sad, which takes place in the course of this ballad, affords a fine opportunity for a display of feeling and dramatic power on the part of the singer.

Our readers will have seen from the slight historical glance we have been able to cast, that, as the prostration of Germany proceeded from its division, so its rise was essentially connected with at least a temporary UNITY. Many dreamed in those days of Henry the Hun-hunter, Barbarossa, and the Hohenstauffen; political Puseyites, stamping reality with their pleasant whim: but a unity of soul for a great patriotic occasion, though not of permanent political body, was possible; even this, however, took place only partially. Mecklenburg, among German states, claims the high honour of having been the first to welcome Tettenborn and his Cossacks in the north; but Saxony, as is well known, the heart and centre of Deutschland, remained constant to Napoleon through the whole war, thus planting the strong-nimble Frenchman in a position at Dresden, whence, as the Marquis of Londonderry very well expresses it, like a snake, "he could twist and turn himself every way." Bavaria also remained French during the greater part of the war. How much need, therefore, was there that, in the beginning of the year 1813, Arndt should send forth the song of the German's fatherland, which will be found, with the music, in the following page.

---

* Original Words to the same Air.—CRADLE SONG.

Sweet child, while mother watches nigh, Baloo!
While guardian angels hover nigh; Baloo!
And while they weave light dreams, that flit
Confused before thy oping wit,
Baloo! baloo! baloo!
Sleep in thy cradle bed.

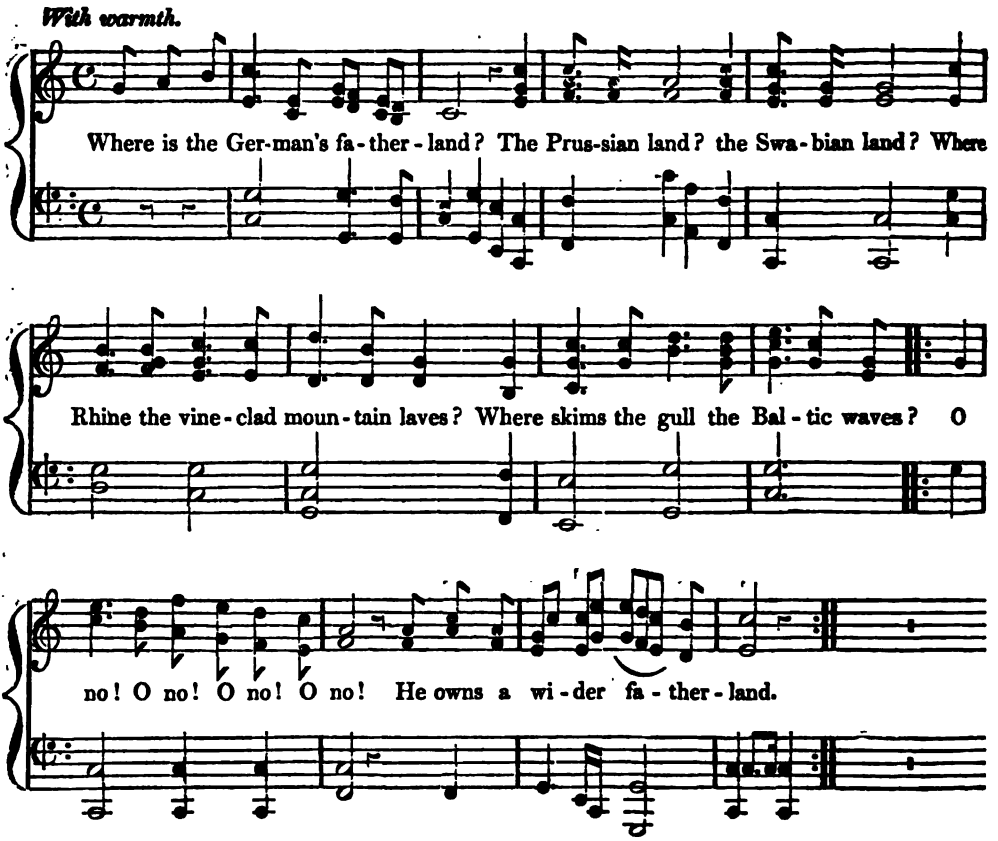
Sweet child, while danger yet is far, Baloo!
And shines on thee a peaceful star, Baloo!
While God, who came from sin to free,
Looks down with love on souls like thee,
Baloo, &c.

Sweet child, while not a breath around, Baloo!
Disturbs thy slumber, soft and sound, Baloo!
Save when the thrush, that hovers nigh,
Sends from the hedge sweet lullaby,
Baloo, &c.

Sweet child, while mother watches nigh, Baloo!
While angels smile on thee from high, Baloo!
And while the Eye that never sleeps
Thy life in surest safety keeps,
Baloo, &c.

Thanks to our anonymous for this; thanks also to Ebenezer Elliott for his ready sympathy with our *Alles Schweige*. (See our last Number, page 390.) The Burschen shall know this and rejoice in it. We may also mention here, that, with the omission of the triple *Juchhe*, before the last line, Goethe's well-known song, "*Vanitas, vanitatum*," sings well to this air, though it is generally set to another by Spohr. The present air is a genuine *Volksweise*, and can boast no name. So much the better.

WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND?—*Melody VIII.*



Where is the German's fatherland?
The Prussian land? the Swabian land?
Where Rhine the vine-clad mountain laves?
Where skims the gull the Baltic waves?
O no! O no! O no! O no!
He owns a wider fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavarian land? or Styrian land?
Where sturdy peasants plough the plain?
Where mountain-sons bright metal gain?
O no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland?
The Saxon hills? the Zuyder strand?
Where sweep wild winds the sandy shores?
Where loud the rolling Danube roars?
O no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The Austrian land in fight renowned?
The Kaiser's land with honours crowned?
O no! O no! O no! O no!
'Tis not the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The land of Hofer?—land of Tell?
This land I know, and love it well;
But no! &c.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is his the pieced and parcelled land
Where pirate-princes rule? A gem
Torn from the empire's diadem?
O no! O no! O no! O no!
Such is no German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, oh, name the mighty land!
Where'er is heard the German tongue,
And German hymns to God are sung!
This is the land, thy Hermann's land;
This, German, is thy fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,
Where faith is in the plighted hand,
Where truth lives in each eye of blue,
And every heart is staunch and true:
This is the land, the honest land,
The honest German's fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,
That scorns the stranger's proud command;
Whose friend is every good and brave,
Whose foe is every traitor knave:
This is the land, the one true land,
The German's one true fatherland.

This is the land, the one true land,
O God, to aid be thou at hand!
And fire each heart, and nerve each arm,
To shield our German homes from harm,
To shield the land, the one true land,
One Deutschland and one fatherland!

We now plunge in *mediae res* of the campaign with Marshal Blücher's March, a war-song full of fire, vigour, and truth, in which the "hero of the Germans, the old man with a young heart,"* is enshrined in hallowing poetry, to live, we hope, as long as those of whom it was and is sung—

Ἐς μακρὸν κλαῖε τὸ ἔαρ φερπον.

Blücher, indeed, as we said before, is the real Achilles of this war; and, while our musical readers are educating their ear to the spirited air, No. IX., which they will find a few pages on, we must endeavour to make a somewhat more intimate acquaintance with the hero of it, and pass shortly in review those glorious victories with which his name is so honourably connected.

Blücher was born in the year 1742 at Rostock, in Swedish Pomerania. In the year 1757, he entered the Swedish Hussars; and, in the year 1760, the Prussian service of Black Hussars; so that we find him, with the first down on his cheeks, in the same character in which he appears in Arndt's celebrated song—

Was blasen die Trompeten? HUSAREN *heraus!*

By this reckoning, we shall find that he was seventy-one years of age when he performed his valorous feats in the campaign of 1813; and some wise heads among those who arranged the plan of operations were certainly not *presumptively* to blame when they objected to Blücher that he was too OLD to do any good. But these did not *know* the man. There was more fire and genuine soldatesque Burschikosity about this old cavalry officer than in any mad French conscript that ever charged under the magic of Napoleon's personal command. Some objected, however, also to this. Blücher was too fiery, too impetuous, too headlong;—as if the French had not won all their victories by impetuosity, by their legs as much as their arms, by their arms as much as by their heads. Blücher was, in fact, the very proper man to set against the French, accustomed to drive everything before them, and mistaking their mere celerity for superior ability. These conquerors of Europe, as they would then call themselves, looked upon the Germans, *en masse*, as stupid, because they were slow. Once disabused of this conceit, their plumes quickly fell. Now, neither the Russians nor the Austrians could have struck, because they were not inclined to strike, such bold decisive blows as the fiery old Hussar. The war was properly, indeed, a Prussian war; and if Kutusoff, and a strong party with him, thought they had done enough by pursuing Napoleon into Lusatia, it is easier to say that their soldiership was slack than that their wisdom was scant. But the watchword of Blücher and of the Prussians was "FORWARDS!"—a word the soul of which must live in all great designs, but especially in all soldiership that shall merit the name. Blücher does not appear to have been a very learned tactician; in matters of science, he trusted to Scharnhorst, and (when that great man fell at Lützen) to Gneisenau and Muffling; but he had the instinct of conquering, the ardent desire to beat, and the dogged determination not to be beaten. When he headed the furious charge at the Katzbach, with his old grey hair streaming in the wind, and his drawn sword gleaming to the lightning of the furious tempest, (for it was fearful weather,) and the warm hearty cry from his German throat—"*Nun vorwärts Kinder!*" in the living drama of this act lay a victory such as no learning of Barclay de Tolly, or prudence of Langeron, could have gained; and the fact was, that the very parties who distrusted him at first, now saw that they could have done nothing without him. The Russians hailed him, with three cheers, as the "Archangel Michael," or, what to them seemed a synonym for that, "the little Suwarrow." It was in vain now that each wise Ulysses of the allied army (and there were many—*too* many) might look down with learned complacency on the unscientific Blücher as the mere "blockish Ajax" of battle. To his soldiers, he was Achilles; and, if no Achilles, then the Liberation War had only an Ajax for its best soldier; and Ajax, we shall be content to call him, less poetically perhaps, but more truly than the higher similitude; for it is not to be denied that there was something rude, rough, bearish, if you will, about this old hussar. He was a BURSCH, with all the vices and all the virtues of a Bursch—a Bursch with grey hairs too, given to dicing, and other military recreations; a gross offence in the eyes of many decent, smooth-faced, respectable people; but Nature, who does not always make saints valiant, sometimes makes valiant men little saintly. The French thought him very rude in Paris. He used to go and dine at the *restaurateurs, en particulier;* and, *sans ceremonie*, when the heat annoyed him, take off his coat, and fling it over the chair, "to the great surprise of the garçons, *et aux applaudissements des Anglais, qui voyoient dans cette absence de toute gene une certain conformite avec leur humeur.*"* When young, he had been a famous duellist. He quarrelled with his superior officer about some practical joke he had played off upon a Polish priest; and Frederick the Great having been duly informed of the freak, refused him an expected promotion. Blücher, in dudgeon, left the army, carrying with him the old infidel's polite dismissal—"*Est congedie, et peut aller au diable,*" (*kann sich zum Teufel scheeren!*) In all this, we see signs of a temper tough even to obstinacy, independent even to rudeness; and we may well suppose that (before the Battle of the Katzbach) Blücher was, as we are told, "no great favourite at Court." But the grand thing about him was his thorough Germanism; he was a "*Franzozenfresser,*" French-eater, of the genuine kind; and, though he had served at Kunersdorff under French Fritz, he had picked up so little of the language of *Sanssouci* that, in the

* Der Held der Deutschen, der Greis mit dem Junglingssinn.—HERDER.

* Biographie Universelle. Blücher *par Parisot.* Does this man imagine that we are all pugilists and jockeys?

year 1813, after crossing the Elbe, and joining with Bernadotte, he could hold no communication with the dilly-dallying crown-prince, (whose heart, naturally enough, was not in Berlin, but in Stockholm,) except by the aid of an interpreter. When the campaign of 1814 was successfully ended, he shewed his true German spirit, in a somewhat wild way, by insisting that the bridge of Jena should be blown up, to annihilate for ever this witness of Prussian shame. He was actually at the work, when the most high and mighty potentates of the North decently interfered and put a stop to this escapade of military Burschikosity. Thus, we perceive, as Shakspeare says of that same Ajax, that his valour was sometimes "crushed into folly;" we hope we may say, also, that his folly was "sauced with discretion." He liked to act independently, indeed, as much as possible; he could only perform his "*Husarenstreiche*" (like that of *Hainau*,) himself; but he was willing to take good advice when he could get it, and where he could plainly see that it was consistent with valour, as much as with prudence. "You will make me a *Doctor*," said he, to the Oxford square-caps. "You must then make my friend Gneisenau an *Apothecary*; for I never do anything without him!" the speech of a good fellow such as Blücher was; a man, take him all in all, worthy to stand on a pedestal beside the royal palace at Berlin, and to live for ever in the hearts of jovial Burschen, singing a song that shall be as immortal as Napoleon.

The course of the campaign of 1813, from the Battle of Lützen to that of Leipzic, is pretty well indicated in the words of our song, No. IX. A few words of commentary, however, will be necessary. The campaign divides naturally into three parts; the onward movement of Napoleon from Leipzic to Breslau; the armistice; the renewal of hostilities, and the onward movement of the allies from Silesia, Bohemia, and Brandenburg to Leipzic, from Leipzic to the Rhine, and from the Rhine, by the campaign of 1814, finally to Paris. At the commencement of the war, the movements of both parties necessarily were *offensive*; on the part of Napoleon, that he, by striking a bold blow, with the least delay possible, might reinstate himself in his former position, and prove to sceptical Europe that the *snow* ONLY had driven him back from Moscow; on the part of the Russo-Prussian allies that they might, by an energetic advance, rouse the heart of Germany, and break the bands of the Confederation of the Rhine. Hence the necessity of crossing the Elbe and entering Dresden, where the hearty shouts of "*Fort mit den Franzosen!*" that received them, proved that if the People had been king, Saxony would have been German, (and, with it perhaps, Bavaria and Würtemberg,) without the necessity of Leipzic. Both armies being thus determined on attack, the occasion could not be long wanting. Blücher, in the van, (as usual with him,) attacked the French army when on the road from Weissenfels to Leipzic, near Lützen—the celebrated battle-field that saw Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Protestantism, conquer and die. Napoleon was surprised; the French were, during the early part of the fight, driven back by the irresistible onset of Blücher with his Prussians, (the old veteran himself was wounded, but never left the field:) but Napoleon rallied; in the evening, his two wings, under Bertrand and Eugene, came up with fresh troops, and the lost ground was recovered. Night closed on the battle, and the Germans did *not* leave the field till next morning, when they commenced a retreat towards Silesia in the best possible order, and receiving not the least damage from Napoleon. Napoleon lost 10,000 men, and the Germans as many. For these reasons they are naturally unwilling to say that Napoleon gained the battle; and in our song it is legitimately celebrated as one of Blücher's noblest exploits. But a retreat always looks like a defeat, whether made on the day of the battle, or on the morning immediately following; and, as it never can be made without leaving the pursuer the advantage of a certain quantity of ground, and all the advantages that flow from the possession of that ground, Napoleon, we must say, gained the Battle of Lützen, (2d May.) He advanced to Leipzic, to Dresden; and, to all public appearance, Richard was himself again. This was the main point gained. The allies, on the other hand, were forced to retreat into Silesia, leaving Hamburg and Halle (taken by Bülow) in the lurch; and the next blow that followed at Bautzen in Lusatia, (21st May,) in all material circumstances a mere repetition of the first, completed the ostensible superiority of Napoleon. There he was again, as if by magic, after total overthrow and utter prostration, in the course of a few months, at Leipzic, at Dresden, at Breslau, with his left hand greedy to grasp Berlin, in the fair way to deal with the Prussians, as he had dealt with the Austrians in 1809, at Znaym. And, strange enough, here, too, an armistice followed, after two bloody battles, as in the other case; but what followed the armistice was altogether of a different complexion.

The armistice was concluded on the 4th June, and lasted till the 17th August. That it was concluded at all, proves how Napoleon had exhausted himself in the two great battles which had brought him from Leipzic to Breslau; he had now tested the temper of his foes; and if this spirit should continue, and prove infectious, (as patriotism is apt,) there was every danger to be apprehended. But the armistice came, and the danger with it; Napoleon trusting, as he had so often done, to the *stupidity* of his adversaries, and to his star. But the event deceived him. Wellington was thundering at the foot of the Pyrenees; and Metternich came to Dresden personally, and with the utmost coolness talked of dissolving the Confederation of the Rhine, and confining France within France. Napoleon was blank with astonishment; he fumed; he stamped; his hat fell on the ground; and Napoleon lifted it up himself. The issue of this is plain. The Aus-

trians who, during the armistice, put themselves forward as mediators, ended with declaring themselves enemies. The war was renewed, on both sides, with united energy, and more desperate determination.

We do ourselves the pleasure here, before going further, to insert two poems, written during the armistice; one very flattering to us, hailing Wellington in his progress over the Pyrenees; the other shewing with what warm appeals the Prussian patriots invoked the powerful aid of Austria. The Prussians, in the excess of a just national pride, sometimes boast that *they* saved Europe in 1813. Had Austria then behaved as Prussia did in 1809, where had Prussia been now?

THE GERMANS TO WELLINGTON IN SPAIN.

Wellington defeated Soult, near Roncesvalles, on the 28th July, 1813.

Sing ye Old Roland's lay!
Sing routed France to-day!
Sing Roncesvalles!
See! from far seas appear,
Eager for blood, the spear,
And its red gleam, in fear,
Scatters the Gaul!

Hail to thee, Wellington!
Glory's wreath thou hast won,
Bloody and red.
Where Roland fought of yore,
Rolled British cannon's roar,
And the proud Gaul in gore
Reeking is laid!

Hail to thee, gallant Lord,
Freedom 's own shield and sword,
Helmet and spear!
Blood of the Percies now
Mantles the Briton's brow;
Horn of brave Roland, blow
Blasts of pale fear!

Where the bright orange blows,
Where the grape ruddy glows,
Rest in thy bays;
Thee the Moor's gates invite,
Welcome thee Lord and Knight,
Thee Spanish maidens bright
Gleefully praise!

Hail! to thee, happy isle,
Where freedom's blossoms smile
Bright in the main!
Fiery steeds, prancing high,
Billows that flout the sky,
Arrows that cheat the eye,
Storm it in vain!

Lofty Britannia!
Hold thou the seas in awe,
Steady and sure!
Be thou strong Freedom's wall,
Let the wide welkin's hall
Echo back Roncesvalles
And Agincourt!

THE GERMANS TO THEIR EMPEROR.

July, 1813.

German Kaiser! German Kaiser!
Come, our saviour, our avenger!
Save thy Deutschland from the stranger,
Take the wreath we wove for thee.

See the league is true and German!
Only German hopes have swayed us,
Only thou and God shall aid us,
Not the Dane, and not the Swede.

Come, in ancient holy harness!
See thy sires entreat, adjure thee!
Of Germania's weal secure thee,
Make the empire's freedom sure.

Like a shepherd, strong yet gentle,
Rudolph from his Alps descended,
Jarring strifes in peace were blended,
Under Habsburg's kindly sway.

Praise to thee, fleet Chamois hunter!
War his tent, and her pavilion,
Peace, for thee, brave Maximilian
Spread—our Kaiser-Cavalier!

When dissension tore the empire,
Shaking ancient Faith's foundations,
Deutschland pined among the nations
Thirty dark and dreary years.

With no tears to spare for pity,
Half apostle, and half warrior,
'Gainst the storm a strong rock-barrier
Stood the pious Ferdinand.

German Kaiser! German Kaiser!
Lag'st thou?—sleep'st thou?—up, awaken!
Let the lion's mane be shaken!
Be a Rudolph! be a Charles!

Let the EMPIRE be the watchword!
Where the ancient banner leads us,
Where the eagle's pride precedes us,
We will march to victory.

Cast not off what God hath given!
On thy German throne reseated,
Kaiser crowned, and Kaiser greeted,
Be the star of Christendom!*

The armistice left Napoleon in possession of the whole line of the Elbe, with his headquarters at Dresden. The plan of the allies was well conceived. They were composed of three great divisions—the Bohemian army under Schwarzenberg, the Silesian army, under Blücher, the army of the north, under Bernadotte and Bülow; and Bülow, we are obliged to say, because, though the crown-prince, the only nominal commander, put on his military cloak, he behaved as if he had forgot to put a sword under it. With these three armies, and with the Polish re-

* These poems are by *Schenkendorf*, (Werke, Berlin, 1837,) one of those amiable enthusiasts, whom we have already characterised as political Puseyites, fondly hoping that it might be as easy to bring in a German Emperor, in the nineteenth century, as to drive out a French one. The most of them, naturally enough, were also Papists.

serve under Benningsen, the allies far outnumbered Napoleon; and their policy evidently was to give Napoleon smart blow after smart blow, whenever he should attempt, from his central situation, to branch out rash feelers in this direction or in that; and after wounding him sorely, and making him draw back from all attempts at the offensive, hem him into some corner, and cannon him into the other world, or, at all events, out of Germany. And so they managed; admirably well in all things, except in the attack they made on Dresden, without (as the partial German historian himself confesses) exactly knowing what they were about; and while they made a big blunder, thus giving Napoleon occasion to boast (as he always did) that he had gained a brilliant victory.* Despite of this, however, the plan succeeded. At Grossbeeren, on the 23d August, Napoleon's first feeler towards Berlin, Oudinot, was cut keenly by Bülow; on the 26th, his second towards Silesia, Marshal Macdonald, was crushed and utterly prostrated by Blücher in the brilliant victory of the Katzbach, which has been well termed the vanguard of Leipzic. This blow was closely followed by the annihilation of Vandamme in the defiles of the Bohemian mountains, 30th August; and, on the 6th September, Bülow, (at Dennewitz,) with that same Prussian pith which had conquered at the Katzbach, kept his ground for a whole day against Marshal Ney with overpowering numbers, till, in the evening, the Swedes and Russians came up to secure to him his well-won laurels. Then, with an alacrity which Napoleon (who thought no one had legs but himself) could not understand, the gallant old hero of the Katzbach—now reigning, by the magic of victory, over the hearts of a once divided army†—stole a march out of Silesia; and, in the face of very strong French fortifications, and on very disadvantageous ground, crossed the Elbe at Wartenburg, (2d and 3d October,) and united with the crown-prince, who was advancing with the northern army over the same river by Dessau. Napoleon was now being hemmed in, not only by superior numbers, but by soldiers whose inspired soldiership had driven the vain and mercenary French out of every post which they had attempted to hold. It was easy, indeed, to call the brilliant victories of Katzbach and Dennewitz the "disasters of Marshals Ney, Oudinot, and Macdonald." No man understood the art of newspaper-psinting better than Napoleon; but the fact remained, that the French had been shamefully beaten once and again, *not* by superior numbers, but by superior soldiership; and here, as in all wars—

> "Each success,
> Although particular, did gain a scantling
> Of good and bad unto the general;
> And, in such indexes—although small pricks
> To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
> The baby figure of the giant mass,
> Of things to come at large."

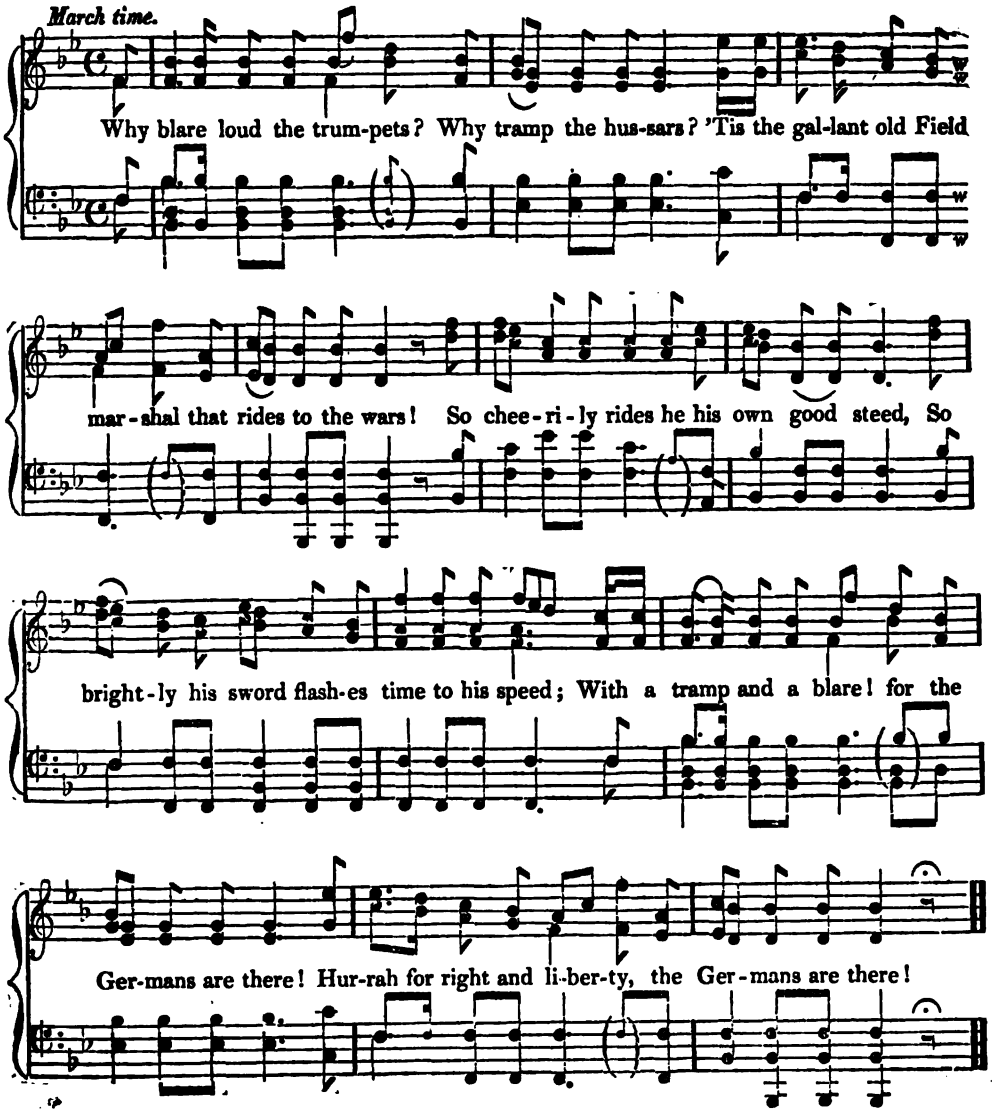
And so it proved. Napoleon retreated from Dresden, (7th October,) doggedly retracing the footsteps which he had tracked in so much blood. He posted himself with his back to Leipzic, his front facing the wider line of the allies in a convex semicircle towards the north, east, and south of the town; and there, after a stand of three days, and under a cannonade which made the earth literally tremble, he was obliged at last to yield to the overpowering united energy of determined enemies, whom he had made several desperate attempts to strike singly, but failed in all. Blücher was at Leipzic also; and by the eagerness (so unlike the slowness of the Austrian Archdukes in 1809) with which he struck home against Marmont on the first day, the 16th, contributed not a little to the utter rout and prostration which followed on the 18th and 19th, when the great Continental Colossus fell, limbless, never again to rise, except in fits and convulsions, (as at Waterloo,) like the memory of a hideous dream, making a man's blood freeze in broad daylight.

The course of Blücher's victories, as we have thus hastily run them over, is given in the words of the song which follows. But the Katzbach, with its 20.000 prisoners, 103 cannon, and 250 tumbrils, claimed a separate poetical apotheosis. This it received from Follen, in a fierce-rushing style, suiting well both with the fierceness of the Prussian onset under Blücher, and the dark, tempestuous weather, and opening of the floodgates of heaven, with which it was accompanied. The words of this we subjoin to the song of Blücher; and, with this, conclude for the present. The billowy Trochaic rhythm of the original is strictly preserved; and those who can command two strong bass voices, will find the music in "*Follen's Harfen-grüsse aus Deutschland und der Schweitz Zurich. 1823.*"

* All parties agree that the attack on Dresden was a blunder, which might have proved fatal. Schwarzenberg explained it in an admirable way. "*There is no commanding,*" says he, "*with emperors and kings on the spot.*"—*Marquis of Londonderry, p. 122.*

† The Russians were somewhat offended, at first, at being put under a German. In the Bohemian army, Alexander also was piqued that he had not been made Generalissimo. The brave Cossacks certainly deserved more respect.

WAS BLASEN DIE TROMPETEN?—*Melody IX.*



Why blare loud the trumpets?—to horse, ye hussars!
'Tis the gallant old field-marshal that rides to the wars!
So cheerily rides he his own good steed,
So brightly his sword flashes time to his speed;
With a tramp and a blare,
For the Germans are there:
Hurrah for right and liberty, the Germans are there!

O see how his blue eye, so clear and so kind,
Is beaming, and wave his white locks to the wind!
Like a stout old wine, so mellow and fine,
O he's the man to marshal the sons of the Rhine!
With a tramp, &c.

O he is the man, when all was dark and dim,
Who waved his sword in Heaven's eye—'twas all bright to him!

He swore by his true steel to teach them yet aright;
He swore an angry oath—how the Germans can fight.
With a tramp, &c.

His good oath he kept: when the war-cry rang,
On his horse, with a bound, bold Bluecher sprang;
And his clear blue eye shot fire to wash the shame
Of Auerstädt and Jena from the German name.
With a tramp, &c.

At Luetzen, impatient, he headed the van,
Like a strong young lion, the old veteran:
There the Teut first taught the hot Frenchman to bleed,
By the altar of freedom, the stone of the Swede.*
With a tramp, &c.

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* "Close by the road, at Lützen, is the spot where Gustavus fell under repeated wounds, buried beneath a heap of dead piled above his corpse, in the dreadful conflict which took place for his dead body. A number of unhewn stones, set horizontally in the earth, in the form of a cross, mark the spot. On one of them is rudely carved, in German—'GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN, FELL HERE FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.' A shapeless mass that rises from the centre of the cross, and since that day has been called 'The Stone of the Swede,' bears merely the initials of the monarch's name. Though in a field, and close on the road, neither plough nor wheel

The Katzbach was red with the fierce drifting rain,
But eve saw it redder with the blood of the slain!
"Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well! and fairly may'st thou sail,
And find a grave, false Frantzmann, with the Baltic whale."
With a tramp, &c.

Then forward, my brave boys! begun 's half done:
We'll teach the nimble Corsican to run, boys, run!
O'er the Elbe, o'er the Elbe, now Prussia and Swede advance,
And the fleet Don Cossack with his long, long lance!
With a tramp, &c.

On the red field of Leipzic he laid the French pride low—
He blew the blast of freedom loud at Leipzic, Oho!
They fell, there they fell, ne'er to rise from their fall;
And we cheered Old Blucher there—Long live our Field-marshal!
With a tramp, &c.

Then blow loud ye trumpets, and tramp ye hussars!
'Tis our old Field-marshal that rides to the wars:
To the Rhine, to the Rhine, and beyond the Rhine 's the way,
Thou doughty old Field-marshal, and God be with thee aye!
With a tramp, &c.

THE WAR-DANCE OF THE KATZBACH.

On the Katzbach, on the Katzbach,
There the strife was red and ruddy!
There we danced the fearful war-dance
With the Frantzmenn base and bloody!

There an ancient German gleeman
Struck the strong bass deep and hollow;
Marshal Forwards,* Prince of Walstatt,
Leads, and where he leads we follow.

Fearful was the hall dark-vaulted
With the flashing flame of war lit;
Broad were spread the bright green carpets;
Blücher soon will dye them scarlet.

He hath played a boding prelude,
First at Goldberg, and at Jauer;
Now he comes, like gathered Boreas,
Organing with giant power.

Ay! it was no gentle tripping;
'Twas a fierce and fitful battling,
Like the night-blast strong and startling,
In the wind-mill-wheels loud rattling.

Who is this beside the gleeman,
On the big drum beating loudly,
Like the god that bears the hammer,
Through the battle walking proudly?

Gneisenau, the staunch true Ritter!
Hero-pair, that pledged our speeding;
Deutschland's living double eagle,
Where they pounced, the prey lies bleeding!

And it swells more loud, more rapid!
Where the dance is wildest spinning,
Every Frantzmann seeks his fair one,
And he finds—a death-skull grinning.

Where the whirling waltz was hottest,
In the thickest sultry slaughter,
When both blood and brain were boiling,
He cooled you in the Katzbach's water.

Hear the river roaring vengeance—
"Sleep no more on stranger-pillows!
Ye have sucked the blood of Deutschland;
I will suck you in my billows!"

Thus, with sabre sharp, bold Blücher,
In Death's dark books thou did'st write them;
Through the surly smoke of battle,
Like a war-god, thou did'st smite them!

Thus 'twas fought by German people,
Not by bondmen, not by princes;
God, to right the wrongs of ages,
Measures not revenge by inches.

"Blücher, Katzbach!" cry, O Prussia!
Thou who lay in sorest trouble:
Gird thy loins with manhood doubly,
And thy glory shall be double.

"Blücher, Katzbach!" shout, ye Germans,
Where the goblet gaily glances,
Till our sires, with Hermann's chorus,
Answer from the hall of lances.

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has been allowed to profane the spot. Some pious hand has planted round it a few poplars, and disposed within the circle some rude benches of turf, where the wanderer may linger, musing on the deeds and the fate of a heroic and chivalrous monarch."—RUSSELL'S *Tour in Germany*, i., 23. "Some years ago a monumental arch was erected over this stone, and the spot laid out and adorned in a manner more worthy of the hero who fell there."—Dr KOHRST.

* MARSHAL FORWARDS.—So Blücher was familiarly called by the soldiers, for reasons sufficiently obvious.

RANDOM THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES.

BY THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

READER,—To have lived in an age of mighty events, big with mightiest consequences; to look back on those events, and forward to those consequences; and, without having partaken much in them as an actor, to find one's self a portion of them and of their great history, and one's life a running commentary on the progress of some of the greatest questions that ever agitated the public mind; is not the privilege of every man of three-score, and, perhaps, not mine.

It is now about forty-six years since I quarrelled with my father, because he denied that one Englishman could thrash five Frenchmen. His little preaching parlour (he preached for love, not money, and believed that ninety-nine in the hundred of his fellow men would be damned) was adorned with aquatint prints of Oliver Cromwell, Israel Putnam, John Hampden, and George Washington, and the glorious victories of Lexington and Bunker's Hill. The good man (he was an old Cameronian, and born rebel) did not fail to tell me what sort of victories those were. Still, I was slow to believe

that we did not win. Oh, the roast beef of Old England! and Wellington's victory of Watergroo! How much wiser we are than our fathers!

I am fifty-eight years old, and have been forty-three years a scribbler. Of more than two-thirds of a long life, scarcely a month has passed in which I did not write on some subject or other. Yet how paltry, in bulk and value, is the amount of my scribble; a small volume, destined probably to be soon forgotten, or not opened once in half a century. Men now call me "Venerable Bard," confound them! But I have won the old man's privilege, and at last become a prattler. Why did I write so much? For love—love of the lovely; hatred of oppression being only another name for that passion. I do not remember the time when I was not dissatisfied with the condition of society. Without ever envying any man for his wealth or power, I have always wondered why the strong oppress the weak; and I have never wanted cause to blush for my species. At the close of nearly threescore years, I find that the many, who ought to be a fate unto themselves, are miserable because the few make them so. Precious word, Representation! when wilt thou be a thing?

I remember the days of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, and I live in those of Peel—a statesman who seems to have been born to tumble down stairs, without breaking his neck. His father got rich by working the steam-engine; the son is to win immortality by taking up spinster's stitches with the good old knitting-pins of our grandmothers. The policy which he advocates will beggar his heirs. To us, he died before he was born. His mind is dwindled by the intellectual growth around him; the cruel sunshine in which he lives, covers him all over as with a night-mare. Yet, what a fuss he makes! and what a fuss is made about him, by other spinsters! The thought of him always brings to my remembrance a great man, who, about forty years ago, regularly made his appearance on market-days in my native town. He had no crest, or coat of arms, like the baronet, but he wore a tin plate in front of his hat, after the manner of sow-gelders, as he strutted among the farmers, with a constant jerk right and left, and an elegant hutch-up of his breeches, proclaiming to the crowd of marketers, "The most noble and famous Rat-catcher, from Poland!" Yet, this personage was not a mere pretender to rat-catching, as the baronet is to statesmanship; he could, and did kill vermin.

The darkest year of my life was the year 1803; for, in that year, a landed annuitant, named Western, (Oh, what frail things are gibbets and pillories!) laid the foundation of the present food-monopoly, in a duty of 24s. 3d. per quarter on imported wheat. Twelve years afterwards, he and his brethren contrived absolutely to exclude foreign live cattle and fresh meat from the British market. This man is now a lord. He is called a man of property. He lives in a palace, not in a workhouse. No tribunal sends him to the treadmill; and his descendants probably will sit on Grand Juries, to find *true bills* against his victims!

I have lived to unlearn a great and prevailing fallacy, that in this country the interests of masters and workmen are identical. Nothing can be more false. The direct contrary must be true. Why? Because in countries where laws restrict food, without restricting population, profits can only be sustained by reducing wages. So long then, as our Corn-Laws continue, strikes and unions, with a very efficient demand for labour, can alone enable workmen here to obtain as high wages as are obtained in Switzerland, and other countries where Corn-Laws and strikes are alike unknown. When this is understood, (and it is of infinite importance that it should be,) masters and workmen will combine against the common enemy. Then, *and not before*, the unnatural laws, which place their interests in opposition, will be repealed; for the authors of those laws, like all men who have obtained an unjust privilege, *stubbornly refuse to understand their own case!* To a man, they believe in the Right Divine of land. They really have faith in Richard Oastler and Feargus O'Connor. It is not their selfishness, *but their ignorance*, that wants removing; and nothing short of our unanimous resistance to their misrule, can startle them into a knowledge of the truth.

About two years since, I was summoned to York, on a jury, the case to be tried being, "Widow Somebody, tenant, *v.* Rafe Cheeke, landowner." The widow's husband, on his deathbed, (not dreaming that she would lose the farm,) fallowed about eighty acres of land; but immediately after his death, she got notice to quit, Cheeke refusing to pay for the fallow; so she sued him for the cost of it—about £740. A special jury of landowners was summoned to try the cause; but for some reason or other, the name of a single tradesman appeared on the list.

When eleven landowners had answered, and many other landowners had been called, without answering, the man who called the names boggled at mine, but, at last, with sweet reluctant delay, syllabled out—"E-benezer El-lot, Sheffield!" Four respectable witnesses proved the plaintiff's case; and, as eleven of the jurors were landowners, the defendant, I thought, if his defence was worth a straw, might have trusted it with the jury; but the judge, without hearing one of the defendant's witnesses, nonsuited the wretched plaintiff. On a previous occasion, I had found some difficulty in obtaining the money, (£1,) which is allowed towards the expenses of special jurors, the fellow who held it insisting on paying only one half of it; but, on the occasion to which I now allude, the jurors (being landowners) had taken care to be paid beforehand; that is to say, the money had been given for distribution to one of their number; as tough-looking a slave-driver as can well be imagined. A steak cut out of the tenderest part of him, I suspect, would draw the teeth of the stoutest hand-loom weaver now in a state of vegetation. His eyes (they had the genuine landowner's gunpowder expression) seemed constantly liable to go off at half cock; and if thou wilt suppose that his brain was made of iron wire, which had grown through the skull of him, and appeared outside in the shape of black pig's bristles, thou wilt have some idea of the thatch under which this savage dwelt; but it would require a Fielding to describe the frown which he gave me, when I held out my hand for the money. "What," he seemed to say to himself, "shall a *landowner* do an act of mere justice to one of his feeders without insulting him?" The cash seemed to be fastened through his palm to the black wire in his heart and brain; but, at last, with a sob, or grunt, or growl, he paid it; and then, he, and his beggarly brethren, set up a huge horse laugh. I whispered to my heart, as I sneaked out of Court, with my friend "Gospel Luke," a respectable attorney, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." "Who would be a landowner's tenant at will; or that tenant's sub-slave; or that sub-slave's son, *tried* in the landowner's parlour for killing God's hares; or the landowner's younger son, if unable to quarter himself on the public purse; or the landowner himself, beggared if the public refuse to pay the interest of his mortgage?" Now there is no refusal like—"We cannot pay." Oh, ye widows and orphans!

Throughout my long life, I have only met with one landowner, and never with a landowner's underling—no, not even a land-valuer—who did not talk as if he thought he had a right to trample on all who are not landowners. Forty years ago, *gentlemen farmers*, when flushed with the, not then unusual, grape, delighted to ride over towns-folk on the King's highway. Now, the sons of those *gentlemen farmers* are literally slaves, viler than the Virginian negro; and their masters ride roughshod over them and us. O triumphs that won a food-tax, which is to end in revolution! national debts, then, are *not* public wealth! taxation without representation is *not* liberty! and inconvertible one pound notes, depreciated thirty per cent., (as Tony Lumpkin found, when he went to Paris after the war,) were never worth twenty silver shillings each! My poor father (the rebel) was right, after all! and so they hunted him out of society for his honesty and wisdom.

Some months ago—soon after the cotton princes (poor

devils!) had condescended to see, for the first time, the precipice on which the landowners' monopoly has placed their fortunes—"sae far I sprauchled up the brae, I dinnered with a" merchant. My fellow-guest was a greenish-coloured young barrister, a sprig of the aristocracy, with a poetical sloped forehead, like a lean-to roof; and he talked (Lord help us!) of becoming a member of the British senate! "If" said he—the Corn-Laws having become a subject of conversation—"if the Corn-Laws are to be repealed, an act must be passed to compel mortgagees to take two-and-a-half instead of five per cent. interest, or *gentlemen* will be ruined."

"Agreed," said I, "provided that mortgagees, when they become law-makers, shall charge *gentlemen* ten per cent. interest instead of five."

"That," said he, "would be spoliation."

"Ah," I replied, "*Tat* is an honest fellow, but *Tit* is a rogue; and yet *Tit* for *Tat* is fair."

Landed Idlers! if your monopoly has already cost the industrious more than all the land is worth, and if they who have been forced to pay for it take possession of it, what sort of a case for restitution will you bring into the Court of Chancery?

The sayings and doings in Parliament, during the late debates on the Corn-Laws, have not raised the landowners in my estimation. As Sir Walter Scott once asked, with charming simplicity, "What must be the condition of that country where the *land* is stolen?" so, one of the honourable gentlemen asked, "What was to become of Property, if landowners were to be prevented by the Ballot and Free Trade from paying the interest of their mortgages?" By property, then, these landed worthies mean the right to bribe, rob, and starve others.

The most applauded of their speeches was made by Winchelsea's son, Maidstone, who declared—"That, in seeking Free Trade, the manufacturers wanted a slice from the landowners' capital." The poor youth is not aware, that if the landowners cannot live without Corn-Laws, they *have* no capital.

But the wisest of their sayings was uttered by a Duke Richmond,* who said, "That if he thought the Corn-Laws would be repealed, he would sell his land, and emigrate." Beautiful! If their intention were to sell their land and emigrate, we could understand them; but it will be with their heirs, "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awakeneth, and his soul is empty."

Can the present state of things last? Can the catastrophe to which it points be prevented? "Yes," say the Chartists, (and let our oppressors remember that Chartism is the child of their misrule,) "Yes, Universal Suffrage would prevent it." But can the Chartists obtain universal suffrage? If they cannot, it will not be the fault of our tyrants. The lords and squires have become Jacobins. About six years ago, they established, in our large towns, newspapers, called Radical, the editors of which—men with loud voices, brazen faces, and big bread-baskets—were commanded to prevent the People from seeing the Corn-Laws; so they placed before the eyes of the half-informed multitude the Elective Franchise, and, not in their newspapers only, but at public meetings, bade them demand Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Paid Members, and the Ballot. Well, and do not the People *see* the Corn-Laws? They *feel* them. Have the Aristocracy, then, gained their end? Yes, as Sampson gained his, when he brought the temple down. Ignorant that true opinions never recede, they have taught millions to demand the franchise, whose children might never have thought of it. This is an untoward event, both for the aristocracy and their victims, unless the former mean to commit suicide. Two years ago, I did not venture to hope that, in my time, the People generally would even think of obtaining the franchise. Now, thank God and the Tories! they resolutely demand it; but, alas! while they are demanding it, our trade is departing to other shores. Are you aware, Parson Justice! that your food-monopoly threatens to stop the steam-engine itself? You may put down by force the mob that *will* riot; but what is to suppress the mob that *must*? When, in France, the spade was broken; when the hammer was silenced, and the saw palsied; when French mothers, everywhere, were in the streets, crying "Bread! bread!" and there was no bread; when woman had changed her nature, and said to her husband "Come and fight," instead of saying "Stay at home!" did Universal Suffrage prevent the horrors of famine? No! "the Constitution would not march!"* but Anarchy and Murder marched through every hamlet and every city, and every lane and street of every hamlet and city in the empire. What, then, is to be done? The middle classes could, if they were wise, prescribe a palliative for the national disorder; but a guard of armed householders supposes certain preliminaries. Perhaps the affrighted authors of a great political blunder will try to retard its consequences by coercing the People. Let them beware lest their force be wanted everywhere, and found nowhere; above all, let them beware how they compel the unanimous masses to use tactics which could not fail to give victory to the greatest number. At present, they are safe; for the mere working men of England and Scotland are not the greatest number. But "the affair cries haste!" and, I think, it would cost less time to repeal the food-monopoly than to educate and enfranchize the millions, and less still to obtain a separate legislature for manufactures and trade. It is quite possible, and would not be found difficult, for the districts of London, Bristol, Birmingham, Leicester, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, to form a second Hanseatic League; and, in spite of the palaced paupers, exchange their goods for foreign food. This league established, the mortgagees of the monopolists would be glad to pay us, towards the cost of their food-tax, say forty per cent., for the privilege of selling their produce in our markets. And to this, or something like it, we must come at last; for no fully-peopled country can long maintain its independence, unless it untax its commercial capital, labour, and skill. The selfishness of the landowners can only anticipate an event ordained of God. If it were not just that land, (God's second gift to all,) should, when usurped by a few, pay the taxes of all, the time is rapidly approaching when, in this country, it must pay them; and, if the landowners wish to postpone that time, they will immediately abolish the food-tax. They have already forced thinking men to inquire whether the State ought not to be sole landowner? and I don't like such inquiries; for I am myself a landowner. They may, if they please, jeopardize their own lives, and the possession of that property which they still call theirs; but what right have they to endanger my life or property? I have done nothing worthy of death or confiscation; and my property is of my own earning—"a stake, not stolen from the public hedge, but planted there." Nor are their children criminal. Surely, then, if nothing but confusion can come of barbarism in the midst of civilisation, when such barbarism is the ruling power; and if the widespread demoralization, which threatens to break the social compact, is an effect of that ignorant greediness in high places which has declared, by act of Parliament, "that Rascality alone shall thrive," surely they, whose possessions cannot be hidden, will no longer undermine the foundations of property, but haste to act wisely, "ere their ruin come as one that travelleth, and their want as an armed man."

* Six months after the date of this article, his Grace of Richmond is reported to have said in Parliament, "That the manufacturers ought not to forget the progress they have made under the *protection* of the Corn Laws." How his Grace would gasp and stare if addressed thus by a parasite whom he had been forced to maintain—"Duke, what a beggar you would have been had I not compelled you to keep me!" Yet such is the exact meaning of the words addressed to his feeders by the thankless insolence of this titled pauper.—*E. E.*

* See Thomas Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."

NOOKS OF THE WORLD.—NO III.

A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF OUR LOCAL RELIGIONS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In nothing does freedom of opinion shew itself more strongly in England than in the great variety of its sects. Spite of our great and mighty Church Establishment, with its immense revenues, maintained to teach all good subjects the right way to heaven, we, pig-headed Englishmen, persist in going as many different ways as there are highroads diverging out of London, though we are forced to pay at the clerical toll bars in the shape of tithes and church-rates. Spite of all our learned colleges, richly endowed to make efficient guides along "the one and only true road," no guides are found able to keep us on it. We admit—as the farmer did at his parish vestry, when he recommended to pull the church down and mend the roads with it, because nobody went to church, and everybody went along the roads, though these were dreadfully bad; and, therefore, the church would then be really of very great use; and, having thus mended their ways, to set up the parson as a guide-post, seeing that he had long displayed all the qualifications of a guide-post, continually pointing out the way, but not moving a foot himself—I say, we admit that the clergy are good guide-posts; yet we persist in setting up all sorts of unorthodox posts and stones of our own. Spite of all the learned and grave bishops, elevated to the House of Peers; made both lords spiritual and temporal—both "Fathers in God" and lawgivers in the Upper House; appointed to watch and ward over the great national machine of religion; we set their counsels and their power at defiance. We mock at the Church, laugh at the pitiful faces of churchwardens, when asking for church-rates, and, pointing to the broken windows, and rueful dilapidations of their ancient fabric, go and erect all sorts of tabernacles and conventicles for the dissemination of all sorts of heretical doctrines. What is to be done with this whimsical and stiff-necked nation? If this great national machinery does not effect its purpose—does not do its work *nationally*—why is it not made to do it? If it is created and enriched to teach us Christianity, and we will not be taught by it, why is its machinery not inspected, and reconstructed on a more effective principle? Why are not new and sufficient powers added? Our fathers were—and that within the memory of men—contented to convey their goods from town to town on pack-horses. Narrow roads, which barely admitted a string of these beasts, burdened with the needs of many towns, ran on, over hill and dale, and often were found worn deep between steep banks by the persevering traffic of ages, and overhung by trees which had spontaneously sprung and grown over them, rendering them cool and pleasant. But the affairs of our worthy ancestors became sensibly on the increase. The string of pack-horses, slowly progressing over the wolds and through the forests, were found not equal to the demands of commercial exchange and speed; and they set their wits to work, and lo! Pickford's and Pettifor's waggons, and others, their contemporaries, appeared, piled up in ponderous statelliness, and drawn by horses in bulk next to elephants. For their convenience, the old roads were soon deserted as *too narrow*, or were filled up as too *slumberously profound*. New roads, of an airy width, were laid down, and M'Adam paved them with his magic cubes. But this was not all. Long before M'Adam shewed himself, with his necromantic hammer and pebble-gauge in his hand, and coaches came galloping after him at ten miles speed per hour, loaded with eager and still impatient negotiants, roads of granite, or of limestone, however smooth, or however wide, or however covered with waggons, coaches, mails, horseman, and the infinite variety of carriages of pleasure, travel, and parade, which now appeared on them, were found too few; and canals were cut; locks—wonderful things in those days—were invented; and heavy boats and light barges hastened to convey their freights of living things, and things for the living—market goods and market people—to the places where they were wanted, or where they wanted to be. Well done, Englishmen! Things were come to a pretty good pass, it was thought. People said, wondering, to one another—If our grandfathers could but rise from their graves and see all this, how they *would* stare.

But it was soon found that the population and the needs of the country had outgrown even these accommodations. There was a cry for more conveyance and more speed. Some talked of balloons, some of velocipedes, and some of perpetual motion. The old and the orthodox said—"Let well be. Things move fast enough. There is no rest, no repose, no steadiness in this generation—all is hurry, hurry, hurry. It is perfectly distracting!" They even looked back to the old hollow roads and strings of pack-horses with affectionate yearnings. Nevertheless, a set of pig-headed fellows were busy with their brains; and began to utter strange speeches about the powers of steam. It was a thing which was to work our mines and mills, impell our ships, and convey us, with the velocity of a comet, from one place to another. Old men, and wise men too, laughed at the folly of such Quixotic vapourings; yet, spite of their laughter, there were heard great hammerings, and filings, and fizzings, in the workshops of Watt and Bolton; and presently that mighty monster—STEAM-ENGINE

—was seen pulling up buckets of water and heaps of ore out of the earth, and turning a thousand spindles in our factories. It has become locomotive, has mounted the roads and the ships prepared for it, and is now flying from town to town, and country to country, with us and our concerns, in a manner so wonderful, that we shall soon, probably, find ourselves past wondering at anything. Do we not ride at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and grumble at such a snail's pace; step over to America in ten days, and think it about five too long; and hear news from the East Indies in little more than a month? Well done, Englishmen! As our fathers said, so say we—that is pretty well for another fit!

But, in the meantime, how is the machinery of the Church going on? Are we getting on at the same rate there? Have we introduced any new machinery in that quarter? Have we any steam there? Have the old clerical coachmen quitted the dusty roads, and mounted their vehicles with all their passengers, bag and baggage, on the rapid *chemins de fer*? Not a bit of it. Brother State has set up his waggon on account of more business—nay, he has even sported a clumsy waggonish sort of a coach, for the conveyance of passengers, and named it Reform Bill; a coach ingeniously constructed, to appear moving while it actually stands still; its wheels spinning round with a sleepy sort of a motion, and its heavy horses prancing, though they never get a step forwards; its passengers getting out just where they got in, with the agreeable fancy in their heads that they have actually been travelling, though they cannot, for their lives, tell whither; but, the principle of the vehicle being to make them all vastly pleased with themselves, they are continually getting into it to have a good long gossip, and then come out smiling at everybody, and wondering that nobody smiles at them. Brother State has made *this* advance, though he hates steam; and, when an engine goes fizzing past, he stands at his horses' head, and wonders that he can hold them—they are so frightened; but as for sister Church, she absolutely sticks to *the old narrow road* and the pack-horse conveyance. She positively will neither take the waggon-step nor go to any town but what she has gone to for ages, unless she may have pack-horses and a pack-horse road. Nay, she will have neither new ways nor new wares, though a thousand fresh localities have sprung up, with wants of many a new species; and so she sees steam and coach going before her to the large towns, and all manner of licensed hawkers supplying the country and the obscure places. In other words, to step out of our allegory, religion and dissent have become very much acquainted, and education and observation go on making converts, while ministers *talk* of reforming the Church, and the bishops sit up aloft watching lest they should do it.

To the sluggish intractibility of the Church we are indebted for a wonderful developement of the variety of English character. It is out of this that our host of sects has sprung, and that men and women, who would have been loiterers, have become active and influential, and some of them very curious, preachers. The Church of England looks daggers at us for this, and says —"See what your non-conformity has come to; see what endless sects and endless dogmas have grown out of leaving Church and listening to out-of-door preaching; see what nonsense and fallacies, what dreamers and fanatics, dissent has generated." But old Mother Church puts forth her arm from beneath her scarlet cloak, and, twitching her daughter of England's mantle, says—"But who began it?"

That is a poser to Church of England; yet, for ourselves, we thank her heartily that she did begin it. Out of that act has sprung the incalculable blessings of freedom of opinion, and out of freedom of opinion, freedom civil and religious—freedom of the press—freedom of the hearth, of the heart, and of the mind. True, great have been the bickerings and contentions that have accompanied the progress of freedom; but what is the proportion of the evil to the good? It is from the spirit of rivalry, as much as the spirit of Godly zeal, that knowledge has grown. Had we been all of one mind, all of one opinion on the whole meaning of the Sacred text, it is more than probable that our religious zeal would have grown very tame, and the activity of our nature have expended itself on other objects and studies.

But our present purpose is not to calculate the immense good which has streamed from religious contention, like a beautiful river from a troubled source, but to trace a few of the singular forms which dissent has assumed, and the singular characters which have risen up in odd corners of this country—the apostles of a county, a village, or a field. Church of England will smile again and whisper to herself or, perhaps, to her mother, with whom she has of late shewn wonderful symptoms of reconciliation—"See there, again, the ridiculous fruits of allowing such latitude of preaching." What, then, if many of my cabbages are inclined to run to flower instead of to heart, shall I refuse thereafter and for ever to have none but an Established cabbage?" The varieties of our religious sects, and their sections, are certainly very numerous, and some of them our readers have probably never heard of; but, then, neither Mother Church nor her daughter of England are any freer from them than any of their descendants. Every one knows what sects of monks and friars—what conflicting factions and swarming heretics Mother Church has been plagued with. In the Church of England, we have the High Church and Low Church parties—what may be called the sleepy or indifferent party—and the growing Oxford or Popish party. The Independents, we believe, are too independent to break up into parties; but each congregation is a church. The Unitarians have five or six shades. The Baptists are Pœdo and Anabaptists; the Methodists are

Calvinistic or Whitfieldite, Old or Wesleyan, New or Kilhamite, Primitive or Ranters, Warrenite, Bryonite, and Thornite. The Quakers are Orthodox, Evangelical, and Hicksite; and then there are Southcottians, Irvingites, Swedenborgians, and a number of other sects of partial prevalence or obscure tenets. These are the more known or obvious sects; but you can scarcely go into any part of England but you find a sect peculiar to it.

I have, in different and very distant parts of the country, met a worthy old man—a wandering preacher—a sort of self-constituted, self-sent, solitary missionary. He had no settled audience, and belonged to no society; he appeared to be a man of profound piety, and of the most Nathaniel-like simplicity of mind. On whatever subject any one entered into conversation with him, he invariably led the discourse to the importance of religion. I have been surprised, and even startled, on moving from one part of the country to another, immediately in my walks to meet this old man. When I questioned him as to his object there, it was "to seek souls;" and, as to his source of support, his invariable reply was, that he "lived by faith." I observed, however, that his faith led him to good houses, and that the child-like old man had, in fact, many homes in the mansions of the religious rich throughout the kingdom, where he was held in esteem and reverence such as, no doubt, followed the prophets of old. I have heard that this Israelite, indeed, has now been dead some years.

In one of those strolls which I have always loved to take, into different and little-frequented parts of these kingdoms, I also fell in with a venerable old man, dressed in black, with very white hair, and of a mild, somewhat melancholy and intelligent, look. It was a beautiful scene, in a wood, and on the banks of a noble river. I accosted the old gentleman with a remark on the delightfulness of the time and place; and he replied to my observation, with a warmth and in a tone which strongly affected me. I soon found that he was as enthusiastic a lover of nature as myself; that he had seen many of the finest portions of the kingdom, and had wandered through them with Milton or Shakspeare, Herbert or Quarles, in his hand. He was one of those who, reading with his own eyes and heart, and not through the spectacles of critics, had not been taught to despise the last old poet; nor to treat his rich though quaint versification, and his many manly and noble thoughts, as the conceits and rhymes of a poetaster. His reverence for the great names of our literature, and the just appreciation of their works, won upon me greatly. I invited him to continue his walk; and, so well was I pleased with him, to visit me at my rustic lodgment. From that day, for some weeks, we daily walked together. I more and more contemplated, with admiration and esteem, the knowledge, the fine taste, the generous sentiments, the profound love of nature which seemed to fill the whole being of that old man. But who and whence was he? He said not a word upon that subject, and I did not, therefore, feel freedom to inquire. He might have secret griefs which such a query might awake. I respect too much the wounded heart of humanity carelessly to probe it; and especially the heart of a solitary being, who, in the downward stage of life, may, perchance, be the stripped and scathed remnant of a once endeared family. He stood before me alone. He entered into reminiscences, but they were reminiscences connected with no near ties; but had such ties now existed, he would, in some hour of frank enthusiasm, have said so. He did not say it, and it was, therefore, sufficiently obvious that he had a history which he left down in the depths of his heart, beyond the vision of all but that heart itself. And yet, whatever were the inward memories of this venerable old man, there was a buoyancy and youthfulness of feeling about him which amply manifested that they had not quenched the love and enjoyment of life in him. On different days we took, during a most beautiful spring, strolls of many miles, into distant dales and villages, and on the wild brown moors. Now we sate by a moorland stream, talking of many absorbing things in the history of the poetry and the religion of our country; and I could plainly see that my ancient friend had in him the spirit of an old Covenanter; and that, had he lived in the days of contest between the church of kings and the church of God, he would have gone to the field or the stake for his faith as triumphantly as any martyr of those times. Now we entered a village ale-house, and eat our simple luncheon; and now we stood in some hamlet lane, or by its mossy well, with a group of children about us, amongst whom not a child appeared more child-like or delighted than the old man. Nay, as we came back from a fifteen or twenty miles' stroll, he would leap over a stile with the activity of a boy, or run up to a wilding bush, covered with its beautiful pink bloom, and, breaking off a branch, hold it up in admiration, and declare that it appeared almost sinful for an old man like him to enjoy himself so keenly. I know not when I more deeply felt the happiness and the holiness of existence, the wealth of intellect, and the blessing of our fancies, sympathies, and affections, than I used to do as this singular stranger sate with me on the turf seat at the vine-covered end of the old cottage, which then made my temporary residence, on the serene evenings of that season, over our rustic tea-table, and with the spicy breath of the wall-flowers of that little garden breathing around us, and held earnest conversations on many a subject of intellectual and moral speculation which then deeply interested me. In some of these evening hours he, at length, gave me glimpses into his past existence. Things more strange and melancholy than I could ever have suspected had passed over him, and only the more interested me in him.

Such had been our acquaintance for some months, when, one evening, happening to be in

the neighbouring town, and passing through a densely-populated part of it, I saw a number of people crowding into a chapel. With my usual curiosity in all that relates to the life, habits, and opinions of the mass of my fellow-men, I entered, and was no little surprised to behold my ancient friend in the pulpit. As I believed he had not observed me enter, and I was desirous to hear my worthy friend, thus most unexpectedly found in this situation, without attracting his notice, I therefore seated myself in the shade of a pillar, and awaited the sermon. My surprise, as I listened to it, was excessive, on more accounts than one. I was surprised at the intense, fervid, and picturesque blaze of eloquence which breathed forth from the preacher, seeming to light up the whole place, and fill it with an unearthly and cloudy fire. I was more astonished by the singularity and wildness of the sentiments uttered. I looked again and again at the rapt and extatic preacher. His frame seemed to expand, and to be buoyed up, by his glowing enthusiasm, above the very height of humanity. His hair, white as snow, seemed a pale glory burning round his head, and his countenance warm with the expression of his entranced spirit, was molten into the visage of a pleading seraph, who saw the terrors of the Divinity revealed before him, and felt only that they for whom he wrestled were around him. *They* hung upon that awful and unearthly countenance, with an intensity which, in beings at the very bar of eternal judgment, hanging on the advocacy of an angel, could scarcely have been exceeded; and when he ceased, and sat down, a sigh, as from every heart at once, went through the place, which marked the fall of their rapt imaginations from the high region whither his words and expressive features had raised them, to the dimness and reality of earth. I could scarcely persuade myself that this was my late friend of the woods and fields, and of the evening discourse, so calm and dispassionate, over our little tea-table.

I escaped cautiously with the crowd, and eagerly interrogated a man who passed out near me who was the preacher. He looked at me with an air of surprise; but seeing me a stranger, he said he thought I could not have been in those parts long, or I should have known Mr ——. I then learned that my venerable acquaintance was one whose name was known far and wide; known for the strange and fascinating power of his pulpit eloquence, and for the peculiarity of his religious views. The singularity of those notions, alone, had prevented his becoming one of the most popular religious orators of his time. They had been the source of perpetual troubles and persecutions to him. They had estranged from him the most zealous of his friends, from time to time; yet they were such only as he would lay down at the threshold of Divine judgment; and still, wherever he went, although they were a root of bitterness to him in private, he found in public a crowd of eager and enthusiastic hearers, who hung on his words as if they came at once warm from the inner courts of heaven.

The sense of this discovery, and of the whole strange scene of the last evening, hung powerfully upon me through the following day. I sat on the bench of my cottage window, with a book in my hand, the greater part of it, but my thoughts continually reverted to the image of the preacher in the midst of his audience; when, at evening in walked the old man with his usual quiet smile, and, shaking me affectionately by the hand, sat down in a wooden chair opposite me. I looked again and again, but in vain, to recognise the floating figure and exalted countenance of the evening. The old man took up my book, and began to read. A sudden impulse seized me, which I have never ceased to regret. I did not wish abruptly to tell the old man that I had seen him in the pulpit, but I longed to discuss with him the grounds of his peculiar views, and said—

"What think you, my friend, of the actual future destiny of the ——?"

I made the question include his peculiar doctrine. He laid down the volume with a remarkable quickness of action. He looked at me, for a moment, with a look, humbled but not confused, such as I had never seen in him before, and in a low voice, said—

"You were then at my chapel, last night?"

"I was," I replied.

"I am sorry—I am sorry," he said, rising, with a sigh. "It has been a pleasant time, but it is ended. Good-bye, my dear young friend, and may God bless you."

He turned silently but quickly away.

"Stop!" I cried, "Stop!" but he heard or heeded not. I ran to the gate to lay hold on him, and assure him that his sentiments would not alter my regard for him, but I observed him already hastening down the lane at such a speed, that I judged it were rude and useless at that moment to pursue. I went down that day to his lodging, to assure him of my sentiments towards him, but door and windows were closed, and if he were in, he would not hear me. Early next morning, a little ragged boy brought me a note, saying, a gentleman in the lane had given it to him.

It simply said—

"Dear young friend—Good-bye. You wonder at my abruptness; but my religion has always been fatal to my friendship. You will say it would not with you; so has many another assured me; but I am too well schoolled by bitter experience. I have had a call to a distant place. No one knows of it, and I trust the name to none. The pleasure of your society has detained me, or I had obeyed the call a month ago. May we meet in heaven!—C. M."

He was actually gone, and no one knew whither. Time had passed over, and I had long imagined this strange and strangely gifted being in his grave, when in a wild part of the kingdom, the other day, I accidently stumbled upon his retreat, and found him in the pulpit with the

same rapt aspect, uttering a harangue as exciting, and surrounded by an audience as eagerly devouring his words.

I have been much struck, as every stranger must be, who traverses that singular country, with the religious people of Cornwall. John Wesley laboured long and zealously amongst its swarming, and then half wild, population. He was very rudely treated by them on many occasions; but, at length, he succeeded in gaining an ascendency over them, and civilized and Christianized a vast number of them. Nothing is more striking in that populous county of mines than the still abounding number of Methodists. Where there is no church there is sure to be a Methodist chapel; and if there be a church, there is a chapel twice as big. If you chance to be crossing one of their gray moors in an evening, amongst the cottages so numerously scattered over them, you are continually coming to one in which a prayer meeting is holding; and it is curious to pause and peep in at the little window, and see the hut so jammed full of people, that it seems ready to burst. There is the fire, and the old dresser, and shelves, with its rows of plates, shining in the fire-light; and all the rest is one mass of bowed heads; while some one of the group is pouring forth a most zealous supplication, responded to by exclamations and groans as zealous. On most occasions, you may hear language, and metaphoric illustrations, which nothing but the mother-wit and pure growth of the district and people could give birth to.

"Brother," exclaimed one of those rude miners, as I stopped a moment in passing such a hut, "Brother, how excellent a thing is prayer! How often have we kneeled down with hearts as hard as the bricks under our knees, and spirits as dry as the dust in the chinks between them, and presently we have risen up half way in the Lord!"

I was lying, one Sunday, on the top of an old stone wall near Boscastle, protecting myself from the sun, partly with my umbrella, and partly by the shade of a small tree—which, by a rare chance, happened to be growing on that treeless coast—when two young men passed me, and gave me a passing salutation. I looked at them, and made myself certain that they were Ranters, or Primitive Methodists, as they are called in the midland counties. They had on blue coats, without collars, and broad-brimmed hats, having a certain resemblance to the Quaker costume, but yet never to be mistaken *for* the Quaker costume. As the female Methodist dresses much like a female Friend, yet, by a knowing eye, can never be confounded with the female Friend—the colours and material of her dress, as well as some particular cross-plaits on the crown of the bonnet, betraying the difference.

Wishing to learn something of the numbers of the Primitive Methodists down there, I quickly got up and followed them. I soon found that they *were* Methodists, and going to preach in two villages not far off; but when I asked them if they were Primitive Methodists, they said—

"Primitive Methodists, zur; what are Primitive Methodists?"

"Oh, Ranters I mean—we call them Ranters."

"Ranters, zur; what are Ranters?"

"What, don't you know what Ranters are?"

"No, zur."

"Then, what do you call yourselves?"

"Oh, we are Bryanites, zur."

"And what are Bryanites? In what do you differ from the Wesleyan Methodists?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, zur; we are all one, zur."

"Then, why *do* you differ?"

"Why, Mr Bryan didn't exactly agree with the Conference, and so he left the old connexion; and so we followed Mr Bryan."

A little farther on, I saw a great number of people pouring out of a chapel; and I stopped, and, addressing a little knot of them, said—

"Well, I suppose you are Bryanites."

"No, zur, we are Thurnites."—(Thornites.)

"Oh, and, pray, what are Thornites? In what do you differ from the Bryanites?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, zur, we are all one, zur."

Then I again asked, "Why *do* you differ?"

"Oh, Mr Thurn left Mr Bryan, and so we followed Mr Thurn."

"Really! that was it! I suppose you read your Bible."

"Yes, zur; Oh! yes, zur."

"Well, there is one text which I wonder you have not happened to meet with."

"What is that, zur?"

"Why, 'some are for Paul, and some Apollos, and some for Cephas, but I am for Jesus Christ. You seem to be following after your preachers and not after principles."

"Oh, very good, zur—all very good, zur."

And so I left these very acquiescing Thornites, wondering what John Wesley would have made of them.

If the fame of Bryanites and Thornites has not reached many of my more northern readers, possibly that of Mulockites may. Lord Byron tells us, in his journal, that a certain Mr Mulock had called on him at Pisa, and "endeavoured to convert him to some new kind of Christianity." This Mr Thomas Mulock is, or was, a gentleman of good family and education, who wrote poetry of no mean order, and had lectured on English literature in most of the capitals of Europe. In Paris, he had ventured to speak so plainly his opinion of Bonaparte's character and career, that some officers who had served under him, sent the lecturer word, that if he repeated such sentiments they would feel obliged to call him to account. On receiving this message, he again repeated the lecture verbatim, read the letter, and treated it as a threat of assassination. The man had evidently no lack of nerve, and, had his religious creed been as passable as it was boldly maintained, his "new kind of Christianity" might have become popular. As it was, he at one time fixed on the densely-populated Staffordshire Potteries as the theatre of his religious

campaign; and there he, for a season, made a great noise. We were told much of this extraordinary man, and, accordingly, we went to hear him. The scene was such as only could be met with in England or America.

The place of worship was a large upper room in a china factory. It was such a room as the people of that district can only have a familiar idea of—a room perhaps thirty or forty yards long, ten or a dozen wide, and of proportionate height. Its walls were bare and whitewashed. In this great naked room, about half way from each end, and near the wall, between two windows, stood the apostle of this "new kind of Christianity," at what served him at once for reading-desk and book-case. This was no other than a three-legged, round, deal table, such as you see in common public houses; and upon this a large deal box, with a bit of green baize laid on it. In this box was kept his hymn-book and his candles. About twenty people formed his audience, ten at least of whom were ladies of known wealth and of elegant appearance; the rest were potters in their working clothes, with their wives and children. This curious congregation were seated on benches, made of planks, supported on piles of bricks; and the chandeliers, which lighted the room, were of an equally original and ornate description. They consisted of two laths each, nailed crosswise, suspended from the ceiling by a piece of string, and having three nails driven in near each end of the laths, to form sockets for the candles. In the midst of this great room, thus singularly furnished, stood Thomas Mulock, at his unique reading-desk. He was a young man of gentlemanly and even handsome person, of about the middle size; he was clad in a blue dress-coat, with gilt buttons, a buff kerseymere waistcoat, which at that period was much worn, and white trousers; his linen was beautifully fine and clean, his hands adorned with rings, and delicately formed; and, altogether, he irresistably reminded you of Coleridge, when he also preached in a similar costume, that he "might not have a rag of the woman of Babylon on him."

The discourse of Mr Mulock was a most rambling harangue of the rankest Antinomianism. He plainly informed you he was the man, and that wisdom would die with him. According to him, all the world was lying in wickedness, and Thomas Mulock alone was called out of his sins: all the world was lying in ignorance, and light from heaven had fallen only on his head. You were led almost to believe that, since the days of the apostles, nobody had ever got a glimpse of the true faith till it was revealed to Thomas Mulock. It was certain that nobody, at that time, knew what real Christianity was but himself. He assured us that all the preachers—the Christian world (so called) all over—were preaching what they did not understand; and all the missionaries, to every region of the globe, were running before they were sent, and on a business which they knew nothing about. The only honest man that he heard preach was the clergyman of Stoke—where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that "he knew not God."

Mr Mulock did not inform us why Christianity, after having once been delivered to the saints, was again made a sealed and unintelligible book for so many ages until the coming of this blue-coated prophet; and why he alone who could comprehend its mysteries was thus to be found preaching to about a score persons, whilst so many ignorant pretenders were running to and fro on the earth, and deluding so many millions with false intelligence; but he was exceedingly personal in his remarks on the steward of some nobleman in the neighbourhood, to whom he had offered "his new kind of Christianity," and who had proved as intractable as Lord Byron.

When he had concluded his discourse, a working potter, a very tall man, in his long white apron, knelt down, and prayed that our hearts might be changed; that our old hearts might be taken away, and new hearts given us. But the poor fellow, notwithstanding he had been in his prayer full of thankfulness to God that such a "burning and shining light" as Thomas Mulock had been sent amongst them, had no sooner resumed his seat, than up got "the burning and shining light," and gave the poor man a most severe castigation "with the rod of his mouth." He expressed his unfeigned astonishment at the blindness of the human understanding, and the stupidity of the human heart. He declared that never was there a more striking instance of the utter uselessness of preaching; and that all exertions were vain till it pleased the Almighty to send his grace into the soul; for here had he been, for a long period, teaching and explaining the real nature of the Christian religion, and now he had heard a prayer put up that our hearts might be changed. Had he not told them a hundred times that our hearts never could be changed; that our old hearts never could be taken away. A new heart might be given us, but the old heart, the old Adam's heart, would still remain within us, and be perpetually endeavouring to corrupt the new heart." The poor potter looked down in humiliation at this reproof, and the ladies wept bitter tears over such an awful instance of human obfuscation of mind.

Mr Mulock, we believe, grew to be greatly admired in that neighbourhood. Married richly—probably to one of the weeping ladies; had a handsome chapel built for him: but we have since heard something of his acquiring a number of disciples at Oxford, and of a riot there, occasioned by him or his disciples preaching up a commonality of wives, or some such nonsense; of their being pursued to the outskirts of the town, and some of them in danger of their lives, from being thrown over the bridge into the river. We have also heard a rumour of this teacher of a "new kind of Christianity" becoming an inmate of one of those strongholds—those asylums for genius of the wild school—towards which his character of mind, we thought, pretty plainly pointed, when we heard him.

Some years ago, I had an old man in my employ who was a perfect specimen of the picturesque both in mind and person. He was tall, lean, and bony. He had been, the greater part of his life, a Quaker; and, to the day of his death, he wore the Quaker costume in its most perfect primevality—his broad hat, half cock and half slouch; his drab coat, of an ample length and breadth of skirts; his drab waistcoat, with flaps of such liberal dimensions, that they afforded room for pockets as large as those in most men's coats; his drab breeches, fastened at the knees with buckles; his neat gray worsted stockings; and capacious shoes, clasped with large steel buckles. At one time, he had been baker at Ackworth School; at another, coachman to a very quaint and eccentric Friend; and, in the course of his life, he had picked up a good many shrewd notions, and racy phrases of his own. He was noted amongst his acquaintance for a man of a "large religious experience." I once casually overheard him conversing with a youth, who seemed, from his remarks, to be a little sceptical, or who was desirous to call the old fellow out on his favourite topics.

"William," said he, "don't you think it is all our overweening conceit that makes us fancy there is to be an eternity for us."

"No;" replied William, "it is our stupidity that makes us doubt it. We are poor creatures, Edward, we are poor creatures; we cannot open our hearts wide enough to comprehend God's goodness, and so we libel it. Put me this great jug into that tea cup."

"Yes," said Edward, "do that yourself, William; it's past my skill."

"Well, then, put me the sky into the crown of my hat."

"Ah," said Edward, laughing, "that's rather better. Yours is no trifle of a hat, William, certainly; but it won't hold the sky—that's rather broader than your brims."

"Then," replied William, "how is such a little head as thine to hold the idea of the love of God towards his creatures, which, like God himself, the heavens of heavens cannot contain?"

"But," said Edward, "what kind of a thing do you suppose a spirit is? Do you imagine it a blue thinnish thing like a mist, or a smoke, that we could see through? What shall we be like, think you, William?"

"Like! Why, I tell thee, *the spirit is the real man!* We shall be like what we are. What thou seest is only the shell, the husk of the man—the spirit is the real man."

"What!" exclaimed the captious youngster, "do you expect to rise, William, with your Quaker coat and hat on; with your cough, rheumatism, asthma, and all?"

"No, no! thank God! no asthma. I expect delightful breathing on the heavenly plains; but I cannot drive it into thee, that all these things are as much mere husk as my old coat. The spirit is the actual man; and, when I rise, I count upon looking just as I do now," said the tall, old man, rearing himself up to his full height, and clapping his hands down the sides of his thighs, as a soldier at the word "attention!" "only rather younger, and a little handsomer."

Here ended this phychological dialogue; for the young man burst out a-laughing at William's grotesquely solemn image, and apparently very much tickled with his counting upon being "rather younger, and a little handsomer," ran off saying, "Well, that's a good un, however!" What was my surprise, a few days afterwards, having a curiosity to hear the preaching of the Swedenborgians, or New Jerusalemers, on going, on a Sunday afternoon, into their place—a curious little chapel, in a very intricate mass of buildings—to behold my old man, William, sitting in the pulpit with his hat on, as a public Friend sits in the gallery of his own meeting. I never had the slightest suspicion that William went anywhere but to the Friends' meetings, much less that he was a preacher. But it appeared that he had long been a Swedenborgian, and a preacher amongst them too; and this on the most amusing plea, that Friends and Swedenborgians were all alike in doctrine! Friends, who put down all "high and airy notions," who put human reason and all imagination under their feet, and who, on sitting down to worship in their meetings, feel bound to drive all their own thoughts out of their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction—sugar hogheads, bales of cotton, bill-broking, banking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of profitable and seductive reign over them all the rest of the week; and the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking out of the body by the power of faith, at will;* who entered, at pleasure, that wide region which lies between human life and heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who saw the processions of souls who had just left the body, marching along this spiritual land, actually unconscious that they had passed through death and cast off the flesh, till they arrived at the end of a certain highway, and found a river, or a marsh, which flesh could not pass without sinking, but over which they were impelled to their own amazement, and then became conscious that they were no longer in the body. Whether William's asthma and "the expectation of delightful breathing," when walking forth out of the body had led him to join the Swedenborgians, I know not; but he most summarily, on my afterwards inquiring, explained the identity of this fanciful theory and Quakerism, by saying—"Why, thou sees, both George Fox and Baron Swedenborg believed that the whole of religion consists in exercising the powers of the spirit through faith, and that all short of that is nothing but swine's husks and beggarly elements." William, I found, had so much influence amongst them, that they permitted him to retain his own particular customs; he sat, in meeting, with his hat on, and refused to give out hymns; and a most ludicrous medley of Quakerism and New Jerusalemism he

* See his works.

was. On this occasion I was exceedingly diverted to see how he contrived to get over the Quaker objection to taking a text for his sermon. On opening his Bible, he cried out—"Here goes for the starting-place, being the 12th chapter, and 2d verse of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians. I knew a man in Christ, about fourteen years ago, whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth; such an one caught up to the third heaven."

The last of the local sects which I shall notice here, is the sect of the Roeites. Calverton, a retired village in Nottinghamshire, has had the distinction of producing two men whose names have travelled beyond its own boundaries. Lee, a gentleman who, having paid his addresses to a young woman who maintained herself by knitting fine stockings, and been refused by her, vowed he would invent a machine which should spoil her trade for ever, and thereupon never ceased beating his brain till he had produced the stocking-frame, and given birth to the staple trade of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester; and John Roe, a cottager, who made himself the apostle of a new sect which, however, never spread beyond his own village, yet, we believe, continues to exist there.

John Roe was disgusted with the Church of England, and, looking about him for some religion to which to join himself, he spied out the Quakers. He greatly admired all those of their customs which asserted a freedom from the dominancy of the State religion, but he did not see the reasonableness of other practices. He therefore set about to form a new sect, to be styled the Reformed Quakers. John and his disciples resolved to marry and bury amongst themselves as the Quakers did, but they soon found that they wanted the legal authority which the Quakers had obtained long before. The parish authorities required them to give security that their children should not become chargeable, but they refused to do anything of the kind, asserting that they only did as the Quakers did, and, like them, would suffer anything the magistrates might please to inflict, rather than implicate one atom of religious liberty. The consequence was, that John and the chief members of his church soon found themselves in Nottingham jail. There they continued some years, maintaining their testimony, as George Fox would have called it, as stubbornly as he could have done. Eventually they wore out the patience of the magistrates, who were glad to get rid of them as well as they could. They were therefore informed that the prison doors were open, and that they might walk out at their pleasure. But no; like Paul and Silas of old, they said the magistrates have put us in here and they shall come and fetch us out. John and his fellow-martyrs triumphed. The magistrates were fain to go and make themselves very agreeable, and request the holy apostles of freedom of religion and matrimony, most politely to do them the favour to adjourn from those walls which they had so long honoured with their presence, to their own dwellings, and their desiring Friends at Calverton, which very civil request John and his brethren were pleased to grant, and issued forth with due dignity exactly at noonday.

Having read this account in "Gough's History of the Quakers," or "Walker's Geography," or some such book, many years afterwards, and learning that John Roe was still living, and illuminating Calverton with his doctrine, I walked over there one Sunday, and inquired for the chapel of the Roeites.

"Roeites? Roeites?" said a young farmer, "Oh, I know who you mean. You mean the *Deformed* Quakers. I'll go with you to the chapel."

To the chapel we went, and if John's disciples could be said to resemble Quakers at all, the young man's designatory epithet was not an inapt one. The scene here was such an one as those who have not peeped a little into the Nooks of the World, could not imagine to exist in England.

The chapel was a barn, standing in a very retired corner, amongst the village orchards, and half-hidden by their trees. The holes and slits in the walls, which are left in barns to admit air, had been built up, and doors and windows introduced. Within, it had all the attributes of a very plain chapel—its loft, its pulpit, and its seats; not the least resemblance, however, to a Friends' meeting-house. My guide conducted me to the loft, where I could see the whole congregation, and exactly opposite to John Roe's pulpit. The congregation consisted of about thirty people; but John Roe was not yet arrived. My friend, the young farmer, having seen me seated, laid his head very deliberately on the front of the loft, and began, in a short period, to give evidence that he was fast asleep, by a most unequivocal snore. I shook him, and asked him if he knew where he was. He said—"Yes, I have been here before;" and so laid down his head and resumed his doze. It was a sultry day in July, and the greater part of the congregation seemed similarly disposed. Presently a loud peal of thunder, and the dashing of some large drops of rain on the windows seemed to arouse them all, and just then in walked John Roe and his wife. I would give something now for a sketch of them at that instant; for two such picturesque objects, to a certainty, are not now to be met with. John was a rather small man, with a most venerable aspect. He could not be less than eighty years of age. His hair was long, as white as snow, and combed, in flowing locks, on his shoulders. He was clad in the old-fashioned garb, which, no doubt, even in that hidden village, was old-fashioned when he was a lad; the most conspicuous part of which was his drab-coat, cut with a broad square collar, and with very long and ample skirts, and adorned with plated buttons of the size of dollars. His wife was a tall woman, apparently not more than sixty, and must have been a fine women too in her

day. She had a mob cap, and a black silk gipsy bonnet, with the crown not more than two inches deep, secured on the top of her head. Her high, and well-fitting stays, while they gave her a remarkably long and taper waist, stood up high above her bosom; and her gown was a chintz of a large flowing pattern, each side drawn up through the pocket-holes that it might not dangle in the wet of the thunder-shower, or, perhaps, to shew, as it did, a heavily quilted black silk petticoat. Black stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles, completed her costume. John Roe advanced slowly into the middle of the chapel floor, and looked round on his people with an air of as much dignity and self-complacency, as that with which the most popular preacher could survey the most crowded and splendid assembly, or as that with which an archbishop could look on a titled crowd assembled to hear him in Westminster Abbey. While he made this dignified circumspection, his wife, with as much evident pride, shook the thunder drops from the skirts of his coat, wiped them from his shoulders with her handkerchief, and then John ascended into the pulpit. There was now a great bustle, with the production of hymn-books. A man with a pitch-pipe gave out the hymn, and blew a note loud enough to awake all sleepers, and we had vocal music "*con fuoco*" enough. Then some one below gave us a prayer and another hymn; and John opened his big Bible and began, not a sermon, but a sort of running commentary, on the Transfiguration. But if the commentary was a running one, it soon brought most of the people to a stop. I must confess that I could make neither head nor tail of John's discourse. Something he said of a "voice out of the cloud;" but his voice was like nothing but a voice in a cloud; and of "another and truer word of prophecy;" and he asked us whether we thought this voice was the truer word of prophecy, or whether we were to look for another; but he did not answer the question, and scarcely anybody was awake to answer for themselves. The heat of the day and the droning of the old man's voice had comfortably composed the congregation. I looked round, and could not avoid smiling at the scene. Out of the thirty persons present, twenty, at least, were sound asleep. They were "a' noddin." By John's pulpit were ranged two seats, on which sat the chief singers. Thereabout's, the only man awake was the the man with the pitch-pipe. He was actively looking out in his book for the next hymn; which having found, he began to bob those before him lustily on their backs with his thumb, to call their attention to the place; most of whom being thus rudely aroused from their sleep, gave a great start, and one very nearly pitched forward upon the floor. Behind these two seats was a third, considerably elevated, and fastened to the wall. On this, close to John Roe's pulpit, and conspicuous to all the assembly (when awake) sat a stout countryman in a dark velveteen jacket, and with a red handkerchief about his neck, the ends of which dangled down his breast, about a foot in length. By his side sat his son, a great lad of twelve or fourteen years old. He was fast asleep, with the back of his head against the wall, his mouth wide open, and his head performing a regular rolling on the wall from one shoulder to the other. Presently, his father observing his condition, gave him a sharp jog in the side with his elbow, and as he opened his astonished eyes, he slyly drew from his waistcoat pocket a large apple and thrust it into his hand. The lad raised himself up with a great stare, rubbed first one eye and then the other, with his coat sleeve, making the most extraordinary grimaces with his mouth at the same time; deposited the apple in his pocket, laid his head against the wall, and away it went rolling to and fro as before. Sleep now reigned triumphant; the young farmer snoring gloriously at my elbow, and resisting every attempt to rouse him, and the voice of John Roe droning on as drowsily as an old mill wheel.

Luckily, at this moment, a swallow flew in at an open window. Twit, twit! went the swallow. The sight and sound were music to some lads who happened to awake. Up started one and snatched at the bird; up went the hat of another with a circling swoop to catch it. The alarmed creature twitted louder and louder, and flew to and fro with the utmost rapidity: the boys were all in motion, the people awoke at the bustle, John stopped his droning, the very young farmer's snoring snapped off at once—the pitch-pipe blew aloud the key note, and another vigorously-chanted hymn restored us all to ourselves, and to the open air.

I made many inquiries amongst John's people as to their peculiar tenets; but I could learn nothing distinctive—all was as cloudy as John's discourse, only that they were *Reformed* Quakers, and would marry and bury themselves. I was told, in the village, that John's society had been greatly checked in its growth by the simple fact of a widow of one of his hearers having lent him a considerable sum of money, not on his note, but on his word—such was her faith—who, on applying for the repayment, was coolly told by him—"That the Lord commanded the children of Israel to borrow of the Egyptians, but there was no commandment to pay them again."

"What!" said the old dame, "do you make an Egyptian of me?"

"What!" said others of his disciples, "does he make Egyptians of us?"

And the society began rapidly to diminish. Yet this singular little sect cannot have existed in that village much less than a century; and, though John Roe has now long been dead, I am told his mantle has fallen on other shoulders, and that the Roeites may still be found in the old barn-chapel.

When to these odd demonstrations of the vagaries of human nature we add those of the believers in Johanna Southcot, of the madman Thom, and of the professors of the Unknown Tongue, we do not wonder that there are those

who would fain put us all into the strait-jacket of a State-religion, and compel us to think according to law. But what are these few eccentricities to the stupidity of a legal conscience, and the horrors of a religious despotism? What are these follies to the immense amount of good which religious liberty and religious discussion have poured over society. We record these things as mere whims and gambols of a free fancy in a free country, which soon work themselves out, and are, for the most part, harmless. The bubbles on the stream of life, the clouds on its sky, the meteors that fall as from among the stars to the earth. The bubbles of opinion rise and break in the great stream of life and knowledge—the stream flows on for ever. The clouds sail over us, and are gone—the eternal sky still smiles above us in its purity. The "falling stars," as we idly term them, are extinguished ere they reach the earth—the stars themselves burn on unmoved in their serene ocean of infinitude. We can smile even at the wildest dreams of Swedenborg, the worst absurdity of the Southcottians, the peculiarities of Mulockites or Roeites; for we know that they are optional and evanescent: but the whips and thumb-screws of a State-creed leave scars that last for ages, and make cripples, not merely of those on whom their force is first tried, but of their children, even to the third and fourth generations.

THE MILL, A FABLE;

OR, OWRE TRUE A TALE.

ONCE on a time, so runs the record,
There stood a mill upon a current,
Whose banks, with pleasant dwellings chequered,
Of Plenty's reign gave smiling warrant.

The mill was famed, through all the country,
Both for its cheapness and rapidity;
So that the poor, and eke the gentry,
Sent their whole grain there with avidity.

It did the work of all who chose it
For many square miles round about it;
There was no rival to oppose it,
And no one thus could do without it.

At length, somehow, the mill grew crazy,
And scarce in motion could be trusted;
Not that the millers had grown lazy,
But that the wheels were ill-adjusted.

And so they called a meeting, saying,
Unto the great and small shareholders,
"We are convinced that more delaying
Will bring the whole about our shoulders."

"What 's to be done?" said one and all then;
"We think the wheels want grease," said several;
"They 're somewhat rusty; and to call then
Up funds for oiling let 's endeavour all."

'Tis true the wheels had all got rusty,
From want of oil and want of going;
But still they might have moved, though crusty,
Were nothing else in wrong bestowing.

So the machine received its unction,
And, for a little, moved ahead still;
But, lo! while small wheels did their function,
Most of the larger ones stood dead-still.

They gazed a while in silent wonder,
Convinced that more than oil was needed;
Tho' what the fault was that lay under
These wiseacres left quite unheeded.

'Twas plain the mill, to do its duty,
Must all its members move at once on;
Could'st walk, if, when ye moved one foot, ye
Forgot to fetch its chum by chance on?

No, no; if one wish to prevail with
The "*moving trade*" and in the walking way,
There 's but one house that we can deal with—
The old firm R. L. Leg & Company.

So something must be done right early,
Else they would go against the wall soon;
For they must grind the people's barley,
Or people will give o'er to call soon.

They took out wheels and put in new ones;
Here changed one shaft, and there another;
Thinking that, when they got the true ones,
The whole machine would move together.

At length, by these profound devices,
'Twas made to grind so much *per diem*;
But at such monstrous cost, that prices
Were doubled to make business pay 'em.

Meanwhile, some rival mills had started
In opposition, o'er the water;
And here, where all was soundly got up,
By night and day "the clap played clatter."

The mills were of the first dimensions,
And on the newest model planned too;
Whilst one and all had just pretensions
Upon the firmest base to stand too.

The millers, too, were dext'rous fellows,
Who 'd learned their business at the old mill,
And laboured hard, that people's bellies
Should have as much as they could hold still.

'Tis very odd how quick and cleverly
The folks themselves found out the true case:
Getting a road across the river, they
Took all their barley to the new place.

They got it ground for half the money;
And this the tide so fairly turned now,
That, in a short time, scarcely any
Would with old *Granny* be concerned now.

For so some wicked wights nick-named her—
That ancient, venerable grinder,
That once, ere age, and so forth, tamed her,
Left every other mill behind her.

But things were changed now, lack-a-daisy—
The people laughed, and made a jest of her;
For, now she 'd grown so crank and crazy,
The mill-wheel turned without the rest of her.

'Twas clear, some fundamental error
Lay at the root of all the evil:
The owners looked at her with terror—
The millers wished them at the devil.

For, long ago, they 'd shewn them clearly,
(Stern teacher is experience dear bought,)
The walls were sunk, and rent, and fairly
The whole machine had out of gear got.

And why?—Why, simply, the foundation
Was laid in sand, and much too narrowly.
Nothing could mend their situation,
But re-construct the whole thing thoroughly.

And so resolved the greater part of them;
But 'twas too late now to replan all;
The rival mills had got the start of them,
And trade had found another channel.

Britain, my country, learn a lesson,
Else such will be thine own forlorn cause;
Thou art the mill which rivals press on—
Thy ruinous base of sand the CORN-LAWS.

A SEARCH FOR ARMS

Be not dismayed, most gentle reader. We have no design against your political sympathies. Our theme is neither of Chartists nor Whiteboys; nor are the concealed arms, towards which we would fain draw your attention, pike-heads or scythe-blades, pistols or blunderbusses. "Arms and the man, we sing;" but the man is Garter King, and the arms are "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire;" lions rampant, cockatrices, volant dragons, salamanders, bears, elephants, wyverns, salvage men, lynxes, wolves, rhinoceroses, *et hoc genus omne*—monsters of land and sea configurated by the fanciful devisers of the Herald's Office.

Of all the pitiful foibles engendered by the artificialities of polite life, commend us to the absurd taste displayed by high and low, for these heraldic illustrations! Never was there a wiser tax upon the frailty of fools than that upon armorial bearings! Yet, in spite of this governmental mulct, which, among the blockheads, whose silver tea-spoons and footboy's jacket buttons were previously embellished with a lion's head or pilgrim's cockle shell, (that might just as well have been a gridiron or tinder-box,) ever laid down his supplemental bonours in deference to the exaction? If the Birmingham button-moulders, or London seal-cutters, choose to impart, what ridiculous tales could they relate of the Johnny Newcomes who select their crests as the Yankee selected his livery, "cos it looked so tarnation kicky-wickish;" or, if the Herald's Office could be induced to peach concerning the applications made for the discovery of concealed arms by Browns and Smiths, retired potato-merchants, and aspiring apothecaries, (which applications supply the richest portion of its revenues,) what a treasure would not these archives supply for the lovers of fun!

The chivalrous origin of armorial bearings has, in fact, imparted a grace in modern centuries to a custom wholly out of place, and consequently ridiculous. At an epoch when the tug of war was achieved with helmed heads, with the human face divine carefully guarded by a vizor, it might be necessary to distinguish knight from knight by the cognizance borne upon his crest; and even in the tilt-yard, as in the recent Eglinton Tournament, the joust between the Knight of the Dragon and the Knight of the Swan was less likely to beget hostile intentions than an encounter between Sir This and Sir That. We can also readily understand, that, in the feudal ages, when life itself was a skirmish, in which thousands of subsidiary feuds were hourly fought out as interludes to the grand crusading encounter between Pagan and Christian, a badge affixed to the armour might be as necessary, to enable every enfeoffed chieftain to recognise his retainers, as the military uniforms distinguishing armies and regiments at the present day. But we cannot see why these armorial bearings should have outlasted the use of armour. We cannot understand why John Smith, Esq., is not as easily recognisable *as* John Smith, by his wife, his domestics, and the public in general, when sealing his letters, adorning his gig, and distinguishing his silver forks with the modest initials J. S., as when contributing his mite towards the reduction of the national debt, for the privilege of engraving the effigies of a mermaid on all his belongings. There is every probability that, at the period when the head of the house of Plantagenet was flourishing his branch of broom in Palestine, the ancestors of the said John Smith were hewing wood in leathern jerkins, or drawing water in woollen shirts, guiltless of any pretension to what one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses" characteristically describes as "a pair of tin pantaloons." Or, more likely still, they were following to the slaughter some feudal chief, wearing the badge of their suzerain as meekly as the present Mr John Smith's flock of Southdowns bear, raddled upon their woolly flanks, the humiliating initials J. and S. What possible advantage, therefore, can it afford to this bemermaided individual to paint an unsightly object on the pannel of his carriage, or display on his writing-table a block of cornelian large enough to contain the inscription of Magna Charta, yet bearing only the portrait of the same amphibious monster, by way of desk seal, merely because his father (the retired cheesemonger of Finsbury) saw fit to pay to Sir Isaac Heard, a certain sum of coined moneys, to have it under the attestation of the Herald's Office, that he, the said Ezekiel Smith, was descended from the Smyths of Smyth Grange, in the county of Northumberland, who, in the reign of Henry I., bore for their device a "sea maiden, bearing in one hand a comb, in the other a tiring glass," &c. &c.

There is, in fact, no end to the absurdities generated by this passion for armorial bearings, as a supposed index of gentility. Look at the showy carriages of the Jewish bankers and stockbrokers: will any one of them please to inform us, from what sovereign their ancestors derived these heraldic honours, at a period when suffering was the badge of all their tribe; when half the Kings of Europe were extracting their teeth, and the other half roasting them before a slow fire, in order to torture forth a confession of their hidden treasures; and when, so far from it being necessary to distinguish their helms in battle by an armorial ensign, it would have only needed for the sons of Israel to wear their vizors up like the ghost of Hamlet's father, and shew their unlucky faces, to drive all the pious soldiers of southern Christendom from the field.

But it is not alone the wealthy Jews who put forth untenable pretensions to *or* and *argent*, *gules* or *fess*, or other hieroglyphical devices of

the colleges of the Holy Roman empire, (which they wear with about as good a grace as Baron Rothschild his various crosses of Christian knighthood,) even the black population of the western hemisphere—of the countries unknown to Europe so long as the heroism of chivalry sought impunity by fighting under cover of plates of steel—make it the first act of their achieving easy circumstances, to assume armorial bearings. For these people, their minds being of a less enlightened order, there is some excuse; the wyverns and lions rampant which have fascinated their eyes, when affixed to the household furniture of their former masters, being probably, in *their* estimation, a substitute for the bowels of animals with which they formerly adorned their persons, or the feathers of parrots, or teeth or scalps of fallen enemies, wherewith they ornamented their war-suits. They are, in short, the very persons we would leave in undisturbed enjoyment of armorial bearings.

We do not mean to pretend that there are not noble exceptions sanctifying the quarterings conferred by royal authority upon distinguished individuals of modern times. The crest and motto borne by the Pellew family, for instance, in remembrance of the heroic courage of the first Lord Exmouth, in preserving hundreds of his fellow-creatures from impending death, is a trophy worthy to form the boast of his descendants and the example of all. But it is not often that the Herald's Office evinces so much wisdom in its inventions. Look at the coats of arms of the new colonial bishops—the pine apple, the palm tree, and, for aught we know, the puncheon of rum! If such be the finest flights of imagination of Garter or Norroy, the Laureate ought surely to be called upon for a flight of fancy or so, in aid of cases of such national emergency.

After all, we are not sure that the flights of fancy of the Herald's Office would not beat those of the hermit of Keswick hollow. We have seen of late years more than one emblazoned genealogy, (to borrow the title of one of Mrs Opie's favourite works, "Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches,") which must have singularly taxed the powers of invention of those highly poetical personages both to ear and eye, the Heralds of the British empire. We can only conceive that their optical powers are dazzled by the gorgeous splendour of the coronations at which they officiate, as described by Leigh Hunt—

"All drest in painted stiffness to the knees,"

and that they ever afterwards see double.

We have heard of documents of this description costing thousands of pounds! *Not* genealogies made out with a view to claims of obsolete titles, and consequently yielding, like the earldom of Huntingdon, their own repayment; but devised and executed for the mere gratification of human vanity—a mournful illustration of the weakness that wastes spices and precious oils in embalming mortal corruption; and taxes the labours of the learned scribe to attest that certain poor soulless creatures, whom we see encumbering the surface of the earth, claim affinity with certain still poorer grains of dust, which, for centuries past, have been decaying beneath it. These genealogies, however, are simply intended for their private enjoyment, or the adornment of their halls or libraries, (unless, as in a single recent instance, printed for circulation, and sent round by the offending parties to their friends,) and concern not the public. It is only when spurious arms are ostentatiously emblazoned on a showy carriage, or affixed per seal to correspondence with a friend in foreign countries, who is required to pay, by the weight of sealing-wax, the postage of his letters, that the folly becomes a positive offence. Of late years, moreover, it has been the custom of vulgar fine ladies to have their family arms embroidered on their pockethandkerchiefs, and stamped in gold upon their letter-paper; nay, we know one establishment of a bran new peer, where the stable brushes are painted with the family arms, supporters and all! It is probably this vile example which has put it into the heads of the Bond Street shopkeepers, who indite their "small accounts" on Bath post, to seal them with coats of arms, such as might bring the ghosts of Gwyllim and Hozier out of their graves to interpret. We should like to look out appropriate mottoes for some of these pretenders. "*Virtute et opera,*" is the device of the Thane of Fife. "*Surgere spes mea,*" that of the late king's chirurgeon: and we have little doubt, that mottoes quite as characteristic might be found for the fashionable bootmakers and haberdashers, who have beat out the brains of Garter, Norroy, or Clarencieux, for the discovery of their concealed arms.

SONNETS.

TO IDLENESS.

Curse on the fellow who invented *work!*
The *ape* is wiser far; nor will be taught
To speak, lest speech with *labour* should be fraught;
Lest in the core of every word should lurk
A *task*—a *burthen*—that he might not shirk.
Parent of pleasant reverie and thought!
Thou source of *boon* delights, which set at naught
All purchased with hard *toil*, and *cares* that irk—
Watch o'er thy votary, Idleness!—from *want*
Defend him ever—see him *well to do;*
Then will he be the merriest of elves!
And on thy charms will at large descant,
Though *other* followers never get a *sous*—
Have nothing in the larder but *the shelves!*

W. H.

ON MY OLD HAT.

O treat it not so rudely! 'tis an old
And a tried friend—in many an angry storm
Has it been kind to me—and tho' in form
Chang'd now from what it *then* was, when a bold
And happy wooer, sporting it, I told
(Dreaming) that tale to the gazelle-eyed Mary!
Beneath yon elms—yet, not the less, 'tis very
Dear to my eyes—yea! every ragged fold
O'erhanging, greets me like an ivied rift
In an old mansion—telling me of days
Long past—and, as the traveller from the drift
Waits 'neath the moon-pierc'd ruin the tardy rays—
So thy remains may cheer some gray hairs still,
Else doomed to brave the night-dew, damp and chill!

C. U.

TIMON; BUT NOT OF ATHENS.*

A clever Tory journal, sometime last year, described a tale which was appearing in series in this Magazine, as "Radicalism Made Easy." The modern Timon may be aptly described in nearly the same terms. The author is a fearless thinker, or speaker out of other men's thoughts; and a thorough-going, if not quite a dispassionate, reflective, or very consistent democrat. In communicating his opinions, and enforcing his doctrines, he adopts the popular form of fiction and dialogue; treating, however, with somewhat unwise contempt, the ordinary aids of plot, adventure, and dramatic circumstance. Unwise, at least, were it his object to display character in action, and apparently forgetting that his sweeping denunciations are quite as applicable to the fables of Shakspeare or Fielding, as to the story of the last offspring of the Minerva press. He has, however, so far adapted his work to the vulgar, or popular taste, as to have chosen all his characters, without exception, from the higher classes of society. Many of his opinions are promulgated directly from the author to the reader. Of the mysterious personage who gives the title to the work, nothing is seen until it is far advanced; and the principal part which he plays, is to display, in the true light, the character of George IV., especially in relation to his persecuted wife. The author of Timon is a theoretic Republican; and, by a Republican, no better illustration of the inherent vices of Monarchical government could be found, than in the secret and public history of that shameful and unmanly persecution, in which, not alone crimps, spies, and servile courtiers, but grave statesmen and pious prelates, were proud and eager to act their vile part. A variety of documents, some of which must be original, if they be not purely fictitious, and others, that have often been published, and which are known to be authentic, are given, illustrative of the treatment of the Princess of Wales, from the hour of her ill-starred marriage, until her remains were denied the ordinary passing tribute of decent respect. The author concludes that this affair, so disgraceful to the Court, the Church, and the Aristocracy of Great Britain, gave a shock to the Monarchical principle in this country from which it will never recover. Nor can it be questioned that the People have come to view Kings and Queens in a very different light from that in which the "Lord's anointed" was beheld, during the first half of the reign of George III., to go no farther back. Of the Princess of Wales, the author, or his hero, Timon, speaks uniformly with the warmth of admiration, which looks like personal attachment, and with corresponding severity of her husband, and his bold-faced paramour; while the other parties, who gained a bad eminence in that disgraceful drama, are dismissed, in general, though strong terms of condemnation. Certainly no event which the history of courts records, reveals human nature in a more degraded aspect than this transaction, from its beginning to its close. Sir Samuel Romilly, in his diary, condemns Lord Brougham for painting the Prince Regent, in a Parliamentary speech, as black as if he had been one of the worst of the Roman Emperors, or Henry the VIII. Yet, considering the progress of society, and the mighty influence of opinion, even in the recesses of palaces; considering the whole changed circumstances of

"This Britain, and this *now*;"

in the eye of reason and enlightened morality; he stands branded with the traces of cooler, darker malignity, more vindictive and meaner passions, than do those ferocious and blood-stained monsters. His vices of heart struck deeper into the root of all that is god-like in humanity, or estimable in manhood; or, at best, the difference between Henry VIII. and his successor, in their treatment of their Queens, is that which exists between the brutal murderer and the slow, deliberate poisoner, who lurks for the secret life, but leaves no trace of his bloody work on the body of his victim.

The author of Timon has, perhaps, when his work is considered as a piece of art, and, as such, intended to please while it instructs, gone too far into the history of the murdered Queen of George the IV., which the public has begun to forget, though all its consequences are not yet revealed. That tale remains for the historian and the dramatist; and the English annals have afforded Shakspeare no finer theme, no fitter dramatic heroine in Catherine or Constance, than Caroline of Brunswick offers to genius. This episode we now lay aside, and proceed to give our readers some account of Timon as a literary performance, a body of opinions, and a sign of the times, as significant as was, in its day, Caleb Williams, or Nature and Art. The book opens with a lively dialogue between two young gentlemen, Edward Clavering and Frank Delamere, both tinctured with Radicalism, or the Bentham Philosophy; though upon the gay nature of the latter, the sense of the evil done and suffered under the sun sits lightly. Their mutual conclusion is that of the fisherman in Pericles, who, when questioned how the fish lived in the sea, replied, "that it was in the sea much as in the land; the great ones eat up the little ones." Clavering eloquently girds at the abuses originated and kept up by kings, priests, and the privileged orders; and the gayer Delamere parries without denying. They are interrupted by the entrance of Sir Felix Clavering, a high Tory placeman, who has the misfortune to be father to the noble-minded young Radical. Edward takes more after his mother than his other parent. The author shews throughout, a high appreciation of the female character; and, as he is avowedly

* Two vols., Saunders & Otley.

tinctured with phrenology, (if not with actual organ or *bumpology*,) and open materialism, he places great faith in *breed*; on which subject he, moreover, talks somewhat glibly, and as if declamation were demonstration. In this vein, he cleverly traces the pedigree, or stock, of the Claverings, through the fox-hunting squire, their grandsire, (*dam* not specified,) and the patronage-hunting dean, their sire, who married an elderly heiress, until it merges in Sir Felix, the Tory; when, by his marriage with an admirable woman, it is, if not quite perfected, greatly ameliorated in his son Edward, the Liberal. Of the ancestors of Edward, the jolly fox-hunter is clearly the best; the sneaking, covetous, time-serving bishop, the worst. Edward's immediate progenitor, Sir Felix—a kind of lesser Castlereagh—is a rather respectable Conservative, as times go; full of prejudice, but with some atoms of conscience. As sermons are always edifying, we shall quote the substance of those which the bishop of the Clavering race was wont to preach.

From the pulpit of his cathedral, whenever occasion called him into it, he enjoined, to the rich, an exemplary attendance on divine worship; to the poor, that they should conduct themselves "lowly and reverently to all their betters;"—in all things to obey "their spiritual pastors and masters" in lowliness of heart; and, above all, to honour the king as the Lord's anointed; that, in so doing, they would reap their reward on high, and their names would be written in the Book of Life. This was the essence of all his exhortations. As to the bishop's own name, it was written in the Red Book; which, judging by the pains he had taken to place it there, he considered as the preferable reward.

At this time our good mother church was in her element, and all was quiet about her. Her good gifts were in no danger from the hands of the spoiler. It was not, as in these refractory times—which seem to be prefigured by the fire and smoke and brimstone, described as issuing out of the horses' mouths in the Revelations—when men, not content with denying the infallibility of bishops and archbishops, claim to think for themselves.

The character of Sir Felix is more delicately touched than that of either squire or bishop. He was rather handsome and gentlemanly in person and appearance; of a cold temperament, not apt to be led astray by the passions of youth; well-skilled in Parliamentary history; possessed by all the Pitt prejudices; and with a genius for the state mystery termed Finance. As he grew older, and times changed, until Althorpe succeeded Grey, and Melbourne Althorpe, from a Pitt Tory he came to profess himself a *Moderate Reformer*. If any abuse could be clearly pointed out, and the remedy also, then was the candid Sir Felix ready to apply the remedy; which, however, never was required, as the abuse complained of never could be discovered.

Whatever was the complaint brought against the existing system, he had an answer always at hand. "The best institutions of man," he would say, "must partake of the imperfection which adheres to his nature. It were vain to expect it otherwise. To begin physicking a healthy and well-tried constitution, because of a few eruptions on the skin, is the extreme of fool-hardiness. Our form of government has been handed down from generation to generation. It has answered the best purposes of government for ages past, and will continue to do so for ages to come, if we have the wisdom to leave it as it is."

These, in the Baronet's mind, were self-evident axioms. These were among the *principia vera* that required no proof. He was himself as well convinced of them as he was that a stone thrown upwards will fall to the ground, or that gunpowder will explode when a lighted match is applied to it.

At a county meeting, however, he would now and then meet with a sturdy disputant with whom his arguments did not so easily pass muster. "I venerate," said he, the other day, to a politician of this stamp, "I venerate the constitution which we have received from our forefathers, and under which we have reached our present unrivalled prosperity. I will not consent to endanger that constitution by running after wild theories of improvement. I will not suffer myself to be decoyed from the ancient and safe highway, into by-paths which lead I know not where."

"I have heard this very same reasoning from CANNING, and a hundred others of the same school," replied the stranger to whom he was speaking; "but it always seemed to me just as well adapted to the worst constitution as the best.

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The political history of Great Britain was familiar to him. But he had read it in the spirit of party, not of philosophy. It had never, therefore, occurred to him that the corrupt influence of the nobility had gone on extending itself until their interests had become everything, and the interests of the public as nothing. This fact was sometimes pressed upon him, when arguing with persons of opposite politics; but the common-place reply was always at hand: We have grown up under this system to our present state of unexampled prosperity; and to risk the blessings we enjoy in search of speculative perfection, is not only the excess of rashness, but the extreme of guilt.—This style of reasoning, when the periods are well turned, has great weight. Not but that it would be just as wise to contend, that the farmer should not clear his field from weeds, lest he should endanger the fertility of the soil.

In matters of orthodoxy we must be punctual to the text: but when speaking of the Constitution, great latitude is allowed.

Burke and Pitt share in our author's ill graces, in correspondence to their relative talents, and their influence on public affairs. The one is represented as a selfish traitor to the popular cause, and the other as

The most arbitrary and reckless minister that ever swayed its councils, at once the dupe and the confederate of the aristocracy, who wasted the strength and lavished the resources of the nation with a rashness never witnessed before or since. The privileged classes worshipped him. The men of wealth pinned their faith upon his sleeve. They lauded him to the skies, as the heaven-born minister; never was an epithet so grossly misapplied. Mr Pitt was neither a great man, nor a great minister. A man of comprehensive and commanding mind, fitted to the crisis in which he was called to govern, would have found nothing to surprise him in the coming on of that revolution in France, which was destined to change the face of Europe. The seeds of it had been long in the ground—they had been ripening to the eye of every man of thought and reflection, during the entire reigns of Louis XIV. and XV.; a period of the most degrading profligacy, and the most insulting despotism that ever tried the patience of an oppressed people. All the French writers of note and authority had predicted it, in language too forcible to be disregarded, and too plain to be misunderstood. . . . . .

Had Mr Pitt been as well read as he ought to have been in the science of government, he would have profited by the awful warning which the French Revolution carried with it. He would have made England take the lead in adapting her existing institutions to the improved state of knowledge. Had he been the profound statesmen which his servile flatterers declared him to be, he would have yielded with a good grace to that demand for reform, which it was no longer safe or politic to withhold. Had he lent the mighty influence of his official

station to the support of liberal principles, and to a system of government adapted to the spirit of the age, how different—how very different—would have been the condition of Great Britain at this moment. Its industry would not then have been burthened with the weight of eight hundred millions of debt, incurred to uphold the ascendancy of the titled few, and to re-throne the race of the Bourbons.

A high-minded senator would have sacrificed power and place to the interest of his country. Mr Pitt had no such patriotism. The court was his country, and he had no other. He was no stranger to the fact, that throughout Europe, monarchy rested for support on the church and on the titled classes; and he foresaw, that if existing institutions were so far reformed, as to render the principle of representation practical and effective, the power of the aristocracy and of the clergy must yield to the influence of public opinion, and state affairs must be administered on a quite different system. This, and this alone, was the revolution which he dreaded.

Such was the Minister in whose palmy days the youthful Sir Felix Clavering first made his appearance at St Stephen's *soirées*, previously well read in all sorts of secret memoirs which deal in the history of political intrigue, and finding his *vade mecum* in Bubb Dodington's diary and Hamilton's Parliamentary logic. A rising young Member, while Whigs and Tories shall continue to hold alternate rule, could not walk more wisely than in the footsteps of Sir Felix.

All his connexions were formed with a view to official influence. With a prepossessing person and plausible manner, he found no difficulty in ingratiating himself with any one whose acquaintance he took the pains to cultivate. He pleased, by never offending. Opinions opposite to his own, had, for the time, his entire acquiescence; since he knew that to combat them, would be either to make an enemy, or to lose a friend. The severity of his principles always relaxed a little, when a dissolution of Parliament was at hand; at this season, he put his Toryism on short allowance—he professed himself proud to do homage to his constituents. Inwardly, indeed, he had a decent share of disregard for all that belonged to them, except their vote and interest; but outwardly, his demeanour towards them, was all compliment and condescension. So to descend, was gall and wormwood; but bitter pills must be swallowed at an election, and a Parliamentary candidate is never expected to suffer for conscience' sake.

He had purchased a seat in Parliament at the market price, at that time as well understood as the price of corn, and as regular an article of traffic; but although every one knew that a seat might be thus easily purchased, to declare it purchaseable was a grave offence. The truth of the assertion made it a libel, and the learned Judges never failed to find it so, when the offender was on the wrong side of politics. He was for upwards of five months in the house, without taking part in any debate. Constantly to be seen in his place, he was occupied in acquainting himself with the forms of the house. He studied the relative strength of the parties that were to join in battle—he watched the anxiety of the minister to keep off all embarrassing questions, and the equal anxiety of the opposition to obtrude them into debate. He had taken his seat from the first on the Ministerial benches, but betrayed no peculiar devotion to the government; his opinions partook of what, in the language of painting, is termed "a neutral tint." He applied the remark of Dr. Johnson alike to political and personal attachments, that "he who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes." On this principle it was, that he occasionally disregarded the entreaty of a *first* and *second* circular; but the THIRD, backed by the pressing *solicitations* of the whipper-in, was sure of his attendance and his vote. The alternations of doubt thus excited, had their effect. He professed to vote independently and to the best of his judgment, although it usually happened that on urgent questions, his best judgment coincided with that of the minister. This lucky coincidence never passed unobserved, and it begot, after a time, that perfect good understanding, known to the initiated, which made his support of the measures of government a duty which he owed "*to his conscience and to his country.*"

An occasion arose on which the full value of the Member's support could be felt by the Minister. It was when Lord Grenville adopted the unpopular course of haughtily rejecting the overtures of the First Consul for peace, just when John Bull had, for the moment, got his stomachful of war. Having devoted an entire week to the composition of a speech, Sir Felix

Arranged his topics in logical order,—pictured on a charcoal ground, all the evils of republicanism; and descanted with becoming warmth, on that paternal solicitude for the happiness of their people, which had always distinguished the house of Bourbon. He expatiated, at due length, on the great stake which we all had in the contest; it was a war for all that was dear to us,—our hearths, our altars, our religion as Christians, our independance as a nation, our rights as a free people,—all were at stake; and he insisted, that not only was our own government the best, but the best-administered of all governments. We were a highly favoured nation, enjoying an inestimable and envied constitution, the legacy of our forefathers, purchased by their valour, cemented by their blood. . . . . .

This speech, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, was hailed with repeated cheers from the ministerial benches; and the result satisfied Sir Felix, that he had not made a false estimate of his own powers. He had the infinite satisfaction to find himself figuring the next morning, in three-columns-and-a-half of the broad sheet.

Sir Felix was, henceforth, if not a favourite with the Government, something better—a Member of the Commons who had established his claims upon them. The author of Timon, in his indiscriminate censures, sometimes forgets to divide the tares from the wheat, the salutary from the corrupt, in ecclesiastical systems; nor is he over apt, at any time, to perceive the soul of goodness in things evil. Yet, as a specimen of the nature and style of the book, we shall quote a few remarks in this strain, which are, nevertheless, based on undeniable truth.

How slowly has reason extended her empire in Europe! And why? Because she has been persecuted in every step of her progress. Kings, priests, and nobles, have from the first, joined to hunt her down. The rulers of the people, in every age, have always done their utmost to keep them in darkness—mystery in politics—mystery in religion—and all this for the purpose of fencing out inquiry, and keeping common sense at a distance.

It has pleased God to endow his creatures with the faculty of reason, to enable them to distinguish truth from falsehood; but the spread of truth is never permitted, so long as those in power have the means of suppressing it. When the church was in the heyday of her power, the word of the priest was gospel, and his will was law: the ascendant faith was then the Catholic; but the ambition, the rapacity, and the licentiousness of their clergy—and the unblushing sensualism of the creatures that successively filled the Papal Chair, and who pretended to have the keys of St. Peter, which enabled them to lock the gates of heaven against all unbelievers—at length raised a spirit of resistance, which ended in the downfal of their spiritual throne. So far from there being, at this period, any alliance between Church and State, they maintained a constant warfare. In England particularly, every page of its history is disfigured with the de-

tail of their conflicts and controversies; sometimes the Papal supremacy was disowned,—at other times the thunder of the Vatican prevailed; but the scenes of shameless hypocrisy, and reckless bloodshed, are repulsive in the extreme. Nothing is seen but the knavery of a self-delegated priesthood, profiting by the ignorance of the people, and imposing upon their credulity; they were bitter enemies to the progress of knowledge, knowing well, that the more the bulk of mankind were enlightened, the more clearly would their craft be seen through, and the more extensively would the network of their system be exposed.

HENRY the Eighth was every inch a Catholic. His battle with the See of Rome, was not with its doctrines, but with its temporal power. Had not the Pope, in a fit of passionate indiscretion, pronounced sentence, denouncing his divorce from Queen Catharine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, no rupture between them would have taken place. Had his Holiness managed matters a little more adroitly, and with better temper, the English tyrant would never have disputed his spiritual supremacy, and our Church would probably, at this day, have been Catholic. Whoever should have cast ridicule on the consecrated wafer, would have been burnt as a heretic. Bishop Philpotts would have written pamphlets in defence of transubstantiation; and the Judges would have declared Catholicism to be "part and parcel of the law of the land;" and our now orthodox Churchmen would have celebrated High Mass.

From Mr Markland, the orthodox tutor whom Sir Felix chose for his son, the young man never could have imbibed his Radical opinions. That respectable person was the eldest son of a canon of the Cathedral of Oxford. The basis of his erudition was classical; but the superstructure was clerical. He had mingled but little in the active scenes of life; but he had deeply studied the schoolmen, and patiently learned the laws and constitution of England, from Blackstone and De Lolme.

It was a perfect piece of machinery—the boast of "our beloved fatherland;" a monument of the wisdom of our ancestors. The three estates—King, Lords, and Commons—mutually balancing each other, and thus providing against an excess of power in either; what an admirable contrivance! His attachment to this system was sincere, as was his fidelity towards it. But neither the one nor the other was the result of inward thought. He had never studied the principles of government as a science. He erred—where the majority of us err—in mistaking the opinions in which we are born and bred, for the deliberate convictions of our own reason. In all his notions he was supremely aristocratic. The Gamaliel at whose feet he had been brought up, had so ordained it.

In politics, he was the idolater of BURKE. The maxim of that distinguished statesman, that "to innovate is not to reform," was, with him, a sacred and imperishable truth. The nobility of France had been scattered abroad—her clergy had ceased to be venerated—their estates had been confiscated—the law of primogeniture had been abolished—what an awful warning!—and all this from the love of change—from that capricious, dissatisfied feeling, which leads to the destruction of all that is ancient and venerable in the institutions of man.

All this was, to Mr Markland, so much self-evident truth. It was the manifest tendency of the spirit of reform to overturn everything; to break up all establishments, and to turn government upside-down.

Yet was Mr Markland, besides his classical attainments, a conscientious man according to his lights, and one of unstained morals. It was marvellous how the son of Sir Felix, and the pupil of Mr Markland, could have caught the Radical contagion then abroad; but such was the melancholy fact; and the latter, aware of the evil, set himself in earnest to counteract its mischievous consequences. This was not so easily accomplished; and, in the course of his efforts, Mr Markland discovered that the mother was as deeply tainted as the son, though the political and other heresies of both were manifested with the greatest mildness and forbearance.

Sir Felix, who had diligently laboured to keep up his county interest until, in the lapse of time, his son might succeed him as the knight of the shire and adherent of the Tory Minister of the day, on finding Edward a recreant to the faith of the Tories, could only find consolation in recurring to the good old times when he was wont to carouse at Wimbledon with Dundas and the heaven-born Minister.

"I well remember," said he, in an after-dinner conversation, at which his son was present, before whom his most frequent topic was the danger which attends all political changes;—"I well remember the time when the majority, seated in the House of Commons by the crown, the borough-holders, and the peers, was 424. Ministers had then a support equal to the weight they had to sustain; and were not, as now, compelled to truckle to popular opinion at every turn of the corner. When the spirit of reform stalked abroad, as it now and then did, ministers put it down promptly, and drove it back at once to its hiding place. They bestirred themselves, too, in other ways. They bought up such a portion of the daily press as would keep the public mind from being whisked about by every wind of doctrine. The clerical magistrates and the influential landholders of each county kept their eye steadily upon the newspapers which the innkeepers took in for the perusal of their customers. *They took in an opposition paper at their peril.* By this and other means they got the provincial press, in a great measure, under their control. The Attorney-General, too, was always on the alert; and not only did he keep a sharp look-out, but the spies of government were always on the watch-tower. The seditious were pounced upon at a moment when they thought no eye was upon them."

"It was this promptitude, at that critical juncture of affairs," said Mr Markland, "that saved the country."

Young Clavering would neither go into Parliament nor accept of office upon the only conditions that are known among public men; and the indignant Sir Felix gave up the contest with a son who had no fault save holding the doctrines of the new philosophy, and being one of those who conceive it wise to yield the people their rights before they force them.

Frank Delamere was a younger son, very slenderly provided with the world's goods; and this circumstance furnishes a text for handling the evil done to society by the law of primogeniture. The abolition in France of this mainstay of the privileged class, and of a thousand public abuses, is considered one of the best results of the Revolution. Having combated the fallacy of sending the younger sons of a family into life penniless, merely to enrich an elder son, and sharpen the faculties of his brothers, by compelling them to depend on their own talents and industry, it is pertinently inquired what is to become of those who have no talents and still less industry, a quality for which the scions of aristocracy are not generally distinguished. We next come to the daughters, who, directly or indirectly, are the greatest victims of this unnatural institution. One main cause of the cheerless joyless celibacy, to which so many British females are doomed, or of the unhappy

because loveless and unequal marriages, which all acknowledge and lament, is the poverty to which this unnatural law consigns so many women in the better classes of society; highly accomplished, but most helpless creatures, concerning whom our author inquires—

In what profitable calling are their *talents* and *industry* to be exercised? How does "the giving the bulk of the father's property to the eldest son" assist to make *them* "the architects of their own fortunes?" They have no chance in the state lottery of preferment. If to obtain a moderate independence is to be *the end* of their exertions, why take it from them in *the beginning*? Imbued, from their birth, with aristocratic feelings, their great speculation is marriage; a speculation of all others the most humiliating. In the *Beggar's Opera*, when Polly is asked how she proposes to live, she answers—"Upon the industry of my Macheath;"—a sad reliance, certainly; but much less mortifying, and hardly less disreputable, than the dependence to which too many of the lovely sex in upper life are driven by our law of exclusive inheritance.

Nothing can be slighter than the way in which, in the pages of Timon, specimens of the aristocracy are brought forward, or drop in, stand to have their portraits outlined, and disappear for ever. One of these is Lord Trecastle, a younger brother, who, from £400 a-year, suddenly succeeds to £20,000, by the first-born breaking his neck, and who owns that he shuddered at that event, remembering the desperate leaps he had taken, and "thinking the same accident might have happened to *me*." The portrait of Trecastle has the great merit of being a faithful resemblance, and not in the least over-done. It is thus, after his departure, that this aristocratic petrifaction is discussed by Lady Clavering and her charming daughter:—

"He has gained very little by foreign travel," said Emily to her mother, as his carriage drove from the door. "I could not have believed that an individual so heartless existed in the world."

"The class is by no means so rare as you imagine," replied Lady Clavering. "In that circle of our planet which those who move in it are pleased to call, *par excellence*, the upper world, many samples of the same species may be found. Lord Trecastle is only conspicuous because he is not at the pains of concealment. He is quite indifferent as to the opinion of the world, and therefore walks abroad without a mask."

"I am sure a mask would much better become him," said Emily. "I do believe he would grieve more for the loss of his talbot dog, or one of his curricle horses, than at the death of the dearest friend he has."

"He would grieve for neither," replied Lady Clavering. "He would order his coachman to get another talbot, and match the grey as nearly as possible; and there his concern would end; as to a friend, in the true sense of the word, he neither has nor wants one."

"What a marble-hearted creature it is," said Emily.

"He is moulded from very cold clay, certainly," replied her mother; "but we must make great allowance, when we remember that he is the son of Lord Trecastle, who was the very personification of apathy, and who had no care for any human being beyond the reach of his own shadow. Had he come of a different *stock*, and had a few of the difficulties of life to struggle with, the occasional demand upon his feelings from some quarter or other would have kept them active; but Valmont, with a temperament naturally lethargic, was born to every indulgence; educated at home, he was never exposed to a conflict with other minds; the hereditary taint grew upon him. That unconcern about every thing, which a certain class of fashionables affect, is in many a mere eccentricity, but in him it is nature."

There was much kindness, as well as true philosophy in this defence; but Emily, full of youthful sensibility, deemed him quite unendurable. . . . .

"I have no patience with such insensibles," rejoined Emily; "and I grieve to hear mamma say that in the higher circles of life they are not uncommon."

"Mamma is right," said her brother. "If Lord Trecastle were in high office about the court, he would find his counterpart in almost every one with whom he came in contact. The texture of the material may differ, but they are all cut after the same pattern. It is with high life as with high mountains, the nearer you approach the summit, the colder is the atmosphere. The Trecastles are a numerous race; the family-likeness may be found in all the aristocracies of Europe."

"Trecastle," said Delamere, "is his father's son. He is certainly not a sentimentalist; his heart is not a material upon which you can engrave anything. But, as a young man, he is not wanting in the accomplishments suited to his *caste*. Much as you may dislike him, he is extremely well received within his own circle. The poison of the serpent is not poisonous to its own species. Besides which, he has a prepossessing exterior, with an even set of teeth; he speaks Italian fluently, can descant on the beauties of Cherubini and Beethoven, ties his cravat after the most approved taste, and when he plays, which is not often, pays his losses with as much coolness as he receives his winnings. What more than this can be desired of mortal man?"

"He is a very gifted youth in your description of him," said Miss Clavering; "but you are fond of whimsical sketches, and your pencil is always at hand."

"There are few of the sons of wealth and idleness," replied Delamere, "that furnish features of a much better character than my sketch of Trecastle affords. I don't expect to gather grapes from thorns. We must take men of sense 'after their kind,' and men of fashion 'after *their* kind.' They differ as the bee from the butterfly. I find both in the order of nature, and there I leave them."

"But then how valuable is the industry of the one," said Emily, "compared with the idle fluttering of the other."

"I leave it to the moralists to make comparisons," rejoined Delamere.

"The comparison would not be much to their credit," said Clavering. "We admire the beauty of the idle flutterer, and leave it to its enjoyment; we praise the industry of the bee, and we rob it of its produce."

"It is the common lot," said Delamere; "and the bees must not complain. It is the same with the labour of man; the parson tithes it, the nobility tax it, the law fleeces it, and the whole machinery of government is contrived with the view to the gratification of those who feed and fatten upon it. How can we refuse to say 'Amen' to all this, when the practice of bishops, priests, and deacons, testifies it to be the whole duty of man?"

"It is the aristocratic scripture of the rulers in Church and State," said Clavering.

"And *their* scriptural volume is the Court Guide," replied Delamere; "the Bible is for us of the commons."

This is nice dissection.

About this time, King William, "the Reform King," to whom the author will not allow the praise of sincerity, which has generally been accorded to a Prince who cannot claim that of consistency, had dismissed his Ministers on the frivolous pretence of the death of old Earl Spencer, and dispatched Master Hudson to the ends of the earth, in search of Sir Robert Peel. Clavering, writing at this time to his friend Delamere, remarks of the fallen government:—

"The great error of the Reform ministry was, that with the means before them of fulfilling the glorious task they had undertaken—with the power of the nation at their back, prepared to carry them triumphantly through—with the tenure of office depending on themselves, and

held on the easy terms of doing what they had undertaken to do—yet with all these advantages, they chose to drag on in the fetters of the lords of the soil, and to shake the confidence of the people by striving to conciliate an enemy they might safely have defied.

This may not be new, but it is at least as true as ever. He says again:—

In the meantime, the loss of office may have the effect of converting the Whig party from the error of their ways. It may teach them to look hereafter for their support, where alone it is to be found, in the well-earned confidence and attachment of the people.

It has, as yet, done no such thing.

Among the personages who figure and disappear, is Lady Milverton, once a distinguished beauty and star in the fashionable world; married to a good-natured and indolent ancient earl; a favourite at Carlton House, rewarded for her *Platonic* attachment to the Prince by a pension, and, finally, a *devotee*. Lady Milverton, when Time had clawed her with his clutch, renounced a world lying in wickedness, which had already renounced her. Entirely approving the exposure of *cant* in all its modern varieties, whether moral, political, or religious, and condemning those who, like Lady Milverton, rest their characters, as members of "the religious public," rather upon the dogmas of their creed than the excellence of their lives, we yet cannot approve of the tone in which this author repeatedly speaks of something which he calls *faith*. But the subject is better avoided, and we shall simply inquire, laying aside Lady Milverton's mystical jargon, where, in religion, he finds scope and exercise for those higher faculties of the mind, or rather portions of the brain, which, as a phrenologist, he denominates Veneration, Wonder, and Hope.

Lady Milverton (we wish to learn whether, in her new state, she gave up her Carlton House pension) made a convert of Lady Roseneath, a handsome woman, who, in the early part of her married life, had the rare good fortune of engaging the attentions of a man who availed himself of the influence which he acquired over the mind of the flattered and spoiled beauty, to keep her clear of the vortex near which her indolent husband permitted her to hover. When this Mentor, or guardian angel, by name Sir Eustace Leppington, returned from the Continent, after the lapse of several years, he found his fair friend, Lady Roseneath, with whom he had been on ticklish, if not unsafe ground, a widow, and a saint; but not forgetful of either the perils or advantages of their former connexion. They first met by accident, on a morning visit at Lady Clavering's, whither the pious lady had come to solicit a subscription for some pious purpose or another. She was taken by surprise. The monotonous whine which she had lately adopted, changed on the instant. She dreaded that Sir Eustace would take her to task for her new affectations, as he had ventured to do, though with graceful gallantry, for her youthful levities.

She felt that she had a difficult card to play. Her religious views were not of a kind in which he was likely to sympathise. In this, she judged rightly. No one admired more ardently, or esteemed more highly, than did the Baronet, that religion of the heart, which displays itself in doing good; and which, busied in contributing to the happiness of those around them, wears always that cheerfulness of countenance which is reflected from the many happy faces which its benevolence has lighted up with smiles. She had been accustomed to speak her sentiments to him without reserve: and how to account to him for the change she had recently undergone, was the great difficulty. In truth, had she entered upon the task of examination, she would have found equal difficulty in accounting for it even to herself.

Sir Eustace visits his former friend, and, after some preliminary chat, thus comes to the point.

"By the way, I hear from Lady Milverton," said Sir Eustace, "that you have become a member of the 'religious public;' is it true?"

"I hope it is. It is to her I owe my conversion," said Lady Roseneath.

"Conversion, to what? What can *you* owe in the way of conversion to such a puritanic imbecile as that?"

"She was once a worldly character, I allow; but it pleased the Lord to number her with his people, and she from that time became a different creature."

"For heaven's sake, Lady Roseneath, do not accustom yourself to a phraseology that means nothing. It sounds very pious, no doubt, to your own ears, and to the ears of the fanatics that surround you; but you have no conception how nauseous it is to persons of rational and sound mind. I will not flatter you—I never did, and I shall not begin now; you have your weaknesses, and always had; but you had a fund of good sense and good feeling at bottom, that ought to have kept you clear of the set with which you have got entangled."

"Can I then," she replied, "be too religious?—and hearing the voice of the Lord, am I not to hearken to it?"

"Too good—too virtuous—too amiable, you cannot be," rejoined her unsparing mentor; "nor is there any danger of it. As to being too religious—religion, to have any real value, must be a habit of *life*; a habit growing out of that constant desire for the advancement of human happiness on earth, which displays itself in the service of our fellow-creatures. . . . . .

"It really does surprise me, my dear Lady Roseneath, that you should be led away by such a weak-minded woman as Lady Milverton. No draft was ever drawn upon that woman's faith, that her credulity did not honour. She was—while the season of foolery lasted—a follower of the renowned JOANNA SOUTHCOTE. That was a costly conversion; she bought the *seals* of that impostor at a high price: nor did their impression wear off, till the knell of Joanna herself rung in her ear the tidings of the evaporation of the promised *Shiloh* in a fit of the wind colic. But even here, her faith stood its ground to the last; she walked on foot at the funeral of the priestess, and has been ever since a martyr to a rheumatism in the knee, which she caught at the procession.

"In latter times, she was for a while the constant attendant on the archmountebank IRVING. That was at the first appearance of the new phenomenon, when his preaching was thronged from all quarters, and fools of fashion elbowed the greasy vulgar for a seat in his congregation. But hardly had the Christmas bell-man tolled out the old year, when these same fashionables were the first to laugh at their own folly; and on a sudden, this cast troop-horse of the Scotch church lost all their favour; and Lady Milverton's faith, staggered by the dwindling away of the disciples, began to look out for a new anchor."

Much more follows, and the Baronet continues:—

"It is only our very long friendship that could have induced me to touch upon a subject, which, but for that, I should have most carefully avoided; but having adverted to it, I speak without reserve. There is a stronger tendency to enthusiasm in your sex than in ours. There are

knaves and hypocrites always on the alert to take advantage of this. Wherever the imagination is concerned, you are more led away than we are. Love—which is among the most innate and amiable of our feelings—is in its very nature allied to a pure and exalted devotion; but, like every source of strong excitement, if not controlled by reflection—if not guided by a strong and steady understanding, may lead to excesses of the very worst kind."

All the Baronet's discourse will not be found quite so unexceptionable as this, or as the conclusion of the remonstrance, where Lady Roseneath candidly admits that her views of religion had certainly not contributed to her peace of mind, or cheerfulness of spirits; that she felt dark, alarmed, and depressed, without knowing where to look for comfort, and "as if all consolation were withdrawn." Sir Eustace affirms, that this is a state of suffering to which *real* Christianity can never give birth; that it is the consequence of disordered nerves, arising from long-continued religious excitement. The result of such conversations may be anticipated. Lady Roseneath and Sir Eustace are thrown together in the quiet of the country; old reminiscenes return and deepen into tenderness; Sir Eustace finds a bride, and Lady Milverton loses her convert. From such specimens of the work, it will easily be seen that this is no ordinary novel.

Among the author's antipathies, is MALTHUS, whose doctrines are represented in "Timon" in their most naked and repulsive form, and that too by simply quoting the language of the oracle of Whig legislators, and of all of the *rich* with whom conscience is sufficiently alive to whisper that there is something false and vicious in the institutions of society as they affect the working classes and the poor; and that the evil is, at least in part, attributable to those who monopolize the power of making and administering the laws. To the population dogmas and poor-law canons of Mr Malthus, as popularly expounded by his disciples, probably with the best intentions, but certainly with very bad effects, we confidently attribute much of the discontent, and gloomy irritation of the labouring classes, and their growing alienation from capitalists of whatever grade. Let one figure the indignation with which an intelligent mechanic or labourer could peruse such passages of Malthus as the following reproduced in "Timon:"—

"I should propose," says Malthus, "a regulation to be made, declaring, that no child born from any marriage taking place after a year from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance. And to give a more general knowledge of the law, and to enforce it more strongly on the minds of the lower classes of people, the clergyman of each parish should, previously to the solemnization of a marriage, read a short address to the parties, stating the strong obligation on every man to support his own children—the impropriety, and even immorality, of marrying without a fair prospect of being able to do this—the evils which had resulted to the poor themselves, from the attempt which had been made to assist by public institutions, in a duty which ought to be exclusively appropriated to parents—and the absolute necessity which had at length appeared, *of abandoning all such institutions*, on account of their producing effects opposite to those which were intended. After the public notice which I have proposed, had been given, and the *system of poor-laws had ceased* with regard to the rising generation, if any man chose to marry without a prospect of being able to support a family, he should have the most perfect liberty so to do. . . . . .

"All parish assistance, should be most rigidly denied him; and if the hand of private charity be stretched forth in his relief, the interests of humanity require that it should be administered very sparingly. He should be taught to know that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, had doomed him and his family to starve.

It will not be easy, with the manors and pleasure grounds, the deer-parks, ponds, and gardens of the rich proprietor, or the wide demesnes of the Norman feudal lord in his vicinage, may with even the glebe of the parson under his eye, much longer to persuade the industrious man that it is the laws of God, or of Nature, which "have doomed him and his children to starve," at least while he is able and willing to work for their support, provided he can find employment. He will not easily believe that he is, in the harsh words of Mr Malthus, "born into a world already possessed," while he perceives the common heritage so very unequally divided. He will not believe that there is a law of primogeniture in heaven as well as on earth. If he acknowledges that the *security* of property is the fundamental law of every society, which he cheerfully does, he also knows that the free *diffusion* of property, under wise laws, ranks, in every well-constituted community, next in importance; that the great secret of legislation is, first, to provide for the security of property, and, next, to prevent it from running into those enormous masses seen in all the European states, in consequence of the institution of primogeniture, and the manifold ramifications of aristocratic power and influence. That legislator performs but half his duty who, providing for the security of property, does not, at the same time, allow that free distribution of property, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, which is restrained by the entire system of English laws, and by usages stronger than the laws.

To come back to Timon: he is an admirer of marriage, rightly thinking that

The purity of public morals—the only firm basis of national prosperity—depends much more than is generally imagined, on the single or married state of the majority of the population. Whatever causes operate to the discouragement of marriage, tend, in the same proportion, to the increase of depravity. In England this discouragement is a growing evil, and a great one. Its demoralizing effects are daily spreading through all ranks of the community.

According to Mr Malthus, nature is sadly destitute of wisdom and foresight. Utterly untaught in the science of political economy, she has gone on producing and producing, until she has got a greater number of children about her by far, than she knows what to do with. It is certainly not their fault that they have been born into a world already overcrowded. They had no voice in their own creation; and being innocent of all intrusion, ought not to be punished as trespassers. But Mr Malthus is of a widely different opinion.

"A man," he says, "who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if society does not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. *At* NATURE'S *feast there is no cover for him.* She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of

some of her guests. If these guests get up and make room for him, other intruders immediately appear, demanding the same favour. The report of a provision for all that come, fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed."

We believe that some of these offensive passages are softened or expunged from the later editions of the work of Mr Malthus. But this is of less consequence, as his doctrines remain unchanged; though some of his disciples shamed them sadly, when they consented to enact a Poor Law for Ireland, with the hope that it might, among other advantages, restrain that impetuous current of improvident marriage, which, in a country not the best supplied with food or any other necessary of life, and not cursed with a poor law, that alleged encourager of population, had fairly distanced England in the race to ruin.

But it is rather alarm than conviction of their fallacy, which has deterred many Members of the Legislature from following out the doctrines of Malthus to that extreme point which, some among them may fancy, by deranging the present framework of social life, or fairly overturning it, might tend to settle society upon a broader and more equal basis. Yet all have, for some reason, shrunk from the experiment recommended by Malthus, in the promulgation of the edict against the new-comers.

Our author, perhaps, takes Mr Malthus at disadvantage, in sometimes treating his speculations or the probabilities of his cheerless principle, as practical inferences from it; yet we cannot help feeling that the Christian divine has fairly laid himself open to the rebuke of the sceptical layman, when, in referring to the Malthusian doctrine, he says:—

Pursued to their consequences they [the principles of Malthus] break up the very foundation of the Christian faith. . What, are the poor to be taught that the Being that breathed into them the breath of life, destined them to starve, for no other reason but that he had been already so lavish in the exercise of his creative power, as to leave them no means of subsistence? Can the most profane exhibition of the Deity go beyond this? Can his attributes of goodness and justice and mercy be brought more strongly into doubt by any doctrine in the power of infidelity to invent? Is this the conception we are to form of the great God and Father of all? Is this the character in which he is clothed in the gospel of eternal truth?

. . . . . .

One would really imagine that Mr Malthus had never bestowed a thought upon the causes which have so deplorably depressed the condition of the working classes. To represent them as suffering by the mandate of heaven for having disregarded the law of population by marrying when the market for labour was overstocked, and when they ought therefore to have known that a decree of nature had doomed all new-comers to starve, was to preach a doctrine the most false and shameless that was ever palmed upon the public credulity. It was, no doubt, extremely acceptable to the mass of government functionaries to be thus purified from all the odium arising from profligate expenditure and vicious legislation. It was well pleasing to the whole race of rank and wealth that the working classes should understand from ecclesiastical authority that at great Nature's feast there was no cover for any one not provided with an admission ticket. It was to them "tidings of great joy" that the benevolence of the Almighty had been hitherto misunderstood; that the reverse of what we had been hitherto taught was the truth, and that "he hath filled the *rich* with good things, and the *hungry* he hath sent empty away."

After noticing the temporary suffering produced by machinery suddenly superseding human labour, our author argues thus justly and humanely; and how often must such arguments be repeated, ere they take effect!

To the political economist, who looks only to the increased power of production, and to the consequent cheapness of the articles produced, there is ample room for admiration and thankfulness; but the feeling is far different with those who are thrown out of bread. When one of this distressed number appeals to our humanity for relief, it were surely a harsh answer, and such as no man of humanity would give, to dismiss him in the above language of Mr Malthus. It is not enough that we look at the improved wealth of the Capitalists—we must look also at the deteriorated condition of those whose lot is labour. This class it is, that make up the great bulk of the people; and when, from whatever cause, the demand for the labour of a great portion of them ceases, it is in vain you tell them, on the authority of the Malthusian economists, that it is God's will that they and their families should starve. They will turn with bitter scorn from such a doctrine. They are too well informed of the causes of their depressed and miserable condition to be duped by this *new divinity*. They will point to the general diffusion of prosperity in France within the last forty years, occasioned by the *sale of the national domains*. The diffusion of landed property—no longer engrossed by the great territorial monopolists, the clergy and the *noblesse*—distributed the means of health, comfort, and independence among the mass of the peasantry, that, under the former system, had toiled to bring wealth to their task-masters, while they themselves almost wanted subsistence. When Henry VIII. seized the overgrown possessions of the church,—dealt them out in lots among his nobility, according to his royal will and pleasure—and emptied the contents of the alms-basket into his own lap—the result of all this was called "*a glorious reformation!*"

It is vain to imagine that the working classes will contentedly endure the privation and misery which grow out of the present system of things. If their rulers take no effective steps to improve it, they will work out the cure in a way of their own; they will do it silently and progressively, but they will do it with an energy that the laws cannot cope with. There is no constituted authority of the few that can put down the combination of the million linked together by a unity of purpose and of action, and bent upon rescuing themselves from oppression and debasement. As to machinery, considered in the abstract, its use and importance cannot be too strongly insisted upon. . . . . The productive power of machinery may go on increasing, till at last *man* becomes *an unproductive power*. The nearer we approach to this state, the more strongly will the working-classes be drawn to seek other sources of subsistence. They will regard the present *system of social order* as well suited to the descendants of those who "came in with the Conqueror;" but quite unsuitable to the change which time has wrought in the condition of society. They will not consent to live under a system in which the provident regulations of nature are repealed, which tells them that *their labour is not wanted*, that the earth's produce is already appropriated, and that to starve is the punishment justly due to their intrusion. They know—let Mr Malthus and his disciples say what they may—that to make the law of nature chargeable with all the sufferings of the ill-fed peasantry and operatives of England, is an insult and a mockery. The laws of nature, considered in their relation to the human species, have in view only one common end—their preservation and their happiness.

To such passages in "Timon" we give our cordial and unreserved approbation; and, moreover, rejoice to find them in a work which, from its form and title, is likely to find a way into

that class which most urgently requires illumination upon such subjects. That the work does not altogether consist of what, to the majority of this class, may savour of dull monotonous disquisition, we shall shew by an extract from a narrative, purporting to be drawn up from the diary kept by the Princess of Wales, by the Princess herself, which, whether actually of this exact origin, has the appearance of being substantially correct. That it was really drawn up by the Princess is, indeed, disproved by the document itself. For example, she is made to refer to the "*late* Duke of GLOUCESTER," whom the Princess of Wales predeceased by more than a dozen years. The opening anecdote, regarding Mrs Fitzherbert, is a little problematical; but, as it could only be obtained, by the Princess, from hearsay, this does not impeach the authenticity of the statement of those events in which she was personally concerned.

"The 8th of April, which was the day of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince rode out early in the morning to Parson's Green, where Mrs Fitzherbert at that time had a villa. He waited the opportunity when her carriage would pass, to stop it, and to have some conversation with her. At length the carriage came; he stopped it, and addressing her, said: 'I am still a free man: now or never you must be reconciled to me; I shall not marry if you yield to my wishes.'" Mrs Fitzherbert did not give any answer, but ordered her postilion to drive on. The Prince then went to the Queen, and assured her that he felt himself the most unhappy being in the world, to be obliged to marry: but as matters stood at that time, there could be no appeal. The public are but too well informed as to the state of ebriety in which the rest of that day was passed. After the Princess had been a month at Carlton House, it then being arranged that the Ladies were to take their waiting by turns, Lady Jersey asked an audience on the evening before her period of waiting was over—she fell at the Princess's knees, and assured her of her innocence, and trusted that the Princess would not believe a word of the scandalous reports that had been spread against her—that the public had even been so unjust to her as to accuse her of being with child by the Prince of Wales: she cried bitterly, and the Princess assured her in return that she never should have supposed that either the Queen or the Prince would have placed her about the Princess, if there had existed the least foundation for the report she had now informed the Princess of, and that the Princess had till that time been quite unaware of Lady Jersey's *situation*. Lady Jersey, though not in waiting, was still present at parties, at dinner and supper, in the country. The Prince had at that time a house in Hampshire, of which the name was Carnshot, where the Prince and Princess and Lady Jersey sometimes were for a week or ten days. The party consisted of Lord Jersey, Lord Cholmondeley, Mr Poynts, Sir Willoughby Aston, Col. Leigh, Mr Knyvett, General Hammond, &c., &c. The chief amusement was long rides on horseback, visiting all the country houses in the vicinity, dining very late, and supping at three o'clock in the morning. The gentlemen were intoxicated day after day: parties were frequently made after some of the field-days of the 10th Hussars, to dine at the Bush, at Staines, with the officers; no other lady present except Lady Jersey. This was the usual train of life, from the month of April till the month of June the same year.

"The 17th of June, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and also Lady Jersey, settled at Brighton till the month of November. They at first lodged at a Mr Hamilton's house, as the Pavilion was undergoing some reparation, the plan then being that Lady Jersey should live in the lower apartments at the Pavilion; *a staircase communicating with the Prince's bedroom was then erected!*—the Princess living *in the other wing* of the Pavilion. Till that period Lady Jersey had been civil and attentive to the Princess: but from the moment she began to take possession of the Pavilion, she began to be so uncivil, arrogant, and impertinent, that everybody who witnessed her behaviour in society towards the Princess, was shocked and enraged against her. In October, she left the Pavilion, and took a house upon the Steyne for her confinement. The Princess found herself under the necessity to be *Godmother*, on being asked by Lord Jersey for that honour. The Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of Leeds, were the two other sponsors.

"Lady Jersey's insolent behaviour continued daily to increase, as did the Prince's incivility and cold treatment towards the Princess. The Princess then requested to have an explanation with the Prince, which was at first denied; but Lady Jersey insisted upon it, and at length the interview took place in the presence of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley. The Princess wished to be informed as to the cause of the Prince's incivility towards her, and who was the person to whom she owed this slighting treatment. The Prince's answer was that the Princess did nothing but complain against Lady Jersey—that the ladies of the bedchamber were only the Princess's *companions*,—that they should never take the *waiting* except upon great occasions—but the Bedchamber women were those who should take the waiting constantly;—that Lady Jersey was an old friend of the Prince's—that the Princess ought to be very glad that he had chosen a person of such rank and distinction for his society, as otherwise the Prince would be much seldomer in the Princess's society.

"The event of the *intercepted letters* which Dr Randolph was to have taken to Brunswick, to the DUKE and DUCHESS, next took place. Their contents were to inform them of the treatment the Princess experienced from the Queen, the Prince, and Lady Jersey; and the Princess understood that these letters had been laid open to the Queen, and she found in them *her own character painted after nature*. The Princess was unaware of this *treachery*, that her letters had been thus broke open, until she came to town at the end of November, when the late Duke of GLOUCESTER informed her of this most unheard-of proceeding.

"In the year 1796, on the 7th of January, the Princess CHARLOTTE was born; from *that* period the Prince hardly ever came, except once a month, to dine with the Princess, which, the preceding year, the Prince had done every day. The Princess was then obliged to dine alone with the Lady-in-waiting, as the Prince *would not allow that she should invite anybody to her society*; which occasioned, in the month of April, a correspondence between the Prince and Princess, Lady Jersey then having resumed her waiting, it being her turn. In the course of the preceding winter, just at the period of the Princess Charlotte's birth, a *strange circumstance occurred*. All the jewels of which the Prince had made a present to the Princess, on her arrival in England, used to be always placed in the Prince's bedchamber, on account of *safety*, as *Her* room was below, and there were no strong boxes to keep them in. Whenever the Princess had occasion for them, they were brought by the Prince's page, Mr Despargnot; and in the same manner, the jewels were returned in the evening. One day the Princess sent for the jewel box, and missed from it a very handsome set of pearl bracelets, with diamond clasps, worth £1000. She sent immediately for Lord Cholmondeley, and requested him to make an immediate inquiry of Mr Despargnot: he assured Lord Cholmondeley, that he always very carefully deposited them in a small green box, but that the PRINCE of WALES had desired him to give them to *Him*, as he desired to make some alteration in them;—*that he had given them in charge to Lady Jersey*; and the pearl bracelets never came to daylight again: but the Princess saw them afterwards *worn by Lady Jersey*, though she never took the least notice of it. The same fate happened to the *laces* which the Prince had given the Princess for her *trousseau*; they consisted of trimmings made from the ruffles the Prince had formerly worn on great public occasions; one of the Princess's gowns had already been

trimmed with it, and had even been worn; when one day, when she was to go to Windsor, and wanted some lace to trim a dress with, she found that *the whole box was gone, and nowhere to be found;* and the dresser assured her, that within a week the box had been fetched away by the *Prince's page*, Sandhagen. The Princess, at dinner, asked the Prince for what purpose the box had been taken away to his room; he answered, 'That box is *mine;* by some mistake the lace had been placed in in your wardrobe.' The Princess said, 'that *her name was upon it*, and that some of her dresses were already trimmed with it; that she was sorry for the mistake, but could not imagine what had occasioned it;" and the matter ended, by *her sending the remaining lace from off her gowns to the* PRINCE."

We shall no farther pursue these scandalous and court anecdotes, and the details of the wretched and weary life of the Princess, exposed to continual harassment, irritation, and insult, though they whet curiosity about the authorship of the work; which may probably be a joint-stock concern, or, at any rate, have had this part of its materials furnished by a different party.

Duelling, the moral code of Paley, the anomolous Protestant Church of Catholic Ireland, clerical Magistracy, the New Poor Law, and many other topics, are incidentally discussed in the course of this singular work; with which there is also interspersed much elegant, and occasionally profound criticism on the fine arts, and on elegant literature. Among the author's idiosyncrasies, is an overweening admiration for Byron, not alone the poet, but the man such as he was, and with all his imperfections on his head. How is this to be reconciled with an equal admiration of Shelley, the pure in life and gentle in mind, whose opinion of Byron, the man, was much less favourable, though, with the most indulgent disposition, he surely possessed far better opportunities of observing and forming a correct judgment of Byron than any other friend, Moore not excepted? Next to Shakspeare, Byron is placed; while the galaxy of eminent men who have illustrated the age is passed over without notice, save that Scott is selected as Byron's foil, to be unmercifully condemned as an author, and not over-rated as an individual. "In the opinion of Edward Clavering, there was more of moral effect in the Childe Harold, than in all the novels of Sir Walter Scott taken together." Sir Walter's characters are "the creatures of Scott, and not of Nature. They benefit us nothing in our intercourse with man as he is." "Whether we are amused by reading a novel of Sir Walter's, or listening to a musical snuff-box, the effect is the same: we are no wiser at the end of the volume than at the end of the tune." These, and such like unqualified opinions, disparage the author's judgment on every other point. The great failing of Sir Walter is represented as his love of gain: but by the mystification with which we every day see a man's Parliamentary, distinguished from his personal, morals or honour, we are let to know, that, after all, Sir Walter's "besetting sin applies to him only as an *author;* and neither interferes with, nor obscures his good qualities as a man." These nice distinctions between the author covetous of gain, and the man receiving it, come oddly enough from a writer who delights in trampling upon that hollow or conventional morality which is at present so much in vogue. Sir Walter Scott was either a less despicable character than he is represented in the body of these strictures, or worse than he is made out, in the meaningless complimentary sentence with which, after being weighed against Byron, he is finally dismissed from the tribunal of Timon.

But it is full time the latter were dismissed from our tribunal; which we now do, overlooking all his failings of dogmatism and occasional triteness, for the sake of the prevailing excellent tendencies of his work, as much as for the literary accomplishment which it displays.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAMBTON WORM.

THE SINNING.

It is the joyful Easter morn,
  And the bells ring loud and clear,
Sounding the holy day of rest
  Through the quiet vale of Wear.

Forth at its sound, from his stately hall,
  Hath the Lord of Lambton come,
With knight and squire, in rich attire,
  Page, seneschal, and groom.

The white-hair'd peasant and his dame
  Have left their woodland cot:
Children of toil and poverty,
  Their cares and toil forgot.

And buxom youth and bashful maid,
  In holiday array,
Thro' verdant glade and greenwood shade,
  To Brigford bend their way.

And soon within its sacred dome
  Their wandering steps are stayed;
The bell is rung, the mass is sung,
  And the solemn prayer is prayed.

But why did Lambton's youthful heir
  Not mingle with the throng?
And why did he not bend his knee,
  Nor join in the holy song?

Oh, Lambton's heir is a wicked man!
  Alike in word and deed;
He makes a jest of psalm and priest,
  Of the Ave and the Creed.

He loves the fight; he loves the chase;
  He loves each kind of sin;
But the holy church, from year to year,
  He is not found within.

And Lambton's heir, at the matin prayer,
Or the vesper, is not seen;
And on this day of rest and peace
He hath donned his coat of green;

And, with his creel slung on his back,
His light rod in his hand,
Down by the side of the shady Wear
He took his lonely stand.

There was no sound but the rushing stream;
The little birds were still,
As if they knew that Lambton's heir
Was doing a deed of ill.

Many a salmon and speckled trout
Through the quiet waters glide;
But they all sought the deepest pools,
Their golden scales to hide.

The soft west wind just rippled the brook,
And the clouds flew gently by,
And gleamed the sun—'twas a lovely day
To the eager fisher's eye.

He threw his line, of the costly twine,
Across the gentle stream;
Upon its top the dun-flies drop
Lightly as childhood's dream.

Again, again—but all in vain,
In the shallow or the deep;
No trout rose to his cunning bait;
He heard no salmon leap.

And now he wandered east the stream,
And now he wandered west;
He sought each bank or hanging bush
Which fishes love the best.

But vain was all his skilful art;
Vain was each deep disguise;
Vain was alike the varied bait,
And vain the mimic flies.

When, tired and vexed, the castle bell
Rung out the hour of dine,
"Now," said the Lambton's youthful heir,
"A weary lot is mine.

"For six long hours, this April morn,
My line in vain I've cast;
But one more throw, come weal come wo,
For this shall be the last."

He took from his bag a maggot worm,
That bait of high renown;
His line wheeled quickly through the air,
Then sunk in the water down.

When he drew it out, his ready hand
With no quivering motion shook,
For neither salmon, trout, nor eel,
Had fastened on his hook.

But a little thing, a strange formed thing,
Like a piece of muddy weed;
But like no fish that swims the stream,
Nor aught that crawls the mead.

'Twas scarce an inch and a half in length,
Its colour the darkest green;
And on its rough and scaly back
Two little fins were seen.

It had a long and pointed snout,
Like the mouth of the slimy eel,
And its white and loosely hanging jaws,
Twelve pin-like teeth reveal.

It had sharp claws upon its feet,
Short ears upon its head,
A jointed tail, and quick bright eyes,
That gleamed of a fiery red.

"Art thou the prize," said the weary wight,
"For which I have spent my time;
For which I have toil'd till the hour of noon,
Since rang the matin chime."

From the side of the dell, a crystal well
Sends its waters bubbling by;
"Rest there, thou ugly tiny elf,
Either to live or die."

He threw it in, and when next he came,
He saw, to his surprise,
It was a foot and a half in length;
It had grown so much in size.
And its wings were long, far-stretched and strong,
And redder were its eyes.

THE CURSE.

But Lambton's heir is an altered man;
At the church on bended knee,
Three times a day he was wont to pray;
And now he's beyond the sea.

He has done penance for his sins,
He has drank of a sainted well;
He has joined the band from the Holy Land
To chase the Infidel.

Where host met host, and strife raged most,
His sword flashed high and bright;
Where force met force, he winged his course,
The foremost in the fight.

Where he saw on high th' Oriflamme fly,
His onward path he bore;
And the Paynim knight, and the Saracen,
Lay weltering in their gore.

Or in the joust, or tournament,
Of all that valiant band,
When, with lance in rest, he forward prest,
Who could the shock withstand?

Pure was his fame, unstained his shield;
A merciful man was he;
The friend of the weak, he raised not his hand
'Gainst a fallen enemy.

Thus on the plains of Palestine
He gained a mighty name,
And, full of honour and renown,
To the home of his childhood came.

But when he came to his father's lands,
No cattle were grazing there;
The grass in the mead was unmown and rough,
And the fields untilled and bare.

And when he came to his father's hall,
He wondered what might ail;
His sire but coolly welcomed him,
And his sisters' cheeks were pale.

"I come from the fight," said the Red-Cross Knight;
"I in savage lands did roam:
But where'er it be, they welcome me,
Save in my own loved home.

"Now why, now why, this frozen cheer?
What is it that may ail?
Why tremble thus, my father dear?—
My sister, why so pale?"

"Oh, sad and woful has been our lot,
Whilst thou wast far away;
For a mighty dragon hath hither come
And taken up its stay:
At night or morn it sleepeth not,
But watcheth for its prey.

"'Tis ten cloth yards in length; its hue
Is of the darkest green;
And, on its rough and scaly back,
Two strong black wings are seen.

"It hath a long and pointed snout,
Like the mighty crocodile;
And, from its grinning jaws, stand out
Its teeth in horrid file.

" It hath on each round and webbed foot
Four sharp and hooked claws;
And its jointed tail, with heavy trail,
Over the ground it draws.

" It hath two rough and hairy ears
Upon its bony head;
Its eyes shine like the winter sun,
Fearful, and darkly red.

" Its roar is loud as the cannon's sound,
But shorter, and more shrill;
It rolls, with many a heavy bound,
Onward from hill to hill.

" And each morn, at the matin chime,
It seeks the lovely Wear;
And, at the noontide bell,
It gorges its fill, then seeks the hill
Where springs the crystal well.

" No knight has e'er returned who dared
The monster to assail.
Though he struck off an ear or limb,
Or lopt its jointed tail,
Its severed limbs again unite,
Strong as the iron mail.

" My horses, and sheep, and all my kine,
The ravenous beast hath killed;
With oxen and deer, from far and near,
Its hungry maw is filled.
'Tis hence the mead is unmown and long,
And the corn fields are untilled.

" My son, to hail thee here in health
My very heart is glad;
But thou hast heard our tale—and say,
Canst thou wonder that we're sad?"

THE ASSOILING.

And sorrowful was Lambton's heir:
" My sinful act," said he,
" This curse hath on the country brought;
Be it mine to set it free."

Deep in the dell, in a ruined hut,
Far from the homes of men,
There dwelt a witch the peasants called
Old Elspat of the Glen.

'Twas a dark night, and the stormy wind
Howled with a hollow moan,
As through tangled copsewood, bush, and briar,
He sought the aged crone.

She sat on a low and three-legged stool,
Beside a dying fire;
As he lifted the latch she stirred the brands,
And the smoky flame blazed higher.

She was a woman weak and old,
Her form was bent and thin;
And, on her lean and shrivelled hand,
She rested her pointed chin.

He entered with fear, that dauntless man,
And spake of all his need:
He gave her gold; he asked her aid,
How best he might succeed.

" Clothe thee," said she, " in armour bright,
In mail of glittering sheen,
All studded o'er, behind and before,
With razors, sharp and keen:

" And take in thy hand the trusty brand
Which thou bore beyond the sea;
And make to the Virgin a solemn vow,
If she grant thee victory,
What meets thee first, when the strife is o'er,
Her offering shall be,"

He went to the fight, in armour bright
Equipped, from head to heel;
His gorget closed, and his vizor shut,
He seemed a form of steel.

But with razor blades, all sharp and keen,
The mail was studded o'er;
And his long tried and trusty brand
In his greaved hand he bore.

He made to the Virgin a solemn vow,
If she granted victory,
What met him first on his homeward path
Her sacrifice should be.

He told his sire, when he heard the horn,
To slip his favourite hound;
'Twill quickly seek its master's side
At the accustomed sound.

Forward he treads, with measured step,
To meet his foe, alone,
While the first beams of the morning sun
On his massy armour shone.

The monster slept on an island crag,
Lulled by the rushing Wear,
Which eddy'd turbid at the base,
Though elsewhere smooth and clear.

It lay in repose; its wings were flat,
Its ears fell on its head,
Its legs stretched out, and drooped its snout,
But its eyes were fiery red.

Little feared he, that armed knight,
As he left the rocky shore;
And in his hand, prepared for fight,
His unsheathed sword he bore.

As he plunged in, the water's splash
The monster startling hears;
It spreads its wings, and the valley rings,
Like the clash of a thousand spears.

It bristled up its scaly back,
Curled high its jointed tail,
And ready stood, with grinning teeth,
The hero to assail;

Then sprung at the knight with all its might,
And its foamy teeth it gnashed;
With its jointed tail, like a thrasher's flail,
The flinty rock it lashed.

But quick of eye, and swift of foot,
He guarded the attack;
And dealt his brand with skilful hand
Upon the dragon's back.

Again, again, at the knight it flew;
The fight was long and sore:
He bravely stood, nor dropped his sword
Till he could strike no more.

It rose on high, and darkened the sky,
Then, with a hideous yell,
A moment winnowed th' air with its wings,
And down like a mountain fell.

He stood prepared for the falling blow,
But mournful was his fate:
Awhile he reeled, then, staggering, fell
Beneath the monster's weight.

And round about its prostrate foe
Its fearful length it rolled,
And clasped him close, till his armour cracked
Within its scaly fold.

But pierced by the blades, from body and breast,
Fast did the red blood pour;
Cut by the blades, piece fell by piece,
And quivered in the gore.

Piece fell by piece, foot fell by foot:
No more is the river clear,
But stained with blood, as the severed limbs
Rolled down the rushing Wear.

Piece fell by piece, and inch by inch,
From the body and the tail;
But the head still hung by the gory teeth
Tight fastened in the mail.

It panted long, and fast it breathed,
With many a bitter groan;
Its eyes grew dim, it loosed its hold,
And fell like a lifeless stone.

Then loud he blew on his bugle-horn,
The blast of victory;
From rock to rock the sound was borne,
By Echo, glad and free;
For, burdened long by the dragon's roar,
She joy'd in her liberty.

But not his hound, with gladdened bound,
Comes leaping at the call;
With feelings dire, he sees his sire
Rush from his ancient hall.

Oh! what can equal a father's love,
When harm to his son he fears;
'Tis stronger than a sister's sigh,
More deep than a mother's tears.

When Lambton's anxious listening lord,
Heard the bugle notes so wild,
He thought no more of his plighted word,
But ran to clasp his child.

"Strange is my lot," said the luckless wight;
"How sorrow and joy combine!
When high in fame to my home I came,
My kindred did weep and pine.

"This morn my triumph sees, and sees
Dishonour light on me:
For I had vowed to the Holy Maid,
If she gave me victory,
What first I met, when the fight was o'er,
Her offering should be.

"I thought to have slain my gallant hound,'
Beneath my unwilling knife:
But I cannot raise my hand on him
Who gave my being life!"

And heavy and sorrowful was his heart,
And he hath gone again
To seek advice of the wise woman,
Old Elspat of the Glen.

"Since thy solemn vow is unfulfilled,
Though greater be thy fame,
Thou must a lofty chapel build
To the Virgin Mary's name.

"On nine generations of thy race
A heavy curse shall fall:
They may die in the fight, or in the chase,
But not in their native hall."

He builded there a chapel fair,
And rich endowment made,
Where morn and eve, by cowled monk,
In sable garb arrayed,
The bell was rung, the mass was sung,
And the solemn prayer was said.

L'ENVOY.

Such is the tale which, in ages past,
On the dreary winter's eve,
In baron's hall, the harper blind,
In wildest strain, would weave;
Till the peasants, trembling, nearer crept,
And each strange event believe.

Such is the tale which often yet,
Around the Christmas fire,
Is told to the merry wassail group,
By some old dame or sire.

But though he tell that the crystal well
Still flows by the lovely Wear,
And that the hill is verdant still,
His listeners shew no fear.

And though he tell that of Lambton's race
Nine of them died at sea,
Or in the battle, or in the chase,
They shake their heads doubtingly.

And though he say there may still be seen
The mail worn by the knight,
Tho' the blades are blunt, that once were keen,
And rusted that once were bright;
They do but shake their heads the more,
And laugh at him outright.

For Knowledge to their view has spread
Her rich and varied store:
They learn and read, and take no heed
Of legendary lore.

And pure Religion hath o'er them shed
A holier heavenly ray;
And dragons and witches, and mail-clad knights,
Are vanished away;
As the creatures of darkness flee and hide,
From the light of the dawning day.

But Lambton's castle still stands by the Wear,
A tall and stately pile;
And Lambton's name is a name of might,
'Mong the mightiest of our isle.
Long may the sun of Prosperity
Upon the Lambtons smile!

W.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART V.

In 1763, Bentham took his seat as a student in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster Hall; and his father gave Mr Perkins, the crier of the court, seven shillings and sixpence to secure a particular seat during the term. This seat was immediately below the officers, under the judges. There were four such seats. There was, in those days, room for two students on each side of the judge on the bench; but Lord Kenyon put an end to the usage. The crier was generally fee'd in order to obtain the seat. Bentham began to eat his commons in Lincoln's Inn in November, 1763; but returned to Oxford the beginning of the following December. He then attended Blackstone's lectures; and the impressions made upon him he thus describes:—

"I attended with two collegiates of my acquaintance. One was Samuel Parker Coke, a descendant of Lord Coke, a gentleman com-

moner, who afterwards sat in Parliament: the other was Dr Downes. They both took notes; which I attempted to do, but could not continue it, as my thoughts were occupied in reflecting on what I heard. I immediately detected his fallacy respecting natural rights; I thought his notions very frivolous and illogical about the gravitating downwards of *hæreditas;* and his reasons altogether futile, why it must *descend* and could not *ascend*—an idea, indeed, borrowed from Lord Coke. Blackstone was a formal, precise, and affected lecturer—just what you would expect from the character of his writings: cold, reserved, and wary—exhibiting a frigid pride. But his lectures were popular, though the subject did not then excite a wide-spreading interest, and his attendants were not more than from thirty to fifty. Blackstone was succeeded by Dr Beavor, who read lectures on Roman law, which were laughed at, and failed in drawing such audiences as Blackstone drew.

"February 21.—*Aujour d'hui, fils* Jeremy attended Wilkes' trial, in Court of King's Bench," is in his father's memorandum book. The trial was for publishing the North Briton. After his outlawry, when Wilkes came into court to surrender, Sir Fletcher Norton, who had been doing all he could to ruin him, advanced towards him, and shook him most cordially by the hand. Bentham heard the outlawry reversed; and has often mentioned that he was perfectly bewitched by Lord Mansfield's grimgibber. He leaned back in his chair, and made the speech which won for him, at the time, so much applause and admiration. It is in Burrow's Reports, from a copy which Lord Mansfield furnished. His manners were full of grace He was a short, squat man, with a most eloquent physiognomy, and fascinating voice. Bentham kept, as a great treasure, a picture of him, given by Martin, his protegé, and frequently went to Caen Wood, as a lover to the shrine of his mistress, in the hope that chance might throw him in his way, and that he might get the honour of a word or a look from him. Bentham began a eulogistic poem to him, of which the first stanza was:—

> "Hail, noble Mansfield! chief among the just,
> The bad man's terror, and the good man's trust!"

But there he stuck; the muse abandoned him; and he could not accomplish a second satisfactory rhyme. Bentham heard much about him however from his friend, Lind, who was sometimes invited to dinner by the noble judge. His conversation was always better than the cheer, according to Lind's account of both.

In the year 1764, Bentham accompanied his father to the north of England. I will give some of his recollections, in his own words:—

"I did not like Althorp—it was a gloomy place. The trees hung down on the ground, heavily and sadly. We stayed some days at Matlock Wells, at one of the lodging-houses. Everything was cheap there. We paid a shilling for a handsome dinner. The scenery is beautifully picturesque. There were then no fine buildings at Matlock. The rooms had for their ornaments festoons of moss; and the pictures of the surrounding landscapes hung on the walls. The rocks were grand and novel, and the streams ran down them delightfully. I remember no interesting events. If there were any, their memory has evaporated, and left no trace behind. But I got *ennuyé* at Buxton, where the party lingered about the baths; and I got a horse and went in quest of adventures, but found none. We went to Stockport, Liverpool, Chester, Macclesfield, and the *Wiches*, where the salt is made. Warrington was then classic ground. Priestley lived there. What would I not have given to have found courage to visit him? He had already written several philosophical works; and in the tail of one of his pamphlets I had seen that admirable phrase, 'greatest happiness of greatest number,' which had such an influence on the succeeding part (which some erroneously call the afterpart) of my life. Chester is a curious place; built of red stone; and you go upon a platform between the shops, where there is a sort of veranda, which resembles the shops at Bucharest. Great numbers of people were always walking there. At Ross, we were introduced to Dr Roberts, a naturalist, who received us hospitably, quoted Tacitus to us, and recommended us to a Mr Jordan, who had large copper works. Him we found not; but we found two young ladies, who gave us dinner, and escorted us to the Abbey; a pleasant trip to a pretty ruin. At Monmouth (within a mile) is a place called Hadnock Hall, where Lord Admiral Griffin resided, who is mentioned in the history of the East India Company, as he commanded a squadron on the coast of Coromandel. Here he lived in retirement; but welcomed us kindly. His eldest son was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, with legs as large as an ordinary man's body: his second son an attorney: his third a parson with whom I had done sundry exercises at Queen's College. On the estate, was a perfect castle—noble, lofty, and picturesque. Though built in King John's time, it was little dilapidated. We crossed the Severn and got to Bristol, where we had many friends. I was pleased to be in the birthplace of Coulston, whose picture, with four verses from Claudian at its foot, I had been taught to venerate in my childhood. One of our acquaintances at Bristol was Mrs Vernon. We called her the Lady Unaccountable: she told such stories, made such reflections, pointed such sarcasms, that we were highly amused. Two of her daughters had made stolen matches. She saw them; but her husband would not. We went through Bath to Browning Hill.

"I was at this time about sixteen; but still a dwarf—a perfect dwarf. I had no calfs to my legs; and one Mr Harris, a Quaker, offended me not a little by asking me whither my calves were gone a-grazing. But, after this period, I shot up.

"We also visited Sir John Hawkins, and Mrs Southgate, of whose husband Constantia Phillips had been a paramour, and is mentioned by her in

her Memoirs under the name of Tartuffe. He was a Roman Catholic, and affected great devotion."

In this year (1764) Bentham accompanied his father and a party of friends to France. He was delighted with a visit they paid to the chateau of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly. The carp in the fish-ponds were so tame, that they took the sticks of the visiters into their mouths.

"I did envy the Prince," said Bentham, "his beautiful palace. I exclaimed, What a bliss to be a Prince! I was not much wiser than the ploughboy, who said his bliss would be to swing all day upon a gate, eating beef and carrots; or than a Justice of the Peace, who told me, that his *summum bonum* was to grab for eels in the mud; and whom I once found tearing up 'Sanderson's Logic' to ram into his fowlingpiece."

At Paris, they went the accustomed round of sight-seeing. The question of daily debate was where they should dine. "Anywhere," was the old gentleman's constant answer to the inquiry; but he had always some objection to the "where" suggested. He took his son to see the tomb of James the First at the Carmelite Convent; but although born and bred a Jacobite, most of his monarchical prejudices had oozed out before Bentham's birth.

France, as a country, left an unfavourable impression on young Bentham. The imitations of England appeared wretched; its gardens stiff and formal. But of the French, as a nation, he was always fond: their vivacity, courtesy, and aptitude for enjoyment, responded to all the tendencies of his own character. At Versailles, the beauty of the Dauphiness charmed him. Most of the favourable impressions he received were from the people; but the backwardness of their agriculture, and of their domestic civilisation, seemed strangely contrasted with the advances even then made by England.

His father's penuriousness, which stuck to him like the leprosy of Gehazi, denied to Bentham even the pettiest gratifications. He wished to bring from Paris, as a present to his aunt, the stamp by which the pots of butter were impressed, representing on one side the King of England, and on the other the King of France; but the cost (fifteen livres) was too great, and he was forced to content himself with presenting a bottle of oil of jessamine.

In his father's memoranda, I find:—"1765, Dec. 31.—Lent Jerry sixpence to pay for his losses at cards;" and I read this note to him. "Most true," said he; "and that sixpence which I owed my father has never been paid: the statute of limitation saves me in part, my being his executor wholly."

At this time of Bentham's life, he got some counsels from a friend, (whose name I shall conceal, because he was the practical exemplification of the sagacity of his doctrines,) to this effect:—

"If you mean to rise, catch hold of the skirts of those who are above you, and care nothing for those beneath you."

His friend caught hold of the skirts of an archbishop, and got to be a judge. Bentham listened coldly to the advice; was coldly regarded, ever after, by the aspirant; and died, not a judge, but a philospher.

One or two memoranda of Bentham, of the year 1765, are worth preserving.

"I went to see Mrs Cibber at Covent Garden: she was beautiful at sixty. Another woman, beautiful at sixty, was Mrs Yates, whom I saw in Ophelia."

"I remember going to Twickenham Church with my father and Mr Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua. His conversation left no impression on me: his countenance was not pleasing. There was great talk about painting, and about *his* painting; but I knew nothing about painting, and cared nothing about him. His Una I remember sitting in a queer posture, and without a chair."

"Fine colours were the order of the day. I had a pea-green coat and green silk breeches, which were first exhibited on a walk, with Chamberlain Clarke, from Oxford to Farrington. The breeches were bitterly tight; and I was frightfully tired."

"When Lind came to my father, it was in his flowered dress, with purple and gold, and I know not what; for he had a prodigious quantity of fine clothes, cut velvet embroidery, silver, gold, and all sorts of trappings."

"Fortescue's treatise on the difference between absolute and limited monarchy was, at this time, put into my hands by my father. Its recommendation was, that it eulogized our institutions. Fortescue was one of the many whose families owe their large fortunes to the law—fortunes accumulated by the denial of justice; for its costliness is denial to all who cannot pay."

In this year, Bentham's father married Mrs Abbott. She was the widow of Dr John Abbott, and the mother of Charles Abbott, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and then Lord Colchester. The marriage caused Bentham much vexation; and he always spoke of his stepmother with dislike, seldom giving her any other name than "Mrs Jezebel Bentham." In his father's memoranda, I find:—"Dr Samuel Smith, the head master of Westminster School, married us on the 14th October; and he very kindly refused to accept a compliment of five guineas, which I offered him on the occasion."

Certainly Mrs Bentham added not a little to the discomforts of Bentham's existence. She seems to have been a proud, intriguing, disagreeable lady. Bentham said she was always inventing new quarrels, or making old quarrels more bitter. She used to say that, to be comfortable, £200 a-year was necessary for the special purpose of training and entertaining dependants.

In 1766, Bentham took his Master's degree at Oxford. His father gave him £20 on the occasion. He said he felt no small degree of pride to be so distinguished. The Bachelors having no particular costume—"I strutted," he said,

"like a crow in a gutter." When the election for Members of Parliament took place, a curious question took place as to whether Bentham's vote could be received, he being under age; but the man for whom he voted having beaten his opponent by a large majority, there was no scrutiny.

Among the few acquaintances Bentham had at this period, were the Mackreths, of whom he gave me this account:—"The name brings back both interesting and painful recollections. You have heard me mention the Plowden family, and a place called Yewhurst—a parish within itself, which took its name from an avenue of lofty yew trees. The proprietor, as you heard, was a *roué*, who took orders in the later period of his life, that he might have the tithes in addition to the property. He paid a petty curate. He had a beautiful daughter, who married Mr Wheeler, who became, in process of time, one of the council of Bengal. Yewhurst was sold, about this time, (1766,) to a Mr Mackreth, with whom, I believe, my father had some acquaintance, as he was acquainted with a Mr Harding, who kept a small coffee-house near Temple Bar, where he had amassed some fortune, and left business. My father, who had known the coffee-house keeper, was, of course, intimate with the retired gentleman, who lived in James' Street. Mackreth had been a publican too, having kept the great house called White's, near Arthur's. He had been a waiter there, and found favour in the sight of Arthur's daughter, whom he married. He must have been above forty, though he did not appear more than twenty-six or twenty-seven. He died, not long ago, at the age of ninety-four. I had met him, a few days before his death, looking like a man of sixty, with no signs of decrepitude. Mrs Mackreth was a woman whose face was beautiful, but her body deformed: elegant in manners, as if her father had been a Duke. And her husband was a clever, well-informed man. He bought Yewhurst, and came to live there, as it had a very good house. He introduced many improvements, such as picturesque gardens, fish-ponds, &c. In the year of my father's marriage, I went from Browning Hill to visit the Mackreths, who received me most kindly. There were present a Mr Robins, who had been or was a great confectioner, with whom Mr Arthur had probably dealt; and a Mr Chauvel, whom they called Colonel Chauvel, but who had been in trade. Mackreth kept his town as well as his country house, and was proud of the hospitality he displayed at Yewhurst, where he had his billiard-table, bowling-green, and other amusements; and he gathered about him many interesting characters: so I was in Elysium there; and he kept me in Elysium from day to day. My visit lingered far longer than I had thought; and I sent and got changes of linen at Browning Hill, and wandered about to all the attractions of the neighbourhood. Among others, I remember Freemantle Park, where there was a well 400 feet deep. I was happy as a king; occupied a sumptuous bedroom, fitted up in the highest style of taste and elegance. Mackreth's great ambition was to be considered a gentleman, and to be admitted among the quality: but he often was disappointed; for those who knew he had been a waiter at Arthur's, could not bear the thought of recognising his equality. He did not neglect his own interest, and made much money by buying and selling estates: but he was fond of taking advantage of others, by bargaining after supper. He was full of prejudices; and I remember his answering an eulogium of mine upon Hume by saying—'But he is a Scotchman.' I found, afterwards, that one reason of his great attention to me, was the wish of being instructed by me. Among other contrivances, he arranged to lose money at cards, so that it might get into my pocket. The scene was one of prosperity and felicity. But I had a weakness, of which you have heard me speak. I could not always restrain my laughter, even when there was no motive for laughter. It was as much a disease as the diabetes. He had asked two stupid fellows to dine with him. There was a great entertainment, and the usual profusion. I saw a dish that was unknown to me, and asked him what it was. *Chouxfleurs à la*—— something, I forget what, he said, but without any impropriety in the pronunciation. A fit of laughing came over me. I asked him to repeat it. Another more violent came on. He supposed I meant to insult him. I had not the presence of mind to say that it was an infirmity, and that my thoughts were altogether passive. I had given great offence. Everybody looked blank; and when I left the house there was an obvious change of feeling towards me. Once afterwards, I dined there with my uncle. His mind was too poor to find interesting matter for anybody; and, in truth, nobody was present but uninteresting people. After dinner, a bed was offered to everybody but to me. The fact was, I had destroyed his purpose of ingratiating himself with the two booby country gentlemen, who supposed I had detected in him some gross vulgarism. I had another calamity there; going out in their carriage, the glass was so transparent that I perceived no glass at all. I spat; and, covered with false shame, wiped it away with my handkerchief. This was my final condemnation. I never got another invitation. He used to take me to parties in the neighbourhood; but it was all over now. I not only lost the wonted pleasures, but I was haunted with dread lest my father should question me respecting Mr and Mrs Mackreth. Happily he never asked any questions about it. Mackreth afterwards got into Parliament for Oxford; but there were so many behind whose chairs he had officiated at dinner, that it would not do. He was excluded from their company. He became a knight, too, for some office he held in Westminster. Fourteen years afterwards, I had to sell the little property at Browning Hill; and I had wrote to him that I was not insensible of the civilities with which he had honoured my

earlier youth. I asked for an interview to offer the estate to him. He received me, not rudely, but with coldness and indifference. He said he was going to dine with some country gentlemen, in a tone which conveyed to me his wish that I should observe he *had* country gentlemen to invite him, notwithstanding my misdoings. It was Mr Limbey he was about to visit, a country gentleman, who passed his life like an oyster, doing nothing, hearing nothing, reading nothing. I never saw Mackreth afterwards. My laugh had rankled in his mind. His ardent ambition could not forget it. I lost much enjoyment and much instruction in losing his friendship; for he was well acquainted with the world, and his conversation would have been eminently useful to me. Even now I cannot forgive my own weakness. You may well imagine the value of those histories with which he was acquainted. His situation was one of comfort and luxury: mine of solitude, abandonment, penury, and wretchedness.

"Twice I remember the perils to which this propensity to involuntary laughter exposed me. I was at George's Coffee-House, sitting by the fire; and Mr Little Hales was opposite me. A fit came on. He thought he was the object, and he used words importing a challenge. This made matters worse than before; and I laughed myself into a state of corporeal suffering. At Oxford, a passage of 'Chrononhotonthologos' set me laughing till a quantity of a liquid I was drinking was forced on the lungs. I fell down on my knees in agony. The study of anatomy enabled me to vanquish an infirmity which had caused me so much misery."

Bentham left Oxford, in 1767, little benefited, as he thought, by the instructions he had received in that university. The primary object of his father, in sending him there, had failed; for he had not used the opportunities, which a college life afforded, of making his way among the great, and forming acquaintances to which he might look for distinction and preferment in coming days. His father had imagined that he would have been launched from Oxford into splendid reputation at the bar. Little, indeed, did the view of the son respond to the ambition of his sire. What Bentham saw of the arts of rising in the world, did not much encourage him to become a practitioner in them. At the present hour, the patronage of the great is not the sole instrument of honourable distinction; but, at that time, the two sections of the aristocracy held, at their exclusive disposal, every avenue to place and power; and the man of humble birth, who determined to be a follower of neither, was necessarily excluded from the influential walks of life. The science of government was the science of corruption;* and prostrate servility was generally the first step in the career of elevation.

Connected with this period of Bentham's his-

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* Bentham gave me, as characteristic of the profligate dexterity of Sir Robert Walpole, a copy of the following letter, addressed by him to George II., dated January 24, 1741. It may have been published before; but it is so curious and instructive, that it is well worthy of any circulation the pages of *Tait's Magazine* can give to it.—J. B.

"1741, *January* 21.

"MOST SACRED!—The violence of the fit of the stone, which has tormented me for some days, is now so far abated that, although it will not permit me to have the honour of waiting on your Majesty, yet is kind enough to enable me so far to obey your orders, as to write my sentiments concerning that troublesome man Mr Pultney; and to point out (what I conceive to be) the most effectual method to make him perfectly quiet. Your Majesty well knows how, by the dint of his eloquence, he has so captivated the mob, and attained an unbounded popularity, that the most manifest wrong appears right when adopted and urged by him: hence it is that he has become, not only troublesome, but dangerous. The inconsiderate multitude think he has not one object but the public good in view; although, if they would reflect a little, they would soon perceive that spleen against those your Majesty has honoured with your confidence has greater weight with him than patriotism; since, let any measure be proposed, (however salutary,) if he thinks it comes from me, it is sufficient for him to oppose it.

"Thus, sir, you see that affairs of the most momentous concern are subject to the caprice of that popular man; and he has nothing to do but to declare it a Ministerial project, and bellow out the word *Favourite*, to have an hundred pens drawn against it, and a thousand mouths open to contradict it. Under these circumstances, he bears up against the Ministry, (and, let me add, against your Majesty your-self;) and every useful scheme must be either abandoned, or, if it is carried in either house, the public is made to believe it is done by a corrupt majority. Since, then, things are thus circumstanced, it becomes absolutely necessary, for the public tranquillity, that he should be made quiet; and the only method to do that effectually, is to destroy his popularity, and ruin the good belief the people have in him. In order to this, he must be invited to court. Your Majesty must condescend to speak to him in the most favourable and distinguishing manner. You must make him believe that he is the only person upon whose opinion you can rely, and to whom your people look up for useful measures. As he has already several times refused to take the lead in the Administration, unless it was totally remodelled to his fancy, your Majesty should close in with his advice, and give him leave to arrange the Administration as he pleases, and put whom he chooses in office; (there can be no danger in that, as you can dismiss him when you think fit.) When he has got thus far, (to which his extreme self-love and the high opinion he entertains of his own importance will easily conduce,) it will be necessary that your Majesty should seem to have a great regard for his health; signify to him that your affairs will be ruined if he should die; that you want to have him constantly near you, to have his sage advice; and that, therefore, as he is much disordered in body, and something infirm, it will be necessary, for his preservation, for him to quit the House of Commons, (where malevolent tempers will be continually fretting him, and where indeed his presence will be needless, as no steps will be taken but according to his advice,) and that he will let you give him a distinguishing mark of your approbation by creating him a *peer*. This he may be brought to; for, if I know anything of mankind, he has a love for honours and money, and notwithstanding his great haughtiness and seeming contempt of honour, he may be won, if it is done with dexterity; for, as the poet Fenton said—"Flattery's an oil that softens the toughest fool." If your Majesty can once bring him to accept of a coronet, all will be over with him—the changing multitude will cease to have any confidence in him; and when you see that, your Majesty may turn your back on him, dismiss him from his post, turn out his meddling partisans, and restore things to quiet. For then, if he complain, it can be of no avail. The bee will have lost his sting and become a drone, whose buzzing nobody heeds.

tory, I shall introduce some of his conversations, in which the names of many persons known to fame will figure, and which enable me to give a more autobiographical character to my narration.

"When first I became acquainted with Hogarth, which was when first I became acquainted with life, I did not know he had illustrated Hudibras. I should have been glad to have had "The Rake's Progress:" but my father, without any reference to me, made over all the Barking pictures and all the family relics to a Mrs Nurse. I should have been rejoiced to have had them: but my father, with great affection for his children, had great contempt for them, merely because he could lord it over them, where he could not do so over other people. The *pretium affectionis* which they had in my eyes, gave them no such value in other eyes.

It is a great mortification to me, that so many houses to which I was attached in my childhood, have ceased to exist. For the house in Crutched Friars my father paid. There was the large garden, a few fig-trees whose fruit never attempted to ripen; and a sick mulberry tree, which indeed did produce fruit, but it was worth but little. When I came from Oxford to visit my friends, the Browns, in Cursitor Street, great was my delight to see the garden there. One of Brown's daughters married a man called Mansell, who afterwards became Sheriff of Northampton. The other daughter died. My father's presence *stiffened* every thing. I liked to go to Sir John Hawkins' when he was not there. Hawkins used to talk to me of his quarrels, and he was always quarrelling. He had a fierce dispute with Doctor Hawkesworth, who wrote the 'Adventurer,' and managed the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which he called his Dragon. He had a woman in his house with red hair; and this circumstance, of which Hawkins availed himself, gave him much advantage in the controversy. Hawkins was always tormenting me with his disputatious correspondence; always wondering how there could be so much depravity in human nature; yet he was himself a good-for-nothing fellow, haughty and ignorant, picking up little anecdotes and little bits of knowledge. He was a man of sapient look. 'All is not gold that glistens.' Another sapient-looking man was White, the solicitor to the treasury, a trumpery creature; he was remarkably staid. I saw him walking arm in arm with Lord Eldon, happily suited. There was Lowndes, too, ill-tempered to the last degree. He was Pitt's doer for the Treasury acts, and was made Chairman of the Board of Taxes. When Morton Pitt invited Minister Pitt and others to meet me, Lowndes was there. He was insolent and stupid beyond all conception. I had occasion to see how miserably all public business is conducted. Lady Hawkins told me that on one occasion she had made twenty-seven cups of tea for Dr Johnson."

Sir John Hawkins was far from being a popular man, and though there is no reason to believe Jeremiah Bentham was the author, he was probably no stranger to the publication of a scurrilous "Sketch of a Musical Knight," which appeared in the *Morning Post* of the 25th July 1777, beginning—

"Though deep his reading, and though great his parts,
Yet H—— has no friends, and gains no hearts,"

"and ending

"What pity so divine an art should dwell
In the same mansion with a fiend of h—."

"While at the university, I wrote some verses on the taking of the Havana; they were given to Dr Johnson, who made, what I thought, some unfounded criticisms on them. The verses, with the criticism, I gave to Miss Vernon, who wanted to possess Dr Johnson's autograph."

Chamberlain Clarke was an old and intimate acquaintance of the Bentham family. Bentham told me that his father's second wife, whom Bentham always regarded with invincible dislike, and whose name I never find recorded without the title of Mrs Jezabel, had a sort of *tendre* for the chamberlain; which he did not reciprocate, but told Bentham that she was so repulsive to him, that he could hardly regard her as of the feminine sex. He got a wife of his own, (after having vainly attempted to get the hand of Miss Letitia Hawkins,) and £12,000 with her; an ugly woman, of whom he made a Lady Mayoress; she was the daughter of one of the trustees of Sir John Cass' Charity.

Bentham sketched Clarke's character thus:—

"He ridiculed Panopticon; he had admiration for all that is ancient; dislike for all that is modern: he had a theory that law should descend from generation to generation, because law is *weighty*, and ought, therefore, naturally to descend: he put me on the wrong scent in my studies; prevented my getting forward by always driving me back, back. He set me to read indifferent accounts of law as it was; he so filled my mind with notions of the merit of looking backwards, that I took to Anglo-Saxon inquiries, studied their language, and set myself to learning laws that had passed away.

"I remember joining him to deplore the loss

"Your Majesty will pardon me for the freedom with which I have given my sentiments and advice, which I should not have done had you not commanded it, and had I not been certain that your peace is much disturbed by the contrivances of this turbulent man. I shall only add, that I will dispose several whom I know to wish him well, to solicit for his establishment in power; that you may seem to yield to their intreaties, and the finesse be less liable to be discovered. I hope to have the honour to attend your Majesty in a few days, which I will do privately, that my public presence may give him no umbrage.

(Signed) "ROBERT WALPOLE."

Accordingly, the scheme took place very soon after, and Mr Pultney was created Viscount Pultney and Earl of Bath, in the year 1742.

of Lord Mansfield's MSS. by the mob; I should now think such a loss a gain.

"Clarke was an amiable and inoffensive man. When, about 1792, an act passed for making paid police magistrates—a bill drawn up by the late Lord Colchester; then Mr Abbot—Clarke applied for, and obtained one of the appointments. He was ever ready to dispense his smirks and his smiles; and it was principally through his obsequiousness that he made his way in the world. He had been formerly clerk to Sir John Hawkins."

The first brief Bentham ever got, was from Mr Clarke; it was a suit in equity, on which £50 depended, and the counsel he gave was, that the suit had better be put an end to.

"His mother told me once, 'that my grandfather did not bear the best of characters."

He used to shew me a book he had, which belonged to John Locke. The writing was a common hand; stiff and stately, like that of King William's days.

There was a sort of rivalry between Chamberlain Clarke, who had bought Cowley's house, and Mr Bentham, senior, who had bought Milton's; it was this circumstance that induced him to wish to obtain Milton's picture. In his diary is this memorandum:—

"1776, January 26.—Called at Mr Joseph Bolton's, who told me that Mr Hall had directed him to send me the picture of John Milton, by way of present."

Memorandum on the back of the picture.

"The original of this picture is in the hands of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and was procured for him by me, from the executors of Milton's widow, soon after her death, which happened in Cheshire about 1728. He gave twenty guineas for it. This copy was done by Mr Philip Gresha, for me.

"12th January, 1787–8.
"WILLIAM COWPER."

In another page of the same Diary is the following mem:—

"The following is a copy of an inscription, under the handwriting of Arthur Onslow, Esq., late Speaker of the House of Commons, at the back of a picture of Milton, at Ember Court, Surrey:—

"'This original picture of Milton I bought in the year 1729 or 30, and paid twenty guineas for it, of Mr Cumberbatch, a gentleman of very good consideration in Chester, who was a relation and executor of the will of Milton's last wife, who died a little while before that time. He told me it hung up in her chamber till her death, and that she used to say her husband gave it her, to shew her what he was in his youth, being drawn when he was about twenty-one years of age.

"'AR. ONSLOW.'

"'Mr Hawkins Browne, (author of the poem *De Animi Immortalitate*,) told me (8th October, 1783,) that he knew this Mrs Milton; visited her often, and well remembered this picture hanging in her chamber, and which, she said, was of her husband. A. O.'

"Compare this picture with that of Milton in his old age, or with the print of it by White. Mem. The above picture, upon a view of it, (at the Right Hon. George Onslow's, lately made Lord Cranley,) on the 2d June, 1776, by me, Jeremiah Bentham, appeared to me to be twenty-two inches long, by eighteen inches wide, within the frame."

"At this period, 1768–70, I used to visit a foreign merchant of the name of Pierre Vrillon, who lived in St Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, and managed to have a pretty garden at the top of his house. His dress was always very mean; his garments coarse; and he wore coarse woollen stockings at a time when everybody contrived to spend as much as they could upon dress. His talk of foreign countries, of which I knew nothing, and of which he knew much, was fascinating to me. He used to go sponging from house to house, by way of saving what he could; but once, when his brother, with whom he lived, was absent, he took the opportunity of giving us a handsome dinner. There I first saw, to my amazement, cucumbers stuffed with meat, vegetables whose bellies were full of animal food; it was a contrast to all I had seen before—a sort of a reversal of natural order. On that day, I made the acquaintance of Mr Peter Nouailles, a refugee, of French extraction. He had a handsome house in town, which I visited. What a charming wife he had, and what a sweet daughter of thirteen, who played exquisitely on the harpsichord! Mr Nouailles had invented a cheap covering for houses; a mixture of tar and sand. I do not know whether it ever occurred to him to introduce water between it and the roof, as an additional security.

"Vrillon told me it was the constant practice in Italy to preserve ripe fruit in wax. Why should not experiments be made for a purpose so useful? Would fruits so preserved be allowed to be imported here? or would there be, as usual, some absurdity, that if they were entered as fruit they would be called fruit; if wax, they would be called wax. There is a strange prejudice against myrtle wax; why should it not be used? It would look well to have two green candles and two white. Why not use it for the Virgin Mary and the Saints, who are very fond of candles?

"I made an equestrian tour with my uncle and aunt, in 1768. He always kept two horses, one for himself, and one for his man; but our cavalcade was four: he on horseback, she on horseback, your humble servant on horseback, and *our* humble servant on horseback. We went to see a Mr Osborne, who had a good estate called Turville Court, (General Dumouriez died there.) He had retired from business, and lived in a handsome house at the top of a hill, with the ground prettily tumbled about in its neighbourhood. He had a wife and an only son; had been an adjutant in the militia, which brought him into contact with the Colonel, Lord Le Despenser, one

of Wilkes' set—anti-religious. His Lordship had been annoyed with a church which stood in the way of his prospects; so he threw it down and built another on the summit of the hill, and sadly scandalized divers old ladies thereby. Lord L., who had been Postmaster-General, got Osborne's son a place in the Post-Office; but he misconducted himself and fell into indigence. Among my uncle's acquaintances, were the stewards to Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Spencer; we visited the stewards, and heard much of the losses and injury which Lord S. had sustained from election riots. His fortune was considerably damaged, and he was obliged to maintain the rioters in prison. But the steward had acquired, from nothing, enough to buy a handsome estate. In the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, we spent two or three days at a house in the midst of islands divided by little streams. At Leicester, we went to see a tessellated pavement with stones of the size of dice. At Althorp we were the guests of the steward, and dined with the upper servants. In the steward's room were various documents and parchments, among which was the account of the prosecution of a woman for selling her small beer too small.

"The year 1769 was to me a most interesting year. I was, I remember, reading Montesquieu, when the Archbishop of York called on me, to solicit my vote for Jenkinson and Hay. Prodigiously courteous was his Grace; though I was only half dressed, and was busy, too, on chemistry, evaporating urine in order to obtain phosphorus. The ignorant mother of Chamberlain Clarke laughed at me, but laughed in vain. Montesquieu, Barrington, Beccaria, and Helvetius, but most of all Helvetius, set me on the principle of utility. When I had sketched a few vague notions on the subject, I looked delighted at my work. I remember asking myself —Would I take £500 for that sheet of paper? Poor as I was, I answered myself—No! that I would not."

With Chamberlain Clarke, Bentham undertook a pedestrian expedition, in 1770. He wore leather breeches, and was sadly pinched. They "went first to Oxford; afterwards to Farringdon, the seat of Mr Pye, who had been the M.P. for Berkshire. He afterwards broke down, became Poet Laureat, and one of the magistrates of Queen Square. He wrote travels, in the aristocratical style; was intimate with Mitford: but his acquaintance was not worth making. He was a poet, *preterea nihil*. He asked leave for his daughter to walk in my garden; I told him my time was too much occupied to shew her any attention."

He walked up Birdlip Hill—on whose top was a little public house—whence you look down on an avenue, at the end of which, and at a distance of six or seven miles, the city of Gloucester opens upon the view.

"At Oxford, David Coke introduced me to all the courts, and to Judge Blackstone in his robes. I told him Clarke was an attorney; he was astonished, and said his appearance was far superior to that of a grimgibber. The attorneys of those days were little thought of.

"A talkative lady at Oxford wanted me to marry her daughter; and, on one occasion, I was obliged to escape out of the window. The husband (Dr Bentham) was a little, insignificant, industrious man, who had got some reputation for his spontaneous divinity lectures, but was at the same time sorely quizzed; yet he was an excellent tutor, of quiet and gentle demeanour; and he threw out from the press, every now and then, a bit of Greek criticism, of which I got a copy—λογοι σπαραφιου—it was always commonplace, as he was commonplace; and I was never fond of commonplaces."

"In this journey with Chamberlain Clarke we went to Pursfield, belonging to Valentine Morris, who actually ruined himself by his liberal entertainment of visiters. It was a beautiful place; everybody went there; got letters from friends, or friends' friends; so he thought he could do no other than exhibit hospitality: he gave them free dinners, and ran himself out.

"One day, when we were hungry, we found we were on the estate of a Mr Clutterbuck; we made up a theory that he must be a relation of a Mr Clutterbuck we knew; and our theory obtained for us some cheese and ale from a John Bull peasant who lived on the property."

In the visits which Bentham paid to the country with his father and stepmother, and which were frequent at this period, he usually walked behind them, alone, reading; and his favourite book was "Helvetius de l'Esprit."

One of Bentham's most intimate acquaintances was Lind. "I wrote the design," he said, "to Lind's book on the Colonies; he would have set his signature blindfold to anything I had written. Lind, in consequence of his book, got an order to draw up a declaration against the revolted colonies. There were two such declarations. Gibbon drew up the other. Lind had various sorts of style. He got £1000 for writing the addresses of Lord Pigot. For his *Manifesto*, he got £50 a-year for each of his sisters. The *Manifesto* was *not* well done. Lind was of North's (Bishop of Winchester's) gambling parties; he wanted to be chairman of ways and means, and to get into Parliament. I remember his speaking of a relation, one Dr Lind, who was an author, and who valued himself most highly on being an author; he had written a book on the diseases peculiar to hot climates. Lind was an industrious author; his manners were easy, gentlemanly, and fashionable. Lind had two sisters at Rochford, where I had a little estate, which I let to a butcher of the name of Boosey; and Boosey was a Dissenter. We went one day and dined with him. After dinner, he took us to his meeting. I went with him a short way up the gallery; and the minister was making his prayer, and saying, as it appeared to me, 'O Lord! that *alterest* all events.' 'O,' said I, 'that is ultra-omnipotence;' and I broke out into a most violent but irresistible burst of

laughter. I was near the door, and I made my escape without disturbing the congregation. It was a paroxysm; but it disturbed me greatly. At that time, Boosey was overseer of the poor; who lived in clover. He told me there had been a meeting among them, because he gave them sheep's heads, which they called *offal*. Not long after, dining with Baron Adam, (the father of all the Adams who had got places,) there was a sheep's head (*Scottice*) with the hair singed. I thought it a strange coincidence that the poor of a parish should rise in rebellion against a dish which was the favourite dish at the table of an aristocrat.

"Lind's style did not satisfy me. There was a want of accuracy. I used to correct for him, and he assented to all my corrections. Nothing that anybody else wrote ever satisfied me; nothing that I ever wrote at first satisfied me: but I never made an alteration without having a reason for it.

"In Lind's remarks on the principal acts of the thirteenth Parliament of Great Britain, (London, 1775,) pp. 15 and 16, beginning—'As to the point of rights,' and ending with 'had left it;' and, again, pp. 120 and 121, the passage 'True it is,' ending 'to make men knowing,' are mine. I did not like his word '*very*'—'Mr H. *very* gravely:' it was an expletive, a debilitation.

"Bukarti, who was here as the nominal representative of Poland, had no head, or an ox's head; so that Lind did all the business. There was a momentary hope of inducing the British Government to interfere against the partition of Poland; but George III. had a great contempt for the people, and enjoyed the triumph of despotism.

"He was despotic from the beginning, yet the opposition to him in the early part of his reign originated solely from the disappointment of displaced men—thence the *North Briton*. When Wilkes accused the King's speech of having lies in it, it made a great sensation. Wilkes was an object of perfect abhorrence to me, and I abhorred him for his opposition to the King. *The North Briton* excited a prodigious sensation; forty-five was written on all the walls; forty-five had obscured every other member of the numeration table. For years it was the principal topic of conversation. Then came the prosecution; then Lord Sandwich turning against him. Gross things respecting women were picked out to find matter for impeachment. Lord Sandwich got the name of Jerry Twitcher, from the 'Beggar's Opera,' for his impeacher. Then Wilkes was outlawed, and when he appeared in Court, Lord Mansfield, the grave and the wise, said he could not consider him in court, because he was not in custody. No! the lawyer could not believe that to be a fact which he himself saw with his own eyes."

Bentham visited Paris in 1770. He had scarcely an acquaintance there. Dr Fordyce introduced him to some chemist in France who was nobody, and who paid little attention to the recommendation. He found there a painter of the name of Martin, who had gone thither to get an engraving done of Lord Mansfield's portrait, and to whom he lent about 1000 francs to assist him in his difficulties. Martin introduced him to a man called Rose, who had been secretary to the Pretender, who had given him a pension on which he lived in tolerable comfort, and was enabled to entertain his friends.

Bentham had even then a sort of reputation; and a Mr Godefroy gave him several books, because he had heard that he was a "philosopher," a title which greeted him then for the first time. There was then an old man, with a long beard, who went about Paris, under the name of "*Le bon Dieu*," making a trade of his blasphemy. Martin painted him, and offered to paint Bentham, who refused the attention proffered, as he could not afford to pay the import duty into England. Bentham's dining place was a guinguette, where, for a shilling, there was an abundant and varied supply of food. It was in the Rue Tournon. After dinner, the party walked in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The guinguette has shared the ordinary fate of mortality. Bentham went to look for his old haunt when he revisited Paris a few years before his death: not a trace remained of it.

"Of travelled men, I afterwards made acquaintance with Mr Forster, who had been chaplain to the ambassador at Petersburg. He was a sort of atheist parson, and conversed on all subjects with great levity. Russian manners suited the indolence of his nature. It was an incident in my life, to talk with a man who had lived in diplomatic circles and had travelled so far. He introduced me to many Russians, among whom were two brothers (Tateschevs) whose fondness for each other was perfectly infantine, and whose disputes about the merits of Montesquieu were very amusing. The discussions turned upon fundamental principles, which were fundamental nonsense: it was a perpetual trifling about words to which they could give no definite, and each attached a different meaning; such as, 'honour,' 'virtue,' 'fear:' honour being a love of reputation, or of as much power as a man could get; and virtue being admiration of a republican government."

A memorandum, dated November 24th, 1779, is as follows—"*Fils Jeremy dinoit chez nous: apres diner*, we opened the portmanteau belonging to the late Mr John Forster, deceased, in which there was nothing more than a clergyman's gown in a cloth, some old printed books, of little or no value, some MS. sermons, and a bundle in a brown paper, sealed, upon which was a piece of white paper, endorsed with his own hand as follows:—

"'Reflections on the rise and fall of the ancient Republics, and 2 other manuscripts, all composed by me, but printed in the name of Edward Wortley Montague, Esq.

"'JNO. FORSTER.'

"And, after the above examination, I locked up the portmanteau again with the contents thereof as before."——(*To be continued.*)

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our April No.)

CHAPTER IX.

It is now some time since we took leave of our simple heroine, in what is generally considered the most vital and delicate crisis of a Woman's existence; that to which every circumstance of her girlhood points, and which is essentially, if not finally, to seal her fate to weal or wo; or to consign her to the cheerless, monotonous state of passive endurance, which, in deadening or obliterating her highest faculties and finest sensibilities, dwarfs her intellect, benumbs every generous affection of her heart, and perverts the noblest purposes of her being.

During the first tumultuary excitement of her feelings, Violet, the most blest of mortal creatures, though outwardly calm, yet really wild and dizzy with the exulting sense of rapture throbbing at her heart, imagined that she could never again know anxiety or sorrow. Evils which, to her inexperience, had looked appalling, and which really were of serious magnitude, disappeared for the moment; and it seemed treason to every nobler attribute of her nature to indulge one cowardly misgiving, one melancholy apprehension, while blessed beyond all imaginable blessing with the rich treasure of Herbert's love! Mrs Cripps, whose matronly assistance had been summoned when Mademoiselle was carried up stairs in a swoon, from which she had, however, instantly recovered, reported, on rejoining the family circle, that she knew not what to make of the girl.

"A very plain case of affectation," said Miss Cripps, with a fling of the head; "a pretty manœuvre to alarm Charles Herbert, when found so opportunely in the conservatory; perhaps to quicken his dull mind, and draw forth the *ray-ther* tardy declaration."

"Extremely likely," added Mrs Cripps; "for, at all events, the Mademoiselle is no more seriously ill than I am, unless she be going out of her senses, which the ridiculous fuss that is made about her *genius* and her *beauty*, and what not, renders very probable. Fancy the silly chit beginning to weep on my bosom: but I know how to manage hysterical young ladies—she soon came to herself."

Professor Cripps, evidently alarmed for his pupil's sanity, on hearing so extraordinary a circumstance, eagerly expressed his concern.

"Pray don't afflict yourself, my good sir," said his meek helpmate: "saving a look of idiocy, tears in her eyes, and a fatuous kind of smile playing on her lips, I never saw Mademoiselle looking better."

"Nay, I did think Violet exceedingly lovely this evening, even when at the worst," said Cripps. "Expression, as Barker says, is the soul of her face; expression varying with every mood of her soul."

"Mr Barker must always be saying some clever nonsense or other, which papa takes seriously," said Polly; "but I dare say something has occurred to flutter the meek dove. I fancied she was going to tell me all about it; but I presume the second thoughts of *prudent* young ladies are best."

In the rapturous feelings of the moment, and with the instinctive craving of the young and warm heart, at such seasons, for womanly, for motherly, for sisterly sympathy, poor Violet had been tempted to reveal what, but for maidenly bashfulness, she could indeed have proclaimed to the whole world—her new-born bliss—bidding it share in her abounding joy. Her affectionate tenderness, and even caressing manners to mother and daughter, when they approached her with offers of assistance, were so unlike the measured civility to which their uncongenial minds, and the harshly repulsive manners of the elder lady, had long restricted their intercourse, that Mrs Cripps' severe treatment of hysterical cases was probably required to awaken the sense of dignity, and restore Violet to her ordinary constrained demeanour with them; yet even then, the absent wandering air, the moist eyes, and the faint smile fluttering on her lips, spoke of those extatic feelings, the signs of which no exterior circumstances could repress; and which betrayed her, at least to the younger lady, who, at the subsequent family conference, proceeded to say—

"I could swear Charles Herbert has told his flattering tale, if he has not actually proposed."

"Then I wish to goodness he had her, and paid you forfeit, Cripps, for your runaway apprentice. £500, are not the penalties? You will never, I prophesy, make half so much out of her."

So hard run up was the Professor at this time—driven to such miserable and dangerous shifts to recruit his finances and "carry on the war in style," till the tide of fortune flowed—that the words *pay forfeit*, sounded magically on his ear. Yet to abandon his swelling schemes of professional glory, as well as of great aggrandizement, was highly imprudent, even in a pecuniary view—so he made himself believe—and also most mortifying. His mind was thus divided between the urgency of present necessity and the hopes of future gain, when the demon which ever stands ready to dodge the elbow of the needy, weak-principled, and vain man, in moments when conscience sounds a parley, appeared in the shape of his hopeful son. Jack drew his papa aside, and whispered something which banished the Professor's colour, and made his hands tremble. Jack himself maintained the utmost composure, and began to joke with his sister about her lover, and her very handsome "upper Benjamin," in allusion to her elegant robe, with an inuendo about the W—— levy, which made the blood mount higher in Polly's face. She hastily, as a diversion, mentioned her mother's scheme of making Herbert pay forfeit.

"Capital stroke; but a wretched pittance, after all—only £500.—Were the case as you suppose, Poll, my darling, which is, after all, mere conjecture—not Herbert's love I mean, but Herbert's proposal—so poor as he is, and where there is no *blunt*, no *tin*, in the case—that paltry penalty would be but wretched indemnity to my father for the pecuniary loss he must sustain by his pupil bilking him, as the lawyers would say—*in re* CRYPPS *versus* HERBERT, damages £10,000—after"——

The black lustrous eyes of Mrs Barker elect flashed heathen fire, as she looked to her ingenious brother; and interrupting his nonsense, which, such was Jack's weakness, often came in the way of his finest ideas, she replied to her own thoughts.

"If Herbert had any *solid* fortune, any command of cash or means to raise it, I do indeed see an opening for you, papa. His pride will never brook to see the woman he intends to make his wife on the stage. Mr Barker detests the idea of professional life for *me*;" and the young lady, whose most ambitious wishes had so lately been the stage, drew up in disdain of the vocation in which her father placed all his hopes and glory.

"Let Herbert have her, in God's name," said Jack; "only she must run away either *with* or *to* him. All my fear is, he wont bite, or not in time for us; for, somehow, fellows like him in high life, when money must be had, always contrive to get it. The Wind must be raised, that's flat, though it blow great guns to drive us out of the water; and for to-morrow morning, too;—no dallying with a certain order of ugly customers."

Professor Cripps looked with perplexity and anguish upon his comforter and financier.

"MY UNCLE, Heaven bless him for a friend in need, the truest I have ever found!" continued Jack.

"I will not hear of it, sir," interrupted the professor of music, flushing with a sense of anger and shame, which his son was utterly incapable of understanding. "I feel utterly disgraced by what you have led me to do already in that line. The old Scotchwoman, I am convinced, suspects us, if she has not proof positive."

Mr Cripps alluded to the valuable furniture, pictures, and plate, which his son had persuaded him to pawn, or send to the auction mart, to raise temporary supplies, when forced loans, bill-brokers, Barker's credit, and every other means had failed them.

"Take it easy, papa:—there, smooth your raven down, and go down stairs to receive your guests. Put a good face on the matter; and the deuce is in it if, in the broad and fertile field of London, with brilliant talents and splendid opportunities, the Cripps family, if true to itself, do not make a living, ay, and a figure too!—— The world's my oyster, and I with *brains* will open it. There is an idea germinating here"—and Jack, leering up with his most comical squint, tapped on that part of his high and broad forehead where Spurzheim locates imagination—"With but a trifle in hand, a nest-egg to tempt my golden goose to lay, by shewing that its golden deposite is safe, I could make a stroke."

"Another Bubble Insurance Company?" inquired his father with bitterness; "More paintings by the old masters? A mine in Eldorado?"

"All very good things, papa, in their way, but my present idea is sinking a shaft in the golden mine matrimonial."

"My affairs do not admit of impertinent jesting, sir," replied the angry father.

"Nor do I jest; upon my honour. But I will take Poll alone into my counsels; Mrs Barker elect has more of the inventive fertility and resource of high genius than all the rest of her family, self excepted: that stroke at *Benjy* was a master-stroke," he whispered.

"No more of your nonsense, Jack," retorted his sister, angrily; modestly declining the compliment her talents merited. "If one needs a trifle, to whom can one apply save to an old and intimate friend."

"True, you clever industrious creature; though no friend would advance a rap for me to save me from hanging: women, particularly young and handsome ones, have many advantages over us poor fellows; so much more ought we to make ourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. There is Scripture for it, Polly. —Old Stocks has a daughter, a golden girl—you look astonished.—But, hark! the footmen's battering rams! This will be my father's most brilliant private night for the season; the *Princess* is positively to come. Come, Poll, don your upper *Benjamin;*" and he wickedly pulled aside the Chantilly scarf purchased with Benjamin's sovereigns, "and let me lead you to the saloon. The man don't deserve you, girl, who won't make a stretch to maintain so fine a creature in the splendour to which she lends grace, and seems born to be surrounded with." And the conciliated sister, while Jack fastened her pearl bracelets, and gave to better view the cameos which looped up the drapery of her lace sleeves, smiled in acquiesence with the self-evident proposition. "*Thieves' literature,*" now so fashionable, was even then beginning to be popular; and Jack, as he led her away, chanted, in an under voice, a stave of a forgotten but once favourite ditty:—

> "In Limerick I was bred and born,
> On Tyburn tree I die in scorn;
> In Dublin I learned the baking trade,
> Where I was counted a roving blade.
>
> "I took to me a handsome wife,
> Whom I loved dear as I loved my life;
> And, to maintain her both fine and gay,
> Though all the world for it should pay,
>
> "I often used for to resort
> To Hounslow Heath and St James's Park,
> Where I robbed lords and ladies bright—
> Five hundred pounds in a moonshine night."

They were on the second landing-place—"Rat-tat-at-tat—rumble, thump, clash—ay! that must be a flunky who fancies his lady-mistress no swipes. But stay"—continued Jack, peering curiously over the railing of the corridor; and

now even the undaunted Jack faltered, "What ugly mugs are these below? The Philistines are upon us!"—and Jack nimbly slipt back and vanished; while Miss Cripps, running down, saw her father pale as a corpse, a cold perspiration breaking on his face, sitting on one of the hall chairs, surrounded by three or four singular-looking persons, who yet could hardly be presumed foreign visiters.

Polly had an instant apprehension of how the case stood, and of the danger, for her thoughts travelled fast in the direction of self, which menaced her matrimonial prospects by this unlucky *contre-temps*. Nor was she without considerable affection for her father, or the natural feelings of a young woman new to scenes of this painful kind, and to whom an arrest—the actual presence and contact of those hateful phantoms, *bailiffs*, is always terrible. Yet her wits did not in this emergency forsake her. "Miss Cripps, my dear," faltered the father, "send your brother to me; you may remain above stairs; I have some trifling business with these gentlemen; the apartments are open for company: but in the—the butler's pantry, gentlemen, we will not be observed. There, my own angel, command your feelings. Has Barker come?"

"My brother has left," said Polly, readily and coolly, aware that Jack might have very particular reasons for avoiding recognition. "I believe Mr Barker will not be here; but Mr Herbert is in the house. The gentlemen will surely allow you time, papa, to summon your friends around you; to whom shall I send? to Sir George Lees?"

The Professor shook his head wofully. More company was arriving.

"The butler's pantry; the servants' room, below; any place save this," he cried, in anguish, attempting to retire; and the butler's pantry was retreated to, and the singular party supplied with lights and wine, by Polly's orders; after which she flew to her mother and her brother. The former sobbed, scolded, and cried; cried, scolded, and sobbed. The latter was quite self-possessed. Jack was indeed writing cards with great rapidity.

"A couple of flambeaux at the door, and a lugubrious tale, will suffice to turn back the mass of company to-night: but some of the expected must be treated with more ceremony. Never mind reading my notes, Poll; seal and address, girl:—Domestic calamity; sudden and alarming indisposition of Mademoiselle; excruciating spasms: if one now could have leisure delicately to insinuate that Monsieur Eustache, the secret agent of Malibran, has given her a *leetle* dose in an ice; but one can't do every thing. Don't, however, burn your charming fingers with the wax in your haste, Poll. Send off the notes, and pay well the messenger that shall make despatch. I must slip out by the offices, but will be back in an hour, at most, with the supplies; meanwhile, keep the gemmen below in good humour, and set Mademoiselle on Herbert. Lees is flint harder than the nether millstone. The *gents* in the butler's pantry, to a gentleman like papa, will shew civility for his money."

With the utmost deliberation, Jack took down an exquisite cabinet picture, the pride of Mr Shuffleton's dressing-room—subject, a Cupid mounted on a swan—which he tied up in his pocket-handkerchief, and next he took the silver standish, from which he had just been writing; poured the different inks into the fireplace; put the silver-mounted ink-glasses, taper-stand, and all the other appendages, into his bosom—for Jack had no pockets, nor much use for them—and dexterously passed the body of the standish up his back, between his coat and waistcoat, tightly buttoning the former garment, while his admiring sister looked silently on.

"How do I look, Poll? Demnetion blousy; but, never mind, no one will see me at this hour—only raff abroad."

Jack had no sooner disappeared, than Miss Cripps sent a message down stairs, requesting to be favoured with a minute's conversation with Mr Herbert; but he had gone away immediately on hearing that Mademoiselle had perfectly recovered from her swoon. A few individuals, early comers, were now assembled in the principal drawing-room; and it seemed odd that none of the family appeared to receive them. After a short consultation, Monsieur Eustache was deputed to acquaint the guests with the "domestic calamity," or Mademoiselle's violent spasms; and the gentlemen walked off and procured hackney vehicles for the sullen ladies, whose excessive condescension to Professor Cryppes and his pupil, was thus rewarded by disappointment.

In the meanwhile, the imagined victim of excruciating torture, all unconscious of the troubled scenes passing under the same roof, had from the mere exhaustion of overwrought feelings, sunk into soft and tranquil sleep, and, wrapt in Elysian dreams, fancied herself sitting in the viny arbour of the well-remembered Jersey cottage, between her father and Mrs Herbert, who both smiled fondly upon her, and talked to her of Charles, and bade her sing to them.

"Ah, were the sweet vision real, or all of it that Heaven still permits, how blest were I, beyond all imagination of earthly bliss!" was Violet's thought, on recalling her delightful dream. Would the mother of Charles ever smile on her, and talk of her son? She remembered the stinging words so lately wrung from him—"All mothers are alike; cold, proud, and ambitious." And did these words too truly speak his experience of the mother whose generosity to her step-son was the theme of praise—of her on whom his fortunes depended—who had, until now, held the first place in his affections—with whom he had lived in such cordial, confiding intimacy, such perfect reliance, as if she had been the most devoted elder sister. "Is it my lot to sever hearts so affectionately knit, so tenderly united?" was the more mournful and regretful idea of Violet, in pursuing this train of thought; and then hope, the ever-springing, would whisper—"If she would do me the honour to know me—so amiable

and gentle as she is, so indulgent and kind as Herbert speaks her—prejudice might lessen. But identifying me with this family; with the forward audacity of some of them, and the equivocal position of all of us; can I blame Mrs Herbert for seeking to withdraw her son from such society, and especially from an intimacy which she must consider unworthy and degrading? How will he venture to tell that proud and dear lady that his thoughts have strayed to poor me?—Heaven forbid that I should be the means of creating a breach between them!"

With the generous elevation of genuine affection, ever seeking as its greatest good the happiness of its object, Violet fancied she *could* resolve, and that she certainly *would* resolve to do whatever the lady, whose claims on the duty and gratitude of her lover were so strong, and who so disinterestedly desired his honour and happiness, should deem most for his advantage. Yes! she would voluntarily give him up; try to forget all that had passed—her hopes, her dreams; and there came soothing with the energetic thought—"Whatever is best for Charles, that I can do." And then crept in the sweet sophistry of love, whispering that perhaps her great sacrifice might not be required—to this overwhelming extent not.

That after her indisposition no one came near her during the long night, was not surprising to Violet in this family: but she wondered that no noise of company, no sound of music or dancing, was heard. And then she imagined that she had slept long; that it must be very late; that most of the company were gone; and the young men, and the few ladies who usually remained, set in to that stillest of pastimes, deep play. As she lay in the dark, her imagination in full activity, the sense of dead stillness became almost oppressive. Once or twice she fancied it broken by a footfall, and a rustle of motion near her door, under which the light as of a candle suddenly streamed, and she at last called out—"Is any one there?"

"Marmarzelle, its I," was blown through the keyhole, in the voice of Mike Twig. "Marmarzelle, open; I have a summut to say from Master Charles; its life and death."

Violet instinctively rose, hurriedly dressed herself, and opened the door, where stood Twig, screening a candle with his broad hand, seemingly much afraid, and yet looking particularly knowing.

"Marmarzelle, Master Charles says you must cut your stick," whispered Twig; and Violet stared in amazement.

"What do you mean?"

"You must run off, Marmarzelle, break your 'prenticeship—that's the thing! The 'ole 'ouse has been a' topsy-turvy while you were a sleeping. Sally sent off her box last night, and cook will steal off this morning; the p'lice is after Jack, and the cotchpoles have a got the governor. There 's a resurrection in the house, Miss; and if you would like your bits o' odds and ends smuggled out, I would get Mrs Herbert's Bob to place 'em in the hay-room with mine till dark, as you are a fellow-servant in distress, like."

And Mike nodded complacently; nor could Violet, however perplexed by the friendly proposal, be offended by what was meant in honest kindness.

"Thank you very much, Twig.—Although there should be an execution in the house, which I do not understand, I shall not require your services; at least not yet, nor in the way you mention: but you have a message for me, you said. How is that?"

"A letter, Marmarzelle," whispered Twig; "but hush, and I'll tell you all about it first. You see, Miss Polly sends me with a letter to Mr Charles to his mamma's, where was a grand party, to go bail for Mr Cripps, I s'poses; and so he comes and has a conference with the bums, and pen and ink work; and then they walks off, and then I lets out Mr Charles. 'Twig,' says he, 'you are a clever fellow;' and he tips me with a half sovereign, Miss. It was too much, it was," said Twig, overcome with the recollection of the largesse. "'Could you,' says he, 'deliver a note from me to Miss Hamilton, either to-night, if possible, or else very early in the morning.'

"With all the pleazare in life, say I; I'll send it up in Marmarzelle's little boots, when I clean 'em. And so he laughed, and out with a gold pencil in the hall, and scribbles like fire and tarnation; and 'here,' says he, 'deliver this yourself, with safety and speed, and you shall not repent it.' And so, Marmarzelle, knowing I was but a poor lad, without a place or a character, who might soon be on the wide world, I promised; and I wished to give you a warning, too, Miss, and help off your boxes to Bob's hay-room."

"Give me the letter," cried Violet, eagerly, "and be in the way, pray, in an hour or less. Hist!"

"O Lor'! its Miss Polly and the old dragon not a-bed yet;" and Twig, extinguishing his candle, ran off; while Violet shut and bolted her door, undiscovered.

"Are you asleep, Mademoiselle?" said Miss Cripps, in a minute afterwards, trying the door. "I hope you are quite well, now. I wish particularly to see you for a minute; open your door." There was no resource. "I have a favour to beg of you, Gabrielle. Barker and I have agreed, to-night, the license and all being ready, instead of a vulgar wedding, to steal quietly away to church, to-morrow morning; you must accompany me; we shall spend the day at Richmond, and, perhaps, make a little home-tour; but you can return from the church door with Jack. There, that's a love," kissing the elected bridesmaid. "Now, do be drest in time. Don't you envy me? but your turn will come, dear. Good night."

The probable nature of the missive in the custody of Mr Twig was, to our heroine, an affair of much greater interest than even a wedding and the office of bridesmaid to the prudent Polly, who had discovered that no time was to be lost in securing her matrimonial felicity. But Twig

had either gone to sleep, or been afraid to come back; for three anxious hours of broad daylight had elapsed before, rapping on the chamber-door, he sung out "Marmarzelle's boo-orts!" in the manner he had acquired in his first place in the inn at W——; and, with a beating heart, Violet extricated her letter, and nodded in return to the knowing look of Mike, who whispered her:—

"I'll take 'em still, Miss, to Bob's hay-room."

The hasty note of Herbert ran thus—:

DEAREST VIOLET,—The affairs of poor Cripps have taken a turn which compells me to urge you, for your own sake—may I not venture to say, for our united sakes—to leave his house immediately. Would that you had never entered it! This I had resolved, at all events, to urge upon you in the interview which I promised myself the happiness of having with you to-day, but which a series of most perplexing and unforeseen events will, I fear, prevent. I had trusted to find my mother's house open to you in this emergency: but her prepossessions are not easily overcome. Delicately as we are situated, I must not, as I at first proposed, take you away myself, although you were as willing to rely upon my prudence as I hope you are to confide in my honour and my love: but I go, on the instant, to provide an asylum for you; a safe and respectable, if an humble one. It is with your faithful old nurse, Mistress Linton. The person who delivers this is honest and respectful, and will give you every assistance in his power: but it is upon yourself I rely, upon your decision and courage, in this, the first of many difficulties which we may have the happiness to encounter and surmount together. I shall be in misery until I hear of your being safe in Fleet Street, which unless I learn by ten o'clock, I shall be compelled to brave all consequences and carry you off. But I rely, my own dearest Violet, upon your firmness and promptitude where their exertion is so needful to us, who, with one heart, have henceforth but one honour, one interest. ——Poor Cripps is not so bad as those about him."

. . . . . .

The part of Violet, on receiving this note, was easily determined. She found a pretext for again seeing Twig, whose greatest distress seemed to be "Marmarzelle" not getting her boxes smuggled off. The main difficulty now was the "ugly customers" who, having charge of the house, kept possession of the keys, and who were still asleep upon the elegant sofas on which they had unceremoniously thrown themselves. When awakened by Twig, though the principal growled a little, no opposition was made to a very pretty girl who carried nothing with her, not even a basket, going out on an errand, and Violet found herself alone in the street, and without a home. Comfortless and perilous as was that which she had clandestinely forsaken, it was not abandoned without pain. Feeling that every eye was upon her, reading her story in her face, and half afraid that she had taken an improper and rash step; reproaching herself with leaving the family in their distress without a word at parting, she flew on, rather than walked, until, after making more than one wrong turn, she found herself in Fleet Street.

The tenement, of which Mistress Linton occupied a floor, in this ancient locality, was her own property. The principal floors were let to a tailor and milliner, who had taken their lot in matrimony together, but with whom Marion had few dealings. In her own phrase, she "lived within hersel'." Instead of using the common kitchen of the sunk floor, Mrs Linton had, by well-planned alteration, formed out of the attic floor a complete suit of apartments for herself—a house within a house—of which its owner's great boast was, that she "could lock her own stair-foot door and put the key in her pouch; a comfort which Lon'oners, living in joint-occupancy, never knew, living as they do *higgledy-piggledy*, and cheekie for chowie, gentle and simple, a' through ither."

Marion flattered herself that she had apartments which, both from their comfort and seclusion, were not unworthy of receiving "a born gentleman's" daughter in distress.

It was with some faintness of heart and misgiving that Violet timidly rung the bell at the door up three pair of stairs which shut in this Scottish fortalice. The consciousness of her very delicate situation, and the recollection of the gruff and homely, if not rude manners of her patroness, did not lessen the sense of shrinking apprehension for which there was never less cause. The door gave way at once, as if Marion had stood behind it; and there she was, her shrewd and intelligent features beaming with cordial welcome, ready to receive her expected guest.

"You knew then I was coming?"

"And glad and proud was I to hear it. Ower lang among that crew o' tinklers, hinny; but," and making a signal of silence, while slightly pointing to the regions below, she carefully bolted inside her "ain stair fit door," and then ushered her guest up the narrow and dark, but neatly carpeted stairs, and suddenly threw open the door of her parlour, of which the sunny lightness, the extreme neatness and even elegance, made Violet start, and half scream with delighted surprise. The dwelling was more like the lantern of a light house than an attic floor in Fleet Street. It was in the back of the house, looking to the Thames, and commanding a gay sweep of view, bounded by the Surrey hills.

"It is a decent bit pairt," said the flattered landlady, in reply to Violet's exclamatory compliment, "and maybe cost twa or three bawbees striking out the outshot window, and making the other bits of repairs and easements: but what is world's gear without world's comfort. A proud woman its mistress will be, if ye find it a pleasant hame till a better offer: but the coffee is ready and hot, and ye have had a race, I'm thinking, Miss Violet."

A silver coffee pot was simmering over a lamp

of the same metal, and, on a rather small table, breakfast was set out with peculiar neatness. There was even fresh flowers and early strawberries.

"I would like weel to make ye comfortable," said the hostess, kindly.

"And this is the very seat of comfort. How have you contrived to make so nice a home out of a London garret, and to gather so many elegances and even luxuries about you?"

The open window of the airy chamber in which Violet had deposited her bonnet, admitted the soft, fresh breeze from the river, which moved the light muslin curtains of the little French bed, which Violet afterwards learned had been hastily put up early that morning for herself; for Marion's dwelling had hitherto contained but one substantial, old-fashioned bed."

"I was bred amang the great folks, and like things right and tight about me; and, in my line, I have had good opportunities to pick up an orra thing or twa, as a bit china, or an auld-fashioned bit o' silver wark, or the like o' that ebony knock on the bracket aboon the buffet—they say it was the Duchess of Marlborough's; or that japan clock—it is real japan the case; and the auld spinnet—to think o' me buyin a spinnet! a spinning-wheel would be liker me; but I have ane, too, ben the house, a cock-up, made o' cedar-wood, with ivory virls. They say it was Queen Mary's—no the Queen o' Scots, but Dutch William's Queen: but they may be a' lees thae clatters."

"Your house is a perfect museum of curiosities and beauties."

"It's weel eneuch; but I'm proud o' the spinnet, since you are here, Miss Violet. Keep a thing seven years and ye'll get use for it, they say: but it's far travelled that spinnet. Its been ower the Border and back again. It belanged to the auld Duchess Anne, they say; though I'll no just uphaud that. But I have walth o' books, too; ye'll no need to feel langer here, I hope. There 's Burns, and Allan Ramsay, and the Marrow, and Logan's Sermons—that was a present, and no my choice—and some o' Sir Walter's nonsense, and the Ettrick Shepherd, and Christopher North, who is far mair naturaler, to my thought, and gars me mony a time rive my cheeks wi' laughin by my lee lane here. I daresay the cat thinks I'm daft."

"You live in Fairyland," said Violet, approaching the large broad window, and gazing out, upon the bird's-eye prospect, where the endless variety of objects was seen as if by a camera obscura.

"A fairy land in which ye maun dree your weird for a time," replied Marion, smiling graciously. "But ye maun take some breakfast before we have ony farther speak, though I ken fine what your een are asking. Meat and mass never hindered work."

They sat down, and Marion, in a distinct and solemn voice, reverently craved a blessing upon the "offered mercies," and breakfast was begun. If there was anything amiss, it might be the excessive pressure of hospitality.

"I have not made so good a breakfast in England," said Violet, in warding more attempts to force food down her throat. "Everything is so excellent, and so nice; and—I suppose, Mr Herbert called?"

"Ou, ay did he, or how should I have kenned I was to have the pleasure of getting you to mysel for a gliff, hinny? But I have never been able to fa' into the fashion o' the hungry London breakfasts, lang as I hae sojourned in the tents o' Kedar; a bit wizened toast, scarted ower wi' a scruffin o' butter, and a blash o' tea, without milk or crame; but if Mr Charles had sooner advertised me, I could have had a pick o' marmalet, as well as a caller egg for ye."

"Many, many thanks! but indeed you are too good to me; you must not mind me so much, else I shall fear that I am troublesome."

"Ne'er say that word again," said Marion, hastily: "but I see ye are hungrier for my news than my refections, which is but natural; sae just sit ye down a blink, and crack to the canary; the cat and him are grand freends; we are a weel-greeing family up in the sclates here. I cannot say one word till all my odds and ends are in order about me."

Violet amused herself with observing the quiet neatness, the despatch without bustle, with which this notable housewife restored her gala breakfast equipage to its place, and arranged her bird-cage, her "lamp-o'-light" parlour, as she called it; yet, imperceptibly, Marion's young guest sunk into reverie.

"Hech! but that was a lang sair sich to come from so young a breast, Miss Violet; d'ye ken the freit of our country, my dear, that at every sich, a red drap o' life's blood falls from the heart? Ye maun have been tyning mony draps of your heart's blood of late, I fear, hinny?" continued the old woman, sitting down by Violet, and saying, in yet kindlier and more earnest tones, "And, now dear bairn, what think ye is to come o' ye?"

This was one of those questions that are much more easily put than answered.

"Alas! I cannot tell!" answered Violet, in pathetic and desponding tones.

"Weel, weel, I was an auld fool to speer. At a' rates, jewel, ye must not let down your heart,—that is, a'thegither down; for if it be between Mr Charles and you, as I jalouse—na, as he as good as telled me, when he knocked me up out o' my bed yestreen, for he is an honourable gentleman—though there may be a crook in your lot just at the first, if ye are baith leal, and true-hearted, which I cannot misdoubt, a' will come right yet—I cannot fear it."

Violet's soft moist eyes beamed sweet thanks for this consolatory hope. "Mrs Herbert," continued Marion, "is, no doubt, a lofty, pridefu', schemin woman; and she dotes on Mr Charles, whom she thinks mair than worthy of the Princess Royal of England, if we had ane, let alone Lady Laura Temple; and if she thought ye were to come between him and her Ladyship, I believe she could see ye at the back-o'-beyont,

lady-born though ye be, and bonny innocent lassie as ye are."

Another deep involuntary sigh was the only commentary.

"To mend a young man's fortune by breaking his heart, is a queer proof of regard; though, no doubt, it is a grand match Yearl Tarbet's daughter; and Lady Laura, by a' accounts, is out of her mind for Maister Charles."

Another deep sigh was, to the garrulous old lady, the silent reproof of her inconsiderate talk; and, as if afraid of crushing her young guest too far, she now attempted encouragement.

"But if ye are his fancy, hinny—and, for my part, if I were a young gentleman, I never could fancy these high-mettle stately dames—if ye are his fancy, that settles the matter in a sense; though, as to Mrs Herbert's consent, I own I see no hope o' that; and for Mr Charles to marry without it, would not only be undutiful, all matters considered, but certain beggary and ruin to ye both. Now, though I'm far from believing that it's aye the case that, when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out by the window, I fear there is something in that, like every ither auld byword; or, at any rate, love finds but a cauld and dowie fireside. Weel, but sich nae mair; that does nae good."

"I cannot help it," said Violet, sadly. "When Mr Herbert comes, I shall know better what to think. I have but one right course of action—whatever is best for Charles; and that must be to part. What would you, my kind friend, who are wise and experienced, have done in my painful circumstances?"

"Now, Miss Violet, that's a puzzler. The wisdom of Solomon could not manage to please a' parties; so I am gey and feared that, at your years, I would just have pleased myself and him I liked best:—ta'en my joe and my chance of his having the world for the winning—and left the leddy-mother to come to hersel' when she tired; though I'm far from saying that would be the richt course. Puir working folk, like me, have the whip-hand o' the gentles there; for it's no' what they really want with the great folk, but what nonsense and bravity they maun hae."

Mistress Marion was now obliged to go out on household errands, as well as to carry the gratifying intelligence to Herbert that their mutual plan had succeeded; and it was agreed that, as the safest way, Violet should be left under lock and key.

Left alone, and having read over Herbert's note at least six times, she tried to amuse herself by reading the newspaper, where the paragraph, grandly announcing her appearance at the private rehearsal, and detailing her romantic and imaginary history, made her cheeks tingle with anger and proud shame.

"And this tissue of impudent falsehoods is to meet the eye of Mrs Herbert. How she must despise the heroine of such a tale!"

These painful reflections dismissed, she endeavoured, for the fiftieth time, to imagine what detained Herbert; how he could be occupied, that at such a crisis, he could not spare one five minutes to converse with her. At all events he could write; and, perhaps, Marion might—nay, she certainly would—bring a note from him on her return.

Making a mental picture of the curious and valuable antique movables crowded around her, was her next employment, which was interrupted by a ringing at Marion's stairfoot bell, gradually becoming more furious, and which, at length, brought out some of the other lodgers, to announce to the noisy assailant that Mrs Linton was probably from home, and had, as usual with her, locked up her apartments. To this the voice of Jack Cripps responded, in Jack's loudest and most brassy tones, that "the old woman might go to the devil and shake herself, but that there was a young one certainly secreted in her apartments, who had, early that morning, eloped from her guardian; that he was empowered to find and carry her back to her lawful protectors, and her he would have." The tailor, followed by his lady, the milliner, now came forth, to expostulate with the clamorous gentleman who startled the house from its propriety; but Jack stormed and swaggered the more, and threatened the police, that ultimate horror of respectable London housekeepers; and that he would throw the door on which he thundered on its back if it was not opened: when, at this critical juncture, Mrs Linton herself appeared.

"Break open my door, ye dirty dandy!" cried the indignant Scotchwoman; "let me but see you try your hand at it. Open my door at your command indeed! ye needy, seedy, swindling skemp! Gie the young lady up to your custody, or your father the Professor either—that is, allowing I had her in mine, of which there is no proof;—no, if I wared the last plack in my purse, and the last drop of blood in my veins, to keep her frae ye, and the pack o' ye. A black sight it was when first she saw ye. Sae down the stair wi' ye, ere I take the besom to ye."

"I take you witness, Ma'am," to the milliner; "you are my witness, sir," to the tailor; "and all of you, that this woman, forcibly and illegally, secretes a runaway apprentice—my father's articled apprentice—whom I am empowered to carry back to her master; and who may be sent to Bridewell for her misconduct, with this old lady to keep her company."

Scotch blood could endure no more, and Mistress Marion, making a desperate clutch at Jack's whiskers, while the tailor interfered to keep the King's peace, exclaimed—

"A prentice! ye ill-faured, hairy-faced, misleared knave! Major Hamilton's daughter—a born gentlewoman, highly connected wi' the best blude in Scotland, a fiddler's prentice! A bonny like tale." And Marion laughed aloud in bitter derision, shouting again, "Tramp, sir! aff wi' ye, or I'll mak ye."

"I scorn to answer your vulgar abuse, you foul-tongued Scotch beldame," said Jack, grandly. "Once more I order you to open your door and give up the girl, or I shall call in the police and have it burst open."

"Ay, call the police, my bonny man, it will save me the trouble; for I was just thinking o' calling them myself. Have ye ony notion whereabout that picture of the naked laddie riding on a goose, Mr Shuffleton was so proud of, rode off to this same morning, or late yestreen? A picture that cost £85; but a fool and his money is soon parted. Do you, Mr Snipson," to the tailor, "that have so long kept lodgers, know anything anent the statutes against their pawning or stealing the furniture o' their rooms?"

"What does the old witch mean?" said Jack, somewhat taken aback, and faltering in tone.

"I mean *Bow Street*, and no less; to be followed in due time by the Old Bailey, unless ye take the ill-favoured, bristly, pig's-face o' ye off, and never let it darken my honest door again."

"I tell you, good folks, this odious wretch has a young girl locked up in her rooms, whom she has sold to a gentleman. That girl is my father's apprentice; you will surely assist me to rescue her from ruin."

"Will ye dare, ye most impudent of profligates!" bellowed Marion. "Let me at him; let me at him, Mr Snipson. My corruption is fairly raised now. Sell her to gentlemen! It's you and the like would put innocence into peril and temptation; and there is news of that same the day. But Providence is aye a match for the devil in the long run; and, under Providence, her ye mean, ye vagabond, is in the care of friends, who both can and will protect her."

"Under the protection of Mr Charles Herbert? I suspected as much, ma'am," replied Jack, sneeringly, "though I scarcely expected you to be so frank with me."

"Let me be guided to haud my hands off him," screamed Marion, now fairly shouting for the assistance of the civil power. "If ye get Botany Bay, or strap for it, as mony a prettier man has done for far less, ye're blood be on your own head, birkie. Let him that stirs up a fray beware of the redding stroke."

How the matter might have ended, it is difficult to say; for Jack, seeing affairs getting unpleasant, nimbly tripped past his foewoman, and, with a volley of genteel slang oaths, promptly took his departure, but whistling, as he descended, to shew the tailor and his wife that he was not afraid. Jack's shabby-genteel appearance, and the weight and consideration of Mrs Marion as a woman of property, and a housekeeper of long standing, made exactly the impression which a low fellow, apeing the gentleman, running in debt on all hands, and, above all, bilking his tailor, might have been expected to do on Mr and Mrs Snipson; to whom the most odious and detestable of all human compounds was exactly such a character.

Without pausing to gratify their curiosity about her alleged inmate, Marion opened her door, locked it, as usual, inside, and ascended to her *sanctum*, where she found the fair cause of dispute pale and trembling.

"I must crave ye ten thousand pardons, Miss Violet. Ye heard the collieshangie then, dear?—The dirty dandy!" Marion's most contemptuous expression of her strongest feelings of disgust, for filth and finery. "I had little to do to file my tongue wi' him. If it had not been that I am amaist as unwilling to have your young name brought into a brulyiement, or posted through the public prents, as Mr Herbert himself can be, I should have laid his feet fast: but ye would be made come forward as a witness, and be reported in the papers, wi' your name at full length; for if a cat kittle in Lon'on, now, it maun be gazetted before the next mornin'."

"I am afraid something very unpleasant has happened to Mr Cripps and his family."

"An Old Bailey business it should have been—pack of swindling vagabonds—and that unhanged, impudent dog the worst among them: but they are, like all such gentry, ower weel friended. If a poor starving family had played a thousandth part o' their tricks for pure want, it would been transportation at the least.

"Weel, but I have not tell'd ye I have seen Mr Charles wi' a' this, and a glad man was he. But I'm glad to see you smile again. He took hand and glove o' me to take the best of cares of ye, till he could come himself; though there is some mischief the matter wi' him the day, that I cannot make out. He's no himsel'. One thing, however, I have to cheer ye; though not from him, but Mr Shuffleton's attorney. Mr Charles, like a man of spirit and honour, as he is, has redeemed your captivity, whatever that blackguard means by persisting in calling you a prentice. Last night, when they met in conclave—auld Cripps in the custody of the officers, and as near transportation as a man can weel be, that's no tried yet—Mr Charles took the whole affair, anent Shuffleton, on his own shoulders—and, I warrant ye, £1500 will not clear him—on condition that he got up your indentures, or whatever the black bond is called: so ye are a free woman, hinny, and he a sair bound man, I fear, unless he come in his lady mother's mercy; for I'm sure he can no more raise fifteen hunder than I can fifteen million."

Violet was overcome with the conflicting feelings to which this announcement gave rise.

"O, what can I do for him who has acted so nobly by me?" she involuntarily exclaimed, clasping her hands passionately, while the tears burst forth in streams."

"Indeed, hinny, ye must just make him a good wife, and a *very* good wife; I ken nae ither way ye have of making it up to him."

"That is a happiness of which I dare not dream."

"Hoot, ay! It would be hard if huz bits o' silly women bodies durst no have our bit dreams: but ye must take a morsel of dinner, hinny; I ordered a cutlet or two, and an apple fritter, from a place I can trust; and there's a bottle or two o' good auld sherry in that *gard-de-vin*, with the brass rings; and that's the callant with the tray at the lower bell. Na!" continued Marion, listening, "its that confounded claverin tawpie

Jenkins, Mrs Herbert's waiting-maid, come to deliver herself of some nonsense, or else to spy out the nakedness o' the land; but, either way, she'll meet her match here. It's like she's so fu o' news she cannot carry hame without spillin'; so I'll let her in, and ye'll step into the inner chaumer hinny, and never heed what she says, for its just as like to be lees as truth."

Marion seemed to have great faith in locked doors; she turned the key upon Violet, and went down stairs to admit the lady's-maid.

Mrs Jenkins was a person of immense importance in her own way; and one of the first information, particularly in whatever related to matters with which she had no concern. After recovering her elegant West-End fatigue, from ascending so many flights of vulgar steep stairs, she announced that she had come abroad about the outfit of Mr Charles, in what she delicately termed "under wearables." "The careless fellow is so accustomed to depend on *us*, that I don't think he could do more for himself in getting a new *chemise* than a baby."

"Is he going to be married that you are fitting and outfitting the young gentleman?" asked Marion.

"Not that *we* know of, at least not *officially*. The truth is, ma'am, *disagreeables* will occur in the best-regulated families; *our* young man has got into a scrape and completely forfeited favour; a sad rumpus there has been about it. My Mrs Herbert diplomatically allowed Mr Shuffleton's solicitor to carry matters yesterday to extremity with these Crippes or Croppes, or whatever they are, to shame Mr Charles out of an intimacy so very improper, and the foolish young man has plunged himself the more deeply into the volcano. He has, *entre nous*, been inveigled by an artful and immoral girl into a *ley-a-song dangereuse*."

"A what said ye?" interrupted Marion, gruffly.

"A connexion, ma'am, which young gentlemen will form with improper creatures of the other sex, not of the most moral kind; and which modesty veils under the delicacies of a foreign language," responded the refined waiting-maid.

"It's a confounded lee! and that's plain braid Scotch, as ye may tell your leddy mistress frae me, or whoever else says the same to ye. If Mr Charles is attached to a young gentlewoman, who is his full equal in blude and birth, or if he has made her an offer of marriage, it is all in honour and innocence, I'll be sworn, as becomes them baith; and that I have from a sure quarter."

"Indeed, ma'am! Well, to be sure, great liberties are taken with young ladies' names; even I myself have been victimized in that style. But it must be all a mistake," continued Jenkins, with a sarcastic air. "*You* ought to know better than a *confidential* like your humble servant. It can't be true that *my* lady has cut off her step-son with a shilling, and settled the whole of her fine fortune on the younger children of Lady Laura Temple, when she shall be Lady Laura Herbert; or, failing that, upon Lady La. herself. The truth is, Mistress Linton, we saw that nothing but strong diplomatic measures could save that misguided youth from ruin; Charles goes abroad immediately as ambassador-*sub* under the Earl. Lady La., dear creature, accompanies her noble father; our young man forms a member of the family; so it is all *en traing*, as we say. You will, I fancy, find my information pretty correct, ma'am," continued the lady, rising with dignity.

"And has Maister Charles really agreed to go abroad?" inquired Mrs Linton, somewhat taken aback.

"Is he stark-mad, think ye? An extravagant self-willed young man, without a shilling, but what my lady pleases to give him, dispute my lady's plans for his own honour and advantage indeed! However, *entre nous*, and under the seal of confession, as you are an old adherent, like myself, of the family, I think I may be a little more frank. But if one word should transpire to alarm the delicate pride of Lady La. about this creature"——

"Then ye better keep your news to yoursel', mem."

But Mrs Jenkins brooked no such check.

"We have but one course to take with our young man: he *must* go abroad ambassador-sub as I said; and, in due time, marry Lady La.; or walk into the Fleet if he please; for he has taken engagements upon himself for that improper girl, from which, without help, he never can extricate himself. Well, yesterday, the King, who quite swears by our friend the Earl, sends for him post haste to Windsor—her Majesty, the Queen, lately taught Lady La., who is quite a prime favourite, a new stitch in knitting, that I'll shew you some day—and dubs him ambassador, when he drives post to our house in the Park, and proposes the sub-ship for our misled young man. My Mrs Herbert quite jumped at the offer. 'It has always been my ambition,' she remarked, 'to see Charles devoting his talents to the service of king and country.'"

"The country is vastly obligated to her and the like of her," remarked Marion, gruffly; and not at all sure how this arrangement might affect the feelings or interests of her guest in the inner-room.

"Well, but there was a counter diplomacy on foot, most afflicting to us;—the very means taken to bring the swindlers to justice—a sad, low, immoral set, those to whom you—and I am sure inadvertently—let Mr Shuffleton's house, ma'am;—turned against us; and in the general break-up, our foolish boy is inveigled to take the girl into keeping; and, would you believe it, fought a duel about her this morning, with our old family friend, Sir George Lees. Hist! what noise is that? sure no one overhears us, Ma'am."

"Go on," cried Marion, impatiently staring and bursting. "He was not hurt, any way?"

"O no, only a trifling graze in the occipital regions: no wound save in honour! That, as my lady said, 'that is deadly.' She was half frantic; the family solicitor killed a horse in

driving round in a cab to gag all the editors. But the fracas will get wind; and fancy the foolish boy meeting his best friend Sir George on the hostile field about such a paltry concern as that, and telling my lady to her face, that he would marry her to-day yet, if she would have him; there was no other course left him, as a man of honour, and that my lady only precipitated by her rash interference what must be."

"It's a ravelled hasp altogether," said Marion, hoarsely.

"As if to exasperate us beyond endurance, what does Madame Ramsden to-day, on hearing the Cripps were turned out of doors in disgrace, but send in a bill which the girl had run up with her, one day that our poor infatuated Charles took the very great liberty of putting her into our carriage; when, like a true female swindler of the first water, she drove round among our tradespeople, and ran up enormous bills for goods of all sorts."

"That would be Miss Polly."

"No, the other Miss."

"I'll hardly believe that."

"Oh, because she is Scotch; 'good patriotism, but bad logic,' as my late lady said one day." And Mrs Jenkins, now on her feet, and smiling at her own wit, twitched her shawl, while she aimed another dagger. "Nothing can be more illiberal, I am aware, than national reflections, Ma'am, which are quite cut in good society; and, no doubt, improper female characters may be found even in England; but a circumstance occurred, immediately before I came abroad, that you will allow really was a little too much. Fancy this creature sending her boxes into our house, to be taken care of for her, after she had gone off to our deluded boy—sent, no doubt, by his direction. I thought it a duty incumbent upon me to apprise my lady. 'Anything but this I could have forgiven,' she observed. I never saw her so angry before. 'This is unpardonable insult to my widowed roof. My husband's son must learn that it is possible to press me too far.' Yet, so dotingly fond is she of this unpardonable young man, that, if his disgrace could only be concealed from Lady Laura, and he could be coaxed and got abroad with the Earl, I fear she would have the weakness to forgive him all."

"I am not just sure of how far her gracious forgiveness is needed; we have a' something to forgive to ane anither; though I am wae to think so much should have come between such near and dear friends. She was so fond and proud o' him; and he was as fond of her as ever real son was of true mother."

A faint groan from the adjoining apartment startled the waiting-maid.

"I beg your pardon, but I was not aware you had company," said Jenkins, colouring.

"I have company, mem, and good company, but safe company too; so ye need not fear for a' ye have said here, though ye should be cautious o' your tongue elsewhere. And now, good afternoon to ye; let no me keep you longer from preparing Mr Charles' outfit; it may be needed."

When Marion, her visiter fairly down stairs, unlocked the door of the chamber, its inmate fixedly looked on her in silent, unutterable anguish.

"Dinna look to me that awful way, hinny sweet. Surely ye cannot believe the half of that prying pyet's clavers. Hers is but the chamber-maid's gospel, according to the keyhole; and ill hearing makes ill rehearsin'. If there be truth in it, we will soon hear a' the outs and ins from Maister Charles himself. And was no ye proud to hear what he said o' ye, dearest? A rash word it was to his proud mother, too; but he said nearly the same thing in substance to myself this forenoon—'Mrs Linton, ye must give me Miss Violet, and your blessing, when I come next to see you, an' I'll no believe myself a sair ruined man: do prepare her to accept me.' Only he said it, no doubt, in English; but that, ye ken, comes to the same thing.—And what is mair, since a' has come to a', I think ye maun just take him aff hand."

"How shall I deserve his matchless love?" cried Violet, rising up from the bed in which she had flung herself in anguish; and her eyes gleaming as if with the sudden inspiration of high resolution, she went on:—"I have but one course left, and if *it* fails, honour forbids that I should longer shrink or throw from me the crowning blessing of my life, the immediate hope of being Herbert's wife. Oh, let me now deserve that dear happiness, by proving myself not wholly unworthy of it, and I leave the rest to Heaven."

"What, dearest Miss Violet, do ye mean? Sit down, hinny; ye are sair flurried."

"No, no; I cannot rest. I will go to Mrs Herbert; and will throw myself at her feet; I will tell her the whole truth; and will compel her to listen to me—for the friendless orphan's sake; for the sake of honour and womanhood; for his sake so inexpressibly dear to us both. And I have a presentiment that she will listen to me. I will put my heart, my fate into her hands!"

Mrs Marion looked, for a minute, as if overcome, and as if fearful that her young friend was going deranged; but she was a woman of clear head and strong character, quite capable of comprehending the course of action which Violet indicated, and gradually her troubled eye cleared and brightened, and she too rose, saying with solemnity—

"Then go; and the Lord speed your errand! and He will, for surely this is His inspiration. Licht is comin' in on us out of darkness. But let me help ye to dress, hinny; or will I rin for a coach?"

"Come with me yourself; that will be better—and no time be lost."

And this was done. Though, on reaching Mrs Herbert's house, and having ascertained that she was alone, Marion contrived to smuggle her protegée up stairs without the knowledge of the vigilant lady's-maid, she judged better than to tarry further than to see Violet rush in and throw herself at that lady's knees.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MASLIN KETTLE.

DEAR CHARLEY,— *Worcestershire.*

A few days ago, W. S—— was reading in the Edinburgh Magazine, (Tait's,) and saw it remarked that the ploughman had many poetic effusions addressed to his calling, but not so the manufacturer. This put Will agog to try his skill on the "Maslin Kettle." It certainly is a very correct picture of its birth, growth, and use, from the drawing of the damper to make the fire burn, to the melting of the lard, and making the starch; and then, I am sure, there is need of appeal to the powers who sway the market price; for our toil is not only unrequited, but we are, at this moment, compelled, if we sell at all, to sell at a discount of not less than three to four per cent. Such a loss, and such taxes to pay; *something is dreadfully wrong.*

The last idea he takes from me. I say. Better the condition of every working man, increase his artificial wants, and give him the means of supplying those wants through his honest industry—ay, let every son of Eve *want* and *have* a Maslin Kettle—then we soon should find maslin kettles, in common with all other manufactured articles, at a premium instead of a discount.

I should like Mr Tait to see these lines, as it was a paper in his Magazine that caused their production.

I am, my dear Charley, your truly affectionate brother.*

THE damper draw; the furnace fire;
Fresh fuel add, and higher, higher
Raise the fierce heat, until its ire
Has fus'd the stubborn metal:
Now fix the sand-mould, nicely wrought;
Bring forth and skim the glowing pot;
Pour, pour enough, and well, I wot,
Is cast the Maslin Kettle.

Turn on the steam of mighty force,
(No more we 'mploy the panting horse,)
And let the lathe its whirling course
Describe, with merry rattle;
The tool well steel'd and sharpen'd choose,
Lay on, nor strength nor pains refuse,
Till bright, and smooth, and fit for use,
Is made the Maslin Kettle.

Now on the bended bow it swings,
Utensil fit for clowns or kings;
And happy he whose hand unstrings
His purse, when he shall settle,
And buys, for his beloved spouse,
In just performance of his vows,
To furnish well and neat his house,
A bran new Maslin Kettle.

Predestined, from its fiery birth,
To occupy the burning hearth,
Each hour is prov'd its sterling worth
To human kind and cattle:—
When waking brats for breakfast bawl,
When lambs in snowy seasons fall,
When feeding calves bleat in the stall,
Still boils the Maslin Kettle.

When Christmas grunter from the sty
Is led, by cruel knife to die,
The goodwife loathes its leaf to fry
In pot of meaner metal;
But, pour'd from this, with proud regard
She eyes her pans of dainty lard,
Like frozen snow-wreath, white and hard,
And lauds the Maslin Kettle.

Or when she makes her starch for caps,
Shirts, collars, frills, and such fine traps,
To put her girls and buckish chaps
In gay and gallant fettle;
Or boils her sweet preserves and jam,
Wherewith the puff and tart to cram,
She vows that nought would do the same
Pure like the Maslin Kettle.

With civilized and savage man,
The city's crowd, and wandering clan,
From wintry Iceland to Japan,
Where'er they cook their victual,
Suspended from the polish'd sway,
Or rude cross-stick, in open day,
A chattel dear to Boor and Bey,
Is found the Maslin Kettle.

Ye powers! whate'er ye are, which sway
The market price, bestow, we pray,
Such terms as shall our toils repay,
And briskly stir our mettle;
And then our prayers shall not be scant,
That Heaven such store of food may grant,
That every son of Eve may want
And have—a Maslin Kettle.

* It will be seen that this letter was never meant for publication; though it is taken as an apt illustration of the lines.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Life of the Rev. Dr M'Crie. By his Son, the Rev. Thomas M'Crie. Octavo, pp. 497. With Portrait, &c. &c.

NEXT to the widow who undertakes to write the memoirs of her husband, a son is, perhaps, of all persons, the least qualified to write instructively, and at the same time with propriety, the life of the father whose memory he regards with mingled pride and tenderness, and with reverence approaching blind veneration. So much have such disqualifications been felt, that in two recent memorable instances, the sons of the eminent persons brought before the public, have studiously kept themselves in the back ground; making their respective works, as far as possible, simple autobiographies. We allude to the sons of Mr Wilberforce and Sir Samuel Romilly. But, although Dr M'Crie's biographer had been inclined to follow this example, he unfortunately possessed no, or very scanty, materials. His father never kept a private diary, and he destroyed nearly all the letters addressed to him; "many of them from the first literary characters of the day." Such letters, it is probable, although preserved, could have thrown little light upon the Doctor's personal character and private history; so that the world may not have lost much save a few expressions of courtesy and compliment to an author on the appearance of his different works. A few notes from familiar friends, among others, the late Dr Andrew Thomson, do exist; and Mr M'Crie has recovered a good many letters written to different friends by his father, though not of an autobiographical character, nor with any approach to the easy familiarity of social intercourse.

Dr M'Crie was grave if not austere, and had few or no intimates. The personal or domestic life of the biographer of Knox therefore occupies a comparatively small portion of the volume; which contains, with the requisite account of the progress and publication of Dr M'Crie's writings, pretty full details of the origin of that small division of the Secession Church, which is, we believe, distinguished by the *sobriquet* of the *Old Light* Anti-burghers, but which claims to represent the pure Presbyterian Covenanted Church of Scotland—the Church of the Reformation—under the title of, the Reformed Church of Scotland. If not the chief, then was Dr M'Crie an eminent leader among

the few Seceding ministers who, about the beginning of the century, broke off from the Secession Synod. The history of this transaction, this Secession within a Secession, and of the various polemic and ecclesiastical controversies in which Dr M'Crie was, at different periods, engaged, form no mean portion of the contents of the volume.

We so very recently noticed the leading circumstances of Dr M'Crie's early days, in connexion with Dr Crichton's edition of the "Life of Knox," that it would be superfluous again to recur to them. Before he had completed his sixteenth year, he had the deep affliction to hear of the death of the pious and affectionate mother who did not long survive that solemn dedication of her first-born to his covenant God, on Coldingham Moor, which Dr Crichton recounts. This beautiful incident, so accordant with the high-toned, enthusiastic, devotional feelings of the descendants of the Covenanters, is again related here with touching effect, by this pious matron's grandson. She was accompanying her son, for a short way, as he travelled on foot to attend his first session at the Edinburgh university. They never met again; and, to the very close of his life, M'Crie cherished the memory of his mother with the most devoted and even romantic tenderness. His father had originally objected to giving him an academical education; or, in his own words, "making one of his sons a gentleman, at the expense of the rest of the family;" and, from a very early age, the young, self-relying scholar, appears to have supported himself by teaching in the humblest line; and by this common resource of Scottish theological students, and a little occasional assistance from friends, the future historian of Knox, who, in the eye of the Scottish Presbyterians, seems invested with no mean reflected share of the glory of his hero, completed his academical career. For some years he taught a school in Brechin, which was connected with the Anti-Burgher congregation of that place, and which could have been no very lucrative appointment. What did that signify? he had food and raiment, and possessed the rich heritage of accumulated knowledge, the boundless enjoyments of expanding and ripening intellect.

In 1796, almost as soon as licensed to preach, Dr M'Crie became the pastor of a small Anti-Burgher congregation, in the Potterrow of Edinburgh, among whom he continued to labour, unnoticed, and, indeed, unknown to the surrounding literati, until, in 1811, the publication of his Life of Knox, with, perhaps, a touch of the sympathies of Whiggery, raised him into distinction. To the leading Reviews, in days when the public took its opinion or bias from self-sufficient critics much more readily than now, the work was, we believe, fully as much indebted, at the outset, as to its solid and intrinsic merits.

The character of Dr M'Crie was marked by that manly simplicity and modesty which ever accompany superior abilities, where genius is regulated by sound judgment. Natural disposition, and his position as a Dissenting Minister, connected with a very circumscribed, though highly respectable, body, and his constant occupations as a pastor, a theological teacher, and an author, kept him aloof from those affairs which usually engage much of the attention of the clergy of a city like Edinburgh; in which, to speak it reverently, there is, at all times, as much cry abroad as wool gathered; and where the more popular of the clergy are expected to take a lead in every good work, or in whatever is fancied such. Yet, upon great public occasions, Dr M'Crie did come forward and take his proper place as the representative and champion of the pure, uncompromising Presbyterianism of the days of the Covenant, who could no more have fellowship or forbearance with *latitudinarians* than with Papists. This led him to display determined hostility to the concession of the Catholic claims, or, in short, thorough intolerance. The very same reasoning which this worthy man employed against granting Catholic emancipation, might, with equal force and more propriety, have been directed, for fifty previous years, against the removal of nearly all those detestable and most un-Christian penal statutes under which the Irish Catholics suffered, and which had gradually disappeared from a bigoted and persecuting code. It is needless to pursue this topic, especially as Dr M'Crie's biographer seems to possess one special qualification for his task—that of sharing to the full in all his father's extreme opinions. We find a prophecy of Dr M'Crie's in the volume, which we may notice for the sake of the No-Popery alarmists, who are sometimes in danger of lacking fuel for the fire they try to keep alive. It is—"That the Church of Rome will yet gain a temporary ascendancy in Great Britain, which will issue in a fearful struggle, previous to her final overthrow." On the Catholic question, Dr M'Crie differed totally from Dr Andrew Thomson, who could not perceive the same awful danger, nor any danger, resulting to the Protestant religion and the British Constitution, from the performance of an act of justice to several millions of our fellow-subjects—an act which had, moreover, become one of urgent political expediency. Dr M'Crie was as decidedly opposed to the Government scheme of Educating the Irish as to the concession of the Catholic claims. The great majority of the Dissenters of Scotland were much more liberal, and even favourable, to both Emancipation and the Education scheme; while he continued, to the last, as jealous of the power of the Pope, as ever was John Knox in times which might well justify apprehension. Besides the *prophecy* that Popery would yet, for a time, triumphantly rear its head in the land, (which is certainly not altogether so improbable as the restoration of the rites and worship of the Druids,) Dr M'Crie hazarded another vaticination, much more likely to be accomplished than that the Roman Church, or any other new State Church, shall ever become sole and supreme in Britain. It is in these words:—"Much as I disapprove of the present movement on the part of the Dissenters [towards Voluntaryism,] yet I am afraid *that the Scotch as well as the sister establishment must come down before things can go right.*"

The Non-Intrusionists, or supporters of the Veto, who form a considerable majority of the General Assembly as at present constituted, claim Dr M'Crie as having been friendly to their cause; as if their real object, like his, were the abolition of patronage, and the extension of the popular rights of the Christian people, and not the mere wresting of power from the hands of laymen to be consolidated in the hands of the clergy. The Laodicean veto measure he condemned *in toto*, and on various grounds. Writing in 1834—apparently to *cram* the honourable member for Kilmarnock, who, though an Episcopalian himself, has tried his hand at tinkering the Scottish Kirk—Dr M'Crie remarks:—"As an individual, I would not petition Parliament to refer the matter to the General Assembly, having no confidence in it [the Assembly] *as at present constituted*; and believing, as I do, that the Legislature, provided they agreed to abolish the Patronage Law, might be expected to be more favourable *to the rights of the People than the Assembly will be.*

Such," he continues, "is the consequence of the long continuance of an arbitrary law, and of the complete independence of the clergy upon the People—the only check [*i. e.*, the People] to which they can be legitimately subject according to the Presbyterian system."

How opposite Dr M'Crie's views of the Presbyterian system must have been to those broached by Lord Aberdeen in his bill, and by Dr Muir in the Assembly, we leave the reader to determine; agreeing entirely with the Doctor, that it is far better the People should fall into the hands of the House of Commons, than into those of the General Assembly.

In the latter years of his useful life, Dr M'Crie—a rigid Calvinist himself—meditated writing a life of Calvin; a design which failing health and the multiplicity of his duties prevented him from executing. He died in August, 1835, after a short illness.

Esteem for the character and literary attainments of Dr M'Crie, and national gratitude for the lustre which his works have thrown around Scottish historical literature, must draw the public attention to this volume; though it can only be of permanent interest to the amateur of polemic controversy, and the student of minute ecclesiastical history. It is meagre in what constitutes the main attraction of every biography—personal and illustrative anecdote, and in those familiar letters and conversations which display the man through the author.

To the philosophic student of human nature, the greatest interest which the work presents is the occasional indication of mental struggle between a naturally vigorous intellect, acting in a rapidly advancing and liberal age, and the deadening pressure of educational and sectarian prejudice, in a scholastic theologian, the chief of a small sect. This is seen, among other instances, in Dr M'Crie's letter to a friend, in which he reasons on the culpable share which Calvin had in the murder or martyrdom of Servetus, reluctant to condemn, yet unable to go all lengths in exculpation, and apparently doubtful of his ground.

To say that Mr M'Crie has fulfilled his duty to his father's memory with ability, and, above all, with an anxious and delicate sense of his responsibility, is superfluous compliment. As well as a memoir of his father, his book will be valued as a history of the venerable Fathers of the OLD LIGHT. Able and good men they appear to have been, though we may fairly wish that their zeal had been tempered by a little more liberality to their brethren of the NEW LIGHT. Not that they were themselves liberally treated. The Synod, with the Old Light recusants, with Dr M'Crie and his seven brethren, made, in those days, quite a little Strathbogie in Kirriemuir and the Potterrow.

Dr Combe's Treatise on the Management of Infancy.

The author of this work is sensible that many "excellent treatises on the management of infancy already exist;" but, unfortunately, not for mothers and nurses, and those who have the care of infants, but merely as medical guides, which can be safely consulted only by professional persons, from the danger of their leading to unsafe tampering with the health and lives of infants. This treatise, like all the preceding popular works of Dr Combe, is sensible, practical, and remarkably lucid in arrangement and style. Like them, too, it is exhaustive of the subject; and being addressed to beings who, though women, are presumed to be rational and reflective, it never fails to render a satisfactory reason for the conduct they are directed to pursue in every given circumstance. Like all such treatises that appear in this country, it is, of course, composed for the few favoured by fortune, who have family physicians, roomy and airy nurseries, the choice of nurses, and all appliances and means in training infants. Still the many may profit largely by its contents.

The Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book. First and Second Series. By Miss Watts.

Here are two little books, written solely to instruct ladies in the pretty make-believe industry, or elaborate idleness, of knitting all sorts of things in all sorts of crinkum-crankum ways, mainly to keep their nimble fingers agoing. Miss Watts has issued her directions and instructions in the most business-like manner; so that if a lady know simply how to *knit* and *net*, she may be able, *by book*, to make the infinity of articles, of infinitely varied form, which are here described. Our main objection to these intricate processes, is the degree of attention which they require. We have seen plain knitting—all that is really *useful* in the art—very dexterously performed, while the fair knitter was all the while reading, without more interruption to her labour than turning the leaf. While engaged in plain knitting or plain work, ladies and girls sing, and learn by heart, and recite poetry, or hear children repeat their lessons, or, at any rate, have their cheerful, disengaged thoughts free to wander through heaven and earth. "Make a friend of woman," said a wise old lady to young Marmontel, when he first came to Paris; "she will be scheming for your good while she spins her wheel;" but we defy any woman engaged in these knitting processes, which must require constant counting of stitches and undistracted attention, either to scheme for any one's good, or to enjoy her own quiet thoughts. "A woman hems a pocket handkerchief, and so does not go mad," said a sagacious thinker; but the *honeycomb* stitch, and the *ladder* stitch, and the *diamond* knitting, and the *cross* stitch, and the *porcupine boa*, and the double *eyelet* knitting, are surely enough to drive any woman mad, instead of proving sedative; at least we should think so. If all our ladies are to become so furiously industrious, we do hope that they will become "knitters in the sun," like their great-granddames or the German women, from whom they have borrowed this fashionable novelty; for knitting will be more intolerable still, if it abridge their too scanty enjoyment of the open air. Knitting has, however, some excellent quiet uses. During the late stormy meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a lady was observed to take her place, quietly produce her knitting, and follow her harmless avocation, as if in gentle rebuke of the idle and uproarious gentlemen bullying and sweltering below. It was a beautiful female homily. In this way knitting, in its own place, may serve as many uses to the modest, sensible, young lady, as does the fan to the flirt or coquette, or the snuff-box to a gentleman. She can *cast on* or *cast off* at discretion, and *fasten on* when advisable; and she has it always in her power, in embarrassing circumstances, to retreat within the *chevaux de frise* of her knitting-needles, and concentrate her attention on numbering her stitches. We would think more favourably of the art of knitting, if it led young ladies to adopt some of their own manufactures during our severe winters; as the *worm tippet*, the lambs' *wool sleeves* and muffatees, and the *waistcoat*, which Miss Watts describes. Meanwhile, lest it be fancied that we undervalue Miss Watts' labours, or the

art itself, while we only protest against its abuses, we shall copy out her directions for netting,—

MATRIMONY. FOR A PURSE.

Mesh, No. 15, and a foundation of sixty or seventy stitches.

Net 1st row. 2d row; net the second stitch first, passing the needle through the second as well as the first, *to join them together*. Repeat these stitches to the end of the row. 3d row; plain netting. 4th row; net a stitch, miss a stitch, net the next, then net the stitch you missed, passing the needle through the last stitch. (It will be seen that the object in netting a stitch before beginning the pattern, is to prevent the joined stitches being over each other.) Repeat the two last stitches to the end of the row, netting the last stitch.

Having propitiated the young ladies, we may consult the comfort of old and young by this really useful receipt:—

KNITTED WAISTCOAT, ORDINARY SIZE.

Cast on 54 stitches, knit 38 rows; *cast on* 14 stitches, knit 14 rows; *cast off* 34 stitches, knit 4 rows; *cast on* 26 stitches, knit 66 rows; *cast off* 26 stitches, knit 4 rows; *cast on* 34 stitches, knit 14 rows; *cast off* 14 stitches, and knit 38 rows.

THE SLEEVES.

Cast on 43 stitches, add 1 stitch each row until there are 60, knit 9 rows. Decrease 1 stitch in each row for 8 rows; then 3 in each row for 19.

We do not pretend to understand all this; but there is no doubt of its being quite intelligible to those experienced knitters, who only require directions how to shape their under garments; and we give it as a plain specimen of the multifarious directions found here for things which may be fabricated by knitting and netting needles.

Jack Ashore. By the author of "Rattlin the Reefer," "Outward Bound," &c.

This is the cleverest, and certainly the most amusing nautical tale which Mr Howard has yet produced. Its characters are true to nature; and after the long muster-roll of salt-water heroes, with whom the public has become familiar of late, we find in JACK himself, JACK TRUEPENNY, absolutely that marvel, an original, quite as much for his time as was Lieutenant Bowling, or Tom Pipes. He is, moreover, a noble animal; though no faultless monster; but just what might be expected, the creature of the circumstances in which he was placed. Those, perhaps, in their influence upon so fine an original nature, convey no very exalted idea of the civilisation or morality of her Majesty's naval service. That we cannot help, no more than can the author the smell of salt water, and, what is worse, of filthy bilge water, which most frequently annoy nice-nosed readers, in his scenes on ship board. He must have made up his mind to it; and if one will go on board ship, and below too, one must take in good-humour all that comes in the way. With the most extravagant hilarity, nothing is overdone, save a few of Jack's freaks when transformed into Sir John, and, when the master of a vast fortune, he alternately enacts the part of Christopher Sly and Petruchio.

Achen, and the Ports on the North and East of Sumatra. By John Anderson, Esq., late of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service at Penang, Singapore, and Malacca.

The object of this thin volume is to direct public attention to the state of trade in the Eastern Seas, and especially to what the author regards as the gradual encroachments, the evasion of treaties, and ultimate designs of the Dutch; and the, at present, speculative plans of the Americans in the same fields of commercial enterprise. In order fully to effect his purpose, the author goes at considerable length into the internal history of the countries and coasts to which he refers, and into the personal character and policy of the native chiefs.

A Description of British Guiana, Geographical and Statistical. By Robert H. Schomburgh, Esq.

This is a clever and comprehensive account of the colony; meant, we suppose, to lead the way, or preface a pleading, for the planters getting as many Hill Coolies as they may find convenient for their purposes, or any other class of labourers, British emigrants included. It is beside a flaming panegyric upon the colony as a field for emigrants, whether possessed of capital, or merely capable of labour. Those places to which the tide of emigration has already set in, must be much more densely peopled before the obstacle of climate, were there none other, can be surmounted. The author labours to prove that the climate is highly salubrious, particularly inland.

The History of Nelly Vanner. By John Curwen.

The history of a sweet little girl, charmingly told.

The Sacred Epistles explained to Young Christians. By Jennette W. Dame.

These explanations are given in answer to questions put on points requiring to be elucidated.

Nicolson's Cambrian Traveller's Guide.

A third edition of "The Book of the Principality" has been published, to which considerable additions have been made by the author's son, the Rev. Edmund Nicolson. There are few or no topographical books more complete than this, whether it be considered as a mere Guide Book or a descriptive work, or more deserving of commendation.

Victor Hugo's Last Days of a Condemned Criminal.

Sir P. Heaketh, M.P., has employed Hugo's singular and affecting fiction to bring forward his own opinions on the iniquity of death punishments, and the severity and inequality of the penal law in capital offences. He argues for the entire abolition of death punishments, but says nothing of the substitutes.

A Dictionary of Geology and Mineralogy. By William Humble, M.D.

This is a work which will be found useful to students, especially at the bewildering period when they commence the study of the science elucidated.

The Catholic Spirit of True Religion.

A good book, written by an earnest and Catholic-spirited man, who entertains an inordinate dread of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Tourist's Guide from London to Paris.

We have here dialogues in French and English in a supposed journey, which, besides needful matters, give some idea of Parisian manners, and of popular sights and amusements.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823; commanded by Admiral Wrangell, of the Russian Navy.

Next to Great Britain, Russia has, for a considerable time past, led the way in maritime and geographical discovery. The immensity of its empire, or rather its nominal geographical boundaries, has led the march of discovery both by land and sea, and both are combined in the exploratory travels of M. Von Wrangell. The expedition conducted by

him was placed under the superintendence of the Russian admiralty. The survey, when every other mode of progression became impossible, was made in sledges drawn by dogs. The account of the expedition was drawn up in German by M. Engelhardt, from the journals and papers of Wrangell, and the officers who accompanied him. It has been translated into English by Mrs Sabine, and is edited by her husband, Major Edward Sabine, to whom that original map of Wrangell's route and discoveries has been communicated which accompanies and elucidates them. An authentic history of any people or any portion of the globe, hitherto imperfectly known, must ever be interesting, independently altogether of geopraphical discovery. In this work both are to be found. A copious and very curious introductory section gives a summary of previous Russian discovery in the Arctic regions, casually made by fur-traders and private navigators, so far back as the sixteenth and even the fifteenth century, and is brought down to Behring's expedition, and those of the latest date, undertaken by command of the Russian Government, for the purpose of surveys in the north-east of Siberia, and the coasts and islands of the Polar Sea. M. Von Wrangell did not make preparations for the expedition until he had reached the capital of Siberia Proper, Irkuzk, which he left at midsummer, 1820. The expedition, as well fitted out as circumstances permitted, was accompanied by a naturalist. From Irkuzk, the narrative becomes highly interesting; describing races of men, and modes of life, in the icy deserts, so completely opposite to the experiences of the inhabitants of temperate regions. Here Russian conquest has extirpated whole nations, as completely as in the Crimea. In writing about the Lower Kolyma District of Siberia, and after noticing the scantiness of its miserable vegetation, in contrast with the superabundance of animal life —the herds of rein-deer, elks, black bears, foxes, sables, and grey squirrels—and the immense flocks of migratory birds—swans, geese, ducks, in an endless variety which arrive every spring—Wrangell remarks :—

What led men to forsake more favoured lands for this grave of nature, which contains only the bones of an earlier world? It is in vain to ask the question of the inhabitants, who are incessantly occupied with the necessities of the present hour, and amongst whom no traditions preserve the memory of the past. Nothing definite is known concerning the inhabitants even at the not very remote epoch of the conquest of Siberia by the Russians. I have indeed heard an obscure saying, "that there were once more hearths of the Omoki on the shores of the Kolyma, than there are stars in the clear sky;" there are also remains of forts, formed of trunks of trees, and tumuli; the latter especially near the Indigirka: both may be supposed to have belonged to these Omoki, who have now disappeared.

From the little I could gather on the subject, it would seem that the Omoki were a numerous and powerful people; that they were not Nomades, but lived in settlements along the rivers, and supported themselves by fishing and hunting. Another numerous tribe, the Tschukotschi, or Tschuktschi, appear to have wandered over the Tundra with their herds of rein-deer; they have left their names to features of the country; as for example, the Malaja and Bolshaja Tschukotscha, the greater and the lesser Tschuktschi rivers. Both races have disappeared; the Omoki have probably perished by want and sickness, and the Tschuktschi have partly wandered away, and partly become confounded amongst new arrivals, and form with them the present scanty population of the country. In the whole Kolyma circle there are now 325 Russian peasants, citizens and Cossacks, 1034 Jakuti, 1139 Jukahiri and other races; in all 2498 males, of whom 2173 pay Jassak.

The Jassak, or tribute, consists of 803 foxes and 28 sables (which may be estimated at 6704 roubles,) and 10,847 roubles in money, making on an average about eight roubles to be paid by every male of the Jakuti and other tribes. The peasants and citizens are chiefly descended from exiles; and the Cossacks from those of that race who came here from the fortress on the Anadyr, when it was destroyed by the Tschuktschi. . . . .

Although the Russians in this district have approximated to the other inhabitants in clothing and modes of life, and even in features, they are still easily distinguishable by their more muscular frame. They are generally taller, fairer in complexion, and many amongst them have light brown hair, which is never seen amongst the native races. The Russian women also, in spite of the heavy labour they undergo, and their want of cleanliness, have more agreeable features than the natives, and many amongst them might even be called pretty. I was particularly impressed by their general kindness, and their affectionate demeanour towards their husbands and children. I had often occasion to witness the return of the husband or the son from a dangerous chase or a distant journey, and the heartfelt joy of the meeting. Most of the Russian women sing very agreeably songs of their own composing, of which the subjects are frequently regrets at the absence of those who are dear to them. It is curious to remark in their songs, the reminiscences of earlier times, in the allusions to doves, nightingales, flowers, and many other objects not to be met with in a distance of many thousand werats, and which the songstress knows only by tradition.

The dwellings of the two races are much alike. The larch trees are too small to be of use in the construction of their habitations, for which they are obliged to employ drift wood. This is carefully collected at the floods in spring, and it sometimes takes several years to accumulate the necessary timber for a house. The walls are formed in the Russian manner, the interstices being filled up with moss, and plastered with lime: a thick mound of earth is thrown up against them, reaching as high as the windows, and forming a protection against the cold.

The account given of the manners and habits of this hard-faring people, is exceedingly curious. Dogs, besides being used in the chace, and in guiding their owners across the trackless snowy wastes, are their only animals of draught —the only domestic animals, indeed, as none other can stand the severity of the climate. In 1822, a terrible epidemic appeared among the dogs, which may introduce the only extract we can take from this curious chapter of human history :—

An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born, and indeed still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurselings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs.

In the year 1822, when most of the inhabitants had lost their dogs by the sickness, they were in a most melancholy condition; they had to draw home their own fuel; and both time and strength failed them in bringing home the fish which had been caught in distant places; moreover, whilst thus occupied, the season passed for fowling and fur-hunting; and a general and severe famine, in which numbers perished, was the consequence. Horses cannot be made a substitute; the severity of the climate, and the shortness of the summer, make it impossible to provide sufficient fodder; the light dog can also move quickly over the deep snow, in which the heavy horse would sink.

Having thus described the out-of-door life and employments of the people of this district, let us accompany an individual into his habitation, at the close of summer, when he and his family rest from all these laborious efforts, and enjoy life after their manner. The walls are caulked afresh with moss, and new plastered with clay,

and a solid mound of earth is heaped up on the outside as high as the windows. This is accomplished before December, when the long winter nights assemble the members of the family around the hearth. The light of the fire, and that of one or more train-oil lamps, is seen through the ice-windows; and from the low chimneys rise high columns of red smoke, with magnificent jets of sparks, occasioned by the resinous nature of the wood. The dogs are outside, either on or burrowed in the snow. From time to time their howling interrupts the general silence; it is so loud as to be heard at great distances, and is repeated at intervals, usually of six or eight hours, except when the moon shines, when it is much more frequent.

A low door, over which hangs the thick skin of a white bear, or of a rein-deer, leads into the dwelling room. There the father and his sons are seen making nets of horse-hair, and preparing bows, arrows, spears, &c. The women are sitting on the benches or the ground, making the skins which the men have brought home into different garments, in doing which they use rein-deer sinews instead of thread. Two large iron kettles are hanging over the fire, in which are boiling fish for the dogs. One of the women prepares the frugal dinner or supper, which usually consists of either fish or rein-deer meat, boiled or fried in train oil. As an occasional delicacy, they have baked cakes of fish-roe, or of dried and finely pounded muksuns, which are the substitutes for meal. The cakes are sometimes flavoured with finely chopped fish bellies, or with rein-deer meat, and powdered makarscha, mixed with train oil. If a travelling guest arrives, all that is best in the larder is produced; Struganina, the best Jukola, smoked rein-deer tongues, melted rein-deer fat, frozen Jakuti butter, frozen Moros'kho, &c. The table, which is at the upper end of the apartment, is covered, instead of a table cloth, with several folds of an old fishing net; and instead of napkins, thin rolled up shavings of wood are used; but indeed this last is a town refinement. Salt seldom appears, and at any rate is only for the guest: the natives never use it, and even dislike it. In the little towns of Nishne and Sredne-Kolymsk, the richer people have tea and Chinese sugar-candy. Jukola are eaten with the tea instead of biscuit. Bread is everywhere rare. From the meal, which is so dear that only the rich can buy it, a drink is prepared called Saturan: the meal is roasted in a pan, and butter or train oil is mixed with it so as to bring it into a paste, which is thinned by the addition of boiling water. When this drink is carefully made, and with good butter, it has an agreeable flavour, and is very nourishing and warming: it may be compared to Rumford's "spare soup." It is drunk hot, like tea, out of glasses or cups. Amongst the daily employments of the young women, the fetching water for the household occupies a prominent place: they go at certain hours of the day to holes cut in the frozen rivers, which, like the fountains and village wells in Germany and the rest of Europe, are favourite places for gossiping. About noon, the daughter of the house puts on her best attire, and runs down to the river with her water-buckets on a little sledge, where, while she is filling them, she hears and tells the news of the day. Occasionally some of the young men attend; and if one of them fills and carries the water-vessels, it is recognised as the omen of an intended marriage.

The *Jakuti*, a tribe living on the heaths lying along the Selengcha river, furnish a remarkable example of the extremes of temperature which the human frame may be brought to endure.

On the 9th of December, with a temperature of — 42°, we slept on an exposed plain, where we had no shelter from the north wind, round a fire kindled in the open air. I had a good opportunity of remarking in the Jakuti who accompanied us, the degree to which men can harden themselves, by long habit, against cold and exposure in the severest winter journey. The Jakuti do not use any kind of tent or covering, nor any of the larger fur garments, without which we could not venture into the open air when the cold had attained a certain intensity.

A Jakut, when travelling, wears only his usual indoors clothing, and at night, spreads a horse-cloth on the snow, which, with a saddle for his pillow, forms the whole of his bedding; his only covering is the fur jacket which he has worn during the day, and which he pulls off, and puts over his back and shoulders, while the front of his body has scarcely any covering, and is turned to the blazing fire. When he has lain for some time in this way, and feels so warm that he is near perspiring, he stops up his nose and ears with little bits of fur, and covers his face so as to leave only an exceedingly small aperture for breathing, and this is all that he requires in the most intense cold, not to be frozen during sleep. Even in Siberia, the Jakuti are called *iron men*, and I suppose that there are not any other people in the world who endure cold and hunger as they do. I have seen them frequently in the severe cold of this country, and when the fire had long been extinguished, and the light jacket had slipped off their shoulders, sleeping quietly, completely exposed to the heavens, with scarcely any clothing on, and their bodies covered with a thick coat of rime.

They are also remarkable for the acuteness of their sight. A middle-aged Jakut assured M. von Anjou, that he had several times seen that blue star, pointing to Jupiter, swallow up another very small star, and soon afterwards send it forth again: thus he had observed, with the naked eye the immersion and emersion of one of Jupiter's satellites. Their memory and local sagacity are also very surprising, and are of the greatest use in their journeys through these extensive and unvaried wastes. A pool, a stone, a bush, a rise of ground so slight as to be hardly perceptible, objects which a European scarcely notices, are deeply impressed in their memory, and serve years afterwards to guide them over the trackless and desert steppe.

M. Von Wrangell returned from his three years' expedition, having failed to discover a northern land; which, however, he thinks may possibly exist, and be attainable from the coast of the Continent under a combination of *very* favourable circumstances; the principal of which would be a long, cold, and stormless winter, and a late spring.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

We have little favourable to report of the proceedings of Parliament. The chief party measure has been Lord Stanley's Irish Registration Bill; on the motion for sending which to a committee, Ministers were defeated by a majority of 301 to 298. Lord Howick and Mr Charles Wood, Earl Grey's son and son-in-law, voted with the majority. On the 11th of June, the Tories were again victorious on the same measure, by 206 to 195; though Lord Howick and Mr Wood voted on this occasion against them. These votes shewed, in a striking manner, the superior organization of the Tory to the Ministerial party. On the first vote, there was only one Tory absent without a pair, while there were a great number of the Liberal party absent; on the second, only four Tories were absent, and the Whig defeat was carried by the absence of no less than twenty-eight Liberals, without pairs. The subject of the transportation of felons was brought

before the House of Lords on the 19th of May, by the Archbishop of Dublin, on presenting a petition, signed by 225 wealthy and respectable residents in London and Westminster, including five or six merchants trading to New South Wales, praying for the entire abolition of the punishment of transportation. The Archbishop made a motion to that effect. The atrocities of the present system, and the abominations practised in the penal colonies, were admitted on all hands; and it was generally agreed that transportation to the settled portions of Australasia ought to cease, and that emigration on a large scale ought to be encouraged. But the great difficulty is, to find an adequate substitute for transportation. The expense of erecting and maintaining penitentiaries must be enormous; and even were the erection of them resolved on, some years must elapse, during which time the present system must go on. After an interesting discussion, the previous question was carried without a division. The Corn-Law Repeal has been brought before both houses of Parliament; but as this is one of the questions which the great body of our Legislators are determined never to concede except to force, the admirable speeches of Mr Villiers in the Commons, and of Earl Fitzwilliam in the Lords, were listened to by these Houses with the utmost impatience, and every device was fallen on to stifle the debates. Mr Villiers' motion was thrown out by 300 to 177, and Earl Fitzwilliam's by 192 to 42. Lord Melbourne thought it inexpedient to reconsider the state of the Corn Laws in the present excited condition of the public mind. This is very obviously a pretence; for the public mind has seldom been less excited, or, indeed, apathetic, than at present. After these defeats, the *Anti-Corn-Law League* published an Address to the People of Great Britain and Ireland, in which they state that "The doom of the bread-tax is pronounced. The infamous impost must perish beneath the universal execration of the People." They declare that the League will not dissolve or abate its energy till the bread-tax be abolished; and they ask aid from all classes in carrying on the war against the abettors of the Starvation Laws. The conduct of the legislature, in refusing even an inquiry into the question, is infamous. Admitting, for a moment, that the existing law was quite perfect when it was passed in 1828, it must be kept in view that the population has increased no less than four millions since; and it is not, by any means, certain, that the power of the soil, in supplying food, has increased in proportion. But without the failure of a harvest and an approach to a famine, and until the working classes join the middle more cordially than they yet seem disposed to do, there is no hope of a repeal of the Corn Laws, with the House of Commons as at present constituted. It cannot be expected that a body of landowners will, without extreme external pressure, vote against what they believe, we suspect erroneously, to be their own interest. A bill for uniting the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, has passed the Commons by 150 to 6. Considerable doubts were expressed by various members, of the risk of passing the bill: but the great majority of both parties thought that the experiment of an union should be tried. The subject of emigration was brought before the House of Commons on 2d June, by Mr Smith O'Brien; who moved a resolution pledging the Government to provide, at the public expense, a free passage to such of the labouring class as wished to emigrate. To bring such a question forward, in the existing state of the revenue, is nothing else than a sheer waste of the time of Parliament. Considering that our population is increasing at the rate of a thousand a-day, no benefit would be perceptible, unless, at least, 100,000 persons were removed annually. The providing of ships, provisions for the voyage, and till the labourers get work on their arrival, would not, certainly, cost less than £10 or £15 a-head, or from a million to a million and a half a-year. Mr Villiers justly stated that the true remedy was a repeal of the Corn Laws, which would furnish sufficient employment for all the unemployed labour of the country; for the notion that the repeal would throw land out of cultivation is, now abandoned by many of the Corn-Law advocates themselves. If, however, emigration is to be encouraged, it ought to be at the exclusive expense of the landowners; for it is they, and they alone, who cause labour to be redundant.

ENGLAND.

On the afternoon of the 10th of June, while the Queen and Prince Albert were proceeding, in an open phaeton, from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park, two pistols were discharged at them by a young man who stood within a few yards of the carriage. Both the Queen and the Prince escaped without injury, and although there are said to be two marks of pistol shots on the garden wall of Buckingham Palace, neither of the balls could be found, after the most minute search. This appears remarkable, as the height of the wall is so great, that if the pistols were levelled at the Queen or Prince, the bullets could have hardly gone over it, and if they had struck the wall, they would have undoubtedly been found. The name of the assailant is Oxford; he is seventeen or eighteen years old; and, till lately, has been employed as a waiter or bar-man in public-houses. On searching his lodgings, a paper containing the rules of a secret society, headed "Young England," was found; but the object of the society is not divulged: the rules relating chiefly to the manner in which the members of the society were to be armed and distinguished from each other. There was also found a list of names, such as, Hannibal, Ernest, &c., which have been supposed to denote the members of the Association. Although Oxford has not given any decided proof of insanity, there is much reason to believe that he is labouring under that species of monomania which induces its victims to court notoriety at all hazards. No further trace than the list has been discovered of the existence of the secret society, nor does it appear that Oxford had any associates. He did not make any attempt to escape, and, indeed, if sane, he could not, at any time, have contemplated the possibility of escaping. After being examined before the Privy Council, he was committed to Newgate on a charge of high treason. The occurrence naturally created much excitement in London. The marks on the garden wall, though probably not occasioned by pistol bullets, have been daily examined by thousands. There was a general outpouring of loyalty throughout the kingdom, the lead being taken by Parliament, in an address to the Queen, expressing "horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt against her sacred person." Notwithstanding this attack, the Queen and the Prince continue their airings in the park, as usual; and neither have sustained any injury from the alarm they received. Whatever may be the cause, this year is remarkable on account of the great number of violent assaults, suicides, and murders—particularly of murders perpetrated by men on their wives, which have taken place both in England and Scotland. Notwithstanding the boasted efficiency of the new police, they seem ill fitted for the detection of crime; for of the murders and robberies which have of late years occurred in London, the perpetrators have been discovered only in a few cases.

THE OPIUM WAR.—Public feeling seems to be awaking to the injustice of this war. A small portion of the provincial press was always opposed to it; but the London press, with one or two honourable exceptions, called out for the punishment of the Chinese for doing nothing more than enforcing their own laws. In a recent article, *The Times* denounces the war as "vexatious and unreasonable;" and hints that, aided as the Chinese will be, either openly or secretly, by the Russians, Dutch, and Americans, it may cost us more to put down the Chinese than we count on. The pretence that Captain Elliot was entitled to withdraw the sailor who killed the Chinese citizen within the precincts of Canton, and send him to this country for trial, is held up to ridicule; for the courts of this country have no right to try any one for offences committed beyond their jurisdiction; so that, if the right assumed by Captain Elliot were to be maintained, a British subject might, with impunity, commit, in China, any crime he chose. The real state of the facts, as to the Opium Trade, has been carefully kept back.

So far from the Chinese authorities conniving at the smuggling of Opium, they have made the most vigorous efforts to put it down. As early as the 21st August, 1831, the very respectable firm of Oliphant & Co. addressed a letter to the editor of *The Canton Register*, from which we select the following extracts:—

"We have long felt that our liberty as residents, our interests as merchants, &c., are crossed, and violated, and frustrated by the Opium trade."—"The steadily increasing pressure of the official measures aimed at the traffic in the drug, falls on the whole commerce of the port," &c.—"On the arrival of ships at Whampoa, we used to get permits to discharge immediately; but the drug found its way there too, and regulations have been revived which cost us, in demurrage, 500 Spanish dollars, or more, per ship."—"*The vista opens before us of imperial censures, restrictions on purchases and sales, stoppage of trade, capital punishments, &c. Nor can any man among us say that the Opium trade may not cost him yet his liberty, his fortune, or his life.*"

In 1838 an edict was issued making the trading in opium capital, and two Chinese were actually executed for the offence. The place chosen for the execution was, not the ordinary place, but in front of the English factory, that locality being chosen, precisely in order to warn the English that the authorities were determined to suppress the traffic. One of the Hong merchants was publicly punished the same year in the most ignominious manner the laws of China would permit, for being accessary to the importation of opium. Early in 1839, other three edicts were issued for the purpose of stopping the trade; two of which were addressed to the Hong merchants, and the other to the English.

On the 25th of March, the foreign merchants of all nations, at Canton, addressed a petition to the Imperial Commissioner, in which they acknowledged that, being now made fully aware of the imperial command for the entire abolition of the traffic in opium, they pledged themselves not to introduce it into the imperial empire, &c. It is vain, therefore, to attempt to justify this iniquitous war by the pretence that the Chinese authorities had been in the practice of conniving at the smuggling of opium. There is no difference whatever between the confiscation of the opium by the Chinese, and of the Yorkshire woollens by the Government of the United States; and it is assuredly not creditable to the British nation to wage war with the former, for an act we have never once remonstrated against in the case of the latter.

TREATMENT OF THE CHARTIST PRISONERS.—The treatment which the Chartist prisoners have received has excited the utmost indignation amongst all classes of the community: but, except in the case of Mr Feargus O'Connor, little or no relaxation of the prison discipline has been made. Vincent, for example, is confined in the Penitentiary, deprived of writing materials and all books, except those of such of a religious nature as please the wisdom of the magistrates. He is allowed to communicate with his friends only once in four months, by letter; which letter, before being despatched, is read by the jailer or magistrates. He is not allowed to hear anything of the news of the day; is fed on the prison allowance, although willing to pay for better food; and, as a great favour, and it is the only one he has been permitted to receive, he has *not* been compelled to wear the prison dress and to have his hair cut off. Mr Talfourd brought his case before Parliament: but although Mr Fox Maule admitted that the Penitentiary was intended as a place of reformation for felons, and not of confinement for political offenders, that Monmouth Jail, and not the Penitentiary, had been the place of confinement, to which he had been sentenced by the judges, and that his removal was at the instance of the justices; though Lord John Russell allowed that his punishment had been more severe than that intended by the law officers of the Crown who prosecuted and by the judges who condemned him; though Sir Robert Peel "thought an error had been committed, in sending him to the Penitentiary;" the Government refused to allow him to be removed to any other prison; the pretence being, that the Penitentiary is the only prison maintained at the public expense. Is there any thing to prevent Vincent being removed again to Monmouth, now that the political excitement has completely abated, or to any other prison, if the Government choose to pay for his detention and maintenance? We believe not, and therefore do not hesitate to say, that it is disgraceful to the Ministry to allow him to be punished more severely than even his prosecutors ever intended. With regard to O'Connor, although the statements are contradictory, it is admitted that he, a gentleman, a landed proprietor, and for some time a member of Parliament, is confined, without necessity, in the felon's side of York Jail: that, when first imprisoned, he was compelled to live on the prison allowance, and to eat it along with felons; and that he had several of the most menial offices to perform. Had he been a man of less energy, a man who could have been trampled on with impunity, the magistrates would, no doubt, have treated him in the same way till the termination of his eighteen months imprisonment, providing—which is not very likely—that he lived so long. To allow a set of bigoted country justices to regulate the treatment of political offenders; of whom they uniformly feel the utmost hatred and abhorrence, is to give them greater power than the judges themselves; for it enables them to convert, at pleasure, a sentence of imprisonment into a sentence of torture or death.

SCOTLAND.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Since our last, the Kirk has taken another step in the path to destruction, but a timid and staggering one, such as a man makes when he is startled by the dangers of his course suddenly appearing before him, and, ashamed to turn at once, fears to go resolutely forward. The Establishment, as we formerly remarked, might have rescued itself by refusing to countenance the proceedings of the Commission of Assembly, which, even according to anything that can be made of what is called Church Law, were very questionable. This, however, was a display of prudence that was scarcely expected, and most people were prepared to see the Assembly—as Dr Chalmers predicted they would—depose the seven clergymen of Strathbogie, who had set the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical tribunals at defiance. The conclusion come to by the General Assembly, after the seven recusants had borne, in the usual manner, with the annoyance of an amicable conference with a committee appointed for that purpose, was, that they should be suspended from their functions until the next meeting of Assembly; at which, if they remain obdurate, they are to be finally dealt with, a committee being appointed to make provision for the interim performance of their clerical functions. After what had occurred, it was not to be anticipated that the recusants would submit to be thus interfered with by the Assembly. They applied immediately to the Court of Session for protection, and obtained an interdict prohibiting any of the individuals appointed by the Assembly from entering the churches, churchyards, or schoolhouses, or ringing the church bells. A clever caricaturist, who has lately been giving considerable entertainment to the public by the postures in which he has placed some of our high churchmen, might afford amusement by sketching some of these hot-headed gentlemen attempting to ring church bells in Strathbogie, in defiance of the guardians of the public peace.

The correspondence of Lord Aberdeen with Dr Chalmers and others connected with the support of the veto, has been published. We rise from the perusal of the series, with the conviction that the conduct of the Tory diplomatist is, in candour and fairness, far above that of the factious jesuits he came in contact with. Lord Aberdeen had probably, very naturally, the interests of his party in view, when he proposed to interfere in the question; but to the form in which he first adopted the cause he has adhered throughout. We stated in our last, that his measure was a bribe to the Church—that it dispensed with the claims of "the Christian people," and put the veto virtually in the hands of the Church Courts. The objection to the measure, on the part of the Church, and the reason why the Assembly, by a large majority, disapproved of it, is divulged in the correspondence. The

measure was a positive enactment, giving the Church authority to resume or hold certain power: the Church would not submit to be legislated to, and would take nothing from Parliament but a declaratory act *renouncing* all authority in the matter, on the part of the civil powers. Having got Lord Aberdeen to go the length he did, they thought they might drag him thus far; but his Lordship adhered pretty firmly to his original proposal, saying, "I am not much disposed, by legislative enactment, totally to deprive the civil courts of the power which they now possess, under the law, of doing right and justice to the Queen's subjects, in case of necessity." One of the most curious features in the correspondence, is the solemn sincerity with which Dr Chalmers abjures all political objects, by what he calls an "indignant disavowal," while he charges the Whigs with an unprincipled attempt to gain popularity through the support of the veto, and beseeches the Conservatives to "contrive" to outdo them in want of principle. "I am quite aware," he says, "of the worthless policy of the Whigs, which is to outdo, in popularity, the measure of the Conservatives, whatever that may be. Now I should rejoice if the Conservatives, on the other hand, would contrive, and so wrest the measure from their grasp, thereby gaining for their cause, in all time coming, the affections of the Church and people of Scotland!" The mark of admiration is not ours. The doctor was, no doubt, overwhelmed with astonishment at what he had prevailed on himself to say. Meanwhile, the measure is making its way in the House of Lords, where it is opposed by the Government. They will probably succeed in defeating it in the Commons for, whatever be their laxity in removing old abuses, Ministers are not men likely to sanction the direct imposition of new ones. The power which such a measure would give to the Church, though not sufficient to satisfy the clergy, is far too great to be submitted to by the laity.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

For the purpose of encouraging the West India planter, a prohibitory duty of 63s. a cwt., or 6¼d. a pound, is levied on foreign sugar; and the consequence is, that its price in bond is generally one half more than that of the sugar of the British possessions. As the consumption in Great Britain and Ireland is about three millions and a half of hundred weights yearly, a very severe tax, amounting probably to upwards of two millions a-year, is levied on the people of this country, chiefly for behoof of the West India interest, for the quantity of East India sugar consumed is comparatively trifling. What equivalent is derived by the public generally for this heavy imposition, it would be difficult to point out; and we are, therefore, glad to see that matters are getting into such a train that the sugar monopoly must be soon greatly relaxed, if not altogether abolished. The importation of sugar, from the British possessions in the West Indies, has decreased 800,000 cwts., as compared with the average import of the ten years, 1830 to 1839, and one million as compared with that of the preceding years, from 1820 to 1829; and it is now ascertained that the deficiency this year will be much greater. The price has, within a few years, risen from 23s. 2d. to 37s. 8d. per cwt.; to which there is to be added 24s. a cwt., or nearly 3d. a pound of duty. The quantity of British plantation sugar, including sugar from the Mauritius and Bengal, now on hand, does not exceed a month's consumption: while there are, in the port of London alone, 240,000 cwts. of foreign sugar in bond; but which, of course, cannot be brought out for home consumption, on account of the prohibitory duty.

One of the absurdities of the present system of sugar duties is, that, while foreign sugar is not allowed to be consumed at home, it may be refined for export, even for our own colonies; so that, while an Englishman, in England, must pay 10d. or 11d. a pound for refined sugar, an Englishman, in our own colonies, can procure such sugar for one half the price, after it has undergone the process of refining in England and made two voyages across the Atlantic.

While the consumption of coffee, within the last half century, has increased upwards of twentyfold, that of sugar has only doubled, and there can be little doubt that, were the duty lowered, and foreign sugar admitted at the same rate as British, not only would the consumption greatly increase, but a larger revenue would be derived than at present. It is remarkable that a state of things which enables all foreign states to obtain one of the necessaries of life at half the price it costs in Britain, should be so long and so quietly submitted to. It can be attributed only to the general ignorance of the people on the subject; but even were that ignorance removed, there seems every reason to believe that, with Parliament, as at present constituted, no effectual effort could be made to remove the monopoly. The different "interests" in Parliament understand each other too well to allow the restrictive system to be meddled with; and it is only by an infusion of fresh blood, by an extension of the franchise, that anything like justice can be expected to be obtained for the masses.

Although money has become more plentiful, and the rate of interest has fallen, trade shews no symptoms of revival, as the following quotations shew:—

Manchester.—All tends downwards, as concerns price, in every branch of the cotton manufacture. The best cloth which the market can produce, is to be had by calico printers at 6s. for 28 yards. The general aspect of things is gloomy in the extreme. The export of the raw material this year, as compared with last year at the same period, is 52,678 bags to 14,862. This shews how rapidly foreigners are competing with us in one of the most important branches of our trade, and which employs at least a million and a half of people. *Barnsley.*—The linen trade is rather, if any thing, duller. *Bradford.*—The tendency of prices is rather downward. *Leeds.*—There has been little business done, and there is decidedly no improvement. *Huddersfield.*—Profits are very small; prices keeping down. *Heckmondwicke.*—The manufacturers are tolerably well employed, but prices are low and unprofitable. *Rochdale.*—Flannel has been in good demand, but at trifling profits.

AGRICULTURE.

There appears every prospect of an abundant harvest of all sorts of grain. There has seldom been a more propitious spring for agricultural operations, and though, in some districts, complaints are made of the wheat being thin on the ground, and of blanks in the potato crop, the accounts generally are highly favourable. We have had a sufficient quantity of rain for the corn crops till harvest, and the only risk these crops now run is of too much wet. The effect has been to check the importation of foreign grain, and the duty payable on its entry for home consumption is likely to increase. Wool is likely to be a full average, and the ewes are more prolific than they have been for the last four years. In some parts of England there is a favourable prospect of a good crop of fruit; but, in Scotland, the apples and pears are likely to be exceedingly scarce; a severe north west wind, accompanied with frost, having greatly injured the trees when in blossom. When on this subject, we may take the opportunity of recommending to our readers "*The Gardener's Gazette*," a weekly paper published in London, dedicated to gardening and agriculture. The articles on these subjects are not merely compilations, but are, in general, original essays either written by the editor, or contributed by his numerous correspondents in all parts of the country. Much useful information will be found in this newspaper, on the subject of horticulture especially, not elsewhere to be met with.

From the Steam-Press of Peter Brown, Printer, 19, St James' Square.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1840.

THE ROD AND THE GUN. BY JAMES WILSON, F.R.S.E.*

The great Christopher North may be pardoned if he wince for a second or two under some passing twinge of a feeling for the author of "The Rod and the Gun" akin to the jealousy with which a famed beauty, somewhat *passé*, or a very popular actor, upon the wane, regards a new, if inferior, competitor, in that scene in which trophies were gathered and conquests made.

"The Rod and the Gun"—a most felicitous title in this present month of August—is, out and out, a work of the North school; a brilliant, and, we should imagine, likely to be a successful one. To its pages, the right pleasant Tom Oakleigh, to whom, on his first appearance, we introduced our readers, contributes not a little information, new and old, and in his most fascinating manner; leaving it doubtful, all the while, from the strong family resemblance, whether Tom be not a younger brother of Kit, masquerading under the fine old English name Oakleigh. However the real authorship, and the claims of the respective contributors to this sylvan code, may be adjusted by impartial posterity, is of little consequence to the living world of sportsmen, anglers, and lounging readers, who will be perfectly contented to have got hold of an instructive, and, above all, an entertaining work, teeming with fine imagery and poetical association, and filled with well-executed pictures of beautiful scenery, throughout the wide regions of mountain and lake, forest and river; wherever the angler's line is thrown or the sportsman's gun loaded.

Mr James Wilson, taking precedence of Tom Oakleigh, leads off with a panegyric upon the angler's craft and its most celebrated professors. He starts a novel heresy on that mystery of the art involved in fancy fly-dressing—*Scottice*, the *busking* of artificial flies; very plainly intimating that fly-fishing, as generally practised, is a piece of sheer humbug; and that trouts, graylings, and other fishes, are by no means such gudgeons as the fisher generally takes them for. What the hungry fishes want is, neither gaudy feathers, flos silk, nor spangles; but some living thing, however plain in hue, which promises, at least, a *snack*, where they cannot obtain a full and substantial meal; and, in short, that they are always betrayed by their voracious propensities, and never by their eye for the gaudy or even the beautiful handiworks of their captors. This may be quite just, and, indeed, Mr Wilson's reasoning on the point is altogether conclusive; yet strip an amateur fisher of his abominable imitations of beautiful insects, his stock of artificial flies, to attire which, gives him apparently as much pleasure as a little girl receives from dressing and undressing her doll, and you inevitably lessen the enjoyment he finds in his favourite recreation. But every angler of any pretension is an original inventor in this fanciful department of the art; and so, even while slighting it, is Mr Wilson. His Professor, so named in honour of the inventor, Professor Wilson—not him of Glasgow, nor yet him of Oxford, but *The* Professor, him of the *Modern Athens*, and the definite article—is a wonderful effort of ingenuity, and so also are his *Sam Slick* and his *Long Tom;* which three flies, probably for trout fishing, constitute the whole of Mr James Wilson's really useful artificial stock in trade, though he gives ample directions for manufacturing myriads of gaudy or sober-suited mock insects. We must copy out the form and manner of The Professor, who generally sweeps mere and river in company, we find, with Sam Slick and Long Tom.

The *Professor* has his wings usually composed of a mallard wing, barred by nature in the usual way, and varied in the ground-colour by being dyed by art, lighter or darker, as may be deemed advisable. His body is formed of Paisley yellow flos silk, its texture rather tight, and slim its form. It is not always advisable to try to hackle him, although he may sometimes be so slightly, either with red or black about the shoulders: but his prevailing character is that of clearness, quick-

* Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; pp. 449, with a variety of plates and wood-cuts of game, fishes, &c., &c.

ness, liveliness, and originality of composition, with a good deal of sarcastic sharpness about the barb, especially to bunglers who don't understand the nature of the Kirby bend.

Wo to the luckless trout, whether bull, *salmon*, lake, or burn, who gets The Professor fairly fixed in his gullet; for it is all over with him for this world. Suppose he is this gallant young fellow, a native, probably, of Loch Craggie, or some other of the Sutherland lochs, who figures at full length in "The Rod and the Gun:"

The trout, of every locality, is among the handsomest of fishes; and, for many excellent reasons, the angler's prime favourite. The only question is, the most easy and agreeable mode of killing what we admire.

Mr Wilson, like every other man, has frequently met with fishers who never, by any accident, killed a trout below a pound weight, at the very least; though their average take was three-pounders, and immense hauls of them. A good few dozens, more or less, taken before breakfast, in the easy toothpick way, is but a common occurrence among such anglers. Indeed, we never knew one of them in doubt, on any point whatever; save one remarkably candid brother of the angle, who confessed that he was at a loss to determine whether some of his miraculous take were three year olds or ill-thriven four year olds. Among the greatest feats in fishing of which we have lately heard, was nine dozen trouts and three salmon, killed, in the Tweed, upon the General Assembly's last Fast-Day, while the angler lay all the while snug in bed, until evening, when he fished a rizzared haddock and some odd number of tumblers of whisky-toddy, not less than three, nor more than eleven, with a friend of ours. Mr Wilson is somewhat over-severe upon such harmless draughts of trouts, and exercises of imagination; as if a man inspired by the Rod or the Gun in his hand, and bent upon a little relaxation from dry, professional duty, were as strictly upon soul and conscience as if drawing a brief, or writing a prescription, or an invoice; when, of course, all is done according to the letter. Lying, if the ugly word must be used, we hold to be among the best, as it is the most ancient, of the privileges of the amateur angler, and one which we should be sorry to see invaded.

Anglers, if apt innocently to exaggerate, from the days of Mark Anthony, or a much older date, are universally either romantic and sentimental, or poetical and pious. If a little cruelty—the merest *soupçon*—gives zest and piquancy to their pastime, they seem, in general, quite as unconscious of it as the cook who took lightly the skinning of the live eels, because they were used to it. We have not a doubt that the author of "The Rod and the Gun" is perfectly eligible as a member of the Edinburgh Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals; yet a flavour of that pleasure which must of necessity "arise from another's pain" is perceptible in many of the most beautiful descriptive passages of his volume. But the reader shall judge. The extracts we select are, at all events, fine specimens of the author's manner, and of the ideal of the angler's art.

We have many a time and oft in early life, (even in maturer manhood,) whether in smooth expanded lake, or the still stretches of some goodly river, when a sudden lull of wind has fallen upon the waters, and every grey gigantic stone, or craggy rock, or old fantastic tree with silvery stem, was seen reflected in the liquid mirror; when radiant clouds of snow reposed their castellated glory 'mid the cerulean depth of the inverted sky (yet gazing with grateful heart on that far beaming splendour, which we almost feared to break by word or motion, and of which ourself, a sinful creature, was momentarily made a meet partaker,) we have then proceeded with our work, as follows. Instead of dragging the cast of flies rapidly and continuously along the surface, as is our wont when breezy winds are blowing, and pool or lake

With pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils,

we throw as long a line as we are able—the reader may well suppose it long—and allow it to lie for several seconds, as if in grim repose. We then point our top towards the water, lowering it to within a foot or two of the surface, and next with slow but sure alternate jerks, somewhat after the mode of salmon fishing, still keeping the point down, we bring the lure towards us. The entire tackle being under water, no disturbance takes place except the gentle *pressing* of the line, just where it emerges near the rod; the flies themselves being far away, and at some depth beneath the surface. Any slight alarm caused by their first descent upon the breeciest water has now subsided, and as they—three favourite flies which we are now to name—do hold the even tenor of their way towards the unrippled shore,—"Sam Slick" leading, "The Professor" mid-way, and "Long Tom" at the lag end, all as it were hastening homeward with rapid strides,—no marvel that the attention of some magnificent three pounder, lying in wait below, is suddenly excited;—he rises upwards, at first sedately like a king in court, then the broad pectorals are expanded, as quickly closed, the deep rudder is waved from side to side with powerful sway, a rapid dart ensues, a single pectoral is again protruded for a moment, a slight and instantaneous turn takes place, the jagged jaws are closed, he has seized The Professor, and goes down head foremost with a most indignant flourish of the tail! Now he may certainly do what he likes with his own: but, gentle reader, the *tackle* is either yours or mine. For the sake of illustration let us suppose it yours. Up then with the tip of

your rod, which, owing to the dream-like calm already so well described, and for reasons just assigned, is pointing downwards, and almost in a continuous direction with the line—a most dangerous posture, seeing that the tug of war then rests entirely on the latter,—so up with your rod—which action also serves to strike the fish—and let the reel ring out as it may. Down he continues to go, Sam Slick beat by a couple of lengths, The Professor engulfed, and invisible even to kelpie's eye, and Long Tom also diving downwards, *nolens volens*, at a fearful rate, but wondering greatly what to make of such a sudden change from softly shaded light to dingy darkness. Our spotted friend now pauses for a moment, the line slackens, and your heart, though a bold one, beats with fear, for you think him gone for ever; but no, the tightened line and trilling reel reassures your doubting grasp, and away he goes again, launching lake-ward, as if he really thought of crossing over. Now this freak wont suit you if you are wishing only to wade, have no boat, and can't swim; so (but not ungently) try to check his speed, or wheel him round, and as one good turn deserves another, he may have his own way on the gridiron towards night. Neatly done, youngster. Now he goes onwards right or left, perhaps comes pretty quickly towards you, as if to inquire by whom has been disturbed his solitary reign (reel up, and keep no slack upon your line)—give way again, for behold another burst of virtuous indignation, followed by a sudden spring of at least a yard into the air. Never mind,—you have proved a tenacious hold,—he begins to *pech*, and will soon be mollified to your content. He now takes a quiet and rather disagreeable kind of tugging range along the shore, perhaps with no bad intention, nor any definite object in view, but really looking at times as if he were in sober search of some quiet landing place. Do you the same. Behold how sweet a harbour close at hand,—small gravelly stones, and sand, and broken shells, a fairy haunted haven, the shelving neither sudden nor much prolonged, the bank—"small by degrees and beautifully less." What would ye more? so lead him gently inwards. By Jupiter! he makes another run and tries to *dig*, but can't. Alas! poor Yorick! His movements now are heavy, as if his fins were lead, his mouth is opened wide (see how the fierce Professor, with deep sunk barb, doth hang upon his tongue), languid and sore distressed he wavers to and fro, as if some thickening haze suffused his sight,—he shews his broadening side, blazoned with pearls and gold. How beautiful he looks, as, nearing the pebbly shore, his dorsal fin dimples the shallower depths,—no creature swims so softly as a fish. Give him the option now, once more, of land or water. Shorten your line to the utmost, but take care of the top knot, for it does no good within the ring; now he enters the hoped for haven,—lead away, my hearty,—he turns on one side (oh! goodly gut be strong), his head is out of water, his gills heave, there is a suspicious looking movement of the pectoral fins, but your hand has grasped his body just above the tail, and, in another moment, you are sitting together on the greensward, as if you had known each other all your lives. *Sic transit gloria truttæ.*

Again, we are told that

Some fish become very sulky, and will lie, after being hooked, for a long time motionless near the bottom. In this case also the pebbles must be had recourse to, for the more a fish is kept in motion the sooner he becomes exhausted. When he begins to shew his side, and exhibits other unequivocal symptoms of exhaustion, a favourable landing-place should be looked for; and, when the proper time arrives, which can only be learned by the (sometimes dearly bought) lessons of experience, then is he to be drawn by degrees to the bank or shore, and secured either by means of the gaff, or a firm grasp above the tail.

Now, in our hearts, we can no more blame the sulkiness of a trout, in these delicate circumstances than the sulkiness of the feathered "Chief of Congo," crimped, and borne over the seas in a slave ship; though it is quite right that the rightful owners should know how to deal with contumacy in both. Here, again, in what follows, our author luxuriates over delights best thrown into the shade, and tasted silently, and with modesty. He is describing lake-fishing with a redundancy of fine imagery, when he proceeds, in less pure taste:—

But above all—especially towards evening, or when

> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair.

steal silently with muffled oar within a few yards of the trinkling mouth of every tiny rill which dances from the side of barren mountain, or creeps insidiously from shadowy wood,—for there your pounders—one lib., two lib., three lib.,—lie unseen, waving their pliant fins, and swallowing each innocent immergent thing which "enters the bosom of the quiet lake,"—and there you may raise and hook, and play them pleasantly, and deftly dip your landing-net beneath them, and then uplift them handsomely into your coracle, their strong curved sinewy tails essaying all in vain an upward spring from that same cunning soft reticulation, which yielding to the pressure from within, admits no more of any bright rebounding, and knows not in all its points a *point d'appui*. Now give him a sharp, but not a crashing tap upon the head with any little bit of stick about you, to "still his pantings of dismay," and prevent the probability of his jumping over the gunnel of the boat, and telling every fish he meets with "in coral cave, or clear translucent fountain," that you are an "abominable inhuman" *Anglus sed non Angelus*,—as the man in the south country said of Milton when he saw him sleeping.

N.B.—Remember that when angling from a boat, and after hooking, reeling in, and being about to lift upwards a goodly trout which has firmly fixed himself on your drag-fly, the very worst thing yourself (or *assistant* and unsuccessor) can possibly do, is to make a lounge with the landing-net, miss the by-no-means-exhausted receiver, but master the drop-fly by securely hooking it among the meshes. The fish is sure to fill with virtuous indignation at the unlooked-for aggression of "two to one." He will probably plunge directly downwards, or make a sudden run beneath the boat, and you have then the unpleasant, and by no means productive option, of either allowing him to break your line, or of trying whether your net, with its iron-encircled rim, is fond of floating,—for be sure your trout can never make the lower circuit with your drag in his mouth, while yourself, an inhabitant of upper air, are holding on by the drop, and absurdly shouting—"On, Stanley, on," at the very moment that you are acting the part of an obstructive, by preventing the Member for Finsbury from visiting his Constituents.

The salmon is commonly called the king of fishes; a title of which the legitimacy will not be disputed in Europe at any rate. Turn over the page, and there he lies, as seen in Mr Wilson's book, a good specimen—neither an overgrown magnificent monster, nor yet a limber *kelt* or kipper—no seventy-pounder, which the salmon is sometimes found, nor yet a bouncer of fifty pounds—but a respectable fish, of an average ten pound qualification weight, though he may weigh twice or three times ten.

To the natural history of the salmon little remains to be added by any writer; but here we find ample directions for taking him with the rod; and we see one has actually been so killed in Scotland, weighing fifty-four and a half pounds. What a weaver's beam of a rod it must have been. The proper implement

Ought not to be less than 15 feet in length. Fish,—by which, of course, we mean salmon, which is the angler's fish, *par excellence*,—may be killed easily enough with a light rod, but a heavier one gives increased facility and power. The reel ought to be sufficiently large to contain 80 or 90 yards, so as to admit of abundance of line being given out when required; for many fish, when struck, run out to a great distance, and with such immense rapidity as to prevent the possibility of the angler's moving in the proper direction with sufficient quickness. A salmon, for the most part, darts violently up the stream; and, as the desired command is more easily kept with a short than a long line, it is advisable to prevent his getting too far ahead, by keeping the rod well up, 45° and more, and by running towards him along the margin. On gaining the head of the current, he frequently throws himself several times out of the water, on which occasions the angler must yield him freely a little of the line; but, during his general and less violent manœuvring, he will, of course, be the sooner exhausted the more firmly he is held. When he appears to be making for some safe haunt or secret sheltering place, the great object is to turn him towards safer ground, either by relying on the soundness of the tackle, or, if he proves very powerful as well as very obstinate, then a pebble or two may be thrown so as to fall a little in advance of his position, and he will probably turn himself round. . . . .

When the river water is either too much discoloured for the use of the artificial fly, or, running into the opposite extreme, becomes in dry weather too clear and bright, salmon may be successfully angled for with the worm. The worm is also an approved bait in cold or winter weather, when fish don't care to rise towards the surface. In these cases trolling tackle is sometimes used.

In trolling with minnow, or other small fish, the foot lengths ought to be about three yards long, and furnished with one or two swivels, to prevent the line from twisting, as well as to enable the bait to play freely. A lead or shot proportioned to the strength of the stream should be fastened to the line, about a foot above the bait. The top of the rod should be stiffer than that used for fly fishing; and, when the hook is baited, it ought to be thrown first across, and then drawn up the stream. But why prolong our precepts?

That learned controversy about the young of the salmon—which, with many such, greatly shakes the general confidence in the infallibility of the philosophers, and throws the world back upon *fact* and experiment—is very pleasantly and candidly noticed by Mr Wilson. "What is a *parr*?" ask the learned theorists; and plain sense and experience answer, by the lips of Mr Shaw, "Gentlemen, there is no such fish." Our readers may already, from our own pages, have learned this fact, which took the learned in salmon so much by surprise; but they will still relish our author's candid admissions, especially as he also is a *savan*, and was deep in the scrape himself:—

It is pleasant to see Sir William Jardine and Dr Knox, Mr Selby and Dr Fleming, Mr James Wilson (a brother of Professor Wilson's) and Dr Richardson, not exactly puzzling their brains about this vexed question, for the question seemed quite happy, and so assuredly were they, good easy men, but resting satisfied in the assurance that they understood its bearings in every possible point, and could "box the compass" on the subject, to the clear conviction of each rational being in the three kingdoms and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. But, as it is now known to the world in general,—and we hope admitted by themselves in particular—that these gentlemen knew nothing at all about the matter, we may be here allowed to pass from their *opinions* and report the actual *facts* as proved by Mr Shaw.

As in a former number we gave a detail of Mr Shaw's curious, accurate, and most satisfactory experiments, we need not repeat them here; it is enough to the public that *parr* are the young of the salmon, whatever scientific naturalists may choose to make of them. Nor is it wonderful to find our Scotch *savans* mistaken on a few points, when we find the great Cuvier mistaking a black fish for a distinct species, to which he gives the name *Salmo hæmatus*.

So difficult may it sometimes be for a philosopher in a great city to acquire the knowledge of a fact, elsewhere known familiarly from boyhood, by lonely herdsmen on ten thousand hills. How the Ettrick Shepherd would have marvelled that such a thing could be! Yet James Hogg himself was not seldom a marvellous man in his narrations.

We have said that Christopher North may be pardoned if he entertain a very little jealousy of this new rival; but so may the anonymous editors of the *Comic Almanac*, and the *Charivari*, so fond is he and so well skilled in the smaller art of punning and playing upon words; sometimes rather happily, though not always with the happy ease evinced by the old Scotch salmon, which, when asked, by the plaided poacher who had just transfixed him, how he did, quaintly replied, "Nane the better o' your *spearin'*."

Two imagined species of salmon-trout are, according to Mr Wilson and other good authorities, the same fish in different stages of growth. This elegant and beautifully-coloured trout comes next in general estimation, for the table, to the salmon; and, by some, and good judges too, is

even esteemed before it. At particular seasons, the salmon-trout is found in annoying numbers—a complaint in which we regret that we have no occasion to join. Mr Wilson has, with a friend, sometimes killed above seventy in a few hours, in addition to salmon and grilse, which is surely good fishing. From 500 to 1000 of them are sometimes taken at one haul of the sweep net. These trout are often sent to the Edinburgh market in January and February, in a very unfit condition for the table, (if they be not positively unwholesome,) intercepted in their passage down the rivers Forth and Tay to the sea. It is not easy to distinguish at all times between the sea-trout and the young salmon. Both prove troublesome customers to inexperienced anglers, of whom, were there writers among the fishes, we make no doubt that they could tell some very amusing stories. A sea-trout, says our author,

when first he feels the barb, is so exceedingly astonished, that he flings himself repeatedly head foremost into the air, and flounders about upon or near the surface of the water, in a most lively versatile manner (as the delighted angler deems:) but then he soon succumbs to fate, and after a few more impetuous bounds, and fine vivacious unsuccessful splashes, a well-sized fish may very speedily be drawn to land. But your river trout, even your simple two-pounder, though much *surprised*, is also greatly enraged, and will make repeated runs in every direction rather than run ashore; he will take perhaps a single spring or so, as if to ascertain exactly what has happened; he will dig his way towards "the bottom of the nether world;" he will try the diagonal dimensions of a deep and sombre pool; he will go helter skelter down a rocky rapid; he will run continuously along a lengthened smooth expanse, and make a mighty flourish with his tail at the end of it; he will seek to hide himself (and break the line even of the imperial guard) among the tangled roots of old fantastic trees, or will sulk beneath gloomy overhanging banks, like a "decam'd damp disagreeable body" ashamed of being seen. It may easily be conceived that with this pertinacy and determination of character, the capture of a large river-trout is by no means easy; and it often happens, that in spite of all the angler's art, the said trout is seen waddling away with his tongue in one cheek and the fly in the other, while the line, like a "knotless thread," comes sneaking back towards its master.

Lake trout are sometimes found from twenty to thirty pounds; but the general size ranges from three to ten or twelve. Very large trouts are killed in Loch Awe, which noble lake has latterly attracted fishers from England, and where trout have been occasionally killed weighing twenty and twenty-five pounds.

The ordinary method of fishing for this king of trouts is with a powerful rod, from a boat rowing at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, the lure, a common trout from three to eight inches in length, baited upon six or eight salmon hooks, tied back to back upon stout gimp, assisted by two swivels, and the wheel-line strong whip-cord. Yet all this, in the first impetuous efforts of the fish to regain its liberty, is frequently carried away for ever into the crystal depths of Loch Awe!

Mr Wilson throws new light on this species, the *Salmo ferox*.

We find the following characteristic anecdote under the section *char* fishing; the scene was a small lake in Ross-shire:—

We fished it for half a day with more skill than success. Our movements were steadily watched the whole time by a south-country shepherd, who, rolled up in his plaid, his dog Yarrow close beside him, and both beneath the cosy shelter of a whin dike, seemed curious to ascertain how long we would continue our attempt at sport. When at last, despairingly, we turned us homewards,—a hospitable and most pleasing home was Mrs Scobie's,—and neared our pastoral friends couched in their "sunny lair," the "human" without moving either head or heel, drawled out as follows: "Ye'll no hae killed mony trouts there?" "No, we've had no sport at all." "Na na, it's weel kent there was never a trout in that loch frae the beginnin' o' the creation." He thus possessed the key to our discomfiture; but, from some unknown silentist principle, on which we have since deeply pondered but failed to ascertain, he had declined, or at least delayed, to reveal the secrets of that dark abyss.

Now, the motive to silence was evidently the same which made Mr Wilson continue his unsuccessful sport—excitement, namely, the love of pleasure, the desire of getting *a rise*, which the shepherd, no doubt, found, in witnessing the gentlemen's persevering attempts, well knowing that they were wholly fruitless. The shepherd would doubtless, gaily relate the tale that same night to the south-country dairy-maid, and will probably tell it with glee to his dying day. Char, by the way, save *potted*, of which there is somehow always plenty, seem to be very scarce everywhere.

Whatever may be our sympathy with trouts of all kindreds and degrees, we have none whatever for that voracious, ill-conditioned monster, the pike; which, we are happy to say, is not indigenous to the British waters. There the villain lies; looking not so ugly as he ought, yet with the marks of the beast upon him. The pike is an

instance of the ideal value, which, among the great vulgar, rarity and luxury give to commodities. It originally sold higher than salmon, and ten times higher than far better fish—cod and tur-

bot. The latter has now taken its place, as a greatly over-rated fish, precisely from the same causes which made the pike so high-priced. The best thing about a pike is the pleasure of killing him. He is a universal tyrant; a cruel, indiscriminating devourer and evil-doer. The pike lives to an immense age, if all stories may be believed; and pike certainly attain a great size; though we have grave doubts about one taken in a lake in Swabia, which, by a brass ring attached to it, was ascertained to be 267 years of age, and measured nineteen feet in length, and weighed 350 pounds.

From the Rod we turn with pleasure to the Gun, which, so far as *sport* is concerned—and as exclusive of that game at which foolish subjects have too often indulged their rulers in playing, from having too keen a relish for the royal pastime themselves—we consider far the nobler or the least obnoxious instrument. In the very nick of time, out, too, comes Yarrell's Account of the Grouse Tribes, and of the other birds which engage the attention of sportsmen from the 12th of August, when grouse-shooting commences, until March, when all winged creatures, by the laws of the land, or of honour, are permitted to enjoy a temporary respite during their breeding season. In the Parts of Mr Yarrell's work allotted to the grouse tribes, and to the pheasants and partridges, quails, bustards, and other victims of sport, the woodcuts are, as usual, exquisite. That of the *capercailye*, or cock of the wood, the lord of the forest—as is the eagle the prince of the rock, "the monarch of all he surveys"—is magnificent. These Parts are, besides, embellished with several hybrids of the grouse species—all individual portraits, and finely executed. No work on ornithology owes so much to the artist as this of Mr Yarrell. Its general excellence seems to be more and more recognised, as we perceive, from the variety of curious original information communicated to the author from all parts of the country; as if British naturalists and sportsmen felt an interest in having the work made perfect.

The noblest of the sportsmen's feathered favourites, which, from the levelling of the Scottish pine forests, has been extinct, in the British islands, for nearly a century, is likely to become once more a denizen of its old haunts in the central Highlands. The Earl of Fife received a pair or two of the capercailye from Norway, ten or a dozen years since, with the object of stocking the noble forest of Braemar. They were believed to have bred there; but they do not seem to have increased, and have, too probably, fallen under *trustees;* for nothing more is known of them. But in the end of 1838, and the beginning of 1839, the Marquis of Breadalbane received from Sweden—the munificent gift of Mr Fowell Buxton—forty-four birds, of which two-thirds were females. This interesting colony has hitherto thriven admirably, both in the open forest and the aviary. At the Marquis' seat of Taymouth, the eggs have been successfully hatched under the grey hen, the female of the black grouse. The Duchess of Athole is also attempting to rear this noble bird at Blair.

The capercailye is easily domesticated, and breeds in confinement. It is found in great plenty over all the Scandinavian peninsula, though in the southern provinces of Sweden it becomes more scarce. It lives in the pine forests; its principal and favourite food being the tender leaves and shoots of the Scotch fir, and the wild berries usually found in high latitudes. The young feed much like pheasants, on ants, worms, and insects. The capercailye, like the black grouse, is polygamous. Early in spring, the cock stations himself on a tall pine, and commences his call or love-song, called, by the Swedish peasants, his play, to gather the hens about him. The arts of courtship of the gallant feathered king of the forest figure in old Gaelic poetry. In "Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe," which was written during the residence of the author in Sweden and Norway, the habits of the capercailye are fully described. His time of courtship is from the first peep of dawn to sunrise; or, from a little after sunset until it is quite dark, the *gloamin'* hour. "During his play," says Mr Lloyd, "the neck of the capercailye is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling the words *peller, peller, peller*. These sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals; but, as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes by drawing in his breath. . . . . On hearing the call of the cock, the hens assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. . . . . The capercailye has his certain stations, which may be called his playing grounds. These, however, are of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together."

On these playing grounds, several capercailye may occasionally be heard playing at the same time. Old ones will not permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old ones, however, be killed, the young ones, in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions. The capercailye are easily domesticated, and are supposed to be long-lived. Their size, like that of many other creatures, varies with the latitudes they inhabit. In the south of Sweden they will weigh seventeen pounds, and in Lapland dwindle to nine or ten. The females, as in the black grouse, are about half the size of the males. In very severe weather this bird is said to bury itself in the snow. The capercailye and black grouse frequently breed together. The produce is generally males. This splendid bird is somewhat larger than the largest cock pheasant. Whole hosts of them, with other game, are now sent over from Norway

to London, and the other great markets of Liverpool, Hull, &c., &c. We may guess at the scale upon which the English game markets are supplied, when we learn that a single Norwegian boor will snare form 500 to 1000 ptarmigan in a winter. In one parish—a roomy one—in Lapland, 60,000 birds were killed in one winter. The birds of all kinds are kept in a frozen state, until the dealers arrive; of whom one will purchase and dispose of 50,000 ptarmigan in a season. This looks marvellous; but if we consider the numbers that come to England alone, the statement becomes quite credible. The birds are sent over by the same boats that, from the ports on the west coast of Norway, supply London with that great Cockney delicacy, lobsters; and Mr Yarrell states that, "on one occasion, late in the spring of 1839, one dealer shipped 6,000 ptarmigan for London, 2,000 for Hull, and 2,000 for Liverpool; and that this spring, (1840,) one salesman, in Leadenhall market, received 15,000 ptarmigan that had been consigned to him; and, during the same week, another received 700 capercailye, and 560 black grouse. A capercailye, which sells for 2s. in Drammen or Drontheim, sells for 10s. in London; and a black cock sells for 8d., which, in London, brings 3s. 6d., and, we think, in other markets, as much as 5s. and 6s.

Red grouse, the *Tetrao Scoticus*, which are as national as are *comfort* and *plum-pudding*, are, of course, unknown in these northern countries. The range of the red grouse tribe is from the Orkneys and Caithness—for they have not reached Shetland—to the northern counties of England. Red grouse are also found in Wales and in Ireland. The quantity of red grouse sent to the London market, from the second week of August to the first week of March, must be very great, as the supply is constant. We should not, however, be very much surprised if both Scottish and Norwegian ptarmigan occasionally figured on London dinner tables as red grouse. Yet their numbers are certainly great; and the increasing slaughter of every new season does not appear to diminish them; at least if we may believe the accounts of those *bagged* in the newspapers. Mr Yarrell's fifty brace in a day in Inverness-shire, in 1801, and forty brace killed for a wager, still in a day, more recently, on the Yorkshire moors, by the Earl of Strathmore's gamekeeper, were great feats in their way, but they may still be matched. The red grouse of Wales are said to be the largest, those of Yorkshire the smallest known; though, everywhere, individuals vary in size. On the eastern coast of Scotland, they are darker in colour, as well as larger, than on the western coast, where they breed somewhat earlier, probably from the greater mildness of the climate.

The ptarmigan is the smallest of the grouse tribes: it is found only in the highest range of the mountains of Scotland, and in the Scottish isles, though it was formerly found in the mountain ridges of "rocky Cumberland" and in Westmoreland. The habits of these mountain-birds are curious and interesting. They are much less shy and wary than the red grouse; having less experience of the arts of their foe. The ptarmigan, unlike the red grouse, is found on most of the elevated mountain ranges of the Continent. In Spain it is called the *white partridge*. It is also found in Russia, and as far north as any of our exploratory expeditions have penetrated.

In Norway, as we have seen, ptarmigan abound. They are caught there by what, in Scotland, is called a *gin*, or *girn*—a custom practised at home; and Mr Yarrell has found the horse-hair round their necks, in the London market, by which they were noosed in their native places. Of late years, he has observed the same evidence of unfair play on the necks of red grouse, probably caught in the same way that birds are snared by the Norwegian peasants; that is, by sliding-loops of horse-hair set across their path or runs in the heather.

The partridge falls more under ordinary observation than the grouse tribes; and many beautiful instances are given by Mr Yarrell of their parental instincts, or affections, in which a high degree of intelligence is apparent. Besides the murderous *battues*, which mark the relapse of the higher orders of England into barbarism, and poaching, which equally marks the misery and vitiated state of the lower orders; very large numbers of partridges are killed in the unexceptionable manner of fair sport. For a wager of 200 sovereigns a-side, a nephew of Mr Coke, (now the Earl of Leicester,) in one day, shot, in Norfolk, on his uncle's estate, eighty brace and a-half; and, on a subsequent day, eighty-eight brace, and five pheasants. The birds were beat up for him; and, as far as possible, driven into his hands. His opponent, Lord Kennedy, shot on the estate of Monreith, in Scotland, and, on the first day, bagged fifty, and, on the second day, eighty-two brace. This was great work for Scotland, which, for partridges, is not yet quite a Norfolk.

Mr Yarrell never ventures a word about the injury done to the farmers by pheasants and partridges, nor of the heartburnings, the crime, and misery, of which they are made the innocent cause, though it lay quite in his way.

The red-legged partridge is comparatively little known in Britain, and it is less esteemed than the common sort, either by sportsmen, who find it difficult to shoot, or for the table. It is not an indigenous bird, though occasionally found in the southern east-coast counties. The red-legged partridge is found in the Channel Islands, and in the South of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. During the Peninsular War, shooting red-legged partridges was the frequent amusement of Wellington and his officers.

The great bustard is another of Mr Yarrell's birds. It is now become so rare in England, as to be carried about in menageries for exhibition. It is interesting from its size, habits, and rarity. Since wild birds' eggs became an article of luxury and traffic, this bird, with other species, has nearly disappeared. The bustard used to be hunted with pointers and greyhound

In the 16th century, they were equally esteemed, at solemn banquets, with the swan and the crane. The flesh is still highly esteemed. In Germany, the bustard is hunted with rifles; the sportsmen, as the bird is very difficult to approach, pursuing it somewhat in the cautious manner of hunters stalking deer. In winter, bustards form into flocks of from forty to two hundred—a formidable number, when their great size is considered. The length of the male bird figured in Yarrell's page, which is considered a very fine specimen, is forty-five inches. The female is nine inches shorter. She wants the lateral plumes on the chin or *moustache* of the male, though with age they grow. She wants also the pouch, which has commonly been set down as the bustard's water-flask, though its use is not yet fully ascertained. The lesser bustard is only an occasional winter visiter with us, and its nest or eggs have never been found. It is rare over nearly all Europe, and only found in great numbers at the foot of the Caucasus, and near the shores of the Caspain.

To return from birds to Oakleigh's modes of shooting them, which, in the passing month, is of more interest: These he introduces by an entertaining preface, discoursing on Archery, Falconry, the Forest Laws, the Forest itself, the Chase, and the Park. Some consider the old forest laws of our Norman conquerors rather more tyrannical than the game laws of our modern aristocratic legislators, as executed by the squirearchy in Quarter Sessions assembled; but much may be said on both sides. Were any one to say to us the constitution of Great Britain is essentially democratic, we should be contented to reply, "Look at the Game Laws."

Look, too, at the change of times and opinions since the young Shakspeare, to whom every bird that flew and fish that swam was free, was tempted to have a sly shot at the fallow deer of the Lucys. To the game laws of France, and the *battuesing* propensities of its noblesse, the Revolution has been ascribed; of which their cruel and insulting severity had certainly prepared one wild element, in the maddened passions of the alienated and embruted peasantry. But the game laws of Great Britain are doubly stringent and irritating to what they were at the epoch of the French Revolution. These are things to be pondered; and also the difference of the old times, when a peasant might have a shot anywhere, save in those tabooed places—the forest, the chase, and the park, and the present, in which to have a gun in his possession is assumed as a proof of crime.

There are killers of birds and beasts in all parts of the world, and *battue* shooters both in England and Scotland; but still Great Britain alone is the native land of *sportsmen*, whence they carry their love of this species of recreation into all countries. Oakleigh, accordingly, gives Englishmen some useful general rules for pursuing their amusements in India and in the new southern colonies.

Of home sports with the gun, the noblest are deer-stalking and grouse-shooting. Shooting fallow deer—though knowledge and practice are required properly to single out the victim and secure him, without injuring his companions—is, when compared with deer-stalking, like shooting chickens in a farm-yard, instead of shooting woodcock. The surest and least cruel aim is through the neck. He is shot with the rifle; and, when wounded and separated from the herd, the dogs are slipped.—There he lies, his family around him in serene repose, in his lordly park, under the shadow of the old patrician trees, as little dreaming of rifles as of the election dinners or city feasts that demand his haunches.

The stag, or red deer, is now found only in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland. He is taller than the tame-looking fallow deer; measuring from seven to eight feet from the ground to the tip of his antlers. His colour is a dark reddish brown. The red deer is stalked with the rifle. Harts of ripe age, when a choice is obtainable, are, of course, preferred to hinds and to young harts, which are allowed to escape; but, as venison must be had, and hinds come into season as harts go out, their evil day also arrives. Oakleigh, who has no personal experience of deer-stalking, has made good but fair use of the treatise of Mr Scrope; who, again, learned

much of his knowledge from old Highland forestersand poachers—if we may degrade a Celtic hunter by the ignominious Saxon epithet. Deer-stalking is the only species of shooting still enjoyed in its pristine purity; fowling having become, even in the Highlands, a comparatively vulgarized sport. Let us then see Oakleigh's well-digested account of the manner of stalking the red deer in the forests of Athole or Braemar:—

Red deer usually move up wind; their acute sense of smell thus giving them notice of danger. It is by taking advantage of the wind that the deer-stalker's success in a great measure depends. In a mountainous country they can be driven in any required direction by skilful foresters. On wide plains red deer are inaccessible.

The deer-stalker's dogs, which are always held in leash until a wounded animal is detached from the herd, should, so far as practicable, combine the nose of the bloodhound with the speed of the greyhound, and run mute.

The deer-stalker has recourse to a thousand manœuvres to approach a herd or solitary stag. The animals are usually descried at a long distance, either by the naked eye, or by the aid of an achromatic telescope, and the mode of approaching them entirely depends upon the situation in which they are discovered. Should it seem impracticable to steal upon them while at rest, the stalkers, armed with rifles, wait in the defiles through which the deers are expected to pass, whilst the attendants make a circuitous movement to get beyond the deer, and drive them in the direction required. The deer-stalker, besides being an excellent shot, should have good judgment of ground and a hardy frame, combined with the patience and power to undergo extreme fatigue and privation.

When the red deer is fired at, he is usually at a considerable distance, and perhaps bounding away at full speed. Behind the shoulder, therefore, is the favourite mark. "In killing deer," says Mr Maxwell, "it is necessary to select the head, or aim directly behind the shoulder. A body-wound may eventually destroy the animal, but the chances are that he will carry off the ball." Mr Scrope, whose experience and success in deer-stalking render his remarks valuable, says, "the most perfect shots and celebrated sportsmen never succeed in killing deer without practice; indeed, at first, they are quite sure to miss the fairest running shots. This arises, I think, from their firing at distances to which they have been wholly unaccustomed, and is no reflection upon their skill. It is seldom that you fire at a less distance than a hundred yards, and this is as near as you would wish to get. The usual range will be between this and two hundred yards, beyond which, as a general rule, I never think it prudent to fire, lest I should hit the wrong animal, though deer may be killed at a much greater distance. Now the sportsman who has been accustomed to shot guns, is apt to fire with the same sort of aim that he takes at a grouse or any other common game; thus he invariably fires behind the quarry; for he does not consider that the ball, having three, four, or perhaps five times the distance to travel that his shot has, will not arrive at its destination nearly so soon; consequently, in a cross shot he must keep his rifle more in advance. The exact degree, as he well knows, will depend upon the pace and remoteness of the object. Deer go much faster than they appear to do, and their pace is not uniform, like the flying of a bird; but they pitch in running, and this pitch must be calculated upon."

Although the red deer has not

The dreadful plunge of the concealed tiger,

nor charges he like the maimed lion, or elephant, or buffalo at bay, he possesses qualities which render his death as difficult to achieve as that of any of the foregoing quadrupeds; since to the gracefulness of an antelope he unites the agility of a chamois, the eye of a lynx, the nose of a vulture, the ear of a hare, the vigilance of a bustard, the cunning of a fox. He can swim like a sea-fowl—in speed he will outstrip the race-horse—and in the height and length of his leap "none but himself can be his parallel!" The anxiety attending this sport must be as intense as the pursuit is laborious. After climbing for hours the mountain-side, with the torrent thundering down the granite crags above him, and fearful chasms yawning beneath him,* the stalker, with his glass, at length descries in some remote valley, a herd too distant for the naked eye. He now descends into the tremendous glen beneath, fords the stream, wades the morass, and by a circuitous route threads the most intricate ravines to avoid giving the deer the wind. Having arrived near the brow of the hill, on the other side of which he believes them to be, he approaches on hands and knees, or rather vermicularly, and his attendant, with a spare rifle, does the same. A moment of painful suspense ensues. He may be within shot of the herd, or they may be many miles distant, for he has not had a glimpse of them since he first discovered them an hour ago. His videttes on the distant hills have hitherto telegraphed no signal of his proximity to deer; but now a white handkerchief is raised, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken; with redoubled caution he crawls breathlessly along till the antlers appear; another moment and he has a view of the herd; they are within distance. He selects a hart with well-tipt, wide spreading horns. Still on the ground, and resting his rifle on the heather, he takes a cool aim. His victim—shot through the heart—leaps in the air and dies. The rest of the herd bound away; a ball from another barrel follows, the "smack" is distinctly heard, and the glass tells that another noble hart must fall, for the herd have paused, and the hinds are licking his wound. They again seek safety in flight, but their companion cannot keep pace with them. He has changed his course; the dogs are slipped and put upon the scent, and are out of sight in a moment. The stalker follows; he again climbs a considerable way up the heights; he applies the telescope, but nothing of life can he behold, except his few followers on the knolls around him. With his ear to the ground he listens, and amidst the roar of innumerable torrents, faintly hears the dogs baying the quarry, but sees them not; he moves on from hill to hill towards the sound, and eventually another shot makes the hart his own. The deer are then bled and gralloched, and partially covered with peat; the horns are left upright, and a handkerchief is tied to them to mark the spot, that the hill-men may find them at the close of the day. Let the reader imagine how much the interest of all this is enhanced by the majestic scenery of an immense, trackless, treeless forest—to which domesticated life is a stranger—where mountain, corrie, cairn, and glen, thrown promiscuously together, present the grandest of savage landscapes, and as the field of wild adventure, cast into shade what Mr Scrope not unaptly designates "the tame and hedge-bound country of the South."

Telescopes are, of course, a late Saxon innovation, and we should think hardly fair in forest law. They, moreover, too much resemble the train-bands reviewed in a shower under a canopy of umbrellas; or a Highlander carrying the same modern invention over his Lochaber axe.

Roe-deer shooting is conducted in the same manner as shooting hares in covert.

While the covers are beaten, the shooters, placed at certain points, fire at the roes as they dash past them, with large buck shot. They are mostly seen in pairs, or bevies of five, six, or seven. The red-deer is sometimes unharboured in cover; but for the most part his lair is on the plain or mountain-side; his horns seem to unfit him for making way through thickets. The roe beds in the woods; it is essentially the deer of the woods, being seldom found so much as three miles from cover. It

* An idea of the height and steepness of some of the forest-mountains may be formed by the fact, that from a dozen to twenty deer are sometimes destroyed at once by a fall of an avalanche, in winter.

does much mischief to young trees, and the labours of the agriculturist. When discovered in growing corn, it is usually shot with a rifle. In cultivated districts, interspersed with wood and rock, the roe abounds, and it is looked upon by the farmer as a greater nuisance than the rabbit is in the South.

The roe-buck has in general three points to each horn, sometimes four or even more, and sometimes only one.

In August, the buck chases the doe, for the purpose, as is supposed, of making her give up suckling her kids; and so determined are the bucks on their object, that they will chase a doe for several hours without intermission round some favourite "knowe."

We should have some slight doubt of the buck and doe limiting themselves so closely to one particular "*knowe*," in pursuing the evening game of the southern lads and lasses, of "Bag-lie about the stacks," which is here exactly described. However, here the roe bounds on some wild quest or other.

Oakleigh is learned in the structure and powers of guns, and the qualities of powder and shot; so, for the benefit of some of the late arrivals at Dalwhinnie, Fort Augustus, and the other great stations, we shall at once TAKE AIM.

When the dog points, or when birds rise near to the shooter, he should immediately draw back both hammers with the right thumb; but should the birds rise at a considerable distance, to save time, he need only cock one barrel, as in this case he has only to fire once. He should never be in haste. It is more prudent to let the bird escape than to fire hastily. If on open ground, he should not fire until the bird is more than twenty yards distant. He should be deliberate in bringing up the piece to his shoulder, and in making it to bear on the object, but the moment he has brought it to bear, the finger should act in co-operation with the eye, the eye being kept open the while, so that the shooter may see whether the bird falls, or feathers fall from it; for if he does not see it distinctly at the moment of firing, there is something defective in his system of taking aim.

The shooter, when learning, should never aim directly at the body of a hare on foot, or of a bird on the wing. This precaution is scarcely necessary when the motion of the object is slow, but by habituating himself to it on all occasions, he will the sooner become an adept. His mark should be the head, the legs, or a wing, if within twenty yards. When further off, he should make some allowance, according to the distance and speed of the object moving. His aim should be at the head of a bird rising or crossing—the legs of a bird flushed on an eminence and moving downwards from him—the wing of a bird flying from him in an oblique direction. His aim should be at the head of a hare, in whatever way she may be moving. The same rules apply when the object is more than twenty paces distant from the shooter, making allowance for the speed. Thus, for a partridge crossing, the allowance of aim before it with a detonator, at twenty paces, will be one inch—at thirty paces two inches—at fifty paces five inches—at fifty-five paces seven inches. Half this allowance will be proper when the bird moves in an oblique direction. When an object moves directly from the shooter, at more than twenty paces distance, he should fire a little above it. When a bird or hare approaches the shooter directly, he should not aim at it until it has passed him, or has turned aside. The moment it has altered its course the gun should be brought up, and no time should be lost in firing. It is not easy at all times to form a correct idea of the distance of a bird from the gun. . . . . .

It is amusing sometimes to hear persons talk, after they have been *watched*, of the distances at which they have effected their shots; they ever think the game is much farther off than it really was. The sportsman who has not convinced himself by actual measurement, often seems to be labouring under a species of hallucination when speaking of his distances. . . . . .

If the sportsman will take aim alternately at objects on his right, on his left, on the ground, and in the air, without moving his body or taking his gun from the shoulder, he will at once see the difficulty of keeping his eye directly behind the breech. To be a proficient in shooting, he must in some way be able to do that mechanically; for, when aiming at a moving object, his attention can only be paid to placing the end of the gun on that object. When bringing up a gun to the shoulder in a gunmaker's shop, it is easy to bend the head down to the exact spot for looking along the sight-plate; but it is very different when shooting at birds on the wing. The best way to prove whether a stock suits, or, in other words, whether the user of it can bring it up, as it were mechanically and without an effort, to the proper place, is to fire hastily, on a dark night, at a lighted candle placed against a wall, at about forty paces distance. . . . .

The main point, then, in taking aim, is *to keep the head down to the stock, and the eye low behind the breech.* The sportsman who, from habit or practice, can invariably bring his eye down to the same place, and keep it steadily there, so that he may always take aim from the same starting-point, will distance all competitors.

This we fully believe, as well as that generally in shooting, as in many other things, "an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." In wild-fowl shooting, Oakleigh's great authority is Colonel Hawker; and one of his many merits is the sagacity and freedom with which he seizes and turns to popular account the knowledge of others, on subjects with which personally he has not much experience. From a foreign source he has gained the following summary of canine education, which may, we think, be found valuable to the teachers of Infant and Irish schools.

The first lesson, and the one on which the breaker's success chiefly depends, is that of teaching the dog to drop at the word "*down*;" this must be done before he is taken into the field. Tie a strong cord to his neck, about eighteen yards long, and peg one end into the ground. Then make the dog crouch down, with his nose between his front feet, calling out in a loud voice "*down.*" As often as he attempts to rise, pull him to the ground, and repeat the word "*down*" each time. When he lies perfectly quiet while you are standing by him, walk away, and if he attempt to follow you, walk back, and make him "*down*" again, giving him a cut or two with the whip. This lesson must be repeated very often, and will take some trouble before it is properly inculcated. When once learned it is never forgotten, and if properly taught in the beginning, will save an infinity of trouble in the end. He ought never to be suffered to rise until touched by the hand. This lesson should be practised before his meals, and he will perform it much better as he expects his food; and never feed him till you are perfectly satisfied with his performance. After you have been flogging him, always part friends, and never let him escape while you are chastising him, at least, if he does, do not pursue him; as if he sees (which he soon will) that he is the quicker runner of the two, all discipline will be at an end.

When he has become tolerably steady, and learned to come in to the call, and to drop to the hand, he must be taught to range and quarter his ground; a thing which is seldom seen in perfection. On some good brisk morning, choose a nice piece of ground, where you are likely to find. Take care to give him the wind, *i. e.* to let him have the wind blowing in his face: wave your hand with "Hey, on good dog," and let him run off to the right hand to the distance of about eighty yards." (We suggest thirty.) "Call him in, and, by another wave of the hand, let him go off to the same distance to the left. Walk straight forward with your eye always on him. Go on and let him keep crossing you from right to left, and *vice versâ*, calling him in when at the limit of his range. This is a difficult lesson, and requires great nicety in teaching. Never let him hunt the same ground twice over. Always have your eye on him, and watch every motion."

On partridge-shooting we shall cite only one hint, for the benefit of all whom it may concern; namely, those who must maintain, but who dare not shoot, the birds.

The most certain method of driving partridges from a farm is, to disturb them night after night at their jucking-place; which is usually in a meadow, where the aftermath is suffered to grow, or in a field rough with rushes, fern, thistles, or heather, adjoining to a corn-field.

Their jucking-place means the restingplace of the covey during the night, called the roosting-place of birds that perch on trees.

Pheasant, hare, rabbit, snipe, and woodcock shooting follow in sequence; which last pastime has been greatly shorn of its difficulty and glory by the modern improvements of the fowling-piece; but grouse-shooting, were it but for its rarity, the season in which it begins, and, above all, the scenery amidst which it is pursued, eclipses all other kinds of fowling.

Grouse ought to be remarkably plentiful this year, as the winter was mild; and the spring, the time of hatching, was the driest and finest that is remembered; nor is the subsequently cold and wet summer likely to have given that degree of vigour to the young birds, which in warm and dry seasons renders them too strong in their flight for the inexperienced sportsman. The present year will therefore be peculiarly favourable to young sportsmen in the Highlands. Yet, of grouse-shooting, the Scottish maxim eminently holds, that "Stickin does not go by strength, but by the guiding of the gully," that, in short, experience, and the facility of long practice, are the chief elements of the sportsman's good fortune. Oakleigh lays down one rule, which we specify, as it ensures what we conceive the main charm of fowling, at least to the emancipated serfs of colleges, clubs, courts of law, and benches of legislation, and of the bustle and tumult of city life. This is the bliss of solitude, absolute loneliness; a taste of which occasionally is as necessary to the mind as salt to animal health. The Highland moors thus become the *licking-places* of those sportsmen to whom shooting is a relaxation and pleasure, and not a mere trade. Oakleigh's rule, which embraces our condition, is, that

Grouse shooters should separate and range singly; and have no noisy attendants, nor any dogs that require rating. The sport cannot be carried on too quietly. If the shooter throws off before eight o'clock, which it is not prudent to do unless there are many guns on the moors, or foul weather is expected in the afternoon, he should run *only one dog as long as the heather is wet*, afterwards two, and in the afternoon three dogs. In wet weather, one dog is quite sufficient. If hot weather, we advise rest from eleven to two. If the shooter have not exhausted himself during the middle of the day, he will best fill his bag in the afternoon; he may not, indeed, then find so many, but those he does find will be dispersed birds that will almost lie to be trodden on. An old shooter thus, on a dry afternoon following a wet morning, will sometimes load himself or his attendant, after the less experienced have left the moor, disgusted, with scarcely a bird in their possession.

The flight of grouse is generally about half a mile. A grouse will drop suddenly, when out of sight of the shooter, on some hill side, perhaps forty or fifty yards from the highest part. Nine times out of ten the grouse alights on a hill side slanting from the shooter, or, in other words, on that side of the hill, or ridge, or sloping ground, which is farthest from the shooter. It is useless to attempt to range the whole of a moor: the sportsman's time will be much better occupied in traversing the same ground over again and again, assuming he knew how to choose his ground. When ranging a moor with which he is totally unacquainted, the best thing he can do is to walk along the brow or side of a hill, (for nearly all moors are either mountainous or broken uneven ground,) keeping about forty or fifty yards from the summit of any rising ground: not only broods but single birds alight more frequently in such a situation than in any other, especially after being disturbed. Much time is lost in ranging flats and the extreme heights of hills and ridges. The side, under the wind, of these lesser hills, which on nearly all moors is intersected by rivulets, and which has a pretty good covering of young heather, is the very best line of range that can be recommended, care being taken to keep within fifty yards from where the declivity commences. By winding round the hills in this manner, the shooter does not fatigue himself near so much as by continually crossing the ravines and climbing directly up the hills.

When the grouse-shooter throws off on an extensive moor, on which, or on the moors adjoining, there are numerous parties of shooters, we would direct him, whenever the wind is high, to make for the leeward side of the moor. Grouse do not fly with the wind on all occasions; but whenever they happen to do so, their flights are longer than when they face it; and, when going across wind, their flight has ever a tendency to the lee side. Thus, when every brood has been flushed several times, the windward side of the moors becomes deserted, and the leeward side the resort of both game and shooters. Whatsoever species of game he is in pursuit of, the shoot-

er will do well to keep on that side of the hill which is protected from the wind. The most unlikely place in the world to find any kind of game is a hill-side on which the wind plays. But in stormy weather the hill-top and the plain should be equally shunned: a narrow valley, or the steep hill-side sheltered from the wind, are then the usual places of resort.

The favourite haunts of grouse, when undisturbed, are those patches of ground where the young heather is most luxuriant. They avoid rocks, and bare places where the heather has been recently burnt; at any rate they are not to be approached in such places. It is in young heather that grouse most frequently feed. They are seldom found in the very long thick heather that clothes some part of the hills, until driven there for shelter by shooters or others. It is early in the morning and towards evening that grouse are to be found in young heather. During the middle of the day, the shooter should range the sunny side of the hill, and avoid plains.

Grouse do not always rise in the same manner. They either mount, like pheasants, about five yards high, and then fly off, or else they skim along quietly, almost touching the ground. When the grouse flies low, its flight is somewhat like that of the blackbird. When it rises in the manner of a pheasant, the best time to fire at it is immediately as it arrives at its height, just as it is about to make off; at that point of time when it has performed its vertical and is commencing its horizontal flight. To shoot sooner, unless the aim be taken above the bird, is to lose a chance. But, when the grouse scarcely rises out of the heather, and glides away from the shooter, as a blackbird flies, no time is to be lost, or it will be out of reach. It is generally when the shooter is near birds as they rise, that they mount like pheasants; and when he is at a distance from them as they rise, that they fly off low. When they rise perpendicularly, they make some noise with their wings, and the cock sometimes crows, and the hen cackles. On the contrary, when they flit away, scarcely clearing the *heath-peeps*, they make no noise whatever. When grouse are wild and fly low, it is quite requisite to keep a constant look-out, or they will gain a dozen yards before they are seen. Their being the same colour as the heather favours their escape.

It is usual for one party of sportsmen to give another party notice of the approach of birds by crying "mark!" The shooters whom the birds approach stand still, and the birds will not veer from their intended course; the birds are suffered to pass before a gun is brought to the shoulder. It is difficult to drop a bird approaching.

As the sportsman, in grouse shooting, has an opportunity of choosing his own distance when birds rise near to him, he will be more certain of killing if he let the birds fly twenty-five yards from him before he fires the first barrel; when, if he have both barrels cocked, he will have ample time to throw in the reserve barrel while the birds are within reasonable distance. In nothing is the superiority of the detonating over the flint lock more apparent, than in its allowing the shooter to fire the second so soon after the first barrel. . . . . .

No species of shooting requires the aid of good dogs more than grouse-shooting, and in no sport does so much annoyance result from the use of bad ones. The best dog, perhaps, for the moors, is a well bred pointer, not more than five years old, which has been well tutored,—young in years, but a veteran in experience. The setter is occasionally used with success, but we prefer the pointer. The latter has unquestionably the advantage when the moors are dry, as it not unfrequently happens that they are, in August. If a setter cannot find water wherein to wet his feet every half hour, he will not be able to undergo much fatigue. Some sportsmen will hunt a couple of mute spaniels, for grouse-shooting, in preference to any other team of dogs. Of course, when this method is pursued, the birds are never pointed; and the shooter must ever be on the look-out, for the game is generally sprung very near to the gun.

When birds are plentiful, Oakleigh considers *markers* a nuisance. We should consider them so at all times; markers, be it understood, being the name for the scouts who watch the birds, and, in short, assist the sportsman in everything save firing his gun. But if a marker must be had, a shepherd lad, who knows the ground and the business, is recommended as the best one. He should be one

Whose proficiency may be guessed at by the knowing cunning which glitters in his eye when he is told that his services are required. A youth of this description will lie down when a bird rises, put up his hands to his face, like the blinders of a waggon-horse, and mark a bird down *to an inch*, a mile off! These youths have an unaccommodating knack of slipping wounded birds into their own proper pockets unseen; or of hiding them in *peat-holes*, so that neither Turk, Tiger, nor Spaniard, the retrievers, can find them! Retrievers are seldom used in grouse-shooting; nor are they often required.

Very few birds generally satisfy the marker, who, we will venture to bet, prefers the leg of a Lammermoor lion to all the grouse on the Grampians, and who is far out of the way of finding purchasers, while killed birds, by dozens, are often rotting in his neighbourhood, especially at the beginning of the season. Oakleigh considers the poacher in the snow a much greater enemy to the grouse than the sportsman; which is probably a mistake. In killing hares, partridges, and pheasants, there is, no doubt, much poaching; but red grouse and ptarmigans lie beyond the range of temptation. The question may be resolved by the fact that, in August and September, grouse, never having been exposed in the market, are in great plenty at the table, and also abound in the market more than at any other season. We hear even of sporting grounds being lately taken by the great dealers in game as a commercial speculation; but do not vouch for the fact. As for the cottagers, who, let the keepers do their best, kill many birds in winter, "deeming one little inferior to a fowl, when boiled in the pot with a piece of bacon;" we rejoice especially to hear of their bacon; making them welcome to every bird, along with it, which they can snare in their kail-yards, and a little way beyond them. But our fear is, that there is but rarely, if ever, either bird or bacon in the cottager's pot. If ever the former do occur, it must be the black game of the south, and certainly not the red grouse of the Highlands.

Black game is not shot till a week after red grouse shooting commences. They are on the increase and spreading; while, on the contrary, red grouse are narrowing their range, or disappearing: yet black game are much more exposed to the poacher's inroads than the red game.

The blackcock, like the capercailye and the pheasant, is polygamous. Sportsmen, who are on honour, always, spare the young hens. The blackcock is a splendid bird; his lady, the grey hen—smaller and more sober-suited—is also a beautiful bird. She and her poults are apt to be mistaken for red grouse: but they are longer in shape, and differently coloured. There they stand, a handsome couple, exactly as seen in Oakleigh's shooting code:—

Black-game are generally hatched in rushy fields, near to an unenclosed moor or heathery plantation. They visit stubble-fields, or rather corn-fields, for corn is harvested late in those cold countries where the hills are covered with their native brown; whereas the red grouse is rarely known to quit the open moor, unless driven thence by men, dogs, or storm of weather. The red grouse feeds chiefly amidst the heather. Black-game will often feed, and sometimes (though rarely) the red grouse also, like partridges, in stubbles: black-game are very destructive to crops of grain. Red grouse do not frequent woods. Their nests are generally found in heather; those of black-game in rushy fields or plantations. The eggs of the former are often taken by persons collecting plovers' eggs; and as they are easily found, the temptation to pilfer but too often presents itself. A child may thus do more mischief than the most accomplished poacher. Loiterers at this season should be watched.

Gathering a few berries from a mountain ash, or nuts from a hazel bush, will soon, we presume, be designated pilfering. Did any naturalist—and their name is Legion—ever discover a nest, no matter of what bird, from whence he did not pilfer as often as it suited him? And "Loiterers should be watched!" Truly no such lessons to the game lords were required from Tom Oakleigh.* It is unlike the genial feelings of the sportsman, who is a prose-poet and lover of nature; and who, in the words of old Markham, should be "full of love both to his pleasure and his neighbour." But every lover of sport cannot, year after year, reach the Highland moors and forests; and there are humbler, yet not despicable, pleasures to be found lying within reach. Among these, rabbit-shooting and snipe-shooting have their own attractions.

Look at the *rabbit*—Tom Oakleigh's rabbit; boys love and cherish him; poets and painters like to see him and his merry companions gambolling in the moonlight: the cook does not despise him; and he is the only delicacy, boasting the name of game—to which his claim, by the way, is not clearly established—that ever lawfully smokes on the poor man's board. Besides, his extreme cautiousness and shyness, and his convenient places of retreat, tantalise the shooter delightfully. Oakleigh remarks:—

It is astonishing what efforts they will make to escape, though three legs be broken, when near the entrance of a burrow. It is of little use firing at them when they are more than twenty paces distant from the gun. Rabbits afford more what are termed snap-shots than any other game, as they are mostly found in or near to plantations, or amongst brambles, hollies, gorse, or deep fern, in places of extreme difficulty. It requires a quick eye and steady hand to stop a rabbit running across furrows, or over uneven ground.

Rabbits, cut off in the wholesale or Waterloo style, for the market, are generally taken by nets and ferrets; not being considered worth powder and shot, which would so much enhance their price. The best time for rabbit-shooting is the evening; or in sunshine, after rain, when great numbers venture abroad.

Snipe-shooting has this to recommend it, that it comes at a good season; when the grouse are forsaken, and partridges become scarce and difficult. The snipe arrives in this country about the same time as the *woodcock*. They appear about the middle of October, and are plentiful in November; which month and the next is the time for shooting them. As the year advances, they congregate in flocks, on open moors and downs, and are shy of the shooter's approach. There are three kinds of snipes: the full or whole snipe, figured on the next page; the solitary, sometimes called the double snipe; and the Jack-snipe, termed also, from its diminutive size, the half snipe. The full snipe, the bird which the shooter pursues, is very difficult to hit; and Oakleigh discourses scientifically on the subject, affirming that

* From the "New Statistical Account of Scotland," we can perceive that the only misdemeanours or crimes into which inquiry is instituted, or returns required from rural parishes, are *poaching* and *bastardy*; both favourite justice cases.

The shooter will bring down a snipe with much less difficulty at from fifteen to twenty paces than at any other distance. The aim is thus taken just before the bird begins to make its cross flights, but before it has attained its full speed. The irregularity of its flight is of little consequence during the first and second twirling, before the bird is safely on the wing, since its flight is then comparatively tardy. But let the snipe fly ten yards from whence it sprang,—let it be, for instance, twenty-five paces distant from the gun, it is then at the top of its speed, and in the very midst of its sidelong, elliptical gyrations, and more than a match for the majority of shooters, especially if the day be windy. A snipe, killed at fifteen or twenty paces distance, with No. 7. shot, will seldom be struck by many pellets, being generally three or four inches from the centre of the cone which the shot forms as it flies, which is very different from being in the exact centre. A section of the body of a snipe does not present a surface as large as that of a penny-piece. If any person will fire at a target at fifteen yards distance, he will find that a snipe would not be cut to pieces even at that distance, unless it chanced to be precisely in the centre of the charge as thrown. When speaking of a snipe presenting no larger a surface as a mark than a penny-piece, we, of course, mean a snipe flying directly from the shooter. It would be imprudent to shoot at a snipe flying across at less than twenty paces distance, as it then presents more than double the surface of one going straight from the shooter. Twenty-five paces is the distance we should prefer for a cross or oblique shot. . . . . There are two points to be attended to in determining the proper distance: the flight of the bird—and the manner in which the shot is thrown. In snipe-shooting the latter is subservient to the former.

The common snipe, occasionally found on heathery and rush-clad hills, as well as in the enclosed grounds, is the same as the gregarious bird of the marsh.

The setter is the best dog for snipe shooting.

Mr Wilson and Tom Oakleigh have tempted us to transgress all due bounds in following them over moor and mountain; by lake and stream. We must now, perforce, call a halt; and cannot more appropriately conclude than by extolling the minute attention which this "Shooter's Manual" pays to every point regarding the comfort and success of the sportsman. We find a complete catalogue of whatever the grouse-shooter requires for use or comfort in pursuing his recreation. We can only suggest, in addition to the list, a copy of "The Rod and the Gun;" and Messrs Peter and George Anderson's "Guide-to the Highlands;" both most valuable and entertaining companions in wet or dry, on hill-side, steamer-deck, or coach-top.

SCENES ABROAD AND THOUGHTS AT HOME.—No. II.

By JELINGER C. SYMONS.

The simplicity of Swiss habits is extended to their domestic architecture. In the front of our host's house, on the grass, there was what appeared to be a manufactory of beams, rafters, and boards, and which turned out to be the new house for the bride and bridegroom.

"But are you going to build it just in front of your own?" I asked the father of Annchen.

"No," said he; "certainly not. We haven't quite decided yet where it is to be, but we think of *trying it first* at the other end of that rising field just beyond the cascades."

"First!" said I; "what, are you going to make it a movable house?"

My curiosity was easily gratified; and I was shewn that each beam, rafter, and board, were carefully numbered, and as there is little or no masonry in these houses, nothing is easier or more frequent than to *remove* instead of *changing* houses. Sometimes the distribution of a village is entirely altered in the course of a year or so. The outside walls of these houses are often tiled with fir shingles. They perfectly understand the art of making them very comfortable; but they are, of course, liable to be easily destroyed by fire. Not long since, a fire took place in the most windward house of a small village (I believe *Goldach*) on the banks of the Boden-See, or Lake Constance, and, there being a strong breeze, the whole village was burnt to the ground; consisting of seventy houses. I cannot help adding, as a proof of the prosperity of the Swiss peasants, that, though a large subscription was immediately commenced to assist the houseless villagers, yet but very few of the whole number accepted any relief, so well able were their own friends and relatives to assist them. The village was rebuilt again in a very short time. But to return to Annchen and her husband:—

It was evident, from the building of a new house, and its site being chosen on the host's land, that the new bridegroom was not one of the *landed aristocracy:* and how little this title befits the landlords of Switzerland, Annchen's story will shew. Annchen's father and mother, as fathers and mothers are wont to do elsewhere as well, had, whilst Annchen was in the midst of her teens, pondered long and wisely on the choice of a husband for their only child, who should surpass all former and future husbands in morals, mind, and eligibility—in all ways and respects. Among the relatives of this most judicious couple, was an old merchant of Basle, who, as Basle merchants are wont to be, was very rich and very pious. Basle, though it does not quite emulate the piety of the Ramsgate Town Commissioner's pump, which is chained on Sundays, for fear it break the Sabbath, is, nevertheless,

less, a place where godliness verges much more closely upon fanaticism than any other part of Switzerland. Now, this merchant had three sons, who, according to the very excellent system of all the most enlightened of European countries, (except our own,) must necessarily inherit equal shares of their father's fortune. On Jules, the youngest, the selection of Annchen's parents fell; and, for aught the fates have any right to say to the contrary, he might have been Annchen's too, had Annchen happened to be a well educated young lady, without a mind by any means manufactured in Hanover Square and for sale accordingly. But Annchen was, on the contrary, a Swiss maiden, whose reason and heart were as free to follow their own dictates, as her feet were to roam over her native mountains; and when she was informed, at due length, of the sundry connubial eligibilities, and manifold virtues of the merchant's son, one Sunday evening, just after the family Bible had been closed for the night, she very simply said, that she quite agreed in all that; but that Jules had not her heart, and could not have her hand. The Swiss are a very simple people; and when they read in their Bibles that love is declared to be essential to sanctify the marriage state in God's eye, and when their church (as wells as ours) tells them that none other is a lawful marriage, they really believe it; just as if the proper principle and proceeding were not to follow the excellent counsel of Tinsel in "The Hunchback," who courts as follows:—

"Lady, we come not here to treat of hearts,
But marriage; which (so please you) is, with us,
A simple joining, by the priest, of hands;
A ring's put on; a prayer or two is said;
You're mrs and wife, and nothing more. *For hearts*,
We oftener do without than with them, Lady!"

But Annchen's parents were stupid people, wholly unversed in the *morals* of St James'; and, though they cordially desired so respectable a match as the Baslemerchant's son for their daughter, they were little disposed to cross her inclinations, or to evince their love and their regard for her welfare, by dooming her to a life of well-salaried misery; for is there any other term for the life-long alliance of man and wife, who have no other bond than eligibility (cold, brutal word) for their connexion? So thought Annchen, and so thought her parents: and Jules got his *congé*; and, after a due process of desperation, married somebody else.

In Switzerland, and, indeed, over the whole of central Europe, there prevails a system, termed *Wanderschaft*, or itinerant apprenticeship. The youths who learn handicraft arts, instead of serving their time in one shop and in one town, travel over one or two countries, and serve several apprenticeships in each, of periods of various durations; each master inscribing in the book when the apprentice leaves him, a certificate of his conduct. By this means, the apprentices of central Europe are mostly well-informed men, having necessarily derived advantages of experience and travel in a much greater degree than could have fallen to their share in a more stationary sphere of life. Having completed their itinerant noviciate, they return to their native place; unless, like Annchen's husband, they are lucky enough to find a better home in the course of their pilgrimage. Thus it happened with Joachim: he was apprenticed to an engineer in the neighbourhood; and, having to superintend the erection of some machinery in a large cotton mill, in which Annchen's father had a share, he came to their house, and was in due season enabled to exclaim with Julius Cæsar—*Veni, vidi, vici*. Swiss courtships are the most primitive performances in the world. Without the parents' consent, the courtship is at once forbidden by the maiden herself; who forthwith, in all well brought up families, informs her parents of the advances of the swain; and a family counsel, in all manner of affection, is held on the weighty question—"To be or not to be?" Whether Annchen, in this case, had seen her lover somewhat oftener than usual, before he ventured on the declaration, or whether his very excellent qualities had pleaded forcibly in his favour, I cannot precisely say; but when her parents were aware of his intentions, they were also aware of the exceeding strength of her affection towards him. Every moral attribute Joachim seemed to possess in the fullest degree; and in other respects—his youth, comeliness, and personal prowess, (being in stature one or two degrees less than the giants whose bones have celebrated the Baths of Pfeffer,) all tended to recommend this moral and Herculean lover; but, then, poor Joachim was but a humble mechanic, his worldly wealth being well-nigh confined to the clothes on his back and the sinews in his arms. The Swiss are not an aristocratic people—(less so even than the *true* aristocracy of England;) but where are the people who are wholly free from the prejudices of station and the prestiges of birth? They exist far less in Switzerland than in any other country, or among any other people; but still the parents of Annchen could not but sigh when they compared the pretensions of the penniless mechanic, and his well-certificated character, with the merchant's son, the renowned piety of Basle, and peculiarly weighty coffers of his most respectable father; and it was shrewdly surmised that, when the eloquence of the parents, the test of some slight separation and much delay, had all failed in persuading Annchen that she did not know her own mind, and that she was quite mistaken in loving the young artisan—when, I say, the whole of this had failed in its effect, it was still suspected that, had Joachim been Jules, somewhat less rigour would, perchance, have been displayed in the scrutiny into his morals. However, to do them justice, when they were well assured of Annchen's love and Joachim's virtues, my worthy hosts cordially set to work to realise the marriage, as their belief of their duty prompted them to do, as well as their intense regard for their child's real happiness; and they prepared for the fulfilment of her wishes with almost as much alacrity as would

inevitably have been bestowed in thwarting them in England, at least in nine such cases out of ten. To them there seemed a religion in love; and they at least felt there was sin in the violation of Shakspeare's matrimonial moral, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments." The impediments were soon removed, by a portion of land sold by the father to Joachim on redeemable mortgage; a system for which the utmost facilities are afforded in Switzerland, and which materially tends to the virtual subdivision of land: for though the mortgage, while it lasts, is little else than a system of rental, yet the process of redemption is so general, that it ends in increasing the effect of the system, of equal partition of property. I have little doubt but that the joint successive tendency to division thus produced, would operate most injuriously on the industrial power and produce of the country, were it not for the counteraction of another agent; namely, non-increase of population. The population of Switzerland is well nigh stationary; and this singular fact accounts, in great measure, for its signal prosperity, as well as for the success of the *hypothéque system*, of mortgage and marriage.

In England, the marketing of women increases with the pressure of the times; for pride never decays in equal ratio with prosperity. Poverty seldom lessens an aspiration or curbs ambition; as regards the match-market, it has, of course, a direct and very powerful effect in stimulating the sale of daughters. I look on this, advisedly, as among the worst symptoms of society, and as the parent of more than half the curses which afflict what are called the *higher* classes, and which indirectly inoculate the others. In the first place, a marriage, of which the motive is anything else than affection, is, if there be any truth in the epistles of St Paul, and any meaning in the law of the English Church, mere prostitution—not even a legalised one; for the marriage service, after quoting the command of God, that love shall be the bond between man and wife, expressly states:—"*Be ye well assured*, that as many as are coupled together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony *lawful*." I need hardly comment on the gross falsehood of the promise to love a person whom one probably dislikes. The sin of the sale is almost surpassed by its cruelty; and those cases, in which the inclinations of daughters are violently coerced by avaricious parents, occur far oftener than it suits the policy of the parents, or becomes the interest of the victim herself, to allow to transpire. I knew of one case in which the affections of a young girl had been engaged by a relative, with whom she was permitted frequent intercourse. In all probability, the marriage would have taken place; but the father of this young lady, a gay, dissipated man, contracted a debt with a West Indian planter, who had retired from the West Indies with one of those large fortunes, at that period accumulated in a few years. He was nearly as old again as the lady in question; ill-favoured, *gaucke*, uneducated, and wholly unaccustomed to that society of which she was herself a brilliant ornament; a man, in almost every single respect, ill-calculated to make her happy, even had she never seen her young and engaging cousin. Payment of the debt was becoming due; when the scheme of a match between the debtor's daughter and the creditor struck the father as the best resource from his embarrassment. It is needless to recapitulate all the stratagems and ingenious devices which were resorted to, both by father and mother, to inveigle him, coerce her, and enslave both. Absolute threats were used towards the daughter; who, finally, yielded to the machinery of the marriage market. A woman of real virtue would, of course, have preferred the life of a scullery girl: but what could be expected of a daughter educated by such parents? Having married, and endured two or three years of silent suffering, the wretchedness of her lot prevailed over spirits, health, and strength; and, though she experienced no ill-usage at the hands of her husband, she died in the fourth year after her marriage, of those indefinable, but most effective of all diseases, want of sympathy, estranged affections, and a loveless life. The parent who should most have sympathized with a daughter, was the main agent of her destruction; she is now among the most eminently rigid and unimpeachably pious of the congregation of the Reverend Nehemiah J——, in the fashionable watering-place of——. No one is more munificent in the diffusion of books and tracts, or more usefully indignant at the mere mention of every species of impropriety. She is, of course, among the number of the "elect:" for her faith is unbounded: but if there is any "work" on which she does venture to look back with complacency, it is the "eligible match" and excellent provision she made for her beloved daughter. There are thousands of such daughters, who live under the belief that their duty to their parents is greater than to their God. There are tens of thousands more, who are themselves actuated by ambitious motives rather than by the impulses of the heart. There are few if any such in Switzerland. There exist no such inequalities in fortune, neither are there the rivalries nor vying to which they give birth in England; rendering marriages heartless, blunting the natural affections and kindly sympathies of the class whose character and influence necessarily affect the community, and who, under our aristocratic institutions, constitute the nursery of our legislators. A venal spirit not only supplants the affections among the parents, but necessarily deprives the offspring of those softer influences which are the germs of enthusiasm in good, and of every lofty and noble impulse: they are reared in a school of indifference, and imbibe the palsying apathy which but too often vitiates the upper classes of this country; a state which leaves no scope for the growth of heart, and is favourable alone to pride, oppression, indolence, ignorance, and the moral pestilence of profligacy.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER X.

MRS HERBERT sat, sad and solitary, in a corner of her elegant drawing-room; a book lying open on the small table near her easy-chair; sunk in mournful reverie; and the traces of tears still visible on her pale face. When Violet, bent on the enterprise described in the last chapter, silently glided in and knelt before her, she started to her feet in agitation, at once recognising in the intruder the subject of her thoughts.

"Forgive me, madam," cried the suppliant. "If I have forced myself into your presence, it is because I am the most wretched creature upon earth; and, save you, there is no one can aid me."

Mrs Herbert stood like one struck dumb; when Jenkins, her maid, who had gained tidings of the stranger, and of Marion's manœuvre to procure the secret interview, entered hastily and much flurried, crying—

"Miss Cripps—the youngest Miss, ma'am. Did Mrs Herbert expect to see Miss Cripps?"

"Certainly I did not expect," replied the lady, hesitatingly; for the clasped beseeching hands, and expressive face of the distressed and agitated young creature now trembling before her, involuntarily softened her voice and manner. "Not any one," she added; "but, I presume, the young lady has business with me. You may withdraw, Jenkins."

"Don't you fancy she may be mad, ma'am," whispered Jenkins, "to run up stairs like a wild thing, without being announced. I shall have the men-servants at hand in case she should be violent. To have the audacity to disturb Mrs Herbert the very day after Madame Ramsden's ugly business; and the carriage and trunks!" whispered Jenkins, who had drawn the lady off, affecting great alarm for her personal safety.

Violet felt Mrs Herbert's questioning eye upon her, and summoned all her resolution. She recalled to memory the confidence which Herbert had so lately said he placed in her energy and firmness. The remembrance was invigorating. It was for his sake as much as her own that she had come hither; for him she was called upon to act in this delicate emergency; and affection came in aid of understanding: the child, the timid, bashful girl, merged at once into the devoted, but intelligent and spirited woman.

"I am not mad," she said, gently smiling, "though I own my present conduct baffles apology. My friend, Mistress Marion Linton, who accompanied me hither, will vouch for my sanity." She continued, turning to Jenkins—"You need not fear to leave me alone with your lady."

"I'm here, hinny," said a voice; and Mistress Marion, who was not far off, ventured to advance, and to tell Jenkins that the young lady had very confidential and private business with Mrs Herbert.

"Miss Cripps confidential business with me!" replied Mrs Herbert, haughtily and coldly.

"You are under a great mistake, mem, if ye think *my* young leddy has ony connexion with the clan of fiddlin swinglers that spulyie the public under that name; and if ye wad be so gracious as to hearken till her story be told, ye'll maybe have no cause to repent your goodness to the fatherless and motherless orphan."

"Ordinary courtesy imposes this much on me," replied Mrs Herbert, civilly; "though I cannot imagine the cause of so singular a request. Will you shew the young lady and her friend to my dressing-room, Jenkins?—I hope I do not encroach on your time too far, ma'am, if I request you to wait for a few minutes before I can listen to the *story?*"

Violet, colouring slightly at the insulting emphasis, curtsied, and withdrew as directed.

"The *story*, quo' she!" said Marion, when they were left alone, and mimicking Mrs Herbert's stately manner and sarcastic tone. "But she wants to prepare herself, my dear. For, as grand as she speaks and looks, she was shaking, every limb o' her, like an aspen leaf, and as white as my mutch: and what business has she to confound you with the gang, in spite o' a' Maister Charles or me can say—that's if she wad listen? but she 's a politic, lang-draughted gentlewoman, and will listen to nothing but what suits her ain purpose."

"Then there is no hope left me!" sighed Violet.

"What!—d'ye think Maister Charles will be man-sworn, break his troth-plight, and gang back o' his word?"

"O no, no; that I do not, though no *troth* has been plighted. But am I to blast all his prospects in life; to estrange him from his best friend; from this lady whose disfavour it is my deep misfortune to have incurred?"

"And most causelessly. Ye are carrying this ower far, my bairn: ye maunna forget yoursel a'thegither. If ye had not gained Mr Charles' heart, I ken none would been readier than this very gentlewoman—I'll no wrong her behind her back—to have befriended a young orphan gentlewoman, in your sore plight; and now—and I am sure it is for no fault of yours though—it is plain she cannot abide ye, and all for the sake of that lang Leddy Landers that her pride is set upon for her daughter-in-law. To give her the siller, too! My certy, auld Mr Herbert must have been but a simple man and her a cute madam when he put so much in her power."

"You will never forgive that disposition of the fortune," said Violet, smiling, but sadly.

"Indeed an' I will no. I tell ye what, Miss Violet, its no safe to gie womenfolk, gentle or semple, ower muckle power o' siller, or onything else, till they first get mair sense."

"You are not complimentary to the sex," returned Violet, now smiling rather more gaily.

"It has given me little cause. As lang as ye gie women bodies a' their ain way, its a' right enough, and they cannot do enough for ye; but once contre them, and I rede ye to expect but scant justice at their hands. They want *sense*, that 's the truth o't; and where man or woman wants sense, though they may even have some glimmering o' conscience, never ye expect justice at their hands."

"Mrs Herbert must believe that she is doing what is best for her son."

"That's the very mischief o't—for what right has she to believe ony such thing? None; but just because she likes it best herself. Every one best kens where their ain shoe pinches. Nae doubt, to her, this Leddy Laura is a silk and gowden slipper; but if the shoe pinch Mr Charles' tae, or call it but his corn, that is, his notions, or his whims, surely he is no to be plagued for life to pleasure his step-dame's pride. The truth is, in a reasonable way, I'm a friend to true-love matches, and young folk suiting themselves. Marriage, so far as I have observed, who am but a single woman of little experience, would need to set out with all the regard and good-liking folks can muster;—with husbands mair especially, for our silly sect are fond simple creatures, if we're but half weel guided. But for Mrs Herbert to give her idol o' quality a husband, who, in his secret heart, far prefers another woman—and that's yoursel, hinny—is waur than daft; and men are contramacious mulls, [mules,] Miss Violet, as she or any woman should ken, that has had ony experience o' them. How would she like to hear that, though married to Leddy Laura, he liked another a' the better that he could never hope to get her; and maybe hated the poor innocent lady to whom pride and plottin' had yoked him; hated her in spite of himself—or, if it's no hatred, what is it?"

"You place the matter in a strong light," replied Violet.

"In the true light, hinny. Though I'm far from saying headstrong young folks have a right to please themselves only; yet *I am* saying, for the Lord's sake, Miss Violet, never ye countenance marrying only to please others. They take mair than a fitting 'sponsibility on themselves who would dare to demand that o' their fellow-creature, were they parents and children." There was much to interest Violet's feelings in this homely and disjointed talk; much that was jarring to her feelings, though soothing to her hopes. The conversation was, however, interrupted by a servant announcing that "Mrs Herbert waited for the young lady."

The lady was found more composed than before, but quite as stately in her civility. She, however, beckoned her visiter to take a seat; but Violet, curtsying, did not sit down. "I attempt no apology for this intrusion," she faltered out. "Save for the sake of one very dear to you, Madam, I durst not, uninvited, and, I fear, unwelcome, have thrust myself into your presence. Mr Charles Herbert, ma'am"—— and there was a pause.

Though Mrs Herbert perfectly recollected the girl whom she had seen at the theatre, and had met both alone and with Charles on the street, near their common residence, and whom, in spite of herself, she could not help thinking *exteriorly* a very lovely and engaging creature, the mention of her son's name ruffled her temper; and, suddenly losing her calm civility, she quickened the hesitating manner of Violet by saying—

"May I crave, *at once*, to learn your business with me, ma'am. It must be of more than usual urgency, since it makes the ordinary forms of society be laid aside."

"I have dared to think so, else had I not been here," returned Violet, finding courage in her pride. "Mr Charles Herbert has done me the honour to give me his esteem,—nay, to pay his addresses to me. Why should I conceal that of which I have reason to believe you perfectly aware?"

"And you have accepted them," interrupted Mrs Herbert, in a tone of bitter scorn, and rising from her chair. "This is scarcely intelligence which you, ma'am, could fancy particularly agreeable to me."

"I have *not* accepted them," returned Violet, quietly, but firmly. "Would that I might!"

"What! you tell me that you have not accepted Mr Herbert's attentions! But I am not in his confidence. I can know my step-son only as the affianced husband of a most estimable and amiable young lady, of high birth, and of excellence that far surpasses her exalted rank, to whom he was all but married, with the warmest approbation of friends on both sides; and the fairest prospects of happiness in a fitting and honourable station in society."

"And these fair and brilliant prospects it is my ill fortune to interfere with!"

"I have said that in me my son places no improper confidence," said Mrs Herbert, sternly. "If a whim, a young man's caprice—I can impute degrading folly to no higher or more stable motive—should have interfered, it will, I make no doubt, pass away. Mr Herbert will assuredly *some time* regain his senses; and, I trust, ere it be too late."

"Oh, do not speak so severely. I am ready to do all you wish—to renounce my dearest hopes for his sake, that he may do his duty and be happy; but not, ma'am—pardon me—to hear the sentiments that Mr Herbert has professed for me so mistaken."

"I conclude you have learned that, unless Mr Herbert marry the lady to whom he was engaged"——

"Was he engaged?" interrupted Violet; "did he indeed love her?"

Mrs Herbert's face fell before the earnest, inquiring, nay, rebuking eye of Violet; but she quickly replied:—

"There are many sorts and degrees of attachment, and of what is called love. The exalted sentiment which the noble lady, to whom I refer, is calculated to inspire, may differ from a fond youth's infatuated but fleeting admiration of a

pretty face, and yet afford a much more solid basis for the esteem essential to the connubial happiness of a man of understanding and honour. I do not mean to hurt your feelings, ma'am, by what is merely a general observation. I intended to say, in return for your unexpected frankness, that the fortune which I held solely for the advantage of my son, and as the steward of his father, is already settled upon the lady whom I had reason to believe he was to have the honour to marry; so that fortune as well as respectability is bound together in that auspicious union. I talk very freely to a mere stranger; but I have reason to think that you are not unacquainted with our family circumstances, though not probably aware till now that the young person who marries my step-son, marries a beggar, bred in luxury, and without friends, fortune, or profession."

Violet flushed with displeasure from the conflict of many feelings, but she kept silent.

"The language which I use may sound harsh; but there is none other that may truly describe the condition into which Mr Herbert's imprudence must plunge him in the circumstances contemplated."

"Were want of fortune all that is to be dreaded, I would not, madam, have intruded upon you to-day," said Violet, mildly.

"Nay, the lady may be so well endowed with worldly gifts, as to make their absence of less account in the gentleman," said Mrs Herbert, with keen sarcasm; and the eye of Violet kindled and flashed, yet, in an instant, she whispered—

"You do not know me, madam, or I feel you would be kinder in your judgment—more just."

"Pardon me," returned Mrs Herbert, quickly, half-ashamed of herself, and smitten with the candid look and gentle rebuke of her visiter. "I do not indeed know you, Miss Cripps; or, pardon again, I believe that is not your name."

"I am not Miss Cripps, madam; I am nobody: a friendless orphan girl, whom Mr Herbert has honoured and blessed by his regard. Yes! he has said he *loves* me; and though we must part—perhaps for ever—I *do*, I *must* believe him!" and the passionate earnestness of her features spoke exulting belief.

"What a strange creature," thought Mrs Herbert, fixedly eyeing her—"Is she mad or very artful; or an enthusiast like poor Charles himself? Can she fancy that she is able to fool me as she has him?" The idea was irritating, and Mrs Herbert quickly said—"Since so very good an understanding subsists between you and Mr Charles Herbert, ma'am, I fancy it entirely unnecessary to take me farther into your confidence, especially as you must know, young woman! that it cannot be in the least agreeable to my feelings. Was it to annoy or insult me with my lost son's infatuated folly? was it to triumph over my distress, that you came hither?"

"Oh, no, no! Alas, you do not know me; I came but to kneel at your feet as I do now, to entreat that Mr Herbert may be restored to your favour; and that in a little time, a very little time, I may pass away and be forgotten:—I am come to place my fate in your hands; to bid you dispose of me, decide for me."

"Singular girl: but rise, I entreat you, and sit down by me;" and the lady, taking the poor young creature's cold and passive hands, Violet was placed on a sofa, where Mrs Herbert sat down by her.

"Am I, as I flatter myself, to understand that you see the propriety of putting an end to your intercourse—the propriety I mean of—of—your breaking off your engagement, if it ever went so far, with Mr Herbert; of forgetting the unfortunate attachment, which bodes no good to either of you, and which to him is certain ruin. I have dealt frankly with you. Mr Charles Herbert may, independently of me, marry whom he will. I have shewn you the inevitable and distressing consequences to himself, and whoever may be connected with him."

"You do not yet understand me, madam," replied Violet. "It is enough that through me he shall never forfeit the esteem and affection of the mother whom he loves so dearly, values so highly. It was in telling me of the tender affection, the cordial endearing and confidential intimacy subsisting between you, that he first taught me the more to love himself."

Mrs Herbert's generous feelings were at last fairly touched. She hastily bent forward, as if, to embrace the weeping girl, but stopt short, saying—"You are a strange, a very strange, and a very charming creature. Do not mistake me, however; you can never be my daughter: nay, take away your sweet pleading eyes: there is but one woman on earth, who, with my consent, can ever be Charles Herbert's wife. . . . . And he talked to you of our uncommon affection? Very uncommon, I believe, in such a relation as ours. Is he aware of your present visit to me?"

"No, indeed: all day I have not seen Mr Herbert."

"I presume he has been pretty closely engaged," replied Mrs Herbert, smiling for the first time. "It is then your own spontaneous movement, to your own good sense, I owe this visit? I cannot enough praise your wisdom—nay, your generosity. Charles, in his present humour, would scruple at no degree of folly, though I cannot flatter you that he might not afterwards regret precipitance; perhaps impute a little blame to the more innocent party. I conclude that you mean instantly to return to your friends in Scotland. I have understood from Charles, that you are not altogether happy in Mr Cripps' family; besides, they are unpleasantly situated at present."

"I have no friends in Scotland, nor anywhere else," replied Violet, sadly.

"No near relatives, you mean. You have had the misfortune, as I learn, to lose your parents; but friends you must have. I wish that I could in any way contribute to the happiness of one whose present line of conduct fills me with admiration."

These were flattering words; yet the heart of

her to whom they were addressed, was sinking and faint. The loneliness, the hopelessness of her condition, brought before her by Mrs Herbert's remarks, contrasted with the happiness which she thus voluntarily, and, perhaps, unwisely, surrendered, from an overstrained sense of what was best for him for whom she had presumed to judge. Circumstances had rendered necessary the immediate union for which Herbert had sued, and of which he had already that day spoken to her through her humble but maternal friend. As her husband alone could Herbert give her that protection which her present condition required; and though Violet thought with glowing disdain of *her* reputation, *her* honour, depending one iota upon the casual breath, whether of praise or calumny, she also keenly felt what was due to herself. After a silence of some length, she said:—

"I have not yet spoken all that is in my heart. I came to say, that without your approbation I will never marry Mr Herbert, but on one condition."

"You are a noble-minded, sensible creature; and I cannot say how much I admire your spirit and understanding," interrupted the somewhat hasty, and delighted lady; "but do tell me all that is in your heart. Sunshine and peace must soon gladden it, if your conduct is what I expect. You give up Charles"——

"Alas, madam, do not try me too far. To-day Mr Herbert has let me know, through Mistress Linton, that at all hazards, and for reasons which ought to make him tenfold more dear to me, he desires our immediate union. The only friend I have in this great city—a humble, but a sincere and affectionate one—says that, in the painful circumstances that have arisen, I owe it to myself, and as the woman honoured by Mr Herbert's choice, to consent; for"——and Violet reddened with proud shame; and with the beautiful scorn, which gave a new and higher character to her lovely face, continued—"They say that I eloped with Mr Herbert; that I—— But I cannot further degrade myself by explanation—Will you, madam, his mother, be my protector; or does honour plead with love for our immediate marriage?"

Mrs Herbert—a woman of warm and generous sensibilities, though too much under the conventional influences to which fashionable society, more or less, bends all its members, and to which a strong attachment had, for the time, made, as she fancied, her son unwisely superior—was now greatly affected. With fervent admiration, she clasped in her arms the girl who made this proposition, saying affectionately—

"Noble creature! yes, I will be your protector, against this and every base infamy. Welcome to my home and bosom! If any woman, save Laura Temple, could deserve my Charles, it is you, sweet Violet! You see I have already learned your pretty name. What a load you have taken from my heart, in restoring my son to me. It is death to me to quarrel with Charles."

Violet could not fully participate in all these raptures; yet, many humiliating apprehensions were allayed by this frank offer of an honourable and safe asylum; and the soothing idea that, by her means, Herbert was reconciled to his best friend, promised to spread peace in the bosom in which hope was, probably, not yet quite extinguished.

Mrs Herbert was not a woman to do anything by halves, where her affections were interested. An earthquake in the Regent's Park would not have surprised Jenkins more than the order given to her that the housemaid should prepare a particular chamber described, for her guest; and that Jenkins should accommodate her from Mrs Herbert's wardrobe with whatever she required for the night. Mrs Herbert's next and most pleasant duty was to extend the olive branch to her son, with which she proposed immediately sending forth Mistress Marion to the Albany. The missive intrusted to this faithful emissary, bore the important tidings that Violet was safe under the roof of the writer, where she was to remain for the present as the guest of Mrs Herbert, and probably afterwards as her companion. "All was forgiven, forgotten; all would be arranged: let the past be buried in oblivion:" yet Charles was delicately informed, that it was expected he was to hold himself in readiness to accompany the Earl of Tarbert to Germany, and that the preparations were in a forward state. By the promptitude of the solicitor, the fracas with Sir George Lees had been hushed up without getting into the newspapers, and pecuniary matters would soon be in train for arrangement.

Not finding Herbert at his chambers, Mistress Marion, having left the note with his servant, returned to her own house, where she found him in the act of coming down stairs after a vain attempt to gain admission.

"The bonny bird is flown away, Maister Charles," said Marion, with an air of mirth that shewed there was no cause for alarm; for Herbert did look alarmed: "and where has she lighted, think ye? but I'll give ye three guesses for that."

"Miss Hamilton cannot have been so unkind as to have set off for Jersey, without even seeing me," said he, "after the serious message which I am sure you delivered to her."

"Na—no just so far. What wad ye think if she had flown over tower and tree, mast and steeple, to find a cozy mother-nest wi' ane Mrs Herbert i' the Regent's Park."

"You do not mean it, Marion?"

"Ay, but in good troth do I; that's a cut aboon the common, is it no Maister Charles? To think of Miss Violet casting her glamour ower Mrs Herbert as weel as ower you and me, which was mair easy and natural!"

"It looks witchery indeed," replied Herbert, with animation. "If I could believe this, it would make me the happiest of men. My mother, if she once know, cannot fail to love Violet—prejudice must give way. She has already, then, felt Violet's fascinations?"

"She is there sure enough, billeted in your ain chaummer; I'm no just so sure though that all is to end fair at ance, like the peacock tail of auld ballant or play-book; though so far so good. But to think of the high spirit of the bit gentle creature, for as backward and diffident as she is of her nature. Ye'll ne'er ken what spirit is in some lassies till they are tried. Now she may defy the Cripps and Crimps.—The dandy dyvour, the gleed son, was after Miss Violet this forenoon. The auld ane is in Whitecross prison, they tell me."

"Then I am sure you gave the fellow his errand for his pains,—or a warm reception."

"What think *ye* I should have done, Maister Charles? for, I dare say, Miss Violet thinks me an auld randy!"

"Kicked him down stairs, in the first place," replied Herbert, laughing.

"Atweel! and I hae done many a worse turn in my time; and I'm able for this too if I am vexed and made fractious."

Herbert laughed. The report of Jack's attempt helped to reconcile him to the disappointment of not finding Violet here, and made him the more rejoice at the thought of her security, which had indeed removed a load from his mind. He was damped again, for what so fluctuating as a lover's moods, when, in answer to his warm expression of thanks to Mistress Linton for her unceasing kindness, before hastily taking leave to proceed to the Regent's Park, that sagacious old woman advised him to go home first and read his mother's letter.

"I'm no just sure that its i' the bond that you are to gang courtin' under that leddy's roof, though she has kindly ta'en in the young orphan gentlewoman, maybe to keep her out o' harm's way. Ye'll no find Mrs Herbert sae simple a body as me wi' young folk; and indeed, Maister Charles, to be plain wi' ye, I could not either been having young gallants like you coming about my quiet house. It might hae gotten a single maiden like me a light name in the gate-end." And Marion laughed off the imagined sharp point of her jest.

"You know the nature of my present errand. I had fondly hoped that Violet, situated as we are, would have been mine with all the despatch which the forms of marriage permit. This was the object of my present visit, as much as the pleasure of seeing your guest and you."

"Nae doubt there is great pleasure to a young gentleman in coming to see an auld wife like me. However, that's all past: new lairds new laws, Maister Charles. Since Miss Violet is in the good custody and ward where we would both best like to see her, that may aiblins make a total change of views; or, at any rate, a delay of measures."

This was meant for a fishing observation; but Herbert either failed to perceive its drift, or was not disposed to be communicative. He went away; and Mistress Marion, after the toils and anxieties of this eventful day, upon the whole, rejoiced at the turn which matters had taken with her beloved nursling; yet somewhat disappointed that her nice French bed, her uncorked pint of Sherry, and other domestic arrangements and festive preparations had gone for nothing; sat down to her "refreshin cup o' tea," and thus soliloquized or addressed her constant confidante, who purred up to her side.

"Aweel, pussie lass, there is no saying how all this may turn out yet for our poor young leddy. She's a lang-draughted, up-setting woman that's gotten the young thing into her clutches. I am far from either saying or thinking ill of her: but she compassed her ain ends wi' the faither, and maybe will no speed less ill wi' the son; and what comes of our bonny orphant lassie then, pussie, my woman? Oh, she'll just tyne heart a'thegither, poor dear bairn. Ay, ye may '*mew!*' Are ye wae for her, or are ye sayin' we'll get her back to oursels yet? And blithe would we be, pussie; but I'll no just say that Miss Violet would think an auld wife and her cat, let us do our best for her, equal to Maister Charles, for her gudeman, and her ain fireside. 'Deed I wish she had just bidden still wi' us, and we had made a waddin o't. Ay, ye'll set up your back and *mi-au* at that, ye sly limmer?" And here Marion fondly and briskly caressed her pet.

"Na, I'll ne'er believe but that beast kens every word I say," continued Mistress Marion, who often found an escape for brooding thought, a safety valve, in such confidences and communications to her cat as the above. There was, however, one resolution which she neither told the cat nor her own left hand. This was, early next morning, and at her own risk, to discharge the debt to Madame Ramsden, the milliner; the true history of which Violet had told her as they hurried to Mrs Herbert's, and which Marion felt almost as a personal stigma, and a national disgrace—something that concerned the honour of Scotland. Violet had made a similar communication to Mrs Herbert; and, at the same time, explained and apologized for the impertinent liberty which the zealous Mike Twig had, without any authority from her, taken in sending her trunks into Mrs Herbert's premises without the knowledge or sanction of the owner.

How trivial appeared those petty circumstances, which had given her hostess so unfavourable an impression of her character, when thus accounted for. Mrs Herbert was too much ashamed of her uncharitable suspicions to acknowledge them.

Jenkins, when that night undressing her lady, attempted to revive the tale of the trunks, and received a sharp check for her pains; though, on a subsequent morning, when she maliciously informed her mistress that the bill to the importunate milliner had been settled by an *anonymous friend*, as she emphatically termed Mrs Linton, she had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs Herbert look disturbed. Mrs Herbert could not doubt that the "anonymous friend" was Charles, or some agent of his. This, however, was but a trifle to what she had already encountered from

the same cause, and had still to meet, before her schemes were placed on a fair footing, and the desire of her soul was accomplished. In the meanwhile, nothing was so pressing as Herbert's departure from England. That effected, and his transient boyish passion kept from the knowledge of Lady Laura, there was no obstacle that time and management might not remove.

Deeming it prudent to prevent all unnecessary intercourse between her step-son and her protogée, Mrs Herbert anticipated the expected visit of Charles by driving at a very early hour to his lodgings.

Charles was as much delighted as surprised by her appearance, of which he, however, suspected one motive; and yet once more to see in radiant good-humour the face which had never been turned on him save with kindness and affectionate frankness until yesterday, filled him with sincere joy.

"How gracious, dearest mother, to bring me your forgiveness yourself: let me hope that our first, and surely last, misunderstanding is for ever past."

"Past for ever, Charles!" replied the lady, as they cordially shook hands. "It is, I assure you, no such light matter to be, for a whole day, angry and vexed with one I love, as to make me long for the renewal of misunderstanding."

"Then, now that we are friends again, let me confess that I was rash and, perhaps, petulant the other day; but remember, dear mother, how I had been chafed, how tortured by one thing or another. I was at this moment on the eve of hastening to you, when your kindness prevented me.—Violet"——

"I had so much to say and do that I was up betimes to-day, and resolved to see what kind of bachelor housekeeping you hold. May I beg some breakfast from you, while we talk seriously of very serious business."

"If I could hope my servant might satisfy such a *gourmet*—I hope there is no feminine to that French noun—such a *gourmet* in coffee as you are."

"Robert, ma'am, begs to know if the carriage is to go home or to wait," said Herbert's servant, entering.

"To wait, by all means. I mean immediately to carry you to kiss hands, Charles;"—and Charles suddenly reddened from the delicious idea to which the words gave rise;—"to *kiss hands*," she continued, "at Earl Tarbert's, upon your appointment,—or your selection, should I rather say? It is the acknowledgment of a courtesy, nay, of an act of real and substantial kindness in the Earl, which should not be delayed for a moment. I could name twenty most eligible young men, who, with their families, would have been delighted had they your good fortune." Mrs Herbert did not fail to interpret aright the cause of the sudden glow, and as sudden pallor, which overspread the tell-tale countenance of her son, though it was not her cue to notice these symptoms. "That ceremony over," she continued, "we must drive to my solicitor's. I shall not know an hour of peace until you are free of every paltry embarrassment. With the preparations for your journey I wholly charge myself; though the Earl must be my counseller and guide in the necessary and the becoming."

Herbert saw that his fate was sealed. Honourable employment he had often longed for; and now the exigences of his fortune, his deep and pressing pecuniary involvements, so much increased by what he had undertaken for Professor Cripps, and in order to Violet's release, made employment more necessary than ever; though his immediate revenue as an *attaché* certainly afforded no prospect of extricating himself without the liberal assistance of Mrs Herbert. That was given so frankly, so cordially, so delicately, and yet so much as a matter of course, as if the fond and happy unfelt sacrifice of a mother for her darling son, that Charles could no more speak his gratitude than stop the impetuous current of her generosity, or thwart her strong self-will in fixing his destiny.

"I offer you *carte blanche*, my dearest Charles; only let us be friends; nor shall I now say one word about Laura Temple. I know what else you would say; you know I hold the key to your thoughts. Miss Hamilton is safe under my protection; no ill can happen to her, I assure you. Dame Linton and I for that, against all the Crippses in Christendom! She is, indeed, a sweet, pretty creature; and I am sure that, after you are gone abroad, and we are left to ourselves, I shall become very fond of her. At all events, it will not be my fault if she forfeit my friendship."

"I feel your kindness to Violet more, a thousand times more, than were it shewn to myself," replied Herbert, warmly. "The assurance that she is safe under your care—a member of your family—makes what yesterday looked so formidable—nay, so impossible—comparatively easy to me; but I must, indeed I must, first converse with Violet. Without her approbation, it is my happiness to think that I have no longer a right to fix upon any course of life which she may not prefer, and which may, for a long period, divide us, and delay the hopes I so lately and fondly cherished."

Mrs Herbert frowned and hemmed continuously for a second or two, stirred her coffee, and subdued her temper.

"Miss Hamilton has constituted me, so far as depends on her, the arbiter of your fate, Charles. I would ill discharge the task I have undertaken if I failed to give you both what I consider the best counsel. Are you ready to accompany me to Earl Tarbert's?"

"As his secretary, grateful for his kindness, and anxious to shew my sense of it by the zealous discharge of my duty, *Yes*; as the humble suitor of his daughter, *No*; highly as I esteem Lady Laura Temple, and amply as I understand you have endowed her."

"Charles, and do you blame me for that?" replied Mrs Herbert, colouring violently, and then turning very pale. "I may have been rash;

I may have been misled by my anxious fears for you, by my strong affection for you, supreme over every other feeling. I had, indeed, some cause, you will allow, to imagine this poor girl a very different person from what I hope to find her."

"What you already *know* and *believe* her," said Herbert, firmly. "But pardon me for the ungenerous allusion I ventured to make just now. I have been deeply wounded by what has passed; but not alone because it leaves me a very poor man: your fortune was your own to dispose of at your pleasure."

"My fortune was mine to promote the happiness and prosperity of my husband's beloved son,—of my dearest Charles. If I have failed, the heavier punishment is mine; but we will say no more of this; come"——

"Dearest mother, let us understand each other. I am ready to purchase your protection for my poor Violet at any price consistent with honour, and what I owe to her and to my own happiness. Ask no more. Why should those so dear to me be divided? You will learn to love her."

Nay, Charles, I will neither ask nor accept more. Is not even the very step you condemn a proof of how dear your honour and happiness are to me."

Had Mrs Herbert said, "your worldly exaltation," Charles had probably fancied the phrase more correct; but he said nothing.

They drove away in somewhat forced good spirits; and, to ward off graver discussions, Mrs Herbert gave an amusing or burlesque account of the circumstances attending the ejection of the Cripps family from Mr Shuffleton's house, and the doings of Mike Twig, from what she called "Jenkins' edition." This brought them to the end of their drive, when the graceful mother and grateful son expressed their warm and united thanks to the gracious Earl; and without seeing the dreaded Lady Laura, who, they were told by her father, was engaged in ordering preliminary arrangements for the journey. Mrs Herbert, on that day choosing to see no one at her own house, then drove with her son into the city. The engagements under which Charles had first and last come for Professor Cripps, and, latterly, for the redemption of Violet, amounted to a sum which made the solicitor look grave, and which did not improve the spirits or animate the talk of any of the party. The lady made one condition, the delicacy of which Charles warmly appreciated, though the motive might be double; it was that she personally, and not her son, should undertake the responsibility of indemnifying Cripps for his pupil forfeiting her engagements. This was now formally done, so far as depended on her; and Mrs Herbert gaily whispered—"Now Mademoiselle is my 'prentice; but don't look dismal, Charles; I do not mean, like Mrs Brownrigg, to starve her to death, and lock her up in the coal-hole; so I shall go home and give her some dinner. I have been such an early stirrer today, that I believe I must shut my doors against all the world to-night, even Lady Laura, and rest myself. You also Charles have enough to do"——

"Then I shall only present myself at your breakfast table to-morrow morning, though to-night I had hoped"——

Mrs Herbert broke away, affecting not to hear. On returning home, she found her "apprentice" looking anxious and melancholy. The excitement of her enthusiastic resolve had subsided with Violet, though her judgment approved what she had done; and the continued absence of Charles—whose name Mrs Herbert, talking gaily of fifty things during dinner, never once mentioned—filled her with uneasiness and vague apprehension, increasing as the evening fled, and he did not appear. Mrs Herbert, after a time, seemed absorbed in her own reflections, and pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring early; having, in the course of three hours, which they spent together, dexterously defeated every little scheme which her guest devised for leading to more particular conversation, until, as they shook hands to say good night, she hastily said—"I have seen my son; we are the best of friends."

On the first night spent under this roof, Violet had been almost happy; but now, on retiring, she wept without restraint, and almost wished herself back with her humble friends in Jersey, and far away from this proud lady, who certainly treated her with politeness, nay, marked kindness, but with neither confidence nor sympathy; and with whom she was probably to be considered, while Herbert remained in England, as a kind of state prisoner. And was he to leave England, on the destination to which the waiting-maid had alluded, and in society fatal to her hopes? Leave England, perhaps, without one word of farewell! True, she had voluntarily taken those decided measures pointed out by a high and pure sense of what was right, and which had, in gaining for her the protection of Mrs Herbert, also rescued her from a painful and embarrassing position, and restored him to his mother's favour; but at what a price was this accomplished—that of the happiness of her whole future life!

Violet went to bed in a state of great nervous depression; which, when another tedious day had elapsed—like the last, spent in solitude—became anxious, torturing misery.

On the third morning, Mrs Herbert could not help noticing how ill her young inmate looked; and, by many little unobtrusive attentions, she attempted to cheer her. "Poor little thing," thought that lady, giving a half sigh to certain tender though faint reminiscences; "I know what she is suffering, and can pity a love-lorn damsel. Woman's lot is on her: to suffer and pine in secret—to fancy she is to be a wretch for ever—to gradually forget—to become resigned—to form new hopes—to indulge more aspiring wishes and views—to make an ambitious, if not a mercenary marriage—to have a carriage—a certain rank in society—to be, on

the whole, if not a happy, yet a tolerably satisfied woman."

As they sat together, at work, in the early hours of the morning, at every knock and at every ring Violet would half start and, changing colour, betray her thoughts. There was one loud, prolonged knock, which Mrs Herbert could not mistake.

"The Tarberts, my dear," whispered she. "Perhaps it might not be pleasant to you to see company. I fear you are rather nervous this morning. I am keeping you too close a prisoner; but, next week, when my friends are gone, and my time is more at my own disposal"——

Violet becoming very pale, could but bow, and glide tottering away into the back drawing-room, whence she hoped to escape up stairs without encountering the visiters. Did Charles accompany them? but what to her did this signify. Had she not renounced him; promised that, without his mother's approbation, they should never meet; that she would hold no correspondence with him. Love is not remarkable for consistency; and Violet once more almost repented what she had done, and fairly wished herself back in Marion Linton's attic. She feared she had been rash; and was even so unjust as to indulge the idea that her protectress had outwitted her, and taken an unhandsome advantage of her complicated distress. Her reason rebuked this injustice of feeling, but without mitigating her mental anguish.

The visiters remained much beyond the time of an ordinary morning call. When they went away, Mrs Herbert sought her young guest; delicately avoided noticing her evident misery, and proposed a drive, to which Violet passively consented. Before, however, they could set off, Mrs Herbert was again occupied with unexpected business. During dinner she looked abstracted, and, Violet fancied, cold; and when the servants had withdrawn, taking Violet's hand within her own, she said, with an effort at cheerfulness—

"My sweet guest does not repent the conditions of our agreement, or the step which has raised her so high in my esteem?"

The silent trickling tears were no satisfactory answer, nor yet the faltering—

"I never can repent what is best for Mr Herbert."

"Mr Herbert has got it into his head, my dear, that you do not know your own mind—an opinion which men are too apt to form of ladies. Will you do me the justice to set him right, so far as say that all that has occurred between us has been the dictate of your own understanding. You must write yourself, and explain exactly how we stand. Every hour just now is most precious to Charles; and I have promised, since less will not do, that he shall know your mind from your own hand. Let me recapitulate;—but I do not need; the fate of Charles is in your power, Miss Hamilton, and I rely upon your excellent principles and generous feelings; so infinitely above those of an ordinary love-sick damsel, so worthy of a noble and intelligent woman."

Violet heard this unmerited praise in silence; and, with downcast eyes, while Mrs Herbert took a strange delight,—a pleasure analogous to that of an enthusiastic chemist engaged in some delicate new process, or of an anatomist in a minute dissection,—in watching the play of her features and her proceedings, as, with an absent air, she arranged the writing materials, and vacantly held the pen—her busy and painful thoughts far distant.

At last, on Mrs Herbert rising and approaching her, she was roused to present duty:—"What shall I write, madam?"

"That I cannot dictate."

Violet made several attempts to write; commencing with saying what she felt to be chilling, and far too little, and as uniformly ending with so many more "last words," gushes of passionate feeling, as to go much farther on the other side. At last the note, which Mrs Herbert declined reading, was sealed and despatched; and then Mrs Herbert, to beguile her thoughts, kindly begged for the Scotch ballad which Violet had sung to her on the former day. It was an unlucky choice; and Violet, choking in the effort to proceed, at last, in good earnest, "Let the tears downfa' for Jock o' Hazledean;" and Mrs Herbert quietly kissing her brow, and whispering a few soothing words, kindly left her to herself. She remained for an hour afterwards seated on the same chair, and in the same woful mood, when her heart leapt to the sudden voice of Herbert talking in passionate tones to his mother in the front drawing-room, ere he burst upon her, holding her open letter in his hand.

"Faithless, cruel girl! can you thus forsake me? My mother is right. Had you ever loved me as I fancied, you could not now forsake me thus."

Without attempting to explain—without rightly comprehending what was said, she sprung forward, and rushed into his arms; and Mrs Herbert, who had followed him, became the silent and affected witness of the passionate embrace which gave them back to each other.

"O Charles, I feared you would never, never come!" was Violet's low exclamation; but, seeing Mrs Herbert, she shrunk back; while Herbert, clasping her waist, gently held her.

"Then, dearest Violet, you have wished for me? while this cruel letter? But I knew it was not you, not to yourself I owe this."

"Miss Hamilton, is this fair to me?" cried Mrs Herbert, angrily and sternly; "is this honourable dealing; is this what I have a right to expect from you?"

"O no, no; pardon and pity me! I am very wretched: but I will do all you will, all I ought. Charles, we must not meet again, that I know; though, when I saw you, I forgot all;—but that is all past."

"This, then, is to be a last interview," said Mrs Herbert, mildly, and commanding herself, and advancing. "Miss Hamilton, in her letter—her own spontaneous letter, which I have not even read—has, I presume, communicated her

decision to you. Be assured, her decision is unbiassed by me. Is it right, Charles, is it generous, to inflict unnecessary pain upon her? From you, Violet, I expect more firmness and self-command," continued the lady, turning to Violet. "You have gained that place in my esteem and affection, which it would be most painful to myself to see you forfeit, by conduct which I cannot approve. In you I have found the duty and gratitude, wanting where I flattered myself my claims to both were much stronger, as they were of much older date."

"Do not reproach him," whispered Violet. "'Twas but a moment; never again will you be offended in this way."

"Forgive me, mother, if I cannot see with your eyes—feel with your feelings. Honour and affection alike forbid me renouncing the hope—the claim I have been allowed. Violet, you may give me up under a fatal delusion—from an overstrained idea of duty, or from pride; but I cannot so part with you, while I am happy enough to indulge the dear hope that I possess your heart, in spite of your pride."

The timid, stealthy glance of Violet, the soft pressure of the hand which held hers, were not lost upon Mrs Herbert, even while the blushing girl tried to extricate herself from her lover's clasp.

"We must talk apart, sir," said the lady, in a haughty tone. "I would avoid giving pain to one whose late conduct has awakened my highest admiration. I know that Miss Hamilton's firmness will be found equal to her high sense of womanly dignity; that sense of dignity which forbids any young lady from entering a family where, though not undervalued, she may be presumed unwelcome."

Violet coloured violently; and, freeing herself from Herbert's clasping arm, stood erect and alone.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, indignantly, "this is too much!"

"Forgive me, dear Miss Hamilton, if the pertinacity of this young man betrays me into rudeness: this is not a topic to discuss in your presence: we will leave you for a little. Mistress Linton is, I believe, waiting to see you."

Herbert whispering—"I must see you again, Violet; I have much to say which is solely for your own ear," followed his mother, and Marion was ushered in to witness the violent burst of love, pride, and sorrow, which could not be repressed.

"Hinny sweet, what *is* the matter? Is it the proud step-dame has grieved ye? It cannot be the young gentleman: I'll never believe that of him."

"Believe no wrong of him—he is too noble, too good, too generous; and I am the veriest fool, the most miserable creature that breathes."

"I'll no hear ye say that, Miss Violet: d'ye ken, hinny, it's a sin! Young, and healthy, and bonny, and good, and weel-beloved by a man like him with whom your lot is cast! Fye for shame, hinny! It *is* a sin, as I make bauld to tell ye. But, hech! they're loud i' the loan i' the next room! Is she flytin' on poor Maister Charles, think ye?" continued Marion, bending a keenly listening ear, until the angry or passionate tones of Mrs Herbert's voice were lost in a violent fit of sobbing, which made Violet instinctively rush as if towards her, and from delicacy, as instinctive, hold back before she had opened the folding doors. The voice of Charles was heard in soothing entreaty, and presently all was hushed; but, in a few minutes, Mrs Herbert advanced, leaning on the arm of her son, and said—

"Miss Hamilton, my son craves a few minutes conversation with you. Violet, I feel that upon *you* I may rely."

"I have said, madam, that, without your approbation, I will not marry Mr Herbert, nor could he wish that I should; that I will hold no intercourse with him unsanctioned by you. More I cannot promise." And her eyes turned sadly on Herbert.

"Mak nae rash vows, Miss Violet," said Marion, whispering hurriedly; "come under nae promise. She disna ken her ain mind, Maister Charles; what lassie does about her ain marriage? though, if ye ken whereabout the young heart leans, ye may guess the rest; begging your pardon, Mrs Herbert, madam, for puttin' in my oar. But ne'er ye heed her, Maister Charles," continued Marion, whispering him soothingly apart, while Mrs Herbert led Violet to a distant window to breathe her wishes; "ne'er a fear but she'll jump at ye when the right time comes; sae keep ye a calm sough, and come in the leddy's will; ye'll see how Miss Violet will win round her. When she was but a bairn she could hae wiled the laverock frae the lifts: and a' will be right enough yet, never a fear, though I'm sure I pity ye between the twa leddies—between love and pride—ane o' them being far mair than eneuch to drive a man daft."

"I have your interest, any way," said Herbert, smiling.

"That ye have heartily."

"And if it should be possible," he said, very earnestly, "that when I am far away, this dear one is less than happy where she is—that, in short, any untoward event should arise—on *you* I am sure I may depend, until I can hasten to her; you, at least, have not promised not to correspond with me."

"It's no that like! And I see no cause Miss Violet had to be so rash. But what, now, if 'out o' sight out o' mind,' and some ither young leddy should wile her joe frae her?" said Marion, laughing, but, at the same time, fixing her keen grey-green eyes scrutinizingly on the young man. "It might be what she would deserve for colloguin' against him; though it would break the poor thing's heart, nevertheless."

"Do you fancy Violet one that is likely to be easily forgotten?" said Herbert, gazing with fond admiration on his beloved.

"That do I no! for where saw I ever her marrow, there where she stands? and better than she's bonny."

This clandestine talk was put an end to by Mrs Herbert calling Mistress Marion to come away with her, and leaving Herbert to the private interview with Violet, for which he had stipulated. As we have already seen but too many of the pranks of the wicked little naked urchin who rules the world, according to Marion, "riding on a goose," we shall merely intimate that, in an hour and a half by Mrs Herbert's pendule—and the watch she held in her hand—in ten minutes by the mental calculation of Charles, he joined his mother, and was in more composed if not high spirits. Violet had gone to her chamber, sending her apology by him for not appearing any more that night.

"Now I am ready to leave England," said Herbert; "to be separated, perhaps for years, from all that is and ever must be dearest to me. You may inform the Earl of Tarbert that I am now at his disposal; though I would prefer the mail coach, and the company of my own thoughts, so far as Dover, to making one in his retinue, if that could be accomplished."

"Everything shall be accomplished that is most agreeable to you," replied Mrs Herbert. "It will easily be imagined that I wish to detain you until the last moment. At Dover, then, you will overtake them.

Charles remained to a tete-a-tete supper with his step-mother; and their conversation turned chiefly on necessary pecuniary arrangements, and Mrs Herbert's plans for the summer. Let us thus leave them, and turn for a few moments to our *Talented Family*, now under dire eclipse.

CHAPTER XI.

Five dreary days had elapsed, during which Professor Cryppes had, nearly in total solitude, contemplated the rain-drops through the dingy grated window of a spunging-house. The most mortifying circumstance to himself, attending his arrest, was, that it was, after all, at the instance of a milkman, for the paltry sum of £17 : 8 : 2½, which Miss Cripps had diverted from its proper and prudent destination to the purchase of a pair of earrings and bracelets, most temptingly ticketed in a pawnbroker's window at only £18 : 18s. The arrest had been the signal for revolt among all the already alarmed tradesmen; and Cripps was now the prisoner of butchers, poulterers, bakers, harness-makers, &c., &c. "The mere *canaille* tradesmen," as he remarked; for his wine-merchants, his coach-builders, his musical instrument makers, his booksellers, were all persons of liberal ideas; and, it is certain that the wary and wealthy among them deemed it folly to throw good money after bad; while the younger men both fancied their first loss enough, and were afraid of the injury which persecuting a *nob* like Cripps, might do them among his fashionable associates, some of whom were among their best customers. In the meanwhile, Jack had been labouring hard to effect his father's emancipation, though still far short of the necessary means; and the Fleet was in full prospect, the Professor being no longer in a condition to satisfy the expectations of the sharp lady-manager of the hotel, whose custom was, not alone prompt, but previous, payments.

On the third day, the Professor had been ejected from the second best drawing-room, to make room for the Honourable Ludovic Grandison, who, having been ousted from his seat in Parliament, by the operation of schedule A on his father's borough, did not in this year enjoy that best privilege of the Commons, freedom from arrest. The Professor had, without much ceremony, been transferred to a stifling dull room or closet, whose grated window looked into a back-court; the lady of the mansion informing her husband that she did not care how soon Cripps marched off, as not a penny was to be made of gentry like him; whereas for chaps like young Grandison—who had ordered dinner and champagne for a party of five—friends were always sure to come forward at last, were it only to save themselves from disgrace.

It wore late in the afternoon of the fifth day—the waiter had received the prisoner's last half-sovereign, before bringing in the cup of cold creamless coffee, which, with an untasted muffin, stood on an old japan tray on the small table, by which sat the Professor, unshaved and shabby, dismal and melancholy, the score of his unfinished opera lying before him, with several old letters and accounts which he had drawn from his pockets in search of consolation. Most impatiently had he been expecting his son, Jack, who, to do him justice, had left no stone unturned in assisting the family. Already had Jack managed to place the matron, summarily ejected from the Regent's Park, in handsome lodgings at Hampstead, where her husband, Professor Cryppes, *Mus. Doc.*, (whose embellished cards, together with those of other great personages, Jack liberally distributed in the drawing-room,) was to join her so soon as his town engagements permitted. These engagements promised to be of longer duration than Jack had anticipated; and the Professor had angrily and dolorously informed the sheriff's officer, the keeper of the spunging-house, that he would that night go to the Fleet, as his ungrateful friends had, to a man, deserted him in misfortune; when his son was at last announced.

"Made up your mind to go to *quod*, paps!—O fie, fie! unlike a gentleman," said Jack, on hearing the intention announced, and preventing the load of complaint and reproach which his father's visage foreboded.

"What a lucky dog you are, old fellow, to have such a son as self—eh! Not a word, now, paps, of ingratitude, neglect, &c., &c. Mrs Burke Barker has been on her marriage jaunt My mother;—but she called for you?"

Mrs Cryppes certainly had halted the hackney coach, which bore her to Hampstead, to load her husband with reproaches, and to recapitulate her old prophecies of the ruin he would infallibly bring upon his family; and it was not to be expected that Mrs Barker was to dim the lustre of her bright honeymoon in the dingy damps of a spung-

ing-house, though it held the parent whose favourite child she was, and whom her unprincipled extravagance had helped to send there.

"My sister impatiently expects you," said John. "She has been home for some days, and gives her first dinner and At Home to-day. We should be incomplete without you. Barker fancies you down at W——, raising the wind. No use for family affairs to travel out of the family."

"Her first dinner—is it to be in the Fleet?" asked the Professor, bitterly.

"Hang it, Governor, why so doleful?" said Jack; and he put the coffee to his lips, sipped some, and made a face of disgust. "Come, off with this cold slop, and let us have a few oysters and a broiled kidney, or a cutlet, or something comf.—for lunch;" and Jack rang for the waiter, and accompanied his order, according to the rule of the house, with a sovereign in advance. "I have good news for you," continued he; "Why, one might fancy you the first gentleman ever was under eclipse, so melancholious and dismal you are. Hark! don't you hear Grandison singing below. Before you have been three or four times through the mill, you will take the grinding more gaily, I guess, old gentleman."

"Then you have prevailed with Bounce to purchase my Opera," said the Professor, laying his hand fondly on the cherished production of his genius, about, as he imagined, to escape his grasp, to immortalize some fictitious composer, and enrich the manager or patentee of the King's Theatre. "Then, sir, you surely stipulated that the name of the *real* composer—*my* name—appears; and that I superintend the rehearsals. What does he give?"

"Bah!" cried Jack. "Never mind, father; the present market price of trunk-lining, perhaps; and so many new poems and novels, by persons of quality, are coming out,—that that, I understand, is looking down. Your opera, however, is a good sterling opera. I say it, who, in music, know a thing or two; but you may keep the copyright, I dare say. Well, never mind, it will have its chance yet. To force it out just now, were madness. Wait the tide in the affairs of music. We have other resources: congratulate yourself, sir, on having a son who is a father to you."

"Who has plunged me into debt, and almost disgrace," replied the mortified composer. "Had not Herbert come forward to hush up that affair of Shuffleton's, the honour of my name and family had been tarnished for ever. I might have been criminally prosecuted, sir; and you know it. Yes, criminally! good heavens! a man of eminent professional respectability, and of good fashion, the head of a family of highly accomplished, and talented young people, moving in the best circles of West End society. O boy, boy! what your levity and your dear sister's thoughtlessness have brought me to!" And the Professor theatrically struck his open palm on his forehead; while Jack, fearing that something really was going awry in that region, squinted peeringly at his revered father, ere, seeing all was right, and Mr Cripps only in heroics, he said—

"Mon cher Gouverneur, take it easy, pray. Ah, here comes lunch. My compliments to your master, Wattie, and say, if I find his champagne fair, I mean to give him a small order; he is a private dealer, I know, and a deuced civil fellow. Let him have Professor Cripps' discharges ready to sign; we shall go as soon as we have lunched."

Wattie the waiter, and an old acquaintance of Jack's, disappeared. Having first helped his father, he drank two glasses of champagne in rapid succession, thrust his finger into the bottle to preserve the effervescence, and with the other hand, swallowing open oysters as if for a wager, Jack cried—

"And now to business. If Herbert—by the way, he has got a devilish brilliant foreign appointment; but no brass, no salary beyond midshipman's half pay,—nothing a-day, and find yourself,—if Herbert acted like a gentleman to us, he could not well do less to old and intimate friends; besides, he wished to keep all snug about a certain Mademoiselle ——. I should not wonder if he marry that girl some day. She certainly *is* a bewitching, tantalizing little devil. Conceive, after having her in keeping at the old hag of a Scotswoman's, who has so plagued our family—a foolish and low place, by the way—that he has been able to get her palmed off on Mrs Herbert. But Herbert was always sly. It would have been too much to attempt, all at once, to get her over with the rest of the ambassador's smuggled baggage."

"I will not hear this," replied the Professor, indignantly. "You *lie*, Jack, and you know it. Do you fancy me, sir, a libertine and profligate, like a Sheridan or a Dodd; a man without morals, like the managers and masters of the old school, with their actresses and pupils."

"By the simplicity of Venus' Doves! but you are the most original and innocent elderly gentleman I ever had the honour to hear of, father. . . . . Whatever be the reason of Mrs Herbert harbouring your little runaway apprentice—and it may be only to keep Charlie a good boy, and out of the way of mischief—I for one rejoice at it. 'Tis another capital name and party to our action. Prepare, old fellow, for a master-stroke! Health, papa, and success. Your action is already raised; damages £12,000; and son, mother, and the old Scotchwoman, who is as rich as a Jewess, all in the scrape. The deuce is in it if we don't squeeze out a neat thing among 'em."

"I don't exactly comprehend, John."

"You can comprehend that you are at liberty to leave this dog-hole: very respectable quarters though, begging its pardon; only it was dem'd shabby of Snatchum to turn you out of the drawing-room to accommodate Grandison: I and my friends have been good customers to his house. Well, but you comprehend that, with the rich and beautiful prospect of this action of damages aforesaid, the respectable firm of Bubble, Squeak, and Nickem—Barker's Chan-

cery Lane friends—have advanced the needful for present exigences; nay, have come down, for a liberal consideration—I never stand upon trifles in business—advanced the sinews of war for my other grand spec."

"I see, I see—I am to be released; you have raised cash—how much?"

"Enough for your purpose, old fellow. Come, we shall reckon of that as we jog along. You shall dress at my new lodgings—a half-way, raffish place I have taken for convenience, in Fleet Street, right under the old Jezebel Scotch-woman. Blow her up some night, as she did me with my landlord, the tailor; whose wife—shabby roguess—made me come down with a week's rent in advance."

Professor Cripps had been musing. "After the handsome and liberal way in which Herbert has behaved to me, Jack, can I in honour—after he has taken all the Shuffleton liabilities on himself, and got up my pupil's papers—can I"——

"Can you? To be sure you can, and will too, get out of this pleasant retirement as fast as ever you are able. You may be sure Bubble, Squeak, and Nickem think well of the project, else had they never tabled, and buckled frankly to a ready-money risk. Come, tie up your music; a fine mess Mademoiselle has made of it for you: she ought to be well mulcted, the young baggage."

Cryppes had felt some transient compunction to move, or be a party in this transaction. Where the mere victimizing of a tradesman was all, he had no scruples whatever; but Herbert was "a gentleman, and had behaved like one." But then liberty, bright goddess! wooed him; and the discomfort and filth of a jail were as disgusting to his habits as its disgrace was to his pride; but, above all, the fate of his opera fairly turned the scale. He must be present at the rehearsals.

"It is quite true," said the yielding man, "no one can estimate the pecuniary loss, and the much greater loss in professional fame, which the defalcation of my pupil at so critical a juncture of my fortunes may have inflicted."

And thus came avarice and vanity to stifle the temporary feelings of conscience and gratitude; nor were they often unsuccessful with the Professor.

"Not easy to calculate your loss, indeed; but we have made a rough guess, £12,000.

"£12,000! Well, my opera might have had a run like that poor stuff—stale Scotch and Irish plunder the *airs* are—the Beggars' Opera; or like Pizzaro, or"——

"True, true; why should it not? But make haste; we dine with Mrs Burke Barker. Polly has been receiving congratulatory morning visits as a bride,—quite resplendent! Took the shine out of every woman in the upper tiers, last night. Barker is perfectly uxorious—as proud of his wife as if she had brought him a title or a plum."

"And well he may, sir. The talents and accomplishments of Miss Crippes, independently of her very great personal advantages, may well render proud the man who has had the good fortune to obtain her hand. . . . Polly ought, though, to have come to see her father in this beastly hole."

"*Ingpossib*, pa-pa," said Jack, who often, as a mark of breeding, spoke either the Cockney dialect or French *patois*. "Polly has received Eustache from us, and come down for you—positively she did—£25, dear creature! which had been allotted to a Parisian cashmere, for which Ramsden would not tick!"

"Excellent creature! There is, indeed, a daughter to be proud of," said the Professor, in his grand original court manner, which the flippant and impudent style of Jack often ruffled, but could not subdue.

"Bravo! pa-pa. That is a truly Siddonian touch! '*A daughter to be proud of!*' Now I am a Keanite; not a Kembleite—all nature and fire; and I think Poll a dem'd clever wench—a capital tactician for her years and sex. Wonderfully shrewd, cool, and self-possessed, considering. Why, it was Poll put me up to our present enterprise; but here comes Mister"—— Jack bowed to the sheriff's officer; "your name has quite escaped me, sir, but I perfectly recollect your face."

"*Possibly*," replied the sheriff's subordinate, emphatically, "as I have had the honour of seeing *you* before I believe, and oftener than once."

The milkman's claim was produced: £17:8:9½—expenses, £34:6:5½. It was promptly discharged. But then came another and another. They were like Banquo's shadowy offspring. Jack's money ran low: the Professor fumed at seeing it depart.

"Very unhandsome this, sir: why not at once have told me of all these claims. I would, upon my honour, rather have gone to the Fleet than been treated in so ungentlemanlike a way."

"D'ye hear that, Snatchem? My father would have left this cool sequestered grot of yours and gone to jail rather than have countenanced the impudent villany of those low blackguards. Why, this I call diddling me: give me back that skim-milk fellow's money. If my father don't get out, as well that the whole lot go in the schedule, when he is whitewashed."

"Thank ye, sir; but that is not the way we do business here! The gentleman is quite welcome to stay or go."

Cripps was so enraged, that, for the moment, he would have gone to jail rather than have yielded to what he termed this most ungentlemanlike treatment; but Jack had more wisdom in his anger, and, in this particular line, more personal experience than his progenitor; and, one by one, "the paltry bills of the pitiful, peddling, *canaille* tradesmen" were discharged, the original amount often doubled by costs.

"Thus it is to have to do with low vermin for trifles," said Cripps, now breathing freely in the streets. "I must give my daughter, at the outset of life, warning on this head. Never, Jack, my dear, go in debt for small sums to low, sordid tradespeople; they have no feeling, no sense of honour, or of what is due to gentlemen!"

"Thank ye, papa; I have tried it both ways; can't tell which is best."

The meeting between the emancipated Professor and his newly-married daughter was quite a scene. The former was, beyond doubt, delighted to see his daughter in handsome lodgings, richly dressed, and in remarkably good spirits, in anticipation of presiding at her own table and her first party; while Mrs Burke Barker, fully alive to all and each of these advantages, was in her best looks, and altogether in a most complacent humour, "transported," as she expressed herself, "to see her dear family around her in her own apartments."

"We shall be quite *en famille*," said the lady. "I expect only the Count, and, perhaps, Sir George, if he can find a pair. Conceive, papa, the impertinence, nay, downright rudeness, of Gabrielle:—after I had overlooked her elopement, and sent her my marriage tickets and a slice of bridecake, as if to an old friend that I meant to countenance after my marriage, never to call on the days I received visiters, as a bride; and, when I called myself, to-day, at Mrs Herbert's, and asked her to join our family party, telling her I expected mamma and you from the country—to decline! High airs, indeed, for Mrs Herbert's toady to give herself to Mrs Burke Barker!"

"Why, Polly, darling, the girl has obliged us," said Jack. "Here would have been a *præmunire*, the runaway Mademoiselle dining with her prosecutors!"

"I did not think of that; but now, please, Jack, call me by my own name. Barker don't like these freedoms with his lady. And not a word to him, pray, of—of—of Edmund's flame. Literary and political characters, like Barker, don't like to be mixed up in silly love affairs or runaway matches."

Mrs Burke Barker had taken her brother's arm, and led him away for a private chat.

"Edmund! the embryo Professor of Obstetrics! no, no, Poll, it is the Count is the man, I tell you."

"No, indeed, Jack! I have thought better. One may be pardoned for doing something to help a love-sick brother to a rich wife; there is fashionable precedent for that; but, a stranger like the Count?—one could not hold up one's face to that."

"But I have negotiated with Rodolpho, Mrs Barker, signed and sealed. He is our best card, I assure you. The whole tot of the Stocks would soon learn to gulp a Count—a gilded pill! Now, the Professor of Obstetrics—still in the crysalis state—our poor Neddy, would, I fear, revolt them."

"No such thing, Quintin," interrupted Mrs Burke Barker. "Though the Stocks' women at first went mad after the Count, when he went down to the provinces about purchasing merino flocks for his Hungarian estates, the banker pulled up. There was some awkward overdrawing or bill business, and vulgar rumours afloat, such as are ever rife in dear, dirty W——. Now, at worst, we can hold up our faces for Ned. . . . My father's son is surely equal to Stocks' daughter any day, in all but pelf; and the young people may be in love, which Juliana never could be supposed with Rodolpho, as she had gone to school before her wise mother fêted him."

"Have you spoken to Edmund?"

"No."

"Then don't. I have unlocked to the Count, and he won't let me off, I'm afraid. Eustache, too, has been sounded."

"Then be on with him yourself, sir, for I shall have nothing to say to him. Have you no regard for your own family interests, Quintin? Besides, I could not have the least reliance on Rodolpho, either word or bond. He would make his peace with the old people, and we should be left in the lurch. Barker has a very bad opinion of him—always had."

"A fiddlestick end for opinion, Mrs B. B. A properly executed bond is, in business, worth fifty opinions. You will allow that Bubble, Squeak, and Nickem, in business, are matches for all the counts and quarterings of the Germanic empire, whether *genu-ine* or Brummagem. And how the Count adored your charms, Polly! really you owe him a service." And Jack looked most provokingly impudent.

"I have said," replied Mrs Barker, with dignified firmness, and drawing up her head.

"Then Rodolpho must taste booty, that's poz, Poll, or he will blow us; and Eustache, too, that pearl of price"——

"Blow us! What do you mean by using vulgar slang to me, sir?"

"Pardonnez moi, Madame," said Jack, bowing with mock contrition. "You are a novice in business, my dear, though with natural genius which a veteran might envy. . . . . Now, you must know that, in matters of this sort, all must be in honour—upon the square. You take me? The spec. is a fair spec., a capital spec., nay, a most promising spec.; and we can't manage it well without you, Polly. The girl gets a husband—the very thing all girls most desire; old Stocks a son-in-law, with sixteen quarterings, or a tailor's pattern book equal to thirty-two; Madam Stocks adores a title, and here is one, at all events, quite as good as any of the new-baked English ones. Why, we ought to receive a douceur from both parties; the something handsome from the Count, *under the rose*; and a per centage from the old folks, who catch a match for their Miss; which, but for us, they never could have dreamed of."

From the somewhat incongruous luxury, the gaiety and mirth, the sparkling wit and the flow of music, which graced Mrs Burke Barker's first party, no one would have imagined that debt danger, disgrace, and a jail were immediately behind several of the company; and before some of them a project which the law of the land regards and punishes as a capital crime, namely, the stealing of an heiress. That idea, they would, one and all, have repudiated. They merely designed to assist in a runaway love match, and secure half of the lady's fortune for their trouble.—(*To be continued.*)

INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY ON SOCIETY.*

The era of democracy has begun. The struggles of hereditary aristocrats to maintain exclusive privileges; the menial vanity of *nouveaux riches* seeking for adoption into the family of the nobly-born; the stupid endurance of the many, may indefinitely defer the period when society shall be everywhere avowedly organised upon democratical principles: but the fact that we are democrat*ising*, must be evident to every man who can look truth in the face. One of the many forms under which this fact everywhere incessantly solicits our attention, is pointed out by De Tocqueville:—

I believe that in democratic as well as in aristocratic countries, there will be land-owners and tenants: but the connection existing between them will be of a different kind. In aristocracies, the hire of a farm is paid to the landlord, not only in rent, but in respect, regard, and duty: in democracies, the whole is paid in cash. When estates are divided and passed from hand to hand, and the permanent connection which existed between families and the soil is dissolved, and the land-owner and the tenant are only casually brought into contact, they meet for a moment to settle the conditions of the agreement, and then lose sight of each other; they are two strangers brought together by a common interest, and who keenly talk over a matter of business, the sole object of which is to make money. . . . . .

An aristocracy does not expire like a man in a single day; the aristocratic principle is slowly undermined in men's opinion, before it is attacked in their laws. Long before open war is declared against it, the tie which had hitherto united the higher classes to the lower, may be seen to be relaxed. Indifference and contempt are betrayed by one class, jealousy and hatred by the others: the intercourse between rich and poor becomes less frequent and less kind, and rents are raised. This is not the consequence of a democratic revolution, but its certain harbinger: for an aristocracy which has lost the affections of the people, once and for ever, is like a tree dead at the root, which is the more easily torn up by the winds the higher its branches have spread.

In the course of the last fifty years, the rents of farms have amazingly increased, not only in France, but throughout the greater part of Europe. The remarkable improvements which have taken place within the same period do not suffice in my opinion to explain this fact: recourse must be had to another cause more powerful and more concealed. I believe that cause is to be found in the democratic institutions which several European nations have adopted, and in the democratic passions which more or less agitate all the rest.

I have frequently heard great English landowners congratulate themselves that, at the present day, they derive a much larger income from their estates than their fathers did. They have perhaps good reason to be glad; but most assuredly they know not what they are glad of. They think they are making a clear gain, when, in reality, it is only an exchange; their influence is what they are parting with for cash, and what they gain in money will, ere long, be lost in power.

At present, we will do no more than direct attention to the fallacy which has crept into the passage we have just quoted: that the intercourse between rich and poor is more frequent and more kind in aristocratic than in democratic societies. M. de Tocqueville forms his opinion of the rich and poor of England, America, and France, in the present day, from observation: he derives his impressions of the rich and poor of feudal France and England from poets, not from historians. He would be puzzled to shew at what period of the history of Europe the rich were more mindful of the comforts of the poor than at present. Was it during the insurrections of the *Jacqueris* of France, or the *Bauernkrieg* of Germany; or when Anquetil du Perron and the elder Mirabeau first revealed to the wealthy of Paris that there were peasantry in France and what was their condition? There is, God knows, enough of forgetfulness among the rich of the sufferings of the poor; but, if any thing, it is less than formerly. There does, we believe, really exist a growing inclination among the wealthy to alleviate the sufferings of the poor; only the impulse is too recent to be a permanent spring of action, or to be accompanied by the knowledge requisite to direct its efforts aright. There is, as Dr Chalmers has somewhere said, (and the Doctor is a striking illustration of the truth of his own position,) a great amount of unenlightened philanthropy afloat in our day. The rich of our day have a languid uninstructed desire to good, and in so far they are an improvement upon the bulk of their class in former ages. This fallacy, though it vitiates M. de Tocqueville's reasoning on some other points, does not affect the general correctness of the passage we have just quoted. The high rents of modern days are, in part, a commutation. Formerly the vassal paid for his land partly in rent, and partly in services: the services have been remitted, and the rent raised. The overlooking of this fact leads the landlord to claim more than his due. When the landowners first ceased to lead their vassals to the battle-field, they led them to the hustings. The tenant's vote at an election was part of the rent he paid. Now that the landlord exacts the full value of the farm in money, he has no right to the vote: to insist upon having it, is making the tenant pay twice for his land. These arrangements, like most others in society, are made by a half-instinctive only half-reasoning process. The relative positions of overlord and vassal have insensibly grown into those of two independent parties driving a bargain: the imaginary overlord continues to exact compliances, which the emancipated vassal concedes reluctantly; and the angry feelings engendered by the mistake transform latent into sensible democracy. The landlords of England may rest assured that their claims to decide for whom their tenants shall vote at elections, and other lordly proceedings of the same class, are hastening the recognition of that social equality which already, to a great extent, exists among us. It is a mistake to think that

* Democracy in America. Part the Second. By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve. London: Saunders & Otley.

our tuft-hunting wealthy merchants and manufacturers, whose only ambition is to dine at a nobleman's table, or our supple shopkeepers, who would sell their souls to Satan for one customer more, will ever achieve the recognition of the rights of "their order." The privileged classes must trample us into asserters of equality. It is the law of nature that thus shall equality, the perfection of civil society, be worked out.

Assuming, then, that the tendency towards equality—the abolition of exclusive privileges hereditary in certain families, (for that is what M. de Tocqueville, with a latitude in the use of the word characteristic of his nation, means, in nine cases out of ten, when he speaks of democracy)—is irresistible, there certainly can be no more important question proposed for discussion than the influence of this equalising tendency upon society. If we and our children are to live in a society in which, more than in the society of any preceding age, a man's estimation and influence is dependent upon his own character and conduct, it is most important that we should be able to appreciate the advantages and disadvantages of this novel arrangement. This is the topic which M. de Tocqueville proposes to discuss in the work now before us; a topic more within the compass of his natural ability and acquired knowledge, than that with which he attempted to grapple in his former publication. He sets to work in an honest spirit:—

Some readers may, perhaps, be astonished that, *firmly persuaded as I am that the democratic revolution, which we are witnessing, is an irresistible fact, against which it would be neither desirable nor wise to struggle*, I should often have occasion, in this book, to address language of such severity to those democratic communities which this revolution has brought into being. My answer is simply, that it is because I am not an adversary of democracy, that I have sought to speak of democracy in all sincerity. Men will not accept truth at the hands of their enemies, and truth is seldom offered to them by their friends: for this reason I have spoken it. I was persuaded that many would take upon themselves to announce the new blessings which the principle of equality promises to mankind, but that few would point out from afar the dangers with which it threatens them. To those perils, therefore, I have turned my attention; and, believing that I had discovered them clearly, I have not had the cowardice to leave them untold.

In brief, (for M. de Tocqueville is by no means laconic,) the author, finding himself, whether he will or not, the citizen of an age of equality, conforms, like a wise man, to what he cannot avoid; and sets himself to canvass, with his fellows, how they are to make themselves most comfortable. We "earnestly advise the perusal of" this passage to Sir Robert Peel. That solemn utterer of hollow sounds was, on one occasion, pleased to say, (and a dexterous publisher stuffs the saying into every advertisement,) "Let me earnestly advise your perusal of M. de Tocqueville's work; his testimony, as well from actual experience as on account of freedom from prejudice, is above suspicion." Everybody can appreciate this laudation. Sir Robert, finding some of the harsher lineaments of one democracy portrayed in lines equally harsh by M. de Tocqueville, speaks patronisingly of that author; but Sir Robert, no more than Pilate, cares for an exposition of "what is truth;" we shall hear no more eulogies of M. de Tocqueville from such a suspicious quarter, now that he has professed himself a democrat, anxious to turn democracy to the best account.

M. de Tocqueville says, in his "Advertisement," (we would respectfully submit to Mr Reeves that the English for "*Avertissement*" is "*Preface:*")—

The Americans live in a democratic state of society, which has naturally suggested to them certain laws and a certain political character. This same state of society has, moreover, engendered amongst them a multitude of feelings and opinions which were unknown amongst the elder aristocratic communities of Europe: it has destroyed or modified all the relations which before existed, and established others of a novel kind. The aspect of civil society has been no less affected by these changes than that of the political world. The former subject has been treated of in the democracy of America, which I published five years ago; to examine the latter is the object of the present book.

In pursuance of this announcement, M. de Tocqueville proceeds to discuss, in four books, the "Influence of Democracy on the Progress of Opinion in the United States;" the "Influence of Democracy on the Feelings of the Americans;" the "Influence of Democracy on Manners, properly so called;" and the "Influence of Democratic Opinions and Sentiments on Political Society." For such a work as the author contemplated, the arrangement and distribution is sufficient. He neither had it in view to inquire what is the best form of government, nor to point out the course of action by which such a form of government may be established. He has merely undertaken to shew the form and pressure of the public mind under democratic institutions. His work is simply a *descriptive* essay. He has begun it on a scale sufficiently large, and has divided it into a sufficient number of compartments, to afford space for placing all essential and characteristic features in a favourable point of view. In the outline of the work there is nothing to desiderate.

When we come, however, to examine the details of execution, this praise must be "craftily qualified." The character of M. de Tocqueville's mind is essentially unscientific. The undiscriminating praise of his half-learned English eulogists, has, we know, left a widely different impression upon the public mind: nevertheless he is deficient in the three most indispensable qualities of a systematic thinker—precision of thought and expression, strict logical sequence, and the power of condensation. As an instance of his want of precision in thought and language, we need only adduce his frequent confusion of "democracy" with "equality;" a confusion which, as we shall subsequently have occasion to shew, renders inconclusive the aggregate of his truly *spirituel* and genial remarks. The want of logical sequence is so great, that we nowhere find in the whole book one example of a general principle evolved from a collection of facts. He rambles on, saying, in every sentence, something striking or instructive; but never approximating

to a result; leaving the mind of the reader completely at sea. On rising from perusing his book, we "apprehend a mass of things, but nought distinctively." We retain an agreeable impression of many brilliant and touching passages: but we have been taught nothing like a practical or available truth. As to condensation, the few brief extracts we have already given, may suffice as samples. They are all essentially wordy; and the line of asterisks in the first indicates the omission of three paragraphs, all repeating, in different words, the same idea already expressed with sufficient diffuseness in the one we have retained. Even M. de Tocqueville's title to what has been most generally conceded to him, superiority to mere conventional habits of judgment, must, it appears to us, be admitted with considerable restriction. We do not find his speculations fettered by British conventionalities: but there is not one French conventionality of any consequence to which he has risen superior. He sees, it is true, the outward forms of things as they present themselves to his view in America: but his fancy informs them with a French soul. The mode of thought, the feelings, which he attributes to the Americans, with a view to account for their actions, is, in many instances, essentially French. He is no exception to the sarcasm, that, "to a Frenchman, the whole world is but a mirror to shew him his own face." That the perusal of M. de Tocqueville's work is calculated to benefit the English reader, by unsettling many of his mere conventional notions, is true; but, for his power to do this, the author is indebted simply to the accident of his position. He cannot do his French reader the same good office.

The first book, or division of the treatise, is marked throughout by that inaccuracy of thought and expression to which we have alluded above. The nominal subject, is the "influence of *democracy* on the progress of opinion in the United States:" the real subject is, the influence of the *equality of social conditions* on the progress of opinion in the United States. In the sixth chapter, the author stumbles upon the distinction between *equality* and *democracy;* but without seeming to be himself aware of it, and certainly without making any use of it. He remarks:—"If then there be a subject upon which a *democratical* people, (meaning *a people among whom social equality* prevails,) is peculiarly liable to abandon itself blindly and extravagantly to general ideas, the best corrective that can be used, will be to make that subject a part of the daily practical occupation of that people. The people will then be compelled to enter upon its details, and the details will teach them the weak points of the theory. This remedy may frequently be a painful one, but its effect is certain. Thus it happens, that the democratic institutions which compel every citizen to take a part in government, moderate that excessive taste for general theories in politics which the principle of equality suggests." The author here shews, most successfully, that equality of condition among citizens is productive of danger, where the citizens themselves do not take an active part in the government, where (in other words) the government is not a democracy. He shews, therefore, that equality and democracy are not convertible terms. And yet, in the book dedicated to the elucidation of the influence of *democracy* on American opinion, the characteristic by which American (and, still more, French) opinion is assumed to be distinguished from British opinion, is traced exclusively to the influence of *social equality*.

In the sixteenth century, the Reformers subjected some of the dogmas of the ancient faith to the scrutiny of private judgment. . . . The philosophers of the eighteenth century, generalizing the same principle, undertook to submit to the private judgment of each man all the objects of his belief. . . . To what is the fact to be attributed, that, at this period, the method we are speaking of suddenly emerged from the schools to penetrate into society, and became the common standard of intelligence; and that, after it had become popular among the French, it has been ostensibly adopted, or secretly followed, by all the nations of Europe? The philosophical method here designated may have been engendered in the sixteenth century; it may have been more accurately defined, and more extensively applied in the seventeenth; but neither in the one nor in the other could it be commonly adopted. Political laws, the condition of society, and the habits of mind which are derived from these causes, were as yet opposed to it. It was discovered at a time when men were beginning to *equalize and assimilate their conditions*. It could only be generally followed in ages when these conditions had become nearly equal, and men nearly alike. The philosophical method of the eighteenth century is, therefore, not only French, but it is democratic.

Thus M. de Tocqueville traces the habit of thought which he has above told us is characteristic of democratic America, as contradistinguished from aristocratic England, to its origin in France before France became democratic, and its adoption in the other countries of Europe which are still aristocratic. Nay, he further tells us that America (which is a democracy) has less of this peculiar habit of thought than France, (in which, so long as the existing limited franchise, and the appointment of all local authorities by the crown continues, at the best, no more than *social equality* can be said to exist.) "If it be asked why, at the present day, this same method is more rigorously followed, and more frequently applied by the French than by the Americans, although the principle of equality be no less complete, and of more ancient date, amongst the latter people, the fact may be attributed to two circumstances, which it is essential to have clearly understood in the first instance." The first of these circumstances is thus announced:—"It must never be forgotten that religion gave birth to Anglo-American society:" the second, "The social condition and the constitution of the Americans are democratic: but they have not had a democratic revolution." As if these contradictions were not sufficient, we read a few pages before this, intimation that the "method" was a birth of the revolution; an assertion that it occasioned the very revolution which is here said to have produced it:—"It is not because the French have changed their former opinions, and altered their former man-

ners, that they have convulsed the world, but because they were the first to generalize and bring to light a philosophical method, by the assistance of which it became easy to attack all that was old, and to open a path to all that was new."

M. de Tocqueville's in consequence does not even stop at this point. We have heard him declare that this "philosophical method" is produced by democracy, and that it exists to a more limited extent in a democratic state than in others; that the French Revolution could not have been produced without it, and that it could only have been called into existence by the French Revolution. A similar incoherence characterises his account of the "philosophical method" itself. This method is, we are told, the process of reasoning upon "general ideas." The human mind, our author remarks, is, owing to the immensity of detail, unable to pass a judgment on all the individual cases before it. Man, therefore, "having superficially considered a certain number of objects, and remarked their resemblance, assigns to them a common name, sets them apart, and proceeds onward." The process here described is that process of classification which is the beginning of all true science: but, under the notion of reasoning by "general ideas," our author includes something entirely different; those ideas, or rather those words, which men, too indolent to think for themselves, take on trust as truths. Classifying two such contradictory notions under one name, and assuming that name to be descriptive of democratical habits of thought, it would be hard if the author could not, by taking the word in the sense which suits him for the time being, prove anything he wished.

After this account of our author's somewhat peculiar system of ratiocination, the reader will be less surprised to learn, what without such a preface would be, his startling revelations of the influence of democracy on American opinion. We are told, in the first place, that, "in most of the operations of the mind, each American appeals to the individual exercise of his own understanding alone." Subsequently we are told: —"In the United States, the majority undertakes to supply a multitude of ready-made opinions for the use of individuals; who are thus relieved from the necessity of forming opinions of their own. Everybody there adopts great numbers of theories on philosophy, morals, and politics, without inquiry, upon public trust." The curious part of this account of American opinion lies, not so much in the apparent contradiction between the first of these assertions and the second, as in the puzzle how, if everybody in America takes these theories upon trust from the *public*, how the *public*, which is just another name for everybody, comes by them. This is a question of some importance: it is neither more nor less than the secret of the vaunted discovery of "tyrant majorities." This oracular announcement will scarcely pass muster for an explanation:—"The public has, among a democratic people, a singular power, of which aristocratic nations could never so much as conceive an idea; for it does not persuade to certain opinions, but it enforces and infuses them into the faculties by an enormous pressure of the minds of all upon the mind of each." This, however, is the stuff which passes muster with Parliamentary haters of democracy, and with radicals of the *salons*, for profound philosophy. The explanation is this:—All men are startled out of their self-complacency by the promulgation of new opinions, and angry at the disturbers of their repose. Societies, in addition to these feelings, have their pride injured, when one man, by telling them they err, indirectly tells his fellows he is wiser than them all put together: hence persecution has, under every form of government, been the reward of the propounders of new and important truths. Where the sovereign is the only visible power, the influence of the people is less seen; but even in the most despotic states, the sovereign must pay homage to the popular creed. A boy, in his minority, established Protestantism in England, because it was the creed of the majority: Henri IV., brave and popular, at the head of a victorious army, could not do so in France, because it was not the creed of the majority. It was not Pilate, but the Jewish nation, that crucified our Saviour. In aristocratic and despotic states, no one thinks of the People. When the People are emancipated, their intolerance, which was overlooked as a minor evil, becomes important, because the greater evils which made it look little have been removed. In despotisms and oligarchies, where nothing but oppression meets the view, we are not critical; but in democracies, where much freedom does exist, we become fastidious, and carp at every rag and remnant of tyranny. We are not defending an intolerant spirit: we are merely shewing that it is not peculiar to democracies.

The rest of the first book; that is, full five-sixths of it; may be safely passed over as irrelevant to the subject under discussion. But we cannot refrain from indicating a rather amusing specimen of nationality. According to M. de Tocqueville, democratic institutions force all legislators to attempt oratory. The result of this he declares to be the substitution of declamation about general principles, for short, business-like speeches. This result, he very fairly remarks, has its "petty side," but also a "more imposing one." The "petty side" he finds in the American Congress; the "more imposing one" in the French Chambers. Of the former, he says:—

> There is hardly a Member of Congress who can make up his mind to go home, without having despatched, at least, one speech to his constituents; nor who will endure any interruption until he has introduced into his harangue whatever useful suggestions may be made touching the four-and-twenty States of which the Union is composed, and especially the district which he represents. He, therefore, presents to the mind of his auditors a succession of great general truths (which he himself only comprehends and expresses confusedly) and of petty minutiæ, which he is but too able to discover and to point out.

The consequence is, that the debates of that great assembly are frequently vague and perplexed, and that they seem rather to drag their slow length along, than to advance towards a distinct object. Some such state of things will, I believe, always arise in the public assemblies of democracies.

The "more imposing" aspect of a French debate is skilfully heightened by a preliminary contrast.

The proceedings within the Parliament of England, for the last hundred and fifty years, have never occasioned any great sensation out of that country; the opinions and feelings expressed by the speakers have never awakened much sympathy even amongst the nations placed nearest to the great arena of British liberty. . . . . The political debates of a democratic people, however small it may be, have a degree of breadth which frequently renders them attractive to mankind. All men are interested by them, because they treat of *man*, who is everywhere the same. . . . . It is owing to this as much as to the greatness of the French people, and the favourable disposition of the nations who listen to them, that the great effect which the French political debates sometimes produce in the world, must be attributed. The orators of France frequently speak to mankind, even when they are addressing their countrymen only.

We proceed to inquire how M. de Tocqueville handles the second branch of his subject—the "influence of democracy on the feelings of the Americans." Here M. de Tocqueville's inaccuracy of expression, indicating inaccuracy of thought, becomes more startling than ever. He says, towards the close of the first chapter:—"I think that democratic communities have a natural taste for freedom: left to themselves, they will seek it, cherish it, and view any privation of it with regret. But for equality their passion is ardent, insatiable, incessant, invincible; they call for equality in freedom, and if they cannot obtain that, they still call for equality in slavery. They will indure poverty, servitude, barbarism: but they will not endure aristocracy." A people in a state of "servitude," among whom there exists an "equality in slavery," is not a "democratic community." *Democracy* means *the government of the People:* when the People are enslaved they cease to govern. The illogical character of M. de Tocqueville's mind is also even more apparent in the second book than the first. The second chapter is devoted to prove, that "individualism," (whatever that may be,) is the besetting sin of democracies, and is thus summed up:—"And thus, not only democracy makes every man *forget* his ancestors, but it hides his descendants, and separates his contemporaries *from* him; it throws him back for ever upon himself, and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart." This is "fine writing," and the conclusion of the third chapter is equally "fine," although it asserts directly the contrary:—"It is then commonly at the outset of democratic society that citizens are most disposed to live apart. Democracy leads men not to draw near to their fellow creatures; but democratic revolutions lead them to shun each other, and *perpetuate, in a state of equality, the animosities which the state of inequality engendered.*" And, in order to make the contradiction more apparent, the third chapter is devoted to an elaborate exposition of the thesis, that *equality* engenders selfishness, and that *democratic* institutions alone can prevent its having this effect. The Q. E. D. of this proposition is expressed in these words:—"Many people in France consider equality of conditions as one evil, and political freedom as a second. When they are obliged to yield to the former, they strive at least to escape from the latter. But I contend that, in order to combat the evils which equality may produce, there is only one effectual remedy, namely, political freedom." In other words, M. de Tocqueville, after employing one chapter to prove that "democracy" keeps men apart and makes them selfish, employs three chapters to shew that "aristocracy" introduces this state of isolation; that "equality without democratic institutions" perpetuates it; and that "democratic institutions alone can destroy it;"—and all the while he seems utterly unconscious of any discrepancy between his first assertion and his last.

Nor does his diffuseness desert him. The second book is subdivided into twenty chapters, and he arrives at his conclusion, or, more properly, his two incompatible conclusions, in the first four; the remainder are mere repetitions of the same ideas, not always in different forms. A mistake, however, to which we adverted above, comes more prominently forward in this book than in the preceding. In America, we have a democracy; in France, social equality; in England, there is more of both than we are quite aware of. Of the existing state of moral principle and sentiment, M. de Tocqueville speaks with the unadorned prose of an observer. When he speaks of an aristocracy, he takes it as represented in poetry, or in the writings of Burke, as it ought to have been, but as it never was. Hence, with the appearance of being impartial, and we believe with the desire to be impartial, he weighs aristocracy and democracy in a false balance. We have already recorded our protest against the assumption, that the intercourse between rich and poor is more "frequent and kind" in aristocratical than in democratical communities. We, in like manner, record our dissent from the opinion, that rich men in a democratic society are more exclusively attached to the comforts of life than members of an aristocracy. If we have had Sir William Curtises in the city, we have also had his royal patron at Court. If we have seen men of aristocratic birth and habits forego luxuries for the novel stimulant of ambition, we have seen our Howards, Sturges, and Scobells, forego their domestic comforts at the prompting of humanity. Above all, we are anxious to express our dissent from the countenance M. de Tocqueville lends to a fashionable fallacy, that "the aristocracy of manufactures," as it is affectedly called, is less humane than the territorial aristocracy. The truth is, that, in all societies, the rich are too apt to forget the poor—to allow evils to press upon them which they could easily remove—to oppress them, not from any wish to do so, but from a thoughtless inattention to the consequences of

their own actions. To this extent, both the landlord and the great manufacturer must plead guilty: the former with his corn-law, and the latter with the abuses of the factory system, disregarded until the ravings of a mad parson threatened to bring a shower of torches about his ears. It is not true that "the science of manufactures lowers the class of workmen." God knows we have enough of suffering among our operatives; but that has always been the case: the skilled artisans, the aristocracy of labour, the more fortunate few who have raised themselves to the idea, that "labourers have souls to be saved as well as masters," are the product of "scientific manufactures." They are leavening their whole class with a belief in "the rights of man." It is not true that the old aristocracy cared for the poorer classes. "The territorial aristocracy of former ages was either bound by law, or thought itself bound by usage, to come to the relief of its serving men, and to succour their distress." Yes, it thought itself bound to come to the relief of its fighting men—"serviceable knaves;" but how did its "hewers of wood and drawers of water" fare? This disregard of the poor, this trampling upon them from sheer thoughtlessness, is the necessary consequence of that inequality of fortune which must always exist even where there is an equality of political privilege. In all forms of government, except democracies, there is but one means of counteracting this tendency of unequal wealth: striking terror by violence into the hearts of the wealthy. Democratic institutions make the masses of importance, and make them feel it; prevent them from subsiding into mere vegetables, and give the wealthy a motive for courting them.

Altogether, the third book is the best calculated to repay perusal. It is a series of sketches of manners, graceful and graphic. M. de Tocqueville's portraits (whether called American or English) are, it is true, all Frenchmen; but they are all *men*, all *bonâ fide* flesh-and-blood human beings. To convey an adequate impression of M. de Tocqueville's abilities, we ought to quote liberally from this portion of his book. But our remarks are growing to a length exceeding what we anticipated, and we have still some important matter before us. We must therefore rest contented with exhorting our readers to turn to the book itself.

The fourth book brings out, in startling relief, M. de Tocqueville's inability to discover, in a foreign country, anything but a repetition of French habits of thought and modes of existence; his want of precision in thought and language; his deficiency in the power of continuous logical thought; and the errors into which this aggregate of disqualifications for political reasoning betrays him. It is owing partly to his attributing French sentiments and opinions to other nations, and partly to the vague manner in which he uses the terms "democracy," "equality," "political liberty," that he arrives at the extraordinary conclusions:—"The notions of democratic nations on government are naturally favourable to the concentration of power," and "the sentiments of democratic nations accord with their opinions in leading them to concentrate political power." We readily admit that the French nation has shewn, by its history since the Revolution, a hankering after centralized power; but the French nation has only succeeded in breaking down the inequality of ranks, and in asserting its right to choose its own governors: it has not yet dared to undertake the task of governing itself; it is not yet a democratic nation. In America, on the contrary, where the nation is democratic, the People perform every function of government directly in their own persons, which can possibly be so performed; they delegate as little power as they possibly can to political functionaries, and subdivide that little among the greatest possible number of individuals, dispersed over the whole surface of the Union. The People of the United States, guided by a democratic instinct, have, in opposition to the cajolery of the centralizing party under its various designations of "Federalist," "Anti-Jacobin," "Whig," &c., &c., not contented with controlling their government, been themselves their government. The French, formed in a course of ages to be subjects of a monarchy, have changed the persons and modified the form of their government, but have not yet learned to be themselves governors. The tendency to centralization, which M. de Tocqueville attributes to democracy, is, in reality, the tendency of a nation which has reached the grade of political enlightenment at present attained by the French and their disciples throughout Europe.

It is most important to note M. de Tocqueville's confusion of ideas regarding this matter, and to set forth a correct expression of the truth which he vaguely feels. In Europe, the equalization of ranks is in rapid progress. In France, it is all but complete: in the yet unshaken monarchies of the Continent it is scarcely less so. Even in England, the case of the landlords, adverted to in the outset of these remarks, shews how much further advanced equality is than outward appearances would lead us to expect. But (except to a limited extent in England) Europeans have not yet advanced to the bold conception of governing themselves. They change their governments, they devise checks and restrictions upon their governments; but, with them, governments are one thing and subjects another. Instead of thinking and acting for themselves, they rely upon government to think and act for them. Government tells them such and such concessions must be made to it, such or such an organization must be introduced into it, or it cannot act with sufficient promptitude and energy. Hence the idea of centralization, of which M. de Tocqueville is so justly suspicious. Under new names, the European governments, based upon the French (more properly European) Revolution, are consolidating themselves in the possession of greater power than ever was possessed by their predecessors. Had M. de Toc-

queville been able so far to un-Frenchify himself as to comprehend the opinions and feelings of the North American Republics, he would have seen wherein consisted the only efficient counteraction to the centralizing propensity. Had he been able to clear his mind from the confusion into which it has been thrown by his parrot-like repetition of the words "equality," "democracy," "political liberty," without assigning to each a distinct, unvarying meaning; he must have seen that the great majority of the social phenomena which he attributes to democracy, is, in reality, owing to the non-existence of democracy. Thus the utilitarian principles of the Americans (which he attributes to their democratic institutions) are common to them with the majority of the *thinkers* of monarchical France, and aristocratical England. The "individualism" (*query*, selfishness) which he, in the outset, attributes to democratic institutions, is, he subsequently admits, produced by inequality, embittered and strengthened by a struggle to establish equality, whether democracy be the result or not. The reliance of the Americans upon their own judgment in the business of life, unfettered by tradition or superstition, he will find, upon more extensive inquiry, to be characteristic of "men of business," under every varying form of society: in short, M. de Tocqueville's powers of observation and of reasoning are, as yet, inadequate to enable him to pierce the mystery of democracy, to explain its distinctive character, to point out its advantages and its dangers.

Had this been all we had to say of this author, we should not have taken so much trouble to state and illustrate our opinions regarding him in detail. Every man finds his level in the long run; and impatience at seeing mediocrity overrated, is an unworthy motive of action. But we are of opinion that, with all their deficiencies, M. de Tocqueville's writings are calculated to do good service; and therefore it is that we are anxious to form precise notions of their exact value.

M. de Tocqueville (as we have remarked above) is not free from the influence of conventional opinion; but it is the conventional opinion of France that presses upon him; and therefore his writings have for Englishmen the recommendation of being free from the distorting pressure of their own peculiar national conventionalities. Again, M. de Tocqueville is a citizen of the country which has freed itself (to a greater extent than any other in Europe) from political inequality. There is no aristocracy in France: aristocracy, therefore, has less power to bias his opinion. In this country, it insensibly influences us all: its supporters mutilate their opinions to make them fit into the aristocratical creed; its opponents, in their struggles against it, imbibe prejudices against accidental concomitants, which are no essentials of aristocracy. M. de Tocqueville's position is, therefore, in his favour; and still more in his favour are his energetic love of labour and his sincerity. Such qualifications and such advantages of position go far to counterbalance the intellectual defects we have (it appears to us upon sufficient grounds) attributed to him. He has brought the great question which agitates society in our age—the question, "Which is the best political organization of society?"—before the public in a new form; in a form favourable to its discussion apart from local prejudices, and prejudices of *caste* or sect. If he has sometimes been misled by the glitter of fine and unmeaning phraseology, he has at times given utterance to bold and salutary truths; if, from want of clear perceptions, and from the unreflecting use of words in a vague and shifting sense, he has failed to enounce distinctly any important conclusion, he has everywhere stumbled upon indicated important truths. With an enumeration of a few of these, we shall conclude this paper.

He has announced that aristocratical institutions cannot be reanimated: that social and political equality must henceforth be the norm of society: he has shewn that mere equality among the subjects or citizens of a state, is only valuable as the groundwork upon which good may be erected; is no more than a cleared field, where the industrious may rear good fruits, but where the slothful will allow tares and noxious weeds to spring up rankly: he has stated that democratic institutions are indispensable to make equality available for good; that it is not enough that the people *choose* their own government; that they must *be* their own government: he has indicated that the sphere within which government can beneficially exert its power is limited; that the individual man must have a wide field left for the free developement and exercise of his faculties; that science and art, religion, manners, have also their respective spheres of action, with which the less government interferes the better. If we cling fast to these cardinal truths; if, by using our terms in a distinct and unvarying sense, we keep our heads always clear; we shall escape the many "reasonings in a circle" in which M. de Tocqueville has been entangled; and shall not be led, as he has frequently been, into the error of assigning "non *causa pro causa*;" and, while we thus escape the shoals on which he has experienced so many shrewd rubs, we will feel that we are indebted to him for pioneering us on the way of truth, although he has performed the task with the air of a half-awakened man marching in the insufficient light of the first dawn.

THE GREEN LANE.—No. II.

BY PETER PAUL PALETTE.

Is not this puff of fragrance from the hay-field delicious? How gratefully it comes sweeping down the lane, filling the summer air with its sweetness!

There is a passage in the writings of one of our dramatists, Shakspeare, we think, which contains a beautiful allusion to the smell of new-mown hay; an allusion remarkably striking, from its connexion with peculiar circumstances. At the dead hour of night, preceding the day on which some great battle is to be fought, involving momentous consequences—we think the Battle of Bosworth Field, although in our copy of Shakspeare we cannot find the passage—the sleepless commander of one of the armies, Richard III., may be, steals quietly forth from his tent to survey the scene of encampment and breathe the cool night air. If we remember rightly, darkness is upon the face of the earth; and the eye beholds nought save the glimmering of watch-fires, and a few bright stars that twinkle between the clouds. The two armies, which, on the approaching morn, are to engage in bloody conflict, rest peacefully, side by side, upon the plain. There is no sound but the clinking of the armourer's hammer, the occasional neighing of a war-steed, or the crowing of a wakeful cock from some distant farm. It is summer-time: the night-breeze bears upon its wings odours of the new-mown hay, plundered from neighbouring fields, and sweeping deliciously over the ground, about to be drenched with human gore; and if our memory serve us, the attention of the king, or warrior chieftain, is drawn to this circumstance; he scents the grateful perfume on the gale, and is forcibly led to contrast *his* life and situation with those of the quiet husbandman.

This is a charming stroke of a master-pen! The allusion is beautifully conceived, and happily introduced in this place. The fragrant hay may be *almost smelt!* Our thoughts are immediately and pleasingly carried from the anticipation of painful, distressing scenes—scenes of murderous contention, of man arrayed against his fellow man in bloody conflict, the clash of armies and the din of arms—to contemplate the peace and quiet of the country suddenly broken in upon by hostile men, and the delightful avocations of rural life. This is one of those exquisite touches that we occasionally meet with in the writings of Shakspeare; and, for our part, we seldom scent the perfume of the new-mown hay, as we take our customary walks, in summer-time, through the green lanes and broad meadows of "Merrie England," without its being brought afresh to our recollection in all its force and all its loveliness.

But, reader, we are approaching the hay-field. Observe how these hedgerows, in this contracted part of the lane, are covered with loose hay, which they have stolen from the waggon as it passed along to the farm-yard with its odoriferous load. And, listen! a burst of merriment breaks upon the ear, and dies away; now, there is a loud laugh, and, once more, all is still! We near the spot, and the air rings cheerily with peal on peal; shout and jest, and the joyous talk of the noisy harvesters, are wafted upon the wind. Let us lean over this old gate that looks into the field, and take a peep at them and their pleasant labours. How the white shirts glitter in the sun! How brown and nervous the arms of the men! What roses on the cheeks and elbows of the women, who are gathering together the scattered hay! They have piled up the cart to the tops of the trees; a little mountain it seems; the shaft-horse is completely buried: but it skims over the smooth-shaven turf with the lightness and noiselessness of thistle-down. That red-faced little man on the top of the load, is as proud as a king on his throne. He has built up the heap most skilfully, for scarce a handful falls as the cart jolts over a gutter. See what loads that tall *pitcher* is lifting to the waggon-top! How he rejoices in the strength of his frame, and the power of his brawny sinews! The loose hay tumbles about his ears, and fills his hair and his eyes; but what cares he? He is the pride of the field! He is the talk of the village! His prowess will be the subject of eulogy at the farmer's supper-table, and in the kitchen of the "Fox and Grapes!" Whew! there was a fork-ful! Well done, Tom!—and, with busy hands and rapid strides, he lifts heap after heap, and lightens the meadow of its fragrant load. Look at this young urchin couched among the fox-gloves at the bottom of the hedgerow, fetching a long pull at the beer bottle! As he drinks, he feels the delicious coolness creep around his heart, and his eyes expand into wide circles and stand agape, as though the draught opened up to him a glimpse of inner heaven. What sweet words are being whispered into the ear of Miss Sally, the farmer's youngest daughter, behind the haycock there, by Mr George, her admirer, the young gentleman in the white trowsers and scarlet waistcoat! How she blushes, and hangs down her head, and plays obliviously with the light rake she holds, and with which she has scratched together full half-a-dozen bents of the sweet grass since noon! And now he steals an arm round her waist, and approaches his mouth close to her ear, no doubt to communicate some piece of very secret intelligence; but see, she bounces up, with the alacrity of an *acrobat*, and, seizing upon the haycock, she diminishes it to at least half its proper magnitude, and flings the big arm-full right on the head of her admiring swain, prostrating him at his length along the grassy field. But soon he rises, and a regular conflict ensues. Immense bundles of hay fly about in all directions, like the effect of a tornado, in the midst of which the combatants are speedily lost to view; there

are a rush, a struggle, a scream; and, presently a report, like the crack of a pistol, is echoed round the field, and Miss Sally drops upon the heaped hay as though she were deprived of life. Let us hope there has been no *murder* committed here!

In yonder corner, attended by Old Ranger, his dog, stands the farmer himself, leaning on a fork, and giving directions to a boy to get the beer-keg replenished. He appears the very image of prosperity and contentment, saving a surly grumble that seems to lurk in the sinister corner of his mouth. Although, apparently, a man of substance, he is not ashamed to take a hand in the toils of the hay-field, just to shew that a man ought not to be above the occupation by which he lives, to encourage the labourers by his example and commendations, and to keep away gout and apoplexy. "Well done, Tom!" often falls from the farmer's lips, as the tall pitcher, afore-mentioned, lifts an unusually large load to the waggon's top; at which praise that active personage chuckles, and shews his large teeth, to think how "Measter" is delighted.

The writer of this humble sketch has spent many an hour in the fragrant hay-field, busy as the busiest, and happy as the happiest of them there; and he loves its odour better than the "perfumes of Araby;" and he delights, in summer-time, to ramble to some spot where he can snuff up the incense of a hundred fields; and he *never* scents that incense on the breeze but he thinks of the bright days which are past.

> May has her hawthorn fragrance; nor does June
> Lack a perfume as sweet—the new-mown hay.
> The weary traveller scents it, on his way,
> Gushing from road-side meads, a grateful boon.
> 'Tis borne into the heart of towns; and soon
> Fills *all* the summer air. To stroll away,
> There can be nought more sweet, at break of day;
> Or 'neath the beauty of the summer's moon;
> Through rose-embowered lanes,—by hedgerows drest,
> Powder'd profuse with snowy elder-blooms,—
> Among the dewy fields,—and in some spot,
> Rich with a flowery affluence, to rest,
> And drink the honeyed breath that sweeping comes
> Around, on every side, from every grassy plot!

Leaving the hay-field, and rambling leisurely along by the side of this slender streamlet, that trips so merrily beneath the hedgerow, bearing on its wavelets the elder's fallen snow, and *navies* of fairy shallops, from the o'erhanging rose, we come to a small foot-bridge, a single plank merely, bleached gray by long exposure to the weather, and almost buried in lank grass and luxuriant creepers, that stretches across the runlet at its glassiest and most musical passage, "marrying shore to shore," and leading to a rustic and most delectable stile, that nestles sweetly in the gap of a bush of honeysuckles, and invites us to quit the rutted lane, and wander pleasantly through fields of blossomed peas, and beans, and clover, lavish of honeyed breath; through deep, rich pastures crowded with cattle; meads where the sheep bell tinkles, and acres of whispering corn. Every one knows the kind of foot-bridge we allude to. It is very humble and unpretending, making of itself *no picture*; although in the foreground of some lane-scene, embedded in magnificent docks and rank herbage, the clear water glistering underneath, it is a highly picturesque object, and, in artist phrase, *tells* admirably. It has a beauty peculiar to itself; too microscopic and delicate, too trifling and insignificant, perhaps, to be painted, and which cannot be described, but every person of sensibility has perceived it. We have sometimes thought that a new class of subjects might be represented pictorially, and, by a poetical mind, rendered highly interesting; such subjects, for instance, as this lowly foot-bridge, and its peculiar locality; just the few objects around it: the running water; the creeping plants; the long and thick grass; the brook-lime and its flowers; the broad-leafed, clustering docks; the bordering mosses, "green as any gourd;" painted just as we see them, and with the exact fidelity of *still life*: a bit of rich meadow turf, steeped in sunshine, with all its daisies, buttercups, ladysmocks, and every other representable charm that delights us as we gaze upon it; or a simple hedgerow stile, like the one before us, with a bush of May-flower hanging over it; the clustering woodbine, the wild rose, the starry campion, the foxglove, and many another bloom, flanking its rusticity; these constituting the entire picture, and touched in with a graceful, masterly pencil, with all the variety and truth of colours, the elegance and justness of forms, the rich luxuriance of summer vegetation, the untrimmed overgrowth of wild nature, sprouting as it may, gadding where it will. For poetic and refined minds of a certain order, pictures of this kind, could they be executed successfully, would have great interest and beauty. In the lowliest object around us, ay, in the common pebble we tread under our feet, we should discover a world of pictorial loveliness, did we accustom ourselves to seek it in such humble objects; and the one rude plank that bridges this tinkling rill has its charms, to our mind, which the pencil might possibly fix on canvas in all their nice and exquisite gracefulness.

Reader, we will step across this tiny bridge, and seat ourselves, for a few moments, on the stile. As we listen to the water chiming over its pebbly bed, we may recall to memory some pleasant incident of our past life, associated, in recollection, with a stile.

Many a time and oft, in the bright days of our boyhood, when rambling through the green lanes on a summer evening, with our merry playfellows, have we perched ourselves on the top of a piece of rusticity, like the one before us, and planned out the morrow's pleasures, and all sorts of mirthful and delectable engagements for the future. The peep-o'-day fishing excursion to some far-famed stream; the birds'-nesting ramble; the cowslip-gathering in dewy fields; haymaking and hayfield gambols; blackberry-picking along old hedgerows; nutting in the quiet woods and meadows, equipped with hook and satchel; a stroll to the heathery common, to the old castle, to the bosted lake, to the

sweet blue hills!—many of the thousand and one pleasant events and adventures of our school-boy days were brought about by plans concocted, and arrangements made, upon a stile.

And, in after years, with the fair girl who loved us, leaning upon our arm, have we wandered forth in the calm evening twilight, or beneath the beauty of the summer's moon, to where some old hedgerow stile gave us a favourite restingplace; and there, in that embowered and sweet spot, amid the rustle of green boughs, with the bright stars twinkling over us, have we listened to low and whispered words that breathed forth the eloquence of a passionate attachment. Ay, many and many a time have we whiled away the starry even, in such sweet company, upon a stile.

On a stile the poet loves to rest himself, after his customary ramble through the delicious scenery with which Old England abounds; and, in some sequestered and sweet spot, in the still solitude; a stillness broken only by the songs of birds or the lowing of cattle; a solitude invaded by none save the peasant's feet, as he hies him to, or returns from, his labour; there turn an "inward eye" upon his full heart, and fit his fine thoughts to the music of verse. Ay, many a line of bewitching poetry has been composed upon a stile.

Reader, have you never seen, in your strolls about this pleasant country, an old and greyheaded sire seated upon a stile such as this, with eyes bent towards the ground, and thoughts apparently occupied upon grave and solemn themes? We must all have frequently beheld such a spectacle; for the stile is a favourite restingplace with the aged. And here the hoary old man loves to seat himself for a little, after his short stroll through the fields in which, perhaps, he delighted to wander during his early years, and meditate upon those high and momentous subjects which force themselves on his attention for deep and serious thought. Here he takes a retrospective glance at the course of his past life, and the tenor of his conduct, whether good or bad; regretting painfully the follies and frivolities to which he has given way; the unworthy and unjustifiable actions he has been led to commit; the degrading propensities he has indulged; the low appetites he has fostered and encouraged. Here the kind and virtuous deeds he has performed come back upon his memory with a fresh delight, and send to his pale, withered cheek, a glow of ineffable satisfaction. Here he broods over the sublime prospects of a future state of being; of a world where there is no death, no pain, no sorrow, no parting from friends; where the soul shall live on for ever and ever, in the full possession of its glorious powers, in the full splendour of its purified and perfected state; in the full enjoyment of all that felicity it shall be capable of receiving; in the full consciousness of the eternal presence of its Almighty, all-glorious Creator! Here he strengthens his belief in the goodness and mercy of that Great Being who has watched over him from his earliest days; who has read his inmost thoughts; and who will sit in judgment upon him at the last day of account, for the "deeds done in the body." And here he encourages himself in the hope that a store of never-ending blessedness is in reserve for him, when he shall have shaken off this mortal coil, and his disembodied spirit shall be free to mingle with the souls of "just men made perfect," and with the angels of the Great Eternal. Yes, reader, many a greyheaded and tottering old man, we doubt not, *communed with his own heart*, seated on a stile.

Sauntering slowly along the lane, enjoying the freshness of the balmy summer breeze, and contemplating the gorgeous splendours of a magnificent sunset, our path at length brings us within hearing of the music of rushing waters.

Listen!—how refreshing the sound!—What cloying sweetness in the soft, rich tones they fling adown the gale! What delicious lullabies they sing to the weary wayfarer! The mere sound of rushing waters is sufficient to call up, in a poetic imagination, scenes of surpassing loveliness and grandeur; fair visions of mountain and woodland; fertile and green vales, besprinkled with hamlets, cottages, and pleasant farms,

> Green to the very doors;

deep and rich pastures, where herds and woolly flocks feed in the midst of plenty; the wide, empurpled waste, the sunken glen, the black ravine, the grey and gloomy forest, the savage hill! It suggests to us many of the sweetest passages in our delightful literature. It reminds us of many of the loveliest pictures which the world can boast. It brings to our recollection many of the fairest spots, the most bewitching landscapes this green earth can shew; and is associated in our memory with many and many a delectable and cherished reminiscence of bygone days. We visit again, in fancy, the rough mountain-torrent, the foamy waterfall, the osier-hung rivulet, the "trotting burn," the broad and majestic river. Again we go upon our sketching excursions, our botanising trips, our fishing and boating jaunts, our sight-seeing tours, and the very many strolls and rambles we have taken so pleasantly through this verdant land. We think of Claude and the Painters, of Wordsworth and the Poets, of Burns and Cowper, of Thomson and Keats, of Byron, and Shelley, and Scott—a host of noble names; and are happy in the enjoyment of a world of charming fancies, and associated and delightful recollections that crowd upon us.

But here we come upon the waters themselves; a brook, a small stream,

> "Clear, brimful, and flush
> With crystal mocking of the trees and sky;"

that goes dancing along by the side of the lane, and, in all probability, turns a mill at no great distance. How lucid its wave! How luxuriant the vegetation on its banks! How thick and deep the fresh grass that edges it! What multitudes of flowers fringing its silver current, and looking into its depths! Here is the crimson

loosestrife; and the forget-me-not peeps with a host of blue eyes from the green. The meadow-sweet, the campion, and the shattered blooms of the ragged-robin, here flourish in their beauty, and bedeck the verdant margin with gay hues. How sweet to recline at length on the soft turf beneath these shading alders, and, lulled by the waters as they flow, send back the soul into the flowery regions of the past! How charming to picture again the bright days that are flown; to behold, once more, visions radiant with the light of youth; to snatch a glimpse of the sunny morning of life; of that joyous and never-to-be-forgotten time, when all was fresh and fair, and the heart was cheery as a summer sky!

But, see, the brook has a bordering of arborescent willows, and there is a narrow footpath running along the top of the swardy bank, by its side, that seems to be the almost constant track of passers by. We love to see this. It tells us that, in spite of the plodding and business habits of the people; in spite of the mechanical and commonplace avocations of commercial life; in spite of railroads, and quick travelling, and the desire to get on from place to place as soon as possible; in spite of everything that tends to discourage the developement of the finer sensibilities, and more elevated feelings of the national character; there is some poetry left amongst us yet; some love for the simple beauties of nature. Most of us feel and acknowledge the charm of a ramble by the brook-side. To young and old it is, at all times, a source of exquisite enjoyment; whether, as in summer, it creep along, with snail-like pace, voiceless; or breathing forth faintest melody, robbed of half its volume by the fervid heats, but fringed with fairest flowers, and canopied with a whispering roof of green and matted leaves: or whether, as in winter time, spilling over its banks, it bound along with the speed of a racer, fretting and foaming, and filling the air with the clamour of its hoarse waters, the very ground shaking beneath us as it thunders along with untiring energy and resistless might. The painter loves it, and follows its pleasant windings for miles, filling his sketch-book with studies picked up in the course of his delightful stroll; and not unfrequently we see him, planted on the top of some dry and elevated stone in the middle of the stream, or couched on the verdant bank, busily occupied in transferring to his paper the beauties of the scene before him. To the poet, a ramble by the brook-side has an indescribable charm: it fills him with the most delectable emotions, and gives birth to inspirations the most divine. He beholds the face of Nature in some of its loveliest aspects; and in haunts and stilly solitudes away from the eye of the world,

> "Haunts and nooks right seldom seen—
> Lonely, leafy, cool, and green,"

he holds communion with the spirit of Nature, and fits his darling fancies for the light. 'Tis there he culls the flowers of song, and wreathes a garland of imperishable blooms. 'Tis there he sheaves the eared gold of poesy, and binds up his sweet and magnificent thoughts in the bands of verse. According to the "inspired ploughman," Burns, a ramble by the brook-side is the primary source, or, rather, the developing cause, of *all* poetry; for, says he,

> "The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander
> Adown some trotting burn's meander."

Whether we receive this *dictum* in its literal, strict sense, matters not; but there can be no doubt the muse delights to haunt the locality of a "trotting burn;" and if, in strolling by the brook-side, and contemplating the charms with which it abounds, we feel not our hearts within us moved into song, we may rest assured there is no spark of the sacred fire in our cold clay. "The power of waters over the minds of poets," says Wordsworth, "has been acknowledged from the earliest ages; through the 'Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius' of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns," just quoted. And Keats, in his Hyperion, in true keeping with the poetic character, has made Apollo himself, the god of poesy, pleasantly wandering, in the morning twilight,

> "Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
> Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale."

Without laying any claim to the name of poet, yet possessing something of the poetic temperament, many and many a sweet hour have we, dear reader, whiled away "beside the osiers of a rivulet," in the sunny days of our youth, ere care had set its stamp upon our brow, and our young heart was beating high with emotions we attempt in vain to recall. Alas! alas! it may not be. The keen sensibility of youth, its freshness of heart and exuberance of feeling, its crowding fancies and gay dreams, will not return, and the charm that then hung over creation has vanished for ever.

To our mind, there is ever something passing sweet in a ramble by the brook-side, at any season; but more especially at the beginning of summer, in "the leafy month of June." We love to follow its clear and silvery meanderings through wood and copse, by rocks and "steepy hills;" now sweeping across the heathery and brown waste; now dipping into the heart of a forest; or rushing, with foamy waves, through the chasm of some black ravine; and now winding among green and knee-deep pastures, in the bosom of some delicious valley. And, in early summer, when the stream is full and clear; when the waters go singing on their way, in sweetest tones; when the fair banks are rife with many a flower, and many a plumy fern verdant and fresh; when the overhanging trees have put forth every leaf, and are full of life and beauty; when every bush and green bough sends out a gush of song, that fills the summer air with its loveliness, and vibrates to the inmost heart of all who hear it; when the breeze is balmy and redolent of delicious odours; when the heaven is blue and cheery, and ringing with the voice of larks; and when the bright brooklet, that

rolls along at our feet, is painted with the glowing azure of the sky; to our mind, a ramble of this sort is then the most abounding in witchery. And our beloved country is rich in osier-fringed rivulets and "trotting burns;" and almost everywhere, where our green lanes and leafy paths can take us, we may enjoy a stroll by the brook-side. Many a pleasant stream, welling in dim forest or moorland privacies, and coming down

"From the chapt mountain and the mossy wild,"

winds through this verdant and favoured land, visiting cottage and mill, hamlet and farm, mansion and city, in its progress; carrying fatness and fertility to innumerable fields; bearing on its lucent waters, health and wealth, cleanliness and comfort, to many a home; keeping fresh and fair the beautiful scenery through which it glides; and yielding, to poet and painter, to every lover of Nature, to every toil-worn slave of commerce, who delights to wander by its side and gaze upon its loveliness, a rapture and a charm; a pleasure for his eye, a banquet for his taste; health for his faded cheek, and a soothing, refreshing restorative for his perturbed spirit.

Pursuing the narrow path that winds through this thicket, we still keep beside the brook,

"Whose silver ramble,
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,"

entices us on. Here, then, is a sylvan and delicious scene! How lingeringly the bright stream wends through this bowery covert! How lovingly it loiters beneath these leaves, seeming loath to emerge from this verdant screen! It turns and bends, and coils round root and tree, and clings to

"The sides of mossy stones and rock;
'Mong which it gurgles blithe adieus, to mock
Its own sweet grief at parting."

How thickly these trees crowd down to the brooklet's edge, dipping their low branches into the pellucid current! Now the water sparkles in the light of day, and glides along like a bit of the cloudland overhead. Now it hides among the bushes, and conceals itself from sight, or steals beneath the shade of trees, like a guilty thing, and takes its colour from the neighbouring green. What grassy knolls are here, to lie and read on, listening to the murmurous sound that haunts this leafy spot! What mossy and cool caves, wherein to shelter from the summer heats! What lucid and embowered pools, for a refreshing plunge! What sweet places beside the stream, for the lovers of angling—the brethren of the rod and line—the gentle followers of old Izaac Walton!

But, hark! the noise of falling waters breaks pleasantly on the ear, forcing its way through interlaced boughs and matted foliage, and arousing from their sleep the echoes of the wood. Passing between these grey, old oaks, and making a bend round this thick underwood, we step out on a platform of rock, and see below us the brook flinging itself headlong, among stones and uprooted trees, into the depths of a grim ravine. Let us hold fast by this branch, while we take a peep into the chasm. What hissing and thundering! What rage and torture! What lashing of rocks, and cold sweat steaming to the sky! And how the waters boil and eddy, and fling their white foam on the stony walls! How beautiful the spray, glittering with rainbow hues! How picturesque the fall! How sweetly it

"Shakes its loosening silver in the sun!"

The green boughs that shoot athwart its whiteness, and bedeck it with an emerald fringe, are they not lovely? The pillared trees that throng about it, and overarch its yeasty floods with leafage, are they not fair to look on? Do they not impart a beauty, and lend a charm to the prone torrent itself? Yes,

"Seen through their green, the waterfall
Is rife in witcheries!"

Look at that small wren hopping about upon the twigs at the very bottom of the abyss, reckless of the mad waters that dash around her, and wet the twig on which she sits! What cares she for the thundering stream, that rushes past her, and threatens to annihilate her in its fury? She feels her safety in the midst of danger, and gambols as fearlessly as though she were on the borders of her nest. And, see! there is a butterfly flitting across the chasm; but he seems bewildered, and seeks the upper air again. Perhaps some splashing water-drop has knocked a few feathers from his wing!

But, reader! where are we? In following the meanderings of this little brook we have gone somewhat astray from our proper path; but finding ourselves in such pleasant company, it was natural, (as Leigh Hunt says,) to wander "both in feet and talk." Let us quicken our steps, and endeavour to regain the lane.

Continuing in this narrow track for a short distance, we emerge at length from the wood, and keeping to "the old brown lines of rural liberty," that run along beneath these hedge-rows, across a couple of fields, we reach a gate that opens on the lane, near to a picturesque old flour-mill, built on a branch of the stream by which we have been rambling. Here now is a fine study for the painter! How ricketty the walls! What rich colour in the lichens, and weather-stains upon them! How mossy the roof! And what a profusion of ivy mantles the once white-washed gable-end! The water falls splashing down the blackened and whirling wheel, rushing onwards with the velocity of lightning, and startling the by-stander with its noise, while large flakes and masses of foam go dancing down the stream on the tops of the troubled billows, covering them with a creamy whiteness, as far as the eye can see. And what a hum and hubbub there are inside the mill! One would imagine that all this rattling machinery must shake it to the ground; but, in spite of its wo-begone appearance, it stands like a rock. Observe, round the open window, how the flour-dust has covered the wall with a whiteness like hoar-frost! We see the fine powder flying about inside, and wonder how the miller can exist in an atmosphere so

unhealthy. But he does live, and looks well too, in spite of the flour on his face; for there he is, coming down the ladder with a sack on his back. What a load! and yet he carries it easily. His stout legs tremble not as he hies along with his burden to where the waggon stands waiting in the yard. How fat and sleek are his horses! And what broad, table-like backs they carry! The very poultry, that peck about his doors, are full and plump, and seem to be twice the size of another's His old dog is fat like himself, and does equal credit to his keep; indeed every living thing about him thrives and looks well!

Yonder, in the little dell beside the mill, wreathed with woodbine, and sweetly screened by an overhanging clump of elms, stands, or rather lurks, his cottage. What a charming abode! How beautifully bosomed in green! How lapped in delicious shadiness! The summer roses cluster round his door in blushing companies; and his slip of garden, that slopes down to the water side, seems stocked with the choicest flowers. How sweet that hazel-walk, bordering the stream! And that bower of elders in the corner, with the table and bench, where the good man smokes his pipe of an evening, after the labours of the day, or takes tea with his friends on a Sunday afternoon; is it not lovely? Is it not the very haunt of peace and quiet? A sweet nook for musing and meditation!

"A place of nestling green, for poets made!"

We ascend some rising ground, and pursue our walk beside the mill-pool; for the brook now spreads out into a large sheet of water, with its clustering reeds, and wild-fowl sailing to and fro among the rushes at its remote corner. Here is some good-fishing, no doubt. The miller and his friends spend many a pleasant hour angling in these waters, seated on the green bank, or throwing their lines from the old boat, in the middle of the pool. See how the fish leap up into the yellow sunbeams, as though for sport; and innumerable circles spread over the crystal mere, rippling and expanding to the very marge!

It would be delightful to bring some volume of sweet poetry in our pocket, and sail out into the centre of the pool, and there, with the clear sunny water all around us, and a glowing sky above, betake ourselves, safe from interruption, to a quiet and enjoying perusal of the same; or reclining at full length at the bottom of the boat, our faces upturned to heaven—like the solitary Rousseau, on the lake of Geneva, give ourselves to Fancy, and let her bear us, if she will, to the very ends of earth; wind and tide at the same time drifting our little barque just wheresoever they please!

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S MAGAZINE.

Gorbals, Glasgow.

If you think the following verses good enough* for your Magazine, your inserting them will much oblige the author.

ROBERT WEST.

SONG OF A SPINNER.

I am a poor spinner, most poor;
And to-night I am weary and worn;
Most ceaseless, I ween, is my toil,
And close I have laboured since morn.
Most silent I sit by the hearth,
Nor heed how my wife bustles by;
Unnoticed my children's wild mirth;
Most weary and worn am I.

I am a poor spinner, unwise:
And yet what is wisdom to me?
Leave that to the rulers of earth;
My wheels all-sufficient must be.
I eat, and I sleep, and I toil,
And day after day passeth by;
Why need I to think or to hope?
An ignorant spinner am I.

Who heedeth the spinner? not one:
He is wild and most drunken and rude;
No thought of the future hath he,
But give him his drink and his food.
As the brute's, weareth on his same life;
As the brute, the dull being will die;
No thought of hereafter hath he:
And such a poor spinner am I.

The great and the rich may look down
On the poor reckless spinner with scorn:
They think not on long weary hours,
That he from his childhood hath borne;
They think not, o'er-toiled and most spent,
How the mind's better feelings will die,
How sweet may forgetfulness be;
And such a poor spinner am I.

O scorn not the poor man, ye great,
Tho' rude and unmannered he be!
Remember his care and his toil,
And think not all-brutish is he.
Tho' weak, he has something at heart
That oft may Temptation pass by,
Forgets not, tho' scorned, he is Man:
And such a poor spinner am I.

ROBERT WEST.

* If our correspondent means "good enough" merely as poetry, we should say, "No;" but, if "good enough" in another sense, the publication of the Spinner's verses are sufficient answer. They are good enough as one more feather thrown up to shew how the wind sets.—*E. T. M.*

TO AN OLD CASTLE.

THE din of war and revelry, and the voice
Of power was here, and soft submission. Here
Words of long-buried wisdom smote the ear
Of stubborn folly;—here did Love rejoice
Or languish—for Love here had varied choice
Of loveliness—and now its matted hair
The rank grass waves, where once the braided fair
Footed it lightly, lightly. Fancy now enjoys
Her lonely musing, where erst bodied truth
Reigned, and reality! So 'tis with the heart
Of each one—for, while the hour-seizing youth
Grasps at all things, as they might ne'er depart,
Sad years still weave—enough—unto the day
Suffice its evil—joy ye while you may!

CHRONICLES OF THE PLACE VENDOME.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

No. I.—A PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

EVERYBODY conversant with the habits of Parisian life must be aware that each mansion of the French metropolis is provided, on the basement story, with a Pandora's box, from six to twelve feet square, according to the dignity of the establishment; forming a domicile for the man or woman, or, rather, man and woman, (for a *portier* or *concierge* is expected to be a double gentleman,) intrusted with the keys and secrets of the various families, often amounting to twenty in number, who inhabit the six floors of the spreading mansion. The importance of the Parisian porter, whether as factotum to the tenant, or spy of the police, cannot be too highly estimated. Supported by voluntary and involuntary contributions—for, in addition to the salary secured by the proprietor of the hotel, he is entitled to remuneration severally from the lodgers, to say nothing of the "hoptional" gratifications to which, with *mos pro lege*, he feels entitled in the way of *étrennes* on New Year's Day—it is astonishing how little he appears to thrive upon earnings doubling the amount of those of any other domestic servant. Nay, in addition to the *contributions directes et indirectes*, levied upon the lodgers who are committed to his charge, almost as a lunatic into that of a keeper, the porter usually maintains a separate calling, of a nature not to interfere with his professional duties, of answering the questions of visiters to the various inhabitants of the house, from the great lady lodged in the first floor, to the scullion inhabiting the attic; pulling the cord which unlatches the *porte cochère* when closed at dusk; paying the postage of all the letters presented at the house; and affording information, real or suppositious, to all inquirers, touching the name, nature, and circumstances of *les locataires*. The he-porter is a cobbler, a botcher, or a blacker of shoes: the she-porter, a *ravandeuse*, or taker up of stitches in silk stockings; and both of them are invariably ready to receive boarders; that is, of the zoological species: cats, dogs, parrots, or canary birds, belonging to families out of town, or convicted of a disposition to bite or scratch the children or visiters of their original proprietors. The porter is warranted to teach tricks to poodles, or to instruct goldfinches and redpoles in the useful art of drawing up water for their subsistence.

Yet, notwithstanding the multiplicity of their trades, these people have invariably a meagre and jaundiced appearance. If in an hotel of sufficient consequence to bestow a livery, (and a French livery is, for ill fashion and meanness,

"A thing to dream of, not to tell,)

it hangs about him loose as a surplice; while the features of the woman are sure to be as sharp as the knitting needles, ever shuffling in her hands. Nothing, in fact, can be more unwholesome than a porter's life. As the *très humble serviteur* of half a hundred different lodgers, he must be prepared to admit them into the hotel at all hours of the night as well as day. During the Carnival, the season of gaiety intervening between the first of January and Ash Wednesday, there is every probability that he will be unable to command a quarter of an hour's undisturbed rest in the twenty-four hours; and, in addition to the difficulty of sleeping by night in the little noisy den adjoining the street, which "serves him for kitchen, for parlour, and all," there is the difficulty of breathing in it by day, filled, as it is pretty sure to be, with the lounging servants or hangers on of the establishment, private friends of the porter and his poodles, inquirers concerning the *locataires*, and people waiting for an answer to cards or letters sent up; a host, in short, of unsavoury visitants, who seem to delight, in winter-time, in the reeking atmosphere of the *loge du portier*, warmed by a smoking stove, and scented with bird-cages, *anisette*, and *soupe aux choux*. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the porter and his wife should, nine times in ten, be squalid, unpleasant looking people; who, when they brandish the keys of their innumerable lodgers, resemble the *guichetiers* of a jail more than the domestics of a decent establishment.

Even in the most aristocratic households of Paris, the porter is little better than we have set down. How different from the stately fellow, with his rich livery, baldric, laced cocked-hat, and staff of office, who figures like a magnified parish beadle, under the princely gateways of Vienna; and how different from the legitimate Swiss of the *ancien régime*, when Paris entertained a variety of schools and colleges, where the stalworth peasants of Normandy or Auvergne were instructed in the Swiss language, and taught to say "*Monsîr*," in order to qualify them for becoming porters of a noble mansion. As it is, the chief difference between the porter of *Monsieur le Duc* and of a lodging-house is, that the nobleman usually selects for the office a person reared on his own estates, and therefore likely to be truer to his interests; and that the *hotel garni* is served by people chosen from the *petites affiches*, or advertisements,—superannuated soldiers, infirm coachmen, or lackeys, or any other dilapidated fraction of menial existence.

Compared with the ignominy of their position, as slaves to the many, nothing is more extraordinary than the influence exercised by these people over the destinies of the middle classes. Though "*propos de portier*" is proverbial for a

vulgar trivial saying, and even for a groundless rumour, it is to the porter that tradespeople address themselves for information concerning the respectability of their customers, knowing that the clamour of unpaid creditors would be certain to reach his ears. Nay, when a marriage is in process of manufacture, according to the French system of uniting two suitable fortunes and conditions of life by the interference of friends and relatives, without much regard to the predilections of the parties, it is to the porter of the house in which he lodges that the family of the young lady address themselves for satisfaction concerning the morals and connexions of the intended bridegroom; when, if he happen to be in debt to the porter's lodge for postage, shoeblacking, or errands, it will always give him the best of characters, in hopes that a good match may secure their liquidation.

This is a long preamble to the act of introducing to my reader the worshipful persons of Monsieur and Madame Baptiste, my porter and his wife. *My* porter, said I, as though I, Toby Allspy, of the attic story, could pretend to the proprietorship of two officials, attached to a house whose rent amounts, like most of those in the Place Vendome, to two thousand per annum. Monsieur and Madame Baptiste, however, are as much mine as the civility of their natures and the regular payment of my four and twopence a-month can make them; and, notwithstanding my aversion to the climate of a porter's lodge, from which sun and air are the only things excluded, I often pause a minute with them, after receiving, at their hands, the key of my room, or a letter, or visiting-card, to gossip about *la pluie et le beau temps*, and the remarkable events of the neighbourhood.

For the Baptistes, wife and husband, are a degree above the common herd of porters; inasmuch as they are not only hereditary retainers of the noble landlord of the house, but have been inhabitants of their pigeon-hole of a lodge during the last five-and-thirty years. Though proud of their vocation, they indulge in the common weakness of humanity of pretending to have stooped to it. Like Dogberry, Monsieur Baptiste proclaims himself as "one that hath had losses." Upon his marriage, it seems, he ventured to take a farm upon Monsieur le Comte's estate in Touraine, the spot where he was born; and, though glad to resign his lease at the close of a year or two, and accept the Count's generous offer to instal him porter of his hotel in the Place Vendome, with a salary of a thousand francs or forty pounds a-year, it is to his temporary dignities, as a farmer, that Baptiste is sure to revert, the moment I enter into conversation with him. Like the haughty Lucifer, he cannot forget his former proud eminence; and, though it is now nearly forty years since he beheld a field of corn otherwise than by a jaunt in a *coucou* to St Cloud, he still affects the agriculturist, prognosticates the weather, and opines concerning the harvest, from the indications of one poor pot of mignionette, which shares with a cage of canaries the task of shutting out half the blessed light of heaven, intended to enter the porter's lodge.

Monsieur Baptiste (I learned it in confidence from his helpmate, during his temporary absence) is now verging towards threescore years and ten; and I fancy it is owing to his apprehension lest Monsieur le Comte should take it into his head that a man seventy years old is an incompetent guardian for his property and sitter up for his lodgers, that the old fellow affects a sort of unnatural smirking vivacity; while Madame Baptiste goes further still in the task of dissimulation, and conceals her gray hairs under a silk front, whose curls are of the brightest auburn. Nothing offends either of them so much as to be compassionated for their fatigues. It is plain they consider an avowal of being worked off their legs, as tantamount to a sentence of superannuation; and though, next to having been a farmer, Baptiste is proudest in the world of having been five-and-thirty years a porter in the Place Vendome, he does not like to be questioned, within hearing of the servants of the Count, touching any circumstance likely to betray the duration of his services. He chooses to be considered a man of five-and-twenty. In a cracked treble, much resembling the note of a *mirliton*, he quavers one of Béranger's songs, whenever he sees the Countess descending the grand staircase; and is sometimes observed even to perform *entrechâts* in the courtyard, by way, he says, of giving a lesson to the two poodle puppies, who are just now parlour boarders at the lodge.

This obstinate juvenility constitutes his greatest fault; for it is often the means of checking tales which he would otherwise unfold, concerning the memorable national events which have passed immediately under his observation. It is only when the lodge is secure from visitation, when the Count and his family are in Touraine, and most of the *locataires* at their villas or *aux eaux*, that Baptiste can be moved to confess to my private ear, how he was an eye-witness of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon; how the people laughed at the idea of the *petit caporal* becoming a greater thing than the legitimate King, whose head they had cut off; and how it cried when the new Emperor, after introducing the new fashion of repudiation, put away their favourite Josephine, who maintained, at her cost, such legions of beggars and milliners; how they laughed, again, at the Duchesse d'Angoulême's little bonnet, and cried again when the allies bivouaced a second time in the Bois de Boulogne, to punish them for having laughed the first; with other historical reminiscences, too tedious to enumerate.

Twice, within the last six months, have I indulged in prolonged colloquies with my friend Baptiste; once, when, during the riots of the month of May, a regiment, stationed throughout the day in the Place Vendome, commenced its bivouac at night with tremendous watchfires lighted in the place, with all the outward and visible signs of civil war; and again, some two

months ago, after witnessing a catastrophe similar to those which have recently excited the sensibilities of Fish-Street Hill. I was mending a pen at my attic window, at the very moment when a well-dressed man precipitated himself from the gallery at the top of the column, with such a force as to fall outside the iron railing that surrounds the basement, and a spectator of all the sad incidents that followed: a curious example, by the way, of the difference of national character! Though this frightful event occurred in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the French metropolis, it excited no surprise or confusion. The moment the unhappy man reached the earth, which he did by falling on his back, after turning over midway in the air, the sergeant, who acts as guardian of the column, hurried towards him, and, having ascertained, with the skill of a man versed in the lore of battlefields, that life was extinct, so as to render succour unavailing, placed the sentinel on duty at the base of the column as a guard over the body, (which, though the back of the skull was frightfully fractured, presented only the appearance of a man who slept, till a pool of blood began gradually to extend around the head,) and despatched an errand-boy in search of the *commissaire de police*. About fifty persons, displaying little or no interest in the event, were now collected. In ten minutes the commissary made his appearance; stooped down and examined the pockets of the deceased, to ascertain his name and address; saw him lifted upon the stretcher brought for the purpose, decently covered over with striped sacking, so as to excite no observation in the streets more than the transport of a piece of furniture, and carried off, either to the morgue or his own habitation. Buckets of water were instantly thrown on the spot, by a soldier from the neighbouring guardhouse; and, within half an hour of the occurrence, people were passing to and fro as usual over the place, without the slightest indication of anything unusual. The French are not addicted to running to look at sights of horror. The anatomical schools are so accessible, and the morgue, always open, so well supplied with disgusting spectacles, that persons having a taste for the horrible are able to indulge it without crowding to the scene of an accident in the public streets.

My object in visiting Monsieur Baptiste, on this sad occasion, was to inquire the name and nature of the individual whom I had thus beheld precipitate himself into eternity. But the porter knew nothing about the matter; apparently had never inquired; and all my subsequent investigations were equally fruitless. The following day, every newspaper announced that—"Yesterday, about eleven o'clock, a decently-dressed man committed suicide, by precipitating himself from the top of the column in the Place Vendome. His skull was fractured by the fall, and he never moved again." No moving details; no frightful descriptions; no appeal to the sympathies of the public; no heroization of a probably crazy or worthless individual.

"It was enough he died—what reck'd it how?"

and no false interest was imparted to the act, to provoke the emulation of those as weak and reckless as himself. I was really at some pains to prosecute my inquiries concerning the man and his motives; but, without exposing myself to unpleasant suspicions, by applying for information to the Préfecture de Police, found it impossible to elicit a syllable. Two days afterwards the event was forgotten, even by those under whose eyes it had occurred.

"My countrypeople are often taxed with being phlegmatic," said I, to Monsieur Baptiste, in allusion to this singular insensibility; "but, after all, I swear that you French are quite as unimpressionable."

"*Que voulez vous?*" replied the porter, accompanying this universal reply with the equally universal shrug of the shoulders. "*Nous autres*, we have seen so much, have witnessed such sanguinary events, such strange vicissitudes; more than we can enumerate, more almost than we can remember! A life, more or less, is no great thing in the account."

I was almost inclined to shrug my shoulders, in return for this explanation.

"Even passing my days in this very place, as I have done since the time when, as I have already had the honour of mentioning to Monsieur, I was a thriving farmer; not a more thriving one in the whole Touraine country; and when Madame Baptiste, who was then a fine young woman of twenty, had under her charge a"——

"Yes, I remember; you have often spoken to me of the circumstance," said I; adding, hypocritically, by way of conciliation—"and it was certainly a most afflicting stroke of fortune which brought a family of *your* respectability so much below their level as a porter's lodge! Not but that the place of porter to this house is a very different thing from almost any other in Paris; but, as you were saying, your office here has at least afforded you the means of witnessing many interesting scenes and curious sights."

"Ay, indeed!—that you may truly say, sir! I was observing to Madame Baptiste yesterday, (when a young lady, who happened to see that wretched man pitch upon his skull from the column, staggered into the lodge, and begged for a glass of water,) that it reminded me of a strange incident which once occurred in the Place, right opposite to this very house, when a lady also rushed in, and was nigh fainting, sir, in the armchair in which you are now seated. I'll tell you all about it; but perhaps you are in a hurry?"

"On the contrary, I shall be glad to rest a moment after my walk, before I proceed up stairs," I replied; "that is, if I do not detain you from your interesting office of imparting instruction to Médor and Bellotte?"

"*Comment donc, Monsieur!*—as if the education of a poor *caniche* were to be placed in comparison with the honour of a visit from one of our oldest and most esteemed *locataires!* But to return to my story. It was at the epoch we

call the Restoration; that is, it was when the poor, fat, helpless, gouty, good-natured Louis XVIII. was trying to court popularity, by imitating the proceedings of poor Nap., much as the donkey in the fable does the tricks of the puppy dog. The good old soul, who never had more vocation for soldiering than a buttered roll, was constantly ordering reviews and parades, and *petites guerres*, as many as would have made up the complement of a *grande*. He had heard something about Henri IV. and his *panache blanche*, and so was fond of figuring in a cocked hat and feather! Ride he couldn't; walk he couldn't; that is, couldn't to speak of: but he loved to drive to the field in an open *cnlèche*, and call the soldiers *mes enfans*, and make believe to be capable of heading an army. Of course, with such a man there was no great wit of selection in his military appointments. On first landing from England, he was glad to accept such traitors as chose to desert to his standard from that of Buonaparte; and afterwards was forced to fill up the higher posts with a pack of chaps who had been seeing service on the carpet of the parlours at Hartwell, and who knew no more of fighting, except from being born of *le bois dont on fait des colours*, than poor Médor, whom I have just succeeding in teaching to shoulder an umbrella."

"And of whom you will doubtless make an able-bodied soldier in time," added I.

"Monsieur is only too good.—Well, sir, it happened that, just about the time I speak of, the brother-in-law of Monsieur le Comte was Minister of War; and the consequence was, that a vast number of officers, from second lieutenants up to generals of division, found it convenient to pay their court here, to my master, by way of recommending themselves to the notice of the War Office. *Tant mieux!*—Monsieur le Comte, hospitable to all, was enchanted to welcome to his house any of the brave veterans who had distinguished themselves during the wars of the empire; and as to the others, he could not do otherwise than be civil to them, as servants of the king, his master. Among those who came oftenest, and to whom I had least pleasure in drawing the *cordon*, was a certain General Landrey, or *De* Landrey, as he called himself; a man who never was seen, even in his dressing gown, without a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole; a conceited, self-sufficient fellow as ever you saw, sir. We had a beautiful *basset* belonging to Mademoiselle Guissure of the Academie Royale, boarding with us just then; and never did the general pass the poor beast in the *entry*, without giving it a kick that sent it yelping back again into the lodge. The count my master's servants could not abide the General. They said he gave twice as much trouble as any other visiter. When he dined here, he always swore the wine was corked, the game over roasted, or some other impertinence which served to get the poor servants into a scrape."

"Monsieur le General was probably proud of the distinctions obtained by his services," said I, conceiving that the porter's petulance required rebuke.

"Distinctions!—Oh yes! he had a vast number of distinctions to be proud of, and took care not to overlook more than one or two of them. I wish you could have seen him jump out of his handsome cabriolet, when he came to pay his respects to the countess, of a morning; his well-padded chest as square as the pedestal of the column; his waist laced in; his whiskers and mustachios curled and burnished, as though standing on end, with bees' wax; and, above all, his face as scornful as that of Haman at the right hand of Ahasuerus in an old tapestry! Or else, stepping out of his smart dark chariot, when he came to dine with the count; spruce, black, and japanned from top to toe, with not a bit of colour about either him or his equipage, save and except the bit of scarlet ribbon blushing at his button hole! On such occasions, sir, so high was his chin lifted above the earth by his stiff cravat, that I doubt whether he could have discerned anything nearer to the surface of it than the top of the column."

"A highly military *tenue!*" said I, laughing at the imitative gestures with which Baptiste described his master's insolent visitant; "but I don't see exactly why it should move your spleen."

"Why, you see, sir, in those days, Ma'm'selle Eulalie resided with the countess, her aunt. You don't remember Ma'm'selle Eulalie, and you don't remember the countess, her aunt. They were before your time, sir; before you came to lodge in the hotel, the countess was gone to her long home, and Ma'm'selle Eulalie to her husband's; for, soon after the catastrophe of the General, the dear young lady made a happy and respectable match."

"You allude, I fancy, to the handsome vicomtesse whom I sometimes see drive into the court-yard here?"

"Precisely, sir. Madame la Vicomtesse was at that time a lovely girl of eighteen, and a great heiress, of whom the countess, her aunt, was sole guardian. A queerish body she was, the countess, though I say it, who, as her household servant, ought may be to hold my tongue. But she was quite a different creature from the good count her husband, and full of quirks and conundrums more than any reasonable body would dream of. You see, sir, she was the daughter of a *ci-devant*, whose fine family estates went all to smash in the first revolution; a thing she never could forget, though she was married to a man who'd the luck to preserve *his*, and who is one of the most opulent gentlemen in France. So, after the Restoration, my lady, the countess, was always trying to keep up friendships with both parties, in case that, whether Napoleon returned from exile, or the Bourbons kept their ground, she might still be sure of a good reception at court; and even in choosing a husband for her handsome niece, she went upon the same principle."

"There are Vicars of Bray, then, in all countries," was my inward reflection.

"Well, sir, foremost among those who paid their court to Ma'm'selle Eulalie, was this selfsame General de Landrey; who, being a personable man as you would wish to see, might perhaps have been well received by the young lady, had she not already entertained a kindness for the viscount, her present spouse. However, as the viscount was only a retired country gentleman, of no sort of influence, except in his own village, where he was adored; and as the general, like most *intrigants*, had a prodigious deal, both with the Buonaparte party, for which he pretended to act as mediator, and the legitimist party, to which he had deserted; Madame la Comtesse thought nothing would be more advantageous than an alliance with a stirring, intelligent, thriving man, who assured her that he had only to speak and obtain from the king letters of nobility, long dormant in his family. Only, as a soldier of Napoleon, a soldier of fortune, he affected to despise titles; and assured her that it was only in deference to *her* prejudices, he would stoop to be made a man of quality."

"An honourable sentiment at all events," said I.

"An honourable sentiment is as easily uttered as any other, sir!" quoth Baptiste. "It is only when we see it a rule of conduct, that we ought to confide in its sincerity! I always had my misgivings as to the General's! His servants seemed so terribly afraid of him. They spoke to him in altered voices, as though addressing a sultan; and then, the moment his back was turned, would wink and point at him in a manner never seen in *this* household towards Monsieur le Comte. However, *my* opinion, as you may suppose, was never asked; and the courtship went on, till the viscount took himself off in dudgeon to his country seat; and poor Ma'm'selle Eulalie began to look very pale and moping. Madame la Comtesse seemed to consider the wedding all as one as settled, for she was driving about all day long, from mantuamaker to milliner, and milliner to *lingère*, looking out matters for the *trousseau*. There was no talk, in short, in the hotel, from *office* to *mansarde*, except of the grand *fêtes* we should enjoy, in celebration of the marriage."

"General de Landrey, I suppose, became more amiable and conciliating now that his happiness was approaching?"

"Not a bit, sir! As soon as he felt sure of Ma'm'selle Eulalie, he grew haughtier than ever; and it almost reconciled me to the thoughts of losing Ma'm'selle, good and benevolent as she was, to think that I should never more be forced to draw the latch for a gentleman who addressed me as he would a dog; that is, as an amiable gentleman like yourself, sir, would never dream of addressing poor Médor or Bellotte."

I, of course, suited an action to the word, by patting the head of the snivelling poodle ensconced between my legs and those of the arm chair.

"*Eh! bien, mon bon M'sieur—comme je vous disais,*" resumed Baptiste, "about three weeks fore the time we had heard whispered in the house as fixed for the wedding, there was a grand military parade in the Place Vendome. The 34th regiment of the line, (I think it was,) on leaving the garrison of Paris, was to receive, from the hands of Madame, (she was Duchesse d'Angouleme then,) a pair of colours, partly embroidered by the royal hand, and consecrated by the cardinal archbishop. The king and all the court were to be present at the ceremony; and as it was a fine morning in May, the fashionable folks took up their station at an early hour at the windows of the Place. Every balcony was full; every window seemed bright with handsome faces; and among them all, I can tell you, none handsomer than our charming heiress, Ma'm'selle Eulalie; and though the countess, in her pink crape bonnet and marabout feathers, took to herself the bows and salutations of the gay aids-de-camp and officers passing, and repassing on horseback, and the exclamations of the crowd as they looked up to our windows, of '*Seigneur!—qu'elle est belle!*' I fancy the compliments were pretty nearly all for Ma'm'selle! At last, shining from top to toe with gold lace, the huge general officer's plume in his rich cocked-hat, looking as white as an avalanche, up caracoles General de Landrey, who, as an extra aide-de-camp of one of the princes, I forget which, was on duty to receive his Majesty at the foot of the column, where a space was left for the royal carriage; and one thing I know, that except Nap.'s showy brother-in-law, Murat, the King of Naples, I never saw such a gimcrack-looking personage! Says I, to myself, if the poor old king, now, was such a smart active Saltimbanque as the chap yonder on the leopard's skin saddle, there would be the less need for presenting consecrated colours to the regiments of his army! Well, sir, it was a stirring scene, as you may suppose: drums beating, colours flying, and, every now and then, the thrilling bray of the trumpets cutting like a scimitar through the hum and buzz of the crowd; the pretty ladies smiling and chatting up at the windows, and the crowd below laughing and huzzaing, and stuffing *gateaux de hauterre* and *plaisirs*, as if there had been a famine for six months previous! By the count's desire, I had closed the gates of the *porte cochère* till the conclusion of the ceremony; so I stole up into the *entresol* along with Ma'm'selle Eulalie's maid, to her room window, from whence I had a capital view of all that was going on."

"Ay! leaving me alone to twiddle my thumbs in the lodge, seeing no more of the grand spectacle than the canary in the cage!" added Madame Baptiste, who now thought proper to edge in a word.

"I saw the gay open carriage, containing Louis XVIII. and the duchess, drive slowly into the square, and take up its ground; and such cheers as burst forth from the troops and the pékins on the Place, seemed likely to shake the very ground, and bring down the old column. When, just as the huzzas were subsiding, and the music of the military band became audible, striking up the *quatuor d'usage*, '*Ou peut on*

être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille ?' I noticed my friend the General about thirty paces distant from the royal cavalcade, trying to keep back some intruder who was pressing forward, apparently with a view to present a memorial to the King. The General was very violent; his horse very restive; the man very urgent; the populace very indignant; when, lo! just as the General ventured to strike a blow at the young petitioner with the flat of his sabre, four fellows brushed forward and pulled him off his horse. The military brandished their swords, and gathered round for a rescue; but, as I was too far off to hear what was going on, I couldn't conceive the meaning of the readiness with which they were as suddenly checked, while the General was dragged off by the collar to the *quartier général*. The King and Madame stood up in their carriage, to ascertain the meaning of the confusion; but, on receiving some sort of explanation from a man in plain clothes who was permitted to approach them for the purpose, they appeared satisfied, and desired that the ceremonial of the day might proceed. Of this, however, I saw no more. Having noticed a showily-dressed lady stagger towards our door, and knock hurriedly for admittance, I hastened down to the lodge, into which I found she had been already admitted by the kindness of Madame Baptiste. There she sat; her tears wetting her rouged cheeks and satin pelisse, clasping her hands in distraction, and exclaiming, '*Ah, mon pauvre Landrey! C'en est fait de mon pauvre Landrey!*'

"Not to interest you, sir, in favour of the sufferings of one who, to say truth, looked little better than she should be, it turned out, as soon as the ceremony of the day was concluded and the crowd dispersed, that, while disputing so rampageously with the poor petitioner, General de Landrey had attracted the notice of Vidocq, the celebrated thief-taker; by whom he was recognised as a notorious offender, who, fifteen years before, had escaped from the galères at *Brest*; and, as it proved, joined the army of Italy at the moment of the Battle of Marengo; where, having distinguished himself by his desperate daring, he rose to immediate distinction."

"A *galérien*—a felon!" cried I, in utter amazement.

"On his suspected arrest by Vidocq's police, the General attempted to brazen it out; and was so well seconded by his character and appearance, that all present at the scene were furious at the idea of seeing a decorated soldier of the empire thus insulted. But Vidocq had a ready argument for those who were inclined to tear him to pieces."

"'If I am mistaken,' said he, 'I submit to be imprisoned in this fellow's place, and punished for my insolence. But if this *soi disant* General de Landrey be in truth Nicolo Affardo, (a ruffian convicted of burglary and assassination at Marseilles, in the year 1801,) you will find the letters T. F. (*travaux forcés*) branded upon his shoulder.'

"At this apostrophe, the General turned pale. All his previous braggarting disappeared."

"But did he consent to a personal examination?"

"Consent! Lord bless you, sir, Vidocq's fellows had him in buff in half a second; and there, sure enough, were the marks of the branding iron, as plain as the gold lace on his gay uniform which was lying on the floor."

"Well, *ensuite*?"

"He was detained at the *quartier général* till the crowd dispersed from the Place, and then conducted to the Abbaye. But before the trial could come on, he was suffered to make his escape, with the connivance (as it was supposed) of Vidocq and the Government, who did not want to draw public attention to so great a scandal. Madame la Comtesse had an *attaque de nerfs* on the occasion; more particularly after hearing the story of the lady in the satin pelisse who had presumed to make such a scene in the lodge of her hotel, and who called herself Madame de Landrey. But she soon recovered, when there came to be a talk in the house of another wedding. For, from that day forth, Ma'm'selle Eulalie vowed she'd have her own way. And the vicomte came back from the country, and a happy match they made of it. But only conceive, sir, what a dreadful thing it would have been, if she had been united in wedlock to this good-for-nothing blackguard, this insolent *soi disant* General de Landrey, previous to the PRESENTATION OF THE COLOURS IN THE PLACE VENDOME!

A FABLE.

A SPARROW on a line was sitting,
Sees a Beetle near him pecking,
Seizes on him—to his cries
Of "Mercy! Mercy!" thus replies:
"Hush, thou little trifling thing,
I of thee am lord and king;
By that wise decree of Fate,
Which made the small to serve the great."

A Hawk, which now came hovering past,
Spies the Sparrow's sweet repast,
Sharps his beak, and points his claws,
Then the Sparrow's heart-blood draws.

He now, as he pants and dies,
Calls for mercy to the skies.
"Hush," &c., &c.

As the Hawk devoured his prey,
An Eagle on him bent his way;
Strikes his talons. Now, the cries
Of "Mercy! Mercy!" loud arise.
"Hush," &c., &c.

A Hunter now, by chance, was nigh,
Let a well-aimed bullet fly.
The Eagle, dying, only can
Exclaim—"Oh, cruel tyrant, Man!"
"Hush," &c., &c.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our June Number.)

It was at Mr Wordsworth's house that I first became acquainted with Professor (then Mr) Wilson of Elleray. I have elsewhere described the impression which he made upon me at my first acquaintance; and it is sufficiently known, from other accounts of Mr Wilson, (as, for example, that written by Mr Lockhart in "Peter's Letters,") that he divided his time and the utmost sincerity of his love between literature and the stormiest pleasures of real life. Cock-fighting, wrestling, pugilistic contests, boat-racing, horse-racing, all enjoyed Mr Wilson's patronage; all were occasionally honoured by his personal participation. I mention this in no unfriendly spirit toward Professor Wilson; on the contrary, these propensities grew out of his ardent temperament and his constitutional endowments—his strength, speed, and agility: and being confined to the period of youth—for I am speaking of a period removed by five-and-twenty years—can do him no dishonour amongst the candid and the judicious. "*Non lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.*" The truth was, that Professor Wilson had in him, at that period of life, something of the old English chivalric feeling which our old ballad poetry agrees in ascribing to Robin Hood. Several men of genius have expressed to me, at different times, the delight they had in the traditional character of Robin Hood: he has no resemblance to the old heroes of Continental romance in one important feature; they are uniformly victorious; and this gives even a tone of monotony to the Continental poems: for, let them involve their hero in what dangers they may, the reader still feels them to be as illusory as those which menace an enchanter—an Astolpho, for instance, who, by one blast of his horn, can dissipate an army of opponents. But Robin is frequently beaten: he never declines a challenge; sometimes he courts one; and occasionally he learns a lesson from some proud tinker or masterful beggar, the moral of which teaches him that there are better men in the world than himself. What follows? Is the brave man angry with his stout-hearted antagonist because he is no less brave and a little stronger than himself? Not at all: he insists on making him a present, on giving him a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and (in case he is disposed to take service in the forest) finally adopts him into his band of archers. Much the same spirit governed, in his earlier years, Professor Wilson. And, though a man of prudence cannot altogether approve of his throwing himself into the convivial society of gipsies, tinkers, potters,* strolling players, &c.; nevertheless, it tells altogether in favour of Professor Wilson's generosity of mind, that he was ever ready to forego his advantages of station and birth, and to throw himself fearlessly upon his own native powers, as man opposed to man. Even at Oxford he fought an aspiring shoemaker repeatedly, which is creditable to both sides: for the very *prestige* of the gown is already overpowering to the artisan from the beginning, and he is half-beaten by terror at his own presumption. Elsewhere he sought out, or, at least, did not avoid the most dreaded of the local heroes; and fought his way through his "most verdant years," taking or giving defiances to the right and the left in perfect carelessness, as chance or occasion offered. No man could well shew more generosity in these struggles, nor more magnanimity in reporting their issue, which naturally went many times against him. But Mr Wilson neither sought to disguise the issue nor shewed himself at all displeased with it: even brutal ill-usage did not seem to have left any vindictive remembrance of itself. These features of his character, however, and these propensities which naturally belonged merely to the transitional state from boyhood to manhood, would have drawn little attention on their own account, had they not been relieved and emphatically contrasted by his passion for literature, and the fluent command which he soon shewed over a rich and voluptuous poetic diction. In everything Mr Wilson shewed himself an Athenian. Athenians were all lovers of the cockpit; and, howsoever shocking to the sensibilities of modern refinement, we have no doubt that Plato was a frequent better at cock-fights; and Socrates is known to have bred cocks himself. If there were any Athenian, however, in particular, it was Alcibiades; for he had his marvellous versatility; and to the Windermere neighbourhood in which he had settled, this versatility came recommended by something of the very same position in society—the same wealth, the same social temper, the same jovial hospitality. No person was better fitted to win or to maintain a high place in social esteem; for he could adapt himself to all companies; and the wish to conciliate and to win his way by flattering the self-love of others, was so predominant over all personal self-love and vanity,

> "That *he* did in the general bosom reign
> Of young and old."

Mr Wilson and most of his family I had already known for six years. We had projected journeys together through Spain and Greece, all of which had been nipped in the bud by Napoleon's furious and barbarous mode of making war. It was no joke, as it had been in past times, for an Englishman to be found wandering in continental regions; the pretence that he was, or might be, a spy—a charge so easy to make, so impossible to throw off—at once sufficed for the hanging of the un-

* *Potter* is the local term in northern England for a hawker of earthenware, many of which class lead a vagrant life, and encamp during the summer months like gipsies.

happy traveller. In one of his Spanish bulletins, Napoleon even boasted* of having hanged sixteen Englishmen, "merchants or others of that nation," whom he taxed with no suspicion even of being suspected, beyond the simple fact of being detected in the act of breathing Spanish air. These atrocities had interrupted our continental schemes; and we were thus led the more to roam amongst home scenes. How it happened I know not—for we had wandered together often in England—but, by some accident, it was not until 1814 that we visited Edinburgh together. Then it was that I first saw Scotland.

I remember a singular incident which befel us on the road. Breakfasting together, before starting, at Mr Wilson's place of Elleray, we had roamed, through a long and delightful day, by way of Ulleswater, &c. Reaching Penrith at night, we slept there; and, in the morning, as we were sunning ourselves in the street, we saw, seated in an arm-chair, and dedicating himself to the self-same task of *apricating* his jolly personage, a rosy, jovial, portly man, having something of the air of a Quaker. Good nature was clearly his predominating quality; and, as that happened to be our foible also, we soon fell into talk; and from that into reciprocations of good will; and from those into a direct proposal, on our new friend's part, that we should set out upon our travels together. How—whither—to what end or object—seemed as little to enter into his speculations as the cost of realizing them. Rare it is, in this business world of ours, to find any man in so absolute a state of indifference and neutrality, that for him all quarters of the globe, and all points of the compass, are self-balanced by philosophic equilibrium of choice. There seemed to us something amusing and yet monstrous in such a man; and, perhaps, had we been in the same condition of exquisite indetermination, to this hour we might all have been staying together at Penrith. We, however, were previously bound to Edinburgh; and, as soon as this was explained to him, that way he proposed to accompany us. We took a chaise, therefore, jointly, to Carlisle; and, during the whole eighteen miles, he astonished us by the wildest and most frantic displays of erudition, much of it levelled at Sir Isaac Newton. Much philosophical learning also he exhibited; but the grotesque accompaniment of the whole was, that, after every bravura, he fell back into his corner in fits of laughter at himself. We began to find out the unhappy solution of his indifference and purposeless condition: he was a lunatic; and, afterwards, we had reason to suppose that he was now a fugitive from his keepers. At Carlisle he became restless and suspicious; and, finally, upon some real or imaginary business, he turned aside to Whitehaven. We were not the objects of his jealousy; for he parted with us reluctantly and anxiously. On our part, we felt our pleasure overcast by sadness; for we had been much amused by his conversation, and could not but respect the philological learning which he had displayed. But one thing was whimsical enough: Wilson purposely said some startling things—startling in point of decorum, or gay pleasantries, *contra bonos mores;* at every sally of which, he looked as awfully shocked as though he himself had not been holding the most licentious talk in another key, licentious as respected all truth of history or of science. Another illustration, in fact, he furnished of what I have so often heard Coleridge say—that lunatics, in general, so far from being the brilliant persons they are thought, and having a preternatural brightness of fancy, usually are the very dullest and most uninspired of mortals. The sequel of our poor friend's history—for the apparent goodness of his nature had interested us both in his fortunes and caused us to inquire after him through all probable channels—was, that he was last seen by a Cambridge man of our acquaintance, but under circumstances which confirmed our worst fears: it was in a stage coach; and, at first, the Cantab suspected nothing amiss; but some accident of conversation being started, the topic of La Place's *Mechanique Celeste*, off flew our jolly Penrith friend in a tirade against Sir Isaac Newton; so that at once we recognised him, as the "Vicar of Wakefield" his "cosmogony friend" in prison; but—and that was melancholy to hear—this tirade was suddenly checked, in the rudest manner, by a brutal fellow in one corner of the carriage, who, as it now appeared, was attending him as a regular keeper; and, according to the custom of such people, always laid an interdict upon every ebullition of fancy or animated thought. He was a man whose mind had got some wheel entangled, or some spring overloaded, but else, was a learned and able person; and he was to be silent at the bidding of a low, brutal fellow, incapable of distinguishing between the gaieties of fancy and the wandering of the intellect. Sad fate! and sad inversion of the natural relations between the accomplished scholar and the rude, illiterate boor!

Of Edinburgh I thought to have spoken at length. But I pause, and retreat from the subject, when I remember that so many of those whom I loved and honoured at that time—some, too, among the gayest of the gay—are now lying in their graves. Of Professor Wilson's sisters, the youngest, at that time a child almost, and standing at the very vestibule of womanhood, is alone living: she has had a romantic life; has twice traversed, with no attendants but her servants, the gloomy regions of the Caucasus; and once with a young child by her side. Her husband, Mr M'Neill, is now the English envoy at the court of Teheran. On the rest, one of whom I honoured and loved as a sister, the curtain has fallen; and here, in the present mood of my spirits, I also feel disposed to drop a curtain over my subsequent memoirs. Farewell, hallowed recollections!

Thus, I have sketched the condition of the lake district, as to society of an intellectual

* This brutal boast might, after all, be a falsehood; and, with respect to mere numbers, probably was so.

order, at the time, (viz., the winter of 1808–9,) when I became a personal resident in that district; and, indeed, from this era, through a period of about twenty years in succession, I may describe my domicile as being amongst the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. It is true, I often made excursions to London, Bath, and its neighbourhood, or northwards to Edinburgh; and, perhaps, on an average, passed one-fourth part of each year at a distance from this district; but here only it was that henceforwards I had a house and small establishment. The house, for a very long course of years, was that same cottage in Grasmere, embowered in roses and jessamine, which I have already described as a spot hallowed to the admirers of Mr Wordsworth, by his seven years' occupation of its pretty chambers and its rocky orchard: a little domain, which he has himself apostrophized as the "lowest stair in that magnificent temple," forming the north-eastern boundary of Grasmere. The little orchard is rightly called "the lowest stair;" for, within itself, all is ascending ground; hardly enough of flat area on which to pitch a pavilion, and even that scanty surface an inclined plane; whilst the rest of the valley, into which you step immediately from the garden gate, is, (according to the characteristic beauty of the northern English valleys, as first noticed by Mr Wordsworth himself,) "flat as the floor of a temple."

In sketching the state of the literary society gathered or gathering about the English lakes, at the time of my settling amongst them, I have, of course, authorized the reader to suppose that I personally mixed freely amongst the whole; else I should have had neither the means for describing that society with truth, nor any motive for attempting it. Meantime, the direct object of my own residence at the lakes was the society of Mr Wordsworth. And it will be a natural inference that, if I mingled on familiar or friendly terms with this society, *a fortiori* would Mr Wordsworth do so, as belonging to the lake district by birth, and as having been, in some instances, my own introducer to members of this community. But it was not so: and never was a grosser blunder committed than by Lord Byron, when, in a letter to Mr Hogg, (from which an extract is given in some volume of Mr Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott,") he speaks of Wordsworth, Southey, &c., in connexion with Sir Walter, as all alike injured by mixing only with little adoring coteries, which each severally was supposed to have gathered about himself as a centre. Now, had this really been the case, I know not how the objects of such a partial or exclusive admiration could have been injured by it, in any sense with which the public were concerned. A writer may—and of that there are many instances—write the worse for meeting no body of sympathy with himself; no admiration sufficient to convince him that he has written powerfully: that misfortune, when it occurs, may injure a writer, or may cause him to cease cultivating his genius. But no man was ever injured by the strong reflection of his own power in love and admiration; not as a writer, I mean: though it is very true, from the great variety of modes in which praise, or the indirect flattery of silent homage, acts upon different minds, that some men may be injured as social companions: vanity, and, still more, egotism—the habit of making self the central point of reference, in every treatment of every subject—may certainly be cherished by the idolatry of a private circle, continually ascending; but arrogance and gloomy antisocial pride are qualities much more likely to be favoured by sympathy withheld, and the unjust denial of a man's pretensions. This, however, need not be discussed with any reference to Mr Wordsworth; for he had no such admiring circle: no applauding coterie ever gathered about him. Wordsworth was not a man to be openly flattered: his pride repelled that kind of homage, or any homage that offered itself with the air of conferring honour; and repelled it in a tone of loftiness or arrogance that never failed to kindle the pride of the baffled flatterer. Nothing, in the way of applause, could give Wordsworth any pleasure, unless it were the spontaneous and half-unconscious utterance of delight in some passage—the implicit applause of love, half afraid to express itself; or else the deliberate praise of rational examination, study, and comparison, applied to his writings: these were the only modes of admiration which could recommend themselves to Wordsworth. But had it been otherwise, there was another mistake in what Lord Byron said:—The neighbouring people, in every degree, "gentle and simple," literary or half educated, who had heard of Wordsworth, agreed in despising him. Never had poet or prophet less honour in his own country. Of the gentry, very few knew anything about Wordsworth. Grasmere was a vale little visited at that time, except for an hour's admiration. The case is now altered; and partly by a new road, which, having pierced the valley by a line carried along the water's edge, at a most preposterous cost, and with a large arrear of debt for the next generation, saves the labour of surmounting a laborious hill. The case is now altered, no less for the intellect of the age; and Rydal Mount is now one of the most honoured abodes in the island. But, at that time, Grasmere did not differ more from the Grasmere of to-day than Wordsworth from the Wordsworth of 1809–20. I repeat that he was little known, even as a resident in the country; and, as a poet, strange it would have been had the little town of Ambleside undertaken to judge for itself, and against a tribunal which had for a time subdued the very temper of the age. Lord Byron might have been sure that nowhere would the contempt for Mr Wordsworth be rifer than exactly amongst those who had a local reason for curiosity about the man, and who, of course, adopting the tone of the presiding journals, adopted them with a personality of feeling unknown elsewhere.

Except, therefore, with the Lloyds, or occasionally with Thomas Wilkinson the Quaker, or very rarely with Southey, Wordsworth had no intercourse at all beyond the limits of Grasmere: and in that valley I was myself, for some years, his sole visiting friend; as, on the other hand, my sole visiters, as regarded that vale, were himself and his family.

Among that family, and standing fourth in the series of his children, was a little girl, whose life, short as it was, and whose death, obscure and little heard of as it was amongst all the rest of the world, connected themselves with the records of my own life by ties of passion so profound, by a grief so frantic, and so memorable through the injurious effects which it produced of a physical kind, that, had I left untouched every other chapter of my own experience, I should certainly have left behind some memorandum of this, as having a permanent interest in the psychological history of human nature. Luckily the facts are not without a parallel, and in well-authenticated medical books; else I should have scrupled, (as what man does *not* scruple who values, above all things, the reputation for veracity?) to throw the whole stress of credibility on my own unattached narration. But all experienced physicians know well that cases similar to mine, though not common, occur at intervals in every large community.

When I first settled in Grasmere, Catherine Wordsworth was in her infancy; but, even at that age, noticed me more than any other person excepting, of course, her mother. She had for an attendant a young girl, perhaps thirteen years old—Sarah, one of the orphan children left by the unfortunate couple, George and Sarah Green, whose tragical end in a snow-storm I have already narrated. This Sarah Green was as far removed in character as could be imagined from that elder sister who had won so much admiration in her childish days, by her premature display of energy and household virtues. She was lazy, luxurious, and sensual: one, in fact, of those nurses who, in their anxiety to gossip about young men, leave their infant or youthful charges to the protection of chance. It was, however, not in her out-of-door ramblings, but at home, that the accident occurred which determined the fortune of little Catherine. Mr Coleridge was, at that time, a visiter to the Wordsworths at Allan Bank, that house in Grasmere to which Wordsworth had removed upon quitting his cottage. One day about noon, when, perhaps, he was coming down to breakfast, Mr Coleridge passed Sarah Green, playing after her indolent fashion with the child; and between them lay a number of carrots. He warned the girl that raw carrots were an indigestible substance for the stomach of an infant. This warning was neglected: little Catherine ate—it was never known how many; and, in a short time, was seized with strong convulsions. I saw her in this state about two, P.M. No medical aid was to be had nearer than Ambleside; about six miles distant. However, all proper measures were taken; and, by sunset, she had so far recovered as to be pronounced out of danger. Her left side, however, left arm, and left leg, from that time forward, were in a disabled state: not what could be called paralysed, but suffering a sort of atony or imperfect distribution of vital power. Catherine was not above three years old when she died; so that there could not have been much room for the expansion of her understanding, or the unfolding of her real character. But there was room enough in her short life, and too much, for love the most frantic to settle upon her. The whole vale of Grasmere is not large enough to allow of any great distances between house and house; and as it happened that little Kate Wordsworth returned my love, she in a manner lived with me at my solitary cottage; as often as I could entice her from home, walked with me, slept with me, and was my sole companion. That I was not singular in ascribing some witchery to the nature and manners of this innocent child, you may gather from the following most beautiful lines extracted from a sketch* towards her portraiture, drawn by her father, (with whom, however, she was noways a favourite):—

> "And as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
> Not less if unattended and alone
> Than when both young and old sit gather'd round,
> And take delight in its activity;
> Even so this happy creature of herself
> Was all sufficient: Solitude to her
> Was blithe society, who fill'd the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs.
> Light were her sallies as the tripping fawn's
> Forth startled from the form where she lay couch'd;
> Unthought of, unexpected, as the stir
> Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers;
> Or from before it chasing wantonly
> The many-colour'd images impress'd
> Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

It was this radiant spirit of joyousness, making solitude for her blithe society, and filling from morning to night the air "with gladness and involuntary songs," this it was which so fascinated my heart, that I became blindly, doatingly, in a servile degree, devoted to this one affection. In the Spring of 1812, I went up to London; and, early in June, by a letter from Miss Wordsworth, her aunt, I learned the terrific news, (for such to me it was,) that she had died suddenly. She had gone to bed in good health about sunset on June 4; was found speechless a little before midnight;

* It is entitled, "Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old;" and is dated at the foot 1811, which must be an oversight, for she was not so old until the following year. I may as well add the first six lines, though I had a reason for beginning the extract where it does, in order to fix the attention upon the special circumstance which had so much fascinated myself, of her all-sufficiency to herself, and the way in which she "filled the air with gladness and involuntary songs." The other lines are these:—

> "Loving she is and tractable, though wild;
> And Innocence hath privilege in her
> To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
> And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
> Of trespasses, affected to provoke
> Mock chastisement and partnership in play."

and died in the early dawn, just as the first gleams of morning began to appear above Seat Sandel and Fairfield, the mightiest of the Grasmere barriers, about an hour, perhaps, before sunrise. Never, perhaps, from the foundations of those mighty hills, was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news. Over and above my excess of love for her, I had always viewed her as an impersonation of the dawn and the spirit of infancy; and this abstraction seated in her person, together with the visionary sort of connexion, which, even in her parting hours, she assumed with the summer sun, by timing her immersion into the cloud of death with the rising and setting of that fountain of life—these combined impressions recoiled so violently into a contrast or polar antithesis to the image of death, that each exalted and brightened the other. I returned hastily to Grasmere; stretched myself every night, for more than two months running, upon her grave; in fact, often passed the night upon her grave; not (as may readily be supposed) in any parade of grief; on the contrary, in that quiet valley of simple shepherds, I was secure enough from observation until morning light began to return; but in mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after neighbourhood to the darling of my heart. Many readers will have seen in Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology," and in Dr Abercrombie's "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers," some remarkable illustrations of the creative faculties awakened in the eye or other organs by peculiar states of passion; and it is worthy of a place amongst cases of that nature, that, in many solitary fields, at a considerable elevation above the level of the valleys—fields which, in the local dialect, are called "intacks"—my eye was haunted at times, in broad noonday, (oftener, however, in the afternoon,) with a facility, but at times also with a necessity, for weaving, out of a few simple elements, a perfect picture of little Kate in the attitude and onward motion of walking. I resorted constantly to these "intacks," as places where I was little liable to disturbance; and usually I saw her at the opposite side of the field, which might sometimes be at a distance of a quarter of a mile, generally not so much. Always almost she carried a basket on her head; and usually the first hint upon which the figure arose commenced in wild plants, such as tall ferns, or the purple flowers of the foxglove; but, whatever might be the colours or the forms, uniformly the same little full-formed figure arose, uniformly dressed in the little blue bed-gown and black skirt of Westmoreland, and uniformly with the air of advancing motion. Through part of June, July, and part of August, in fact throughout the summer, this frenzy of grief continued. It was reasonably to be expected that nature would avenge such senseless self-surrender to passion; for, in fact, so far from making an effort to resist it, I clung to it as a luxury, (which, in the midst of suffering, it really was in part.) All at once, on a day at the latter end of August, in one instant of time, I was seized with some nervous sensation that, for a moment, caused sickness. A glass of brandy removed the sickness; but I felt, to my horror, a sting, as it were, of some stationary torment left behind—a torment absolutely indescribable, but under which I felt assured that life could not be borne. It is useless and impossible to describe what followed: with no apparent illness discoverable to any medical eye—looking, indeed, better than usual for three months and upwards, I was under the possession of some internal nervous malady, that made each respiration which I drew an act of separate anguish. I travelled southwards immediately to Liverpool, to Birmingham, to Bristol, to Bath, for medical advice; and finally rested—in a gloomy state of despair, rather because I saw no use in further change, than that I looked for any change in this place more than others—at Clifton, near Bristol. Here it was, at length, in the course of November, that, in one hour, my malady began to leave me: it was not quite so abrupt, however, in its departure, as in its first developement: a peculiar sensation arose from the knee downwards, about midnight: it went forwards through a space of about five hours, and then stopped, leaving me perfectly free from every trace of the awful malady which had possessed me; but so much debilitated as with difficulty to stand or walk. Going down, soon after this, to Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, where there were hot sea baths, I found it easy enough to restore my shattered strength. But the remarkable fact in this catastrophe of my illness is, that all grief for little Kate Wordsworth, nay, all remembrance of her, had, with my malady, vanished from my mind. The traces of her innocent features were utterly washed away from my heart: she might have been dead for a thousand years, so entirely abolished was the last lingering image of her face or figure. The little memorials of her, which her mother had given to me, as, in particular, a pair of her red morocco shoes, won not a sigh from me as I looked at them: even her little grassy grave, white with snow, when I returned to Grasmere in January, 1813, was looked at almost with indifference; except, indeed, as now become a memorial to me of that dire internal physical convulsion thence arising, by which I had been shaken and wrenched; and, in short, a case more entirely realising the old Pagan superstition of a nympholepsy in the first place, and, secondly, of a Lethe or river of oblivion, and the possibility, by one draught from this potent stream, of applying an everlasting ablution to all the soils and stains of human anguish, I do not suppose the psychological history of man affords.

From the lakes, as I have mentioned before, I went annually southwards—chiefly to Somersetshire or to London, and more rarely to Edinburgh. In my Somersetshire visits, I never failed to see Mrs Hannah More. My own relative's house, in fact, standing within one mile of Barley Wood, I seldom suffered a week to pass without calling to pay my respects. There was a

stronger motive to this than simply what arose from Mrs H. More's company, or even from that of her sisters, (one or two of whom were more entertaining because more filled with animal spirits and less thoughtful than Mrs Hannah;) for it rarely happened that one called within the privileged calling hours, which, with these rural ladies, ranged between twelve and four o'clock, but one met some person interesting by rank, station, political or literary eminence.

Here, accordingly, it was, that, during one of my last visits to Somersetshire, either in 1813 or 1814, I met Mrs Siddons, whom I had often seen upon the stage, but never before in private society. She had come into this part of the country chiefly, I should imagine, with a view to the medical advice at the Bristol Hotwell and Clifton; for it happened that one of her daughters—a fine interesting young woman—was suffering under pulmonary consumption—that scourge of the British youth; of which malady, I believe, she ultimately died. From the hot-wells, Mrs Siddons had been persuaded to honour with her company a certain Dr Wh——, whose splendid villa of Mendip Lodge stood about two miles from Barley Wood. This villa, by the way, was a show place in which a vast deal of money had been sunk, upon two follies equally unproductive of pleasure to the beholder and of anything approaching a pecuniary compensation to the owner. The villa, with its embellishments, was supposed to have cost at least sixty thousand pounds; of which one-half had been absorbed, partly by a contest with the natural obstacles of the situation, and partly by the frailest of all ornaments—vast china jars, vases, and other "knicknackery" baubles, which held their very existence by so frail a tenure as the carefulness of a housemaid; and which, at all events, if they should survive the accidents of life, never are known to reproduce to the possessor one-tenth part of what they have cost. Out of doors there were terraces of a mile long, one rising above another, and carried, by mere artifice of mechanic skill, along the perpendicular face of a lofty rock. Had they, when finished, any particular beauty? Not at all. Considered as a pleasure ground, they formed a far less delightful landscape, and a far less alluring haunt to rambling steps, than most of the uncostly shrubberies which were seen below, in unpretending situations, and upon the ordinary level of the vale. What a record of human imbecility! For all his pains and his expense in forming this costly "folly," his reward was daily anxiety, and one solitary *bon mot* which he used to record of someman, who on being asked by the Rev. Doctor what he thought of his place, replied, that "He thought the Devil had tempted him up to an exceedingly high place." No part of the grounds, nor the house itself, was at all the better because, originally, it had been, beyond measure, difficult to form it: so difficult that, according to Dr Johnson's witty remark, on another occasion, there was good reason for wishing that it had been impossible. The owner, whom I knew, most certainly never enjoyed a happy day in this costly creation; which, after all, displayed but little taste, though a gorgeous array of finery. The show part of the house was itself a monument to the barrenness of invention in him who planned it; consisting, as it did, of one long suite of rooms in a straight line, without variety, without obvious parts, and therefore without symmetry or proportions. This long vista was so managed that, by means of folding doors, the whole could be seen at a glance, whilst its extent was magnified by a vast mirror at the further end. The Doctor was a querulous old man, enormously tall and enormously bilious; so that he had a spectral appearance when pacing through the false gaities of his glittering villa. He was a man of letters, and had known Dr Johnson, whom he admired prodigiously; and had himself been, in earlier days, the author of a poem now forgotten. He belonged, at one period, to the coterie of Miss Seward, Dr Darwin, Day, Mr Edgeworth, &c.; consequently he might have been an agreeable companion, having so much anecdote at his command: but his extreme biliousness made him irritable in a painful degree, and impatient of contradiction—impatient even of dissent in the most moderate shape. The latter stage of his life is worth recording, as a melancholy comment upon the blindness of human foresight, and in some degree also as a lesson on the disappointments which follow any departure from high principle, and the deception which seldom fails to lie in ambush for the deceiver. I had one day taken the liberty to ask him why, and with what ultimate purpose, he who did not like trouble and anxiety, had embarrassed himself with the planning and construction of a villa that manifestly embittered his days? "That is, my young friend," replied the doctor, "speaking plainly, you mean to express your wonder that I, so old a man, (for he was then not far from seventy,) should spend my time in creating a show-box. Well now, I will tell you: precisely because I *am* old. I am naturally of a gloomy turn; and it has always struck me, that we English, who are constitutionally haunted by melancholy, are too apt to encourage it by the gloomy air of the mansions we inhabit. Your fortunate age, my friend, can dispense with such aids: ours require continual influxes of pleasure through the senses, in order to cheat the stealthy advances of old age, and to beguile us of our sadness. Gaiety, the *riant* style in everything, that is what we old men need. And I, who do not love the pains of creating, love the creation; and, in fact, require it as part of my artillery against time."

Such was the amount of his explanation: and now, in a few words, for his subsequent history. Finding himself involved in difficulties by the expenses of this villa, going on concurrently with a large London establishment, he looked out for a good marriage, (being a widower,) as the sole means, within his reach, for clearing off his embarrassments, without proportionable curtailment of his expenses. It happened, unhappily for both parties, that he fell in with a

widow lady, who was cruising about the world with precisely the same views, and in precisely the same difficulties. Each (or the friends of each) held out a false flag, magnifying their incomes respectively, and sinking the embarrassments. Mutually deceived, they married; and one change immediately introduced at the splendid villa was, the occupation of an entire wing by a lunatic brother of the lady's; the care of whom, with a large allowance, had been committed to her by the Court of Chancery. This, of itself, shed a gloom over the place which defeated the primary purpose of the doctor (as explained by himself) in erecting it. Windows barred, maniacal howls, gloomy attendants, from a lunatic hospital, ranging about: these were sad disturbances to the doctor's rose-leaf system of life. This, however, if it were a nuisance, brought along with it some *solatium*, as the lawyers express it, in the shape of the Chancery allowance. But next came the load of debts for which there was no *solatium*, and which turned out to be the only sort of possession with which the lady was well endowed. The disconsolate doctor—an old man, and a clergyman of the establishment—could not resort to such redress as a layman might have adopted: he was obliged to give up all his establishments: his gay villa was offered to Queen Caroline, who would, perhaps, have bought it, but that *her* final troubles in this world were also besetting her about that very time. For the present, therefore, the villa was shut up, and "left alone with its glory." The reverend and aged proprietor, now ten times more bilious and more querulous than ever, shipped himself off for France; and there, in one of the southern provinces—so far therefore, as climate was concerned, realizing his vision of gaiety, but for all else in the most melancholy of exiles—sick of the world and of himself, hating to live, yet more intensely hating to die, in a short time the unhappy old man breathed his last, in a common lodging-house, gloomy and vulgar, and in all things the very antithesis to that splendid abode which he had planned for the consolation of his melancholy, and for the gay beguilement of old age.

At this gentleman's villa, Mrs Siddons had been paying a visit; for the doctor was a worshipper, in a servile degree, of all things which flourished in the sunshine of the world's applause. To have been the idolized favourite of nations, to have been an honoured and even a privileged * guest at Windsor, that was enough for him; and he did his utmost to do the honours of his neighbourhood, not less to glorify himself in the eye of the country, who was fortunate enough to have such a guest, than to shew his respect for the distinguished visiter. Mrs Siddons felt herself flattered by the worthy doctor's splendid hospitalities; for that they were really splendid, may be judged by this fact, communicated to me by Hannah More, viz. that the Bishop of London, (Porteous,) when on a visit to Barley Wood, being much pressed by the doctor to visit him, had at length accepted a dinner invitation. Mrs Hannah More was, of course, included in the invitation, but had found it impossible to attend, from ill health; and the next morning, at breakfast, the bishop had assured her, that, in all his London experience, in that city of magnificent dinners beyond all other cities of the earth, and amongst the princes of the land, he had never witnessed an entertainment so perfect in its appointments. Gratified as she was, however, by her host's homage, as expressed in his splendid style of entertaining, Mrs Siddons was evidently more happy in her residence at Barley Wood. The style of conversation pleased her. It was religious: but Mrs Siddons was herself religious; and at that moment, when waiting with anxiety upon a daughter whose languor seemed but too ominous in her maternal eyes, she was more than usually open to religious impressions, and predisposed to religious topics. Certain I am, however, from what I then observed, that Mrs Siddons, in common with many women of rank who were on the list of the Barley Wood visiters, did not apprehend, in their full sense and severity, the peculiar principles of Hannah More. This lady, excellent as she was, and incapable of practising any studied deceit, had, however, an instinct of worldly wisdom, which taught her to refrain from shocking ears polite with too harsh or too broad an exposure of all which she believed. This at least, if it were any duty of hers, she considered, perhaps, as already fulfilled by her writings; and, moreover, the very tone of good breeding, which she had derived from the good company she had kept, made her feel the impropriety of lecturing her visiters even when she must have thought them in error. Mrs Siddons obviously thought Hannah More a person who differed from the world chiefly by applying a greater energy, and sincerity, and zeal, to a system of religious truth equally known to all. Repentance, for instance—all people hold that to be a duty; and Mrs Hannah More differed from them only by holding it to be a duty of all hours, a duty for youth not less than for age. But how much would she have been shocked to hear that Mrs Hannah More held all repentance, however indispensable, yet in itself, and though followed by the sincerest efforts at reformation of life, to be utterly unavailing as any operative part of the means by which man gains acceptance with God. To rely upon repentance, or upon anything that man can do for himself, that Mrs Hannah More considered as the mortal taint, as the ωρωτον Ψευδος in the worldly theories of the Christian scheme; and I have heard the two ladies—Mrs More and Mrs Siddons, I mean—talking by the hour together, as completely at cross purposes as it is possible to imagine. Every-

* "A *privileged* guest at Windsor." Mrs Siddons used to mention, that when she was invited to Windsor Castle, for the purpose of reading before the Queen and her royal daughters, on her first visit, she was ready to sink from weariness under the effort of standing for so long a time: but on some subsequent visit, I have understood that she was allowed to sit, probably on the suggestion of one of the younger ladies.

thing, in fact, of what was special in the creed adopted by Mrs Hannah More, by Wilberforce, and many others known as evangelical Christians, is always capable, in lax conversation, of being translated into a vague general sense, which completely obscures the true limitations of the meaning.

Mrs Hannah More, however, was too polished a woman to allow of any sectarian movement being impressed upon the conversation; consequently, she soon directed it to literature, upon which Mrs Siddons was very amusing, from her recollections of Dr Johnson, whose fine-turned compliment to herself, (so much in the spirit of those unique compliments addressed to eminent people by Louis XIV.,) had for ever planted the doctor's memory in her heart. She spoke also of Garrick and of Mrs Garrick; but not, I think, with so much respect and affection as Mrs Hannah More, who had, in her youthful days, received the most friendly attentions from both, though coming forward at that time in no higher character than as the author of Percy, the most insipid of tragedies. Mrs Siddons was prevailed on to read passages from both Shakspeare and Milton. The dramatic readings were delightful; in fact, they were almost stage rehearsals, accompanied with appropriate gesticulation. One was the great somnambulist scene in Macbeth, which was the *ne plus ultra* in the whole range of Mrs Siddon's scenical exhibitions, and can never be forgotten by any man who once had the happiness to witness that immortal performance of the divine artist. Another, given at the request of a Dutch lady, residing in the neighbourhood of Barley Wood, was the scene from King John, of the lady Constance, beginning—"Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!" &c. The last, and truly superb for the musical intonation of the cadences, was that inimitable apology or pleading of Christian charity for Cardinal Wolsey, addressed to his bitterest enemy, Queen Catherine. All these, in different degrees and different ways, were exquisite. But the readings from Milton were not to my taste. And, some weeks after, when, at Mrs Hannah More's request, I had read to her some of Lord Byron's most popular works, I got her to acknowledge, in then speaking upon the subject of reading, that perhaps the style of Mrs Siddons' reading had been too much determined to the dramatic cast of emphasis, and the pointed expression of character and situation which must always belong to a speaker bearing a part in a dialogue, to admit of her assuming the tone of a rapt poetic inspiration.

Meantime, whatever she did—whether it were in display of her own matchless talents, but always at the earnest request of the company or of her hostess—or whether it were in gentle acquiescent attention to the display made by others—or whether it were as one member of a general party, taking her part occasionally, for the amusement of the rest, and contributing to the general fund of social pleasure—nothing could exceed the amiable, kind, and unassuming deportment of Mrs Siddons. She had retired from the stage,* and no longer regarded herself as a public character. But so much the stronger did she seem to think the claims of her friends upon anything she could do for their amusement.

Meantime, amongst the many pleasurable impressions which Mrs Siddons' presence never failed to make, there was one which was positively painful and humiliating: it was the degradation which it inflicted upon other women. One day there was a large dinner party at Barley Wood—Mrs Siddons was present; and I remarked to a gentleman who sat next to me—a remark which he heartily confirmed—that upon rising to let the ladies leave us, Mrs Siddons, by the mere necessity of her regal deportment, figure, manner, air, without meaning it, absolutely dwarfed the whole party, and made them look ridiculous; though Mrs H. M., and others of the ladies present, were otherwise really women of very pleasing appearance.

One final remark is forced upon me by my recollections of Mrs Jordan, and of her most unhappy end: it is this; and strange enough it seems:—That the child of laughter and comic mirth, whose laugh itself thrilled the heart with pleasure, and who created gaiety of the noblest order for one entire generation of her countrymen, died prematurely, and in exile, and in affliction, which really killed her by its own stings. If ever woman died of a broken heart, of tenderness bereaved, and of hope deferred, that woman was Mrs Jordan. On the other hand, this sad votary of Melpomene, the queen of the tragic stage, died, full of years and honours, in the bosom of her admiring country, in the centre of idolizing friends, and happy in all things except this, that some of those whom she most loved on earth had gone before her. Strange contrariety of lots for the two transcendent daughters of the comic and tragic muse. For my own part, I shall always regard my recollections of Mrs Siddons as those in which chiefly I have an advantage over the coming generation; nay, perhaps, over all generations; for many centuries may revolve without producing such another transcendent creature.

* I saw her, however, myself upon the stage twice after this meeting at Barley Wood: it was at Edinburgh; and the parts were those of Lady Macbeth and Lady Randolph. But she then performed only as an expression of kindness to her grandchildren. Professor Wilson and myself saw her on the occasion from the stage-box, with a delight embittered by the certainty that we saw her for the last time.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Southey on Sheep.

MrThomas Southey, a wool-broker, and not the poet laureate, as we understand was very generally supposed, when his former pamphlet, addressed to the flockmasters of Australia and Van Diemen's Land appeared, has produced a more complete, extended, and consequently a more valuable treatise on sheep and wool, addressed to the same class of persons, on a subject both of personal and of great national importance, namely, the best means of improving the wool of the new grazing colonies. We are constantly hearing of "*over-production, over-production;*" but that must be a merry world in which there are too many sheep and too much wool reared and grown. We accordingly rejoice to hear of anything which may increase and improve both constituents of fireside and national happiness.

It is more than thirty years since the attention of Mr Southey was attracted to this subject, by the first of those great flockmasters, the MacArthurs, to whom and others he gave all the information in his power on the selection and management of flocks. Wool-growing has made wonderful advances since the time that this gentleman expressed a hope that pure Angora wool would yet be spun by the British manufacturer. Now, the British Angora goats'-wool yarn is more sought after than that of Asia Minor.

But it is the more common and generally useful qualities of wool which we deem of greatest importance. The improvement in the quality of Australian wool has been great, besides its immense increase in quantity. Mr Southey urges sheep-owners still to increase their flocks, especially as regards combing wool; "always bearing in mind, that fine quality can be raised from inferior ewes, by supplying them with a succession of fine rams." The improvement, he continues, is material.

For although during the last year, and up to the present period, the demand for combing wool has not been so brisk as could be wished, this description is nevertheless often preferred by clothiers; at the same time the Australian farmer will see that quantity, rather than quality, is the surest means of obtaining an adequate remuneration. When in request for fancy goods, combing wool nevertheless commands prices exceeding the expectations of the consignee, and indeed generally will prove as valuable as short-grown fleeces.

The wool imported from Port Philip has been prepared in a manner equal to my most sanguine expectations; which leads me to infer that the districts round that place will ultimately rise into importance through the quality of their fleeces. The flocks of Van Diemen's Land also yield admirable combing wool, clearly evincing that the land at Launceston and in its neighbourhood is peculiarly suitable for the pasturage of sheep.

It has equally been a source of gratification to me to notice the rapid progress made by the agriculturists of Southern Africa in the condition of their wool; and if the same attention is hereafter paid to the improvement of their flocks, and action given to all the springs of rural industry connected with the breeding of sheep, I make no doubt that wool will, ere long, become a large and valuable export from that thriving Colony; for the farmer must not be unmindful that what is done for the land, the land will return a hundredfold.

From 1829 to 1838, the gradual increase in the quantity of wool exported from Sydney, and Hobart-town, and Launceston, has risen from 7 per cent. in the first year, to (in 1838) no less than 326 per cent.!

Mr Southey, commencing with the *lambing season*, recommends to the colonial flockmasters and shepherds the plans adopted for the safety and comfort of the ewes and lambs in the best-managed sheep-farms of this country, and even additional shelter, both from wet and excessive heat, to what is required in Great Britain. He warns colonial farmers not to purchase, for exportation, rams that are old; as their broken teeth will render them unfit to graze on the scanty herbage of the colonies during a dry season. In places at home, where water is scarce, and ponds and streams not at hand, *tubs* are used to wash the sheep which are to be disburdened of their fleece; and, for a reason to be stated, ponds and tubs are, in many cases, considered better than running waters. Water which contains carbonate of lime should be avoided, as it decomposes the *yolk* of the wool, and renders it so harsh to the touch as even to affect the cloth afterwards made from it. The superiority of pond or tub washing is presumed to result from the grease given out by the wool imparting a saponaceous quality to the water. The softest water is consequently the best; and cold spring water, which is always hard, is to be avoided. Ponds filled with rain water are preferable to all others; and these are, probably, more easily obtained, in many parts of Australia, than water in any other way. In the process of washing, shepherds are not likely to go far wrong; but their masters ought to see that they give especial heed to this caution. He says:—

In the interval that occurs between the washing and shearing, or as soon as the fleece is dry, I recommend a careful examination of it while yet on the sheep's back; and whenever the wool is deteriorated by the mixture of any coarse and inferior quality, or when dead, black, or grey hairs are interspersed in the fleece, it would be advisable to separate sheep of this class and dispose of them to the best advantage, as their retention might prove injurious to the rest of the flock.

There is still another improvement which it may not be amiss to suggest. If the owner again examines the wool of the remaining portion of his flock, he will be in a situation to divide and class them into two kinds, viz., long-woolled and short-woolled sheep; taking care to provide them with a superior-woolled tup, of a pure race, selected from such breeds as suit the nature of the pasturage and the taste of the owner.

Mr Southey gives many good hints for *shearing* as well as washing the sheep: the great art of shearing is cutting close without injuring the skin.

The unskilful operator impairs the fleece by not shearing close to the pelt, or skin, which reduces the value of the wool and often renders it unfit for the purposes to which it would otherwise have been adapted. For instance—long wool, suitable for spinning, if not shorn close to the skin is materially impaired in value for combing; or, if applied to that purpose, is bought at reduced prices, in consequences of its being injudiciously shorn. The great art of shearing is mainly confined to that of clipping as near the pelt as possible, without snipping the skin; and when that does perchance occur, an approved unguent should be at hand, in order that it may be applied to the part injured.

It is common in Germany to fold the sheep after they have been deprived of their fleeces, a custom worthy of imitation in all variable climates, as it affords them the means of huddling together, and, by so doing, prevents their taking cold, which often happens after they have been shorn.

But, in Australia, during the hot season in which

sheep are shorn, there is a danger of a quite opposite kind, in which caution and foresight are nevertheless equally required.

Let a considerate person only figure to himself the distressed state of animals, just deprived of their covering, and then exposed to the rays of a vertical sun. Such an exposure, if attributable to neglect, would not bear reflection.

It would therefore be advisable for sheep just shorn in Australia, Tasmania and Southern Africa, to be folded, and placed in the shade, or under a covering, and retained there during the heat of the day. By having recourse to these salutary precautions, the health and lives of a large portion of them would be preserved from diseases, to which inattention too often exposes them.

It may therefore be of consequence to those persons whose flocks are numerous, to take this suggestion into their serious consideration, and ascertain whether it would not prove to their advantage to have their sheep shorn after the following manner. In the first place, to shear from either the lambs or sheep all the coarser parts of the fleeces, such, for example, as are produced on the hinder quarters and known by the name of breech; and afterwards that from the tail, which, being coarser and inferior than what is produced on either the back or sides, it might easily be kept separate and packed into bales by itself. The wool shorn from the back and sides would, by this exclusion, be materially enhanced in value.

Both kinds should then be packed in separate bales and marked accordingly. It would also be desirable to have the teg fleeces, that is, the produce of unshorn lambs, and such as are of a long staple and adapted for spinning, kept distinct from the shorter qualities; as it would afford the clothier (who is the consumer of short wool) the means of selecting such as he may require, without being encumbered with a description of wool, more valuable if applied to combing purposes, and *vice versa*.

The advantages likely to result from some arrangement of this kind are not wholly confined to the remarks above penned. Its beneficial influence would be further extended to both classes of buyers, particularly during the inspection of the various sorts previous to the public sales, as the competitors would thereby be enabled to examine the wool with greater accuracy and less trouble than at present. They would not have to extract from the bags so large a proportion of their contents as is now found necessary, in order to ascertain what portion of the bale contains wool for clothing or combing purposes.

On this subject I have no hesitation in affirming that the system here suggested deserves the most serious consideration.

The custom of shearing the breech and tail, early in the season, or as soon as the warm weather commences, is also worthy of imitation, as it contributes to keep the animals both cool and clean.

Now, all this is so consistent with commonsense, that it requires only to be known to make the proper impression, and to be carefully followed to ensure corresponding results. These observations will, besides, give the reader an idea of the utility of the work to colonial flockmasters, many of whom have but little previous knowledge and no experience of their new vocation.

Summary of the Catholic Religion. By Alexander Macdonald.

The author of this popular account and summary of the doctrines, discipline, and liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church, is a printer in Dundee; bred, but probably not very strictly, as a Presbyterian, in regular attendance, with a pious father, at the New Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh; but, upon the whole, a *Nothingarian*. In after life, he veered towards Captain Haldane's peculiar system, and also to Quakerism and Methodism, until, during the discussions which arose when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried, he who had seen it right to be attached to Haldanism, Methodism, and Quakerism, became convinced that he had at last found the true faith of Jesus Christ in Romanism, in which he at present rests satisfied.

The work has obtained the approbation of Bishop Carruthers, of Edinburgh. Like all new converts, Mr Macdonald is eminently zealous. As a specimen of his work, we shall cite his statement of the nature and effects of the fifth Sacrament of the Romish Church—*Extreme Unction.*

1*st*, It remits sins; at least such as are venial; for mortal and deadly sins must be remitted, before receiving it, by the Sacrament of Penance and Confession. 2*dly*, It heals the soul of her infirmity and weakness, and a certain propensity to sin, contracted by former sins; which are apt to remain in the soul as the unhappy relics of former sins; and it helps to remit something of the debt of punishment due to past sins. 3*dly*, It imparts strength to the soul to bear more easily the illness of the body, and arms her against the attempts of her spiritual enemies. 4*thly*, If it be expedient for the good of the soul, it often restores the health of the body. This is Dr Challoner's view with regard to Extreme Unction.

We question if every good Catholic knows the symbolical meanings of the *candles*, the *priests' vestments*, *crucifixes*, &c., &c., which are duly explained here,—though it must be the duty of every one. Mr Macdonald indignantly denies that the Catholics are, as is alleged by "knavish, ill-designing men," not allowed to read the Bible. On the contrary, they read the Bible, not as he did in his days of original heresy, by the light of the understanding which God had given him, but in a manner "not to perplex the mind, and to pervert the inspired writings according to the extraneous fancy of every upstart, but *to hear the Church*, and to take her *unerring* expounding thereof for doctrine and for instruction's sake." Now, we fear that the "knavish, ill-designing men" will be apt to assert that the Bible, so read, had as well not be read at all, but its doctrines taken at once as the Church "unerringly" lays them down. On this head, however, the Roman Catholic clergy say no more than the modern Oxford divines, or Puseyites.

Mr Macdonald expresses himself highly satisfied with the progress and prospects of the Romish Church over all the civilized world, and especially in Great Britain, where the increase of Catholics, within the last thirty or forty years, does, on paper, indeed look immense. He, however, forgets to mention the Irish levies, which fully account for the increase in such places as Manchester, Glasgow, and Dundee; and there is little, if any, increase elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott is here claimed as a sort of half-convert, from the spirit discovered in his writings, and some circumstances attending his death-bed, related by Mr Lockhart. Sir Walter prophesied that Byron, who carried his avowal of infidelity beyond what Scott thought the boundaries of "good taste," would yet be converted to the Catholic religion. If his Lordship had, he would assuredly have become a monk of La Trappe. Sir Humphrey Davy, whom we had not imagined of any particular sect, but merely a decorous, nominal son of the Church of England, though not remarkable for punctuality in the discharge of those duties of public observance which fall chiefly on the humbler classes, it is here said, on we know not what authority, was, previously to his death, "admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome."

Readers will find both information and entertainment in this book, which contains a mass of facts of one sort

or another. The Sixth Part, which is upon the music of the Roman Catholic Church, we have read with considerable interest, though it is a somewhat rambling discourse.

On the Nobility of the British Gentry; or the Political Ranks and Dignities of the British Empire. By Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta.

This is a new and revised edition of a work, the main object of which is to prove that a gentleman of old descent is more noble than a new-made baron, who is, after all, not noble. The King can no more make a *noble* man than he can make an *honest* man; his power or prerogative being limited to creating *Peers*. The Knight of Malta considers the title of gentleman greatly abused when it is applied to literary *gentlemen* or medical *gentlemen*, &c., &c.; and that all the inhabitants of Britain are mystified or misled in these important matters. For this cause they ought to consult diligently this work, and the laws and heraldic usages of France and Germany. A good deal of strong good sense is, however, expressed in connexion with a subject of no intrinsic value whatever, yet possessing relative importance from its great influence in our factitious society. English heiresses, who marry foreigners for a title, may here receive warning at less cost than mortifying experience and the loss of a great many thousand pounds to the country. From this work we learn that, though Lord Byron was higher in rank than Sir Walter Scott, he was inferior to him by, how much thinks the reader?—why, by four centuries! as a certain Uchtredus Scott, the presumed ancestor of all the Scotts, was certainly living in 1128; while the great poet was only descended from a bastard of the Norman Byrons, who was knighted so recently as 1579. What a very pretty subject for a literary quarrel might these claims have furnished! But if all the very numerous descendants of Uchtredus Scott are, in virtue of their progenitor, gentlemen of a high and far descent, we suspect that our readers may know some most respectable ploughmen and carters among them, with higher claims to ancient gentility than any member of her Majesty's present Cabinet, now that Lord Brougham is out of it. There have always been the "Brougham *of* Brougham," the Worseley *of* Worseley," the "Ratcliffe *of* Ratcliffe," the "Fitzakerly *of* Fitzakerly"—that is, old landed proprietors; and they are "the natural nobility." And the more ancient, consequently the more noble. "Could any title of the peerage add to the nobility of the Hampden," our author asks, "upon whose sarcophagus is inscribed, "John Hampden, Twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden?" The Scottish families of that *ilk* are of like dignity, and from the same reason. A foreign herald, we are informed, would consider as noblest amongst us, *first*, the families settled in England before the Conquest; *second*, those that accompanied the Conqueror; *third*, those engaged in the Crusades; *fourth*, those that had produced Templars or Knights of Rhodes, &c., &c. This may be useful, as precedent, in the United States, and in our new Australian colonies; nor was the wife of the rich convict at Sydney, of whom Dr Lang jeeringly tells, so great or so vain a fool as he imagines, when she said—"*We* are the old nobility and gentry of the country." The future parallels of the Normans and Crusaders, in Australia, must, we presume, be those who go out on *commandoes* to exterminate the aborigines, or who have made descents and settlements in New Zealand; and as for Knights of *Roads*, there are great gangs of them, with somewhat cumbrous armour and conspicuous orders, yet enough to furnish, in a century or two, the entire settlements with ancient gentility.

English *gentlemen* travelling on the Continent—that is, those whom our Knights of Malta allow to be gentlemen, old landed proprietors—are disparaged, from not knowing that they are *nobs*, and not calling themselves noblemen.

The Mothers of England. By Caroline Halsted.

The "obligations of literature," and, we may add, of morals and manners, to the Mothers of England, offer an inviting subject to the female pen. A former historical essay, by the same lady, on a kindred subject, obtained the premium given at the Gresham Commemoration; and this one has been as deservedly successful. That division of the essay which relates to the great men, whom, in recent times, the care and solicitude of mothers have given to science and literature, possesses an especial charm. Among these great names are those of Newton, Burke, Johnson, Sir William Jones, and many others; for who that has had a living mother, has not been indebted to her love and her care, if not to her intelligence?

Monumenta Antiqua; or, the Stone Monuments of Antiquity. By B. R. Weaver.

We have here an ingenious disquisition, displaying considerable research and antiquarian lore. Stonehenge is made the topic of a long dissertation, and there is a tolerably full account of the Druids. When shall the world see any form of religion, Pagan, Mahomedan, or Christian, into which pious frauds and priestcraft do not largely enter? The *rocking stones*, of which specimens are still found in different parts of Great Britain and its islands, are presumed by this author, and by other antiquaries, to have been contrived by the Druid priests to awe the minds of the vulgar; and the conjecture is supported on feasible grounds.

They are supposed to have been used as ordeals, and as places where judgment was given in difficult cases. One of these, near Balvaird, (the Scotch Balvaird we imagine,) was broken by Cromwell's soldiery, when it was discovered that its rocking motion was performed by a yolk exuberant in the middle of the under surface of the upper stone, which was inserted in a cavity of the lower stone. The lower stone was flat, the upper globular; and the great bulk of the upper stone completely concealed the mechanism of the motion. That motion, as is well known, could be communicated by a light touch, though the stone set a-rocking might be of prodigious weight and great size. The book is curious in many respects.

Nautical Sketches. By Hamilton Moore, jun. With Illustrations.

These are clever and agreeable sketches, written in a variety of styles, grave and gay, sentimental and humorous, by one who does not plash the salt water, and dash the spray so violently about landsmen, as some of his mates. We have read these sketches with pleasure, and only regretted that they are so short, as the acquaintance of many of the characters introduced seems well worth cultivating. There is one homely tragic tale, *Flint and Clare*, told with skill and power.

Speech of Sir George Sinclair, M.P. on the Condition and Feelings of the Working Classes.

It is surprising to us that the Speaker did not jump from his chair upon the night of the 23d May, when Sir George Sinclair delivered the remarkable speec'

which we are very glad to see put on record in the form of a little pamphlet. Strange doctrines those of his, from a Tory to a St Stephen's audience! Radical principles Sir George decidedly disclaims, while his conclusions may be most legitimately derived from those principles; for how could any of the tremendous evils which he points out and laments, and in which he sees those symptoms of revolution and anarchy, of which he gives solemn warning to the privileged orders, have arisen, save for those inevitable abuses in legislation and Government, of which the Radical system, or really representative government can be the only permanent preventive?

Sir George roundly tells the Honourable House, that it has forfeited the confidence, and earned the contempt and hatred of the People, who think, as he states, "that *we* (including himself) do little else than talk away the public time and throw away the public money."

As this speech has been reported in the public prints, and is published at the request of Mr Scholefield, to whom it is inscribed, it is not necessary to go minutely into its contents. It does much honour to the philanthrophy and the enlightenment of its author; and, coming from such a quarter, the admonitions and warning given, will, we trust, make due impression upon those who would disbelieve, scoff at, or turn a deaf ear to the same things if said by a Radical. As true as that he has spoken this speech, is the truth of the dark and awful picture which he has drawn of the gloomy, exasperated, and perhaps revengeful feelings of those whose "intense distress" he has described. The remedies Sir George Sinclair has suggested fall very far short of the mark; but the political grievances, the physical sufferings, the consequent discontent, and the alarming magnitude of that danger which the veriest trifle might precipitate, are only too true. We seriously recommend to all Conservative and Whig ladies and gentlemen, all "capitalists" of whatever rank, and all those who are "at ease" in our troubled Zion, carefully to peruse this warning speech, and commune with their own hearts. Appeal to their mercy, or rather justice, might be vain; but here is matter to quicken those vague terrors which at times beset them, and against which the army, the yeomanry, the police, and the constabulary force, must ultimately prove poor defence.

Works of Charles Lamb.

Mr Moxon has added a complete collection of the works of Charles Lamb, in one large volume, to the number of his select reprints. The frontispiece is a good portrait of Lamb; and there is also an exquisite vignette title page, representing Christ's Hospital, ever sacred to Coleridge and Lamb. That very delightful juvenile story book, "Mrs Leicester's School," is comprehended in the collection. Fewer of the tales, we find, are written by Miss Lamb (Bridget Elia) than has been generally imagined; while, on the other hand, we find that some of the finest of the poems hitherto attributed to Lamb, are, in this edition, marked by the asterisk, which points out his sister's compositions. Certainly among the very finest of what have been supposed Lamb's verses, are those on the Leonardo da Vinci's picture, called the "Virgin of the Rocks," beginning,

> "While young John runs to greet
> The greater infant's feet;"

and those on the same artist's picture of *Two Ladies*. A good many of the tales from Shakspeare are also written by Miss Lamb; to whom by much the smallest portion of the juvenile tales belongs. All that she has written is most beautiful in its kind; imbued with the delicate imagination of the Elia family, and a deeper natural pathos than is found in the writings of the brother. In proof of the truth of our admiration, we could cite the verses entitled "Angel Help" and the "Young Catechist."

This collection will long remain a favourite in English parlours. It is instinct with whatever is best and rarest in the favourite literature and social manners of the most highly cultivated portion of English urbane society.

The Election. By the author of "Hyacinth O'Grady," &c., &c.

We, unfortunately, know nothing of "Hyacinth O'Grady," and the other tales produced by the author of "The Election;" but in it is found a clever and genuine Irish story, illustrative of the present condition of Ireland, social and political. There is one admirable Old Maid, injured somewhat in effect, by being too often produced on the scene; for the lady, Miss Dickinson, is one of those characters, which, possessing no great natural compass, is soon run out; and repetition tires. This lady is a woman of property, and has *five votes*; or her tenants, for her, have them; which, in Ireland, is exactly the same thing. The humour of the story turns upon the solicitations of the various candidates, Whig, Tory, and Orange, aristocratic and *parvenu*; the plotting of their attorneys and agents, and the distraction of the poor lady, whom good-nature leads to oblige them all. Surely Miss Dickinson, if she live to see another election, will declare herself a convert to the ballot. The disposal of her five votes, the *Ardnacorrighy* votes, were almost the death of her. We suspect that the interference of priests, as well as attorneys, in elections, is but too correctly pictured in this Tale.

An Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews, and of the Original Text of the Hebrew Bible. Part II. By the Reverend Dr Charles William Wall, Professor of Hebrew in Trinity College, Dublin.

This is a supplementary volume to one in which the author attempted to establish the *miraculous* origin of alphabetic writing; which attempt is followed out here. We do not pretend to give any account of this erudite and elaborate work; nor is it yet concluded. China supplies materials for a third volume, which will not appear for some time.

A curious piece of jugglery of the Brahmins—a truly impudent and laughable fraud—is noticed at the close of this volume. To a *Sanscrit* translation, or version of Euclid's Elements, a hyberbolical and inflated dedication of the work to a pious and munificent Raja is prefixed, which concludes by stating that this "'Treatise on Geometry or Mechanics' was originally *revealed* by BRAHMA to VISHWAKARMA, (an inferior deity,) from whom it descended to this earth, and has been handed down from generation to generation; *but being lost in the course of time, I, by the command of the Maharaja* JAYA SINHA, *have again published it to the world, for the delight of all mathematicians.*"

Here was first a miraculous revelation of science, and next a miraculous restoration of what, in the course of time, had been forgotten. We may add that Dr Wall is not one of those who reverence India as the birthplace of geometry, poetry, and philosophy. On the contrary, he believes that all that the Brahmins ever possessed, they have first stolen and then corrupted,

PERIODICAL AND SERIAL WORKS.

The only thing *new* that we have to notice is No. I. of the IRISH PENNY JOURNAL; a revival of the Dublin or Irish Penny Magazine, or, at least, a work on the same plan. To the first number Mrs Hall and Martin Doyle, both popular Irish story-tellers, contribute each a sketch; the lady's—*the Irish Washerwoman*—being one of her best. The first number is very promising; and we hope the work may succeed, especially among the class for which it is intended. Next to the boors of the agricultural districts of England, the Irish peasantry require the humanizing discipline of cheap, entertaining, and profitable reading.

Tracts for the People, designed to Vindicate Religious and Christian Liberty.

These are good but dear reprints from standard English authors, such as Milton, Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Michael Foster, &c., &c. All are of excellent tendency; but, from the circumstance of their high price, not calculated to circulate to any great extent among those who most require their instruction.

No. VIII. of the HEADS OF THE PEOPLE contains a clever paper, *The Coachman and the Guard*, by Nimrod, and one or two more good sketches. The Heads are also very good; especially the *Policeman* and the *Spittalsfield Weaver*, which figure here without the body—a rather awkward circumstance.

*** Serial works often reach us in broken or straggling numbers, which we cannot undertake to notice.

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The author of the lately published historical drama of "Thomas a Becket," Mr Darley, has assumed the task of writing a biographical and critical introduction to Moxon's edition of this standard work. We cannot compliment Mr Darley on being a genial critic of the dramatic brothers; and though many of his remarks are just and acute, and even original, they are surely somewhat out of place; or more suitable to a review than to an introduction to the collected works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds.

Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy has triumphantly passed the ordeal of a London and also of an Edinburgh audience; which last is "nothing, if not critical." It required both genius and skill to adapt the bloody catastrophe of Glencoe to dramatic representation; and this has been accomplished by keeping its horrors subsidiary to the main tragic movement of the play. As a literary composition, "Glencoe" is decidedly inferior to the same author's classic, and highly-finished, drama, "Ion;" but, as an acting drama, adapted to the stage in an age when success has, from many causes, become extremely difficult, it possesses high claims. This play alone is proof that audiences are still capable of being moved, when the true key-note is struck.

Washbourne's Edition of Clark's Introduction to Heraldry.

This thirteenth and greatly improved edition of a popular heraldic work, may be described as the elements of the science. It contains numerous plates of *coats armorial*, with explanations of their blazonry; a glossary of technical terms; and a variety of miscellaneous information bearing upon the subject.

The Religious Wars of France. By Jonathan Duncan, Esq. One neat volume, with Plates.

Mr Duncan states, in his preface, that, in the present state of religious excitement, when the Roman Catholics are straining every nerve to make converts, and a section of the Church of England claiming for their church apostolical succession, the Huguenots of France should be made better known to the Non-Conformists of England. This is one part of his task. The moral of his work is the lesson of toleration and respect for the rights of conscience which it inculcates. The history extends from the introduction of the doctrines of the Reformation into France, in the reign of Francis I., to the Peace of Vervins; thus including the religious wars, but not all the religious persecutions of France. If Mr Duncan has not spared the Jesuits, it must be allowed that they lay in his way in their worst character; and he disclaims the desire of severe animadversion. He is himself thoroughly and Christianly tolerant; and his object is not unnecessarily to animadvert on the past, but "to warn present and future generations to shun the errors of their predecessors." The book is altogether one of interest, and is likely to be popular, were it but for temporary reasons existing in the religious world. We live in an age when there are strong symptoms of the desire to persecute. The Church of England is persecuting, and raging to persecute; the Church of Scotland is persecuting, so far as it has power. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria are, each in his own sphere, enacting the old part.

My Home, my Country, and my Church. By James Howie, M. D.

Such is the title of a series of Scottish sketches and essays on a variety of subjects, of which the rural portion is far the most pleasing, though the whole bear evidence of an amiable and pious spirit. The writer has a fine eye for the charms of Scottish rural scenery, and great sensibility to the primitive simplicity of rural manners. His work will be highly relished by those hearths, and in those home-fields, whence its best inspiration has been drawn. As the author has visited and resided amidst some of the finest scenery of Scotland, and also in the Orkney Islands, he has ample scope for description. From regard to the book, and also for "puir auld Scotland's sake," we must give a few brief specimens.

HARVEST IN THE CARSE OF GOWRIE, SEEN FROM THE HILL OF KINNOUL.

But let us for a moment leave the contemplation of magnificent Nature, and mingle again with men in the all-exhilarating operations of reaping. There is on the Carse, continuously covered with crops, not indeed the powerful band of the Berwickshire or East Lothian farmer, with a whole field before them, and turning it, almost at once, into shocks; but numerous little groups, several of whom you may see in one field. This mode of reaping may not appear so grand and imposing to the traveller as the large and merry band: but it has its interesting and lovely features. The reapers here are not hired for the day or the whole harvest, but are paid by the *threave* or the acre. In this way the group of shearers may not be so uniformly strong, yet the very irregularity of its strength constitutes its interest and beauty; for here the less robust female, the widow and her boy, are earning their wage by the threave, which otherwise would not be earned. Here also is the poor family, the husband, wife, and children; not, indeed, too well fed for the hard work of reaping, but by the larger and smaller handfuls they number fast the sheaves, and all together

earn handsome wages; and not only so, but the little sunburnt boys and girls eagerly strive for victory, and bless the parents, while joyously they boast of their success; and what is best of all, they are training to industry, and learning an art which may be of great use to them in after life.

A Communion Sabbath among the Ochils.

Our residence for the time was in the country; we had risen early on the morning of the communion Sabbath, that we might attend before going to church to the works of necessity and mercy, in giving the animals their food, and driving them to the best pasture that they might eat, and rest contented. That both master and servant might get to church, the house itself was left in charge of a neighbouring female, a confidant of the family; and all without to the care of the herd-boy, who conceived himself highly honoured, and proved, by his great care, that he was worthy of the trust. Family worship over, we hastened across the lea in the dewy morning; we went literally "from strength to strength." Religion, in one or other of its numberless relations, was the subject of conversation. . . . .

Our company was numerous ere we reached the village of Abernethy, where was the mountain of the Lord's house. The tent was placed at the foot of that beautiful and picturesque range of hills, the Ochils, which extend a strong defence along the entire northern boundary of Fifeshire, and stretch from this point to the Tay, where it bounds the Carse of Gowrie. There could scarcely be a grander site for the holy hill of Zion. The Tay expands into a long and glassy lake in the shade of the Ochil ridge; on the other side the green and level Carse of Gowrie fills up an extended curve of the Sidla hills, its northern boundary; whilst opposite, and at the upper end of the Carse, are the grey perpendicular rocks of Kinnoul hill, boldly meeting the eye. The extensive fields of grain, yet scarcely in the ear, are spread before us: interspersed are the verdant pastures; and the blooming whins, climbing up the hills, form a lively back-ground to the picture.

Before the tent, partly on the plain and partly on the rising ground, a great crowd was assembling: some carried "chairs and stools;" many who had come far in the morning, and were unacquainted in the village, hastened to recline on the green grass up the hill; the shepherd and his dog now rested together; the aged man, with broad blue bonnet and antique coat, whom we had passed a little before, leaning upon his staff though momentarily he seemed to recruit his strength as he came up to the house of God, yet now also gladly laid down his wearied limbs. This man was from a peaceful abode among the Ochil hills; and there surrounded him a little group—a husband and wife with two or three youths in homely garb, the external appearance of each betokening maternal care and female cleanliness. This was the labourer and his family, the children and grandchildren of the old man. Good man! it was with great difficulty that he had come so far to-day to the tabernacle of God; "but however weak his flesh, the spirit was most willing," and oft he had exclaimed, "Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, for they will be still praising thee!".

There were many from the village and neighbourhood assembling in a way more composed and easy. Among them there were families from the city, their relations and friends, who had come on the occasion of the sacrament, it might be to their native place, the spot of their early associations, and the birth-place of their better nature. They both had entertained and edified their friends by religious intelligence from the city; they had stimulated some youth or servant of the family to greater diligence; they had spent together a night and morning in social conversation and prayer; they had refreshed each other's memories with the appropriate exercises of the preceding day: they had prayed earnestly, individually, and collectively, for the gracious presence of Jehovah, that so there might be a refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and thus they came, not upon an idle visit, but for the double purpose of receiving and bestowing spiritual benefits. A great multitude of people now surrounds the tent; many of whom had been present at divine service on the humiliation day and the communion Saturday, and had digested the spiritual provision of which they then partook, and had now returned on the third, the great day of the feast, with an appetite for more gospel, with a thirsting desire for more spiritual drink.

The valuable pastor of the people, the holy man of God, the plain unassuming minister stood up.

The book contains many charming *interiors* of manses; which dwellings form a feature in the rural landscapes of Scotland, we should ill like to see obliterated. Here is one in Clydesdale, probably that of a Seceder, to which body the author belongs:—

From the front windows of yon little cottage, you see the Clyde glide into view from between the rocks, and reflect the dark hue of the overhanging woods. It sleeps for a moment in calm majesty, and instantly brawls through the fair arches of the bridge. We slept, and the trees slept, in the stillness of the breeze; but it kept incessantly flowing—the emblem of time. On one side of the river, the village stands beside our cot; on the other, by the end of the bridge, the orchard is stretched out; the trees are old, shaggy, and grey; but it is the young and lovely spring, and they are a sea of blossom; one department of it is the pure white; and in the bright sunny hour your eyes are dazzled as by the driven snow sparkling like gems; another is the mingling white and red—more gorgeous drapery. The proprietor's mansion beside it bears the marks of the last century; but it is surrounded with well kept gravel walks, and beds of the choicest flowers. Steep the fields of orchards ascend around us to the near horizon, where the peaceful cottages, the imposing mansions, the tuft of feathery firs, all around seem painted on the canvas of blue. On a stream that meets the river opposite our dwelling, the mill stands; and the running wheel, crested with spray, can scarcely be seen through the trees. Down the course of the river, there peep out elegant mansions from the deep-leaved and verdant woods.

The inmates were the minister, his sister, and the servant; and most worthy were they to inhabit this flowery retreat. Woman could not be more devoted to the interests of her brother, nor more solicitous for the happiness of his guests than she; and the beauties of earth, so profusely scattered around, had a charm for them both. The servant had been an unsophisticated child of nature, and had once entertained an almost superstitious veneration for the ministerial character. For a while she could not look at, or speak to him, without being awed and abashed: but soon she gained confidence, for she was encouraged by his commendations for her diligence at the Sabbath classes, and her surprisingly accurate account of her more public instructions. His easy manner in the house dissipated all estrangement; so that awe gave place to attachment, and slavish fear to active devotedness. There is one little anecdote which will commend her to every right-hearted person. On coming to the cottage she had twenty-five half-pennies in a little bag, which she had saved from her last half-year's fee, earned by herding on the bleak and wet moors, and which she intended for the Sabbath-day's collection. Multitudes could lay past twenty-five pounds for this purpose with greater ease than she collected her half-pence; yet they do not. Let them imitate the *herd girl*. Did they feel the same anxiety, and exercise the same care, we should then see similar results.

Our host himself is a cheerful man, possessed of a fine imagination, and an exhaustless fund of humour. Sarcasm, it may be said, is his foible; but it is always so wittily conceived, and so pointedly expressed, that we could not muster up gravity and fortitude to blame.

The sequel to this sketch is not very creditable to the Dissenting clergy of the neighbourhood, nor to some alleged peculiar tendencies of dissent. But we shall not mar the effect of the picture by giving the ugly *pendant*.

A Righte Faithfull Chronique of the Grand Tourney, holden at his Castle by the Earl of Eglintoun. Inscribed to the Queen of Love and Beauty.

This "Chronique" has no fault whatever, save being a day behind the fair. To make amends, the dresses are chronicled with the minuteness of those worn at a birth-day drawing-room, and as if the genius Devey or Maradan had hovered over the Chronicler. The events of the Three glorious days are recorded in a vein of light pleasantry, which tells well. We have already exhausted all that was to be seen out of doors: but the banquet of the second day is still fresh:—

It was full half-past nine ere, the delights and toils of the toilet o'er, Beauty, redolent in renovated graces, resplendent with adornment, returned to the saloons. The fast-succeeding carriages convey the hosts of guests. The vast halls scarce offer place to the congregated cavaliers, towering with plumes; and the fair dames, brilliant with jewels, decked in all that taste and costliness can devise. Accompanied by full bands, sounding the welcome of Old England's hospitality, the Lord of the Tournament led the Queen of Beauty to banquet. The staircase leading thereto, adorned with choicest exotic plants, was lined by a band of archers; arranged at the foot, borne by men-at-arms, attended by marshalmen all in rich costumes, floated the gold, the silver, the azure, the sable banners of the knights. In magnificent ancient minstrel dresses, the bands of the 2d Dragoon Guards and 78th occupied the opposite extremity. This vestibule, 40 by 20 feet, was hung with the richest gobelins, and brilliantly illuminated. The noble banquet pavilion, 175 by 45 feet, hung with trophies and gothic embellishments, presented an elevated table of honour, surmounted by a dais; a gold service, and numerous cups, won by the race-horses bred by the Lord of the Tournament and his grandfather, adorned it. Three other tables, covered with a profusion of the richest plate, ran the whole length of the saloon. The Queen of Beauty, the Lord of the Tournament, the King of the Tournament, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, sat at the centre seats of the table of honour; which was embayed, and rounded at the ends: a knight, with his banner, occupied each curve. The Marquess of Waterford, with his joyous retinue, occupied the further extremity of the long table, on the right: Lord Glenlyon and his brilliant suite filled the same position of the table, on the left. Behind each knight floated his rich banneret, borne by men-at-arms, attended by retainers. Seneschals of the Castle, with rich black velvet dresses, large gold chains, and medals, bearing white wands, supervised the whole. There, zealous botteliers, in velvet dresses, with chains less costly, assiduously applied their office. Chamberlains, in black velvet, regulated the courses; while innumerable servitors, in costumes of blue and yellow, the Earl's coronet and initials emblazoned, everywhere attend. The banquet thus, when the four hundred and twenty richly adorned dames and cavaliers were seated, presented a romantic *coup-d'œil*, surpassing all imagination had ever formed of feudal magnificence or modern splendour. It had all the nobleness and grandeur that antiquity possessed, adorned in perfect keeping with all the profuse luxury and elegance that the modern boasts. The moving banners, with exchange of challenges to wine—their waving, as the health was quaffed—had an effect peculiarly chivalresque and pleasing. The repast, in grandeur and sumptuousness of design, in elegance and finish to the minutest detail, was perfection. The *chef* of the Lord of the Tournament ranks high in the gastronomic annals, a *cordon-bleu*; and the celebrated Mr Thorton was assisted by several London cooks of eminence. To the noble kitchen of the Castle, in an adjacent enclosure, were added several temporary erections. Mr Chinery purveyed the rich wine that flowed in copious libations. The banquet was one which would have made the great sensitive Vatel, who, on his sword, died a Roman's death at the failure of a dish of fish, expire in jealousy or rapture.

The luscious gifts of profuse Pomona gave perfume and freshness, when the Lord of the Tournament, in a neat preface, gave the health of her Majesty the Queen: as one, uprose the whole host; enthusiasm radiated every countenance; high in the air glowed the sparkling goblet; nine times nine the *vivat* shouted: without, the aroused population caught the cheer; it came back exultingly reverberating from the remotest echoes, as the numerous bands pealed forth our glorious anthem.

The Lord of the Tourney again arose, and charged a high libation. On a subject in which it is impossible to say too much, how nice and delicate the tact to say sufficient! The noble knight spoke of the loveliness of the Queen of Love and Beauty, who reigned over the festivities—all eyes directed thither bear fullest testimony;—he spoke of the high interest she took in all the spirit and deeds of chivalry—all hearts glowed assent; he dwelt, in eulogistic strain, on virtues and graces, which those most favoured by her society most appreciated. The toast is given—"The Queen of Love and Beauty!" bursts from every lip; amidst tripling cheers—which, oft renewed, break forth—the deep, o'erbrimming calix is drained. The King of the Tournament arose: he had the Queen of Beauty's command to express her acknowledgements of the all-too flattering testimony which still hung upon the breeze. He neatly glided from this to the munificence, courtesy, hospitality, and successful chivalry of the Lord of the Tournament. Again, the sparkling goblet is crowned; and, with thunders of applause, "Health to the Lord of the Tournament!" resounds. The Lord arises: in returning thanks, he expresses his delight in being the fortunate means of bringing together the beauty, the nobility, the grace, the virtue, the high endowments, the display of chivalry and elegance, that honour his board: then proposes the health of the King of the Tournament. With deafening cheers, the toast is drunk. The King of the Tourney returns thanks.

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The King of the Tournament, with some neat and well-turned compliments, gave "The Ladies who honoured the Tourney with their presence!" This having been drunk in rapture, a long and gallant avenue was made, by which the Queen led the ladies, attended by a numerous cortége, to the drawing-rooms. Seats being resumed, Mr Bulkeley,* with brevity recalling, in the field and at the board, how much they stood indebted to the Knight-Marshal for offices and exertions beyond encomium: the Knight-Marshal's health was drunk, with triple cheers renewed. The Marquis of Waterford's and Lord Alford's healths, with due honours, followed.

But soft music invites to where beauty, round which fresh graces hover, had assembled. It notably struck all observers that though the ladies, for the most part, deployed three toilettes in each day, the richest and most elegant seemed ever reserved for the occasion present. About twelve, all preparation being perfected, the Lord of the Tourney led the Queen of Beauty, attended by the King and all the great ladies and officers of state, to the ball-room——

At the upper end was the throne, the canopy of gold and silver, surmounted by magnificent plumes and ornaments; part of the decorations being the gold-cloth used at the coronation of Her Majesty. Fourteen gorgeous chandeliers, with many hundred wax flambeaux in antique bronzes, shed a brilliant light. The floor was done in beautiful devices with the arms of Eglinton. The room, 170 by 45 feet, hung in rich and tasteful draperies. The centre of the left side was occupied by a grand orchestra, containing double full bands.

The Queen of Beauty, attended by the Lord of the Tournament, ladies of honour, pages, squires, being seated with the King of the Tournament, beneath the throne canopy: on either side ranged the great ladies and officers of state. The ball opened by a magnificent procession; each cavalier, promenading his lady round the saloon, paid, in passing, devoir to the Queen. Dancing then commenced; the waltz, gallopades, quadrilles, interspersed with the gay reel and light strathspey. At

* The Chronicler, himself, the Froissart of Eglinton.

ball of five hundred elegant persons may be familiar: but the exceeding rich and varied costumes, the splendour of the whole scene, gave a romantic, brilliant, chivalresque effect, never before witnessed, not to be imagined, less described. The painters' skill—and there were numerous artists taking sketches—may give faithfully parts and groups; but how convey the idea of the whole!—its animation!—its ever-varying scenes and character!—its evanescent graces!

At two, the doors of the Banquet-hall were thrown open; when the Lord of the Tournament conducted the Queen of Beauty to the table of honour, followed by the brilliant elated guests. The dancing had been carried on with a vivacity that gave repose delight: while the eye dwelt with pleasure on the fresh-spread boards; the perfumed bouquets and fruits; the inexhaustible variety of filligrees and pyramids of delicacy; the light and dainty luxuries, which art had seasoned and fashioned in endless variety, to tempt the palate and fascinate the eye. To many, animation and exercise gave fresh appetite; to others, it was a repast of dalliance; and soft words, and eloquent eyes, the brilliant thought, the wreathing smile, the silence that speaks, allure more than the tempting viands and flowing winecups. The dance resumes with new-born animation; yet oft, amidst the sets, pairs are seen, from whom the music and the pageant have vanished: wrapped in other visions they stand; so intent he speaks, so intent she listens—amidst the gay buzz of hundreds; the fluttering movement; the loud sound of jocund music; alone, alone, those murmuring, mellifluent words, thrill on the pleased ear, conveyed in tumult to the heart. Towards five, as stars that vanish at the coming day, from the gradually thinned saloons, the remaining Graces fly.

The music dies on the zephyrs that usher Aurora, whose now hastening approach the red-streaked heavens harbinger; when, surrounded by some twenty, at the Castle portico, the Lord of the Tourney stands. Before him is drawn out the stalworth Athole clan; the noble suzerain at its head. The youthful leader steps forth.

This may serve as a specimen of "The Chronique of the Grand Tourney of Eglintoun."

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

The session is now drawing rapidly to a close, and hardly a single useful measure has been carried. There has been nothing but talking and party squabbling, which, we should think, must have been as disgusting to the Members themselves as it has been to their constituents and the public generally. A Regency Bill has been introduced, for the purpose of appointing a Regent, in the event of the Queen dying during the infancy of the next heir to the throne. Although his name has not been mentioned, there is no doubt that Prince Albert is to be the Regent. The bill for the Union of the Canadas has passed both Houses. It was strenuously opposed by the Duke of Wellington throughout; but he ultimately allowed it to pass, contenting himself with entering a laboured protest against it. Another important step has been taken towards reforming the English Criminal Law. A few years ago, the number of capital offences exceeded 200: there are now only 14. Mr Fitzroy Kelly has introduced a bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishments, in every case, except actual murder and treason. Notwithstanding the opposition of Government, Mr Kelly carried his bill through the committee without damage. We have long been of opinion, that in no case whatever is the punishment of death justifiable; and the recent conduct of the Lords, Members of Parliament, and other rabble, who sat up all night to witness Courvoisier's execution, goes far to shew that an execution has a greater tendency to demoralize mankind, than to deter them from the commission of crimes. A motion by Mr Hume to open the British Museum "at such hours as taverns, beer shops, and gin shops are now legally open," was, of course, opposed by Sir Robert Inglis, and negatived by eighty-two to forty-four; though it was admitted that the Zoological Gardens, to which the higher and middle classes resorted, were kept open on Sunday, and that a recent attempt to shut them was negatived by a great majority of the subscribers. While such are the proceedings in the south, the saints in this city have actually prohibited funerals on the Sunday, in the most populous parish in this city and neighbourhood—the West Kirk. As far as Scotland is concerned, we might as well not be represented in Parliament; for, excepting some railway, and other local bills, which could be much better managed at home, not a single measure of general importance, so far as we can recollect or discover, has been passed into a law. The attempt to reform the Court of Session has failed, though the practice in it was proved by almost every witness examined, and admitted by the committee, to be most defective. The only effort to improve the law—viz., the bill to amend the Law of Evidence—appears to have been lost sight of; and Lord Aberdeen's bill for relieving the Church of Scotland from the embarrassed condition in which it is placed, has been withdrawn, and the clergy left to prosecute and be prosecuted, in the Civil and Ecclesiastical Courts, for another twelve months; while, every month, vacancies are occurring in parishes, and the parishioners are left destitute of clergymen, through the collision existing between the Civil and Ecclesiastical tribunals. It is plain, as we have often pointed out, that Parliament, as at present constituted, is unfit to conduct, in a satisfactory manner, the business of the country; and that not only is an Extension of the Suffrage required, but a remodelling of the constitution of Parliament.

The House of Commons of 1840. No. II.

It is worthy of observation, that almost at the very time we were writing our first article, with the view of laying bare to the country the disgraceful proceedings of the House, one of their own number, and a high Tory to boot, was preparing a speech, in which he tells the Ministers, to their faces, many of the truths we were about to unfold. In a speech delivered on the 22d of May, by Sir George Sinclair, and since separately published, we find a variety of passages which we cannot do better than transcribe, as they completely express our own sentiments. "During the Recess, a question was often propounded by our constituents, which is much more natural for them to ask than easy for us to answer—namely, What benefit has accrued to the British Empire from all our sayings, which have been so many, or from all our doings, which are so few? A very large proportion of our countrymen out of doors, whatever may be their rank in society, and whatever their opinions in politics, contemplate the whole conduct of the House with astonishment and dissatisfaction. They perceive that we do little else than talk away the public time and throw away the public money. But the working classes especially regard our proceedings with feelings of discouragement and indignation." "They consider the two great parties in the House to be so absorbed in the furtherance of their own interests, as to bestow but a small portion of their time or of their thoughts upon the welfare or the misery of the millions out of doors." "There prevails amongst them, to a greater extent than Honourable Members are at all prepared for, a growing distrust and alienation as regards this House, equivalent in many instances to a feeling of contemptuous aversion. They think that the House of Commons are admirable representatives of the opulent and the prosperous, but very sorry legislators

for the industrious and the distressed; eager to make ample provision for the luxury and extravagance of the Court, unwilling to take the slightest notice of the interests or necessities of the poor." "How many honest and respectable fathers of families are at issue with those who maintain that the present system is working well? It does so undoubtedly as far as the Court, and the persons who subsist on the taxes, are concerned. It is well-adapted to further the interests of all who have realized or inherited large incomes, or who can secure preferment for their brothers, promotion for their uncles, legacies for their children, pensions for their widows, or power, and place, and pensions for themselves! *None of us are gratuitous eulogists of things as they are!*" Who could have expected to have seen so much truth told by a Member of the House, especially by a Tory Member? This is not to be attributed to exclusion of his party from office and power; but must arise from a conviction that unless the House reform itself from within, the time is not far distant, when it will be reformed with a vengeance, from without.

Having premised these remarks, and having, in a late Register, assembled the so-called representatives of the People in the House, we shall now proceed to describe the manner in which business is conducted. The first thing is the presenting of petitions; no one, who has any experience of the trouble and expense of getting up a numerously signed petition, can look at this part of the proceedings without indignation, nor refrain from forming a resolution, at least for the moment, that he will never sign another petition. In the midst of noise and confusion, arising from the incessant talking of the Members to each other, and their continual coming into and leaving the House, you observe a Member rising up in his place, unfolding, for an inch or two, the title of a petition, stating what it prays for, (at least you suppose so; for, as to hearing him speak, that is out of the question,) handing it to one of the clerks at the table, who mumbles a few words, and then pushes the petition under the table, whence it never more emerges into daylight. All this occupies less time than the reading of this account of it. It is a rule which has been established, though only of late years, that no discussion shall take place on the presentment of a petition; and, therefore, were it not for the notice which is taken of it in the "Votes," or minutes of the proceedings of the House, the presenting of a petition would never be heard of. This may be thought to be an exaggerated statement; but hear Sir George Sinclair:—"From whence are they [the People] to hope for assistance? To transmit their complaints to this House is an empty ceremony and a vain delusion; as well might they address themselves to the Congress at Washington, to the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, or to the Cortes assembled at Madrid. Their petitions are huddled together like so much rubbish, and consigned in silence to the leathern sepulchre of oblivion; if that, indeed, can be said to be forgotten which scarcely attracted the notice of a single moment. Should any rash philanthropist venture to utter a single sentence in their behalf, how many patriotic economists of the public time would grudge the application of even a few minutes to such a theme?" Yet, notwithstanding the marked inattention—we might say obvious contempt—of the House to the petitions of the People, often they are sent up in such numbers that an hour is spent in the mummery of presenting them. This part of the proceedings being over, much routine business in advancing bills before the House, through their formal stages, is got through, amidst noise and confusion; no one but the Speaker, the clerks, and one or two of the Members particularly interested, paying any attention to what is doing. After this has gone on for a considerable time, and supposing a debate is to take place, the Members, who may have assembled, perhaps, in considerable numbers, to watch that no trick is played by the opposite party during the routine business, on finding a Member "on his legs" who is likely to speak for an hour or two, probably on a motion of the utmost importance to the country, rush out in such crowds, that the first feeling a stranger has is, that the House has risen for the evening. No such thing, however; for you observe that the Speaker, the clerks, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, keep their seats, and also some few Members, placed "far between" on the deserted benches. No doubt, many suppose, when they see a division of hundreds on a question, that those who divided took the best means of determining how they could give a conscientious and deliberate vote, by attending to the arguments urged, and the facts brought forward, on each side. But such a thing does not happen in one case out of a hundred. In all the other ninety-nine, the speeches produce no effect whatever on the Members, for their minds are made up before they enter the House. Were it not for the influence of the speeches on the country, by means of the press, and their reaction on the House through the constituencies, they might as well never be delivered. For example, when Mr Villiers brought forward his motion for the Repeal of the Corn-Laws, for the first time this session, about five hundred Members voted; yet there was, for a considerable period, during the delivery of one of the most able speeches ever pronounced, only twenty or thirty Members present; and these were incessantly changing, going out and in, standing at the bar, talking to each other, or writing letters. All the rest were, God knows where, at Bellamy's, at evening parties, at the theatres, and other places of amusement. The Tories, at a particular period of the evening, observing or knowing that they were in a greater majority than they would likely be were the debate continued till its natural termination, and that a great proportion of the Liberal party were beyond the reach of the whippers-in, forced on a division; and brought, by this paltry manœuvre, the debate to a premature close; thus rendering the resumption of the question, after Easter, a matter of necessity. It is this practice of leaving the House during the progress of a debate, and thus abandoning the duties which they were sent to perform, which renders the aid of whippers-in indispensable. It is the business of a whipper-in to be acquainted with the haunts and resorts of all the Members of his party, that he may, when he sees a division impending, bring them up to the muster. For this purpose, numerous messengers are in attendance in the lobby, and plenty of hackney coaches and cabs at the door. The duties of a whipper-in, it will thus be observed, are of a highly important nature; for, upon his vigilance and activity, the decision of questions of the most vital consequence to the country, and, what is an object of still greater interest, to "the House," the existence of a Ministry, may depend. Much manœuvring often takes place, when one party, finding many of its adherents without reach, is anxious to delay a division. In such cases, the one party sets up a Member to speak against time, till its scattered supporters can be gathered together, while the other raises the loudest, most astounding cries of "Vote, vote," "Divide, divide," and falls upon every expedient, however much it may be at variance with the rules and conduct of civilized, not to say polished society, to compel the gentleman "on his legs" to sit down. When this is accomplished, the most appalling yells are directed from all parts of the House to the galleries to withdraw. One would think the giving an intimation to this effect might be left to the officers of the House; but the Members appear, on all occasions, exceedingly anxious to shew their dislike and contempt of the galleries. Why the galleries should withdraw during a division at all, is by no means obvious. Their presence cannot possibly influence the result of the division; and as the names of the Members and the side on which each votes are now regularly published by the authority of the House itself, the vote of a Member, and the fact whether he be present or absent, can no longer be concealed from his constituents, it appears to be one of the examples of the obstinate adherence to precedents, for which the English are so remarkable, even after the reason which gave rise to the rule no longer exists. However that may be, it is sufficiently plain to ordinary intellects, that two or three hundred people cannot retreat from the gallery into the lobby, or rather stair, in an instant. But our worthy Representatives never seem to have taken this into consideration; and

their wrath exceeds all bounds, because their constituents in the galleries cannot all disappear the moment they are ordered. In consequence, ever and anon, the most appalling cries of "Draw, draw;" and the fiercest looks of menace are directed to the galleries, from the Members who are now congregated in the middle of the floor. By the exertions of the officers of the House, the galleries are at last cleared; the profane vulgar, huddled together as they best can, are locked out, and are not permitted to enter till the division has taken place. And here we shall stop for the present; for we find we have not space for all we have to say, in this number.

ENGLAND.

THE CHARTIST PRISONERS.—We intended to have resumed our remarks on the brutal treatment to which these prisoners have been subjected by Lord Normanby, and his under secretary, Mr Fox Maule; but our space does not permit. We shall only notice that Mr Feargus O'Connor has contrived to elude the vigilance of the magistrates, and has published, in the *Times*, and also in his own newspaper, the *Northern Star*, a full account of the hardships and indignities to which he has been subjected. He fully details the examinations which took place before the magistrates and government inspector, and corroborates his statements by the evidence of witnesses. He reiterates all his former complaints, and dares the Government to a proof of their truth. It is certainly not a little remarkable that the report of the Government Inspector has never yet seen the light. If it shews that Mr O'Connor has been making false complaints, is it to be supposed it would have been so long kept back? Is there anything to prevent its again being moved for in Parliament, notwithstanding that Mr Aglionby's motion was evaded by the paltry trick of the Members withdrawing till "a House" was not left? It is evident that either O'Connor or the official people have not been speaking the truth; and it is important for the character of the Ministry to know who is the real delinquent. If this matter cannot be cleared up satisfactorily, Mr Fox Maule need not attempt to stand for Perthshire next election.

WOOD PAVEMENT—ASPHALTE.—The greatest inventions towards increasing the comfort of the People in cities and towns in our time are, Wood Pavement for the middle of the street, and Asphalte for the foot pavement. There has, we think, been sufficient proof in London of the efficacy and durability of both. The wood pavement combines the advantages of freedom from noise, (to a degree much greater than a Macadamized road,) from dust during summer, and mud during winter. As for the Asphalte, it renders stone foot pavements almost everlasting, and supersedes the necessity of renewing them; for, at a trifling expense, the most worn out pavement can be made as good—in truth, much better than when it was first laid down. No one should renew the causeway or foot pavement, until he inquires into these two inventions.

CIVIL DEFENSIVE FORCE.—One of the favourite topics of declamation with the Tory press, for some time past, has been the danger of invasion from Russia, and the inadequate means we possess to repel foreign aggression. It is said that our Navy is less efficient than it was in 1792; and, as for the Army, it appears that the Chartists can give it full employment, as the West of England and Wales lately testified. We are told that a fleet of twenty sail of the line are lying at Cronstadt, and an army of 30,000 troops, is cantoned in the neighbourhood; and that ten days sail, would bring them to the East Coast of Scotland. All this is disagreeable intelligence; the more especially as Dupin informs us, that it was unanimously agreed, by the French Generals in 1803, that Aberlady Bay was the most fitting place, on the East Coast of Britain, for landing a large army. Within the last two years, that locality and the Vicinity of Edinburgh generally, have been surveyed by the Engineers, in order to fix upon the most proper place for a Fort to defend that part of the country. Steam navigation must effect a complete change in warfare; and our insular position, instead of now protecting us from invasion, will expose us to aggression much more than such countries as Spain or Italy, which have mountain frontiers, over which no steam conveyance is every likely to travel. In former periods of the history of this country, the Government looked to the People to repel force by force: they were not afraid to put arms into every man's hands, and did not even hesitate to compel the unwilling to receive the necessary instructions to enable them to defend their country. For example, in December 1803, when Buonaparte threatened an invasion, we had the following force to resist it. We quote from *Dupin*, vol. i., p. 225.

Great Britain.

Rank and file.	Yeomanry Cavalry,	33,992
	Infantry,	309,544
	Artillery,	8,917
Officers and Subalterns.		39,233
		391,686

Ireland.

Rank and file.	Cavalry,	10,277
	Infantry,	64,756
Officers and Subalterns,		7,908
TOTAL VOLUNTEERS,		474,627
Army of Reserve,		34,162
Militia,		83,840
Total purely defensive force,		592,629
Army of the line,—rank and file,		150,000
Navy—Sailors and royal marines,		100,094
Army in India,		160,000
		1,002,723

Besides the officers and subalterns of the army of the line, the crews of privateers, &c. &c.

It was not merely this great force, but the spirit which was evinced by the fact of half a million of men laying aside, for a time, their ordinary occupations, to repel the invader, that changed the Councils of Buonaparte, and made him direct the force he had assembled, for the conquest of Britain, upon Germany. But if any invasion, as the Tories would try to make us believe, is impending, we ask where is the force to repel the invader? Where is the half million of volunteers, or even militia? Nowhere. The aristocracy have so managed matters, that neither volunteers nor militiamen are to be trusted. Instead of the militia, a constitutional force, we are to have a "rural police," a *gendarmerie* in each county, commanded by Bow Street officers. And the new police will soon be armed and drilled like soldiers: in short, an army in blue, as they have long been in France and Ireland. Being paid out of the county funds; and under the command of the aristocracy; they will be increased from time to time, and will, ere long, be used to check all expression of public feeling disagreeable to the higher classes. The existing state of things in this country is a direct incentive to invasion, unless the People, of themselves, shew that spirit which the aristocracy have used, for many years, every effort to crush.

SCOTLAND.

ATTEMPT TO LIMIT THE RIGHT OF VOTING FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT IN SCOTLAND.—As little notice has been taken by the press of a bill lately brought into Parliament, by the Lord Advocate, Lord John Russell, and Mr Fox Maule, which will materially limit the right of voting in Scotland, we beg to direct attention to its principal provisions:—1. County voters are not to be registered, unless they have resided in the county, or in a royal or Parliamentary burgh within the same, for a period of not less than three months preceding the last day of July of this or any future year. 2. By the Reform Act in burghs, the true owners of premises within the burgh, and resident therein, or *within seven miles thereof*, were entitled to vote, though not actually resident *within the burgh*; but this is altered, and the qua-

lification of having, for six months, a place of business within the Parliamentary limits of the burgh, at which the claimants have attended personally, is *added*, where the voter is not actually resident in the burgh, but only within seven miles thereof. 3. Liferenters are disqualified unless the liferent is acquired or constituted by inheritance, marriage, marriage settlement, *mortis causa* disposition, or by appointment to some place or office. Now, it will be observed that a very common manner of taking a title to subjects of small value, in order to save expense, is to the purchaser in liferent and his son in fee; but a person holding such a title will in future be disqualified. 3. Joint tenants in counties are not to be registered, unless they have participated in the profits for twelve months previously to the last day of July. 4. Owners in counties must be infeft, under the exceptions in clause 2. By this provision, an expense which may be unnecessary is thrown in the way of persons claiming to be registered. 6. All feu-duties, ground-annual, or other consideration, which the claimant may be bound to pay or give as a condition of his right, must be deducted from the annual value of £10, which, of itself, qualified a voter by the Reform Act. 7. But here is, perhaps, the most important clause, and which will necessarily lead to an intolerable scrutiny into the state of every man's affairs in the Registration Courts:—"No person shall hereafter be entitled to be registered, *or continued on the roll*, in any county, city, burgh," &c., if the objector can prove that the premises in virtue of which he claims are not of the clear annual value of £10, "after deduction of any liferent, however acquired or constituted, and also after deduction of any annuity or interest of any debt heritably secured on such lands, houses, feu-duties, or other heritable subjects," and of the interest of any sum for which decree of adjudication against the lands, &c. shall have been obtained. 8. Provides that voters in *counties* may be enrolled, though not occupying the same premises in the county for the whole year. This is a very proper provision; but why is it not extended to burghs? 9. In all cases, where the price or consideration stipulated for the acquisition of any premises shall be secured, in whole or in part, over such premises, in any manner whatever, whether verbally or in writing, and whether at the time of the acquisition or afterwards, or if the claimant shall not be in the real *bona fide* possession of the premises, the claimant to be enrolled shall be rejected, and if the voter be enrolled, shall be struck off the roll at any registration. This clause would have the effect of striking off the roll all the fictitious and nominal voters now on it, and prevent the creation of more of such votes. Such a provision would never have been proposed had not the Whigs found themselves foiled at their own weapons by the Tories, and will, therefore, not pass the House of Lords, if it should get through the Commons—an exceedingly doubtful matter; so that there is every likelihood, unless the voice of the country be raised, that the objectionable clauses of the bill will be allowed to pass, while the only one in defence of which anything can be said, will be rejected. If this bill pass, the Scotch constituency will, in a few years, be greatly diminished. This bill will, in truth, tell almost as severely on Scotland as the Registration Bill of Lord Stanley will do on Ireland. What good reason can be given, why merely because a property is divided into liferent and fee, neither one nor the other, *nor both joined*, should have the right of voting? So far from the right of voting being taken from liferenters in counties, it should be given to liferenters and fiars jointly in burghs, or to one or other of them. If the heritable debts affecting a property are to be deducted, which can only be on the ground that the creditor has the most material interest, then surely heritable creditors should be entitled to vote. The only way to remedy the evils which it is attempted by this bill to remove, is to extend the franchise. We have good reason to believe that a large body of the Chartists would now willingly accept of Household Suffrage; and we hope that the middle classes, now that the Reform Act has been proved to be completely abortive, will commence, in right good earnest, an agitation for the extension of the right of voting.

COURT OF SESSION.—The diminution of the business of the Court is very remarkable, when it is considered that that of the Court of Chancery, in England, has nearly doubled of late years, and a bill has, in consequence, been brought into Parliament to appoint two additional Vice-Chancellors. Yet the proceedings in that Court seem still more tedious, and are, certainly, much more expensive than in our Supreme Court. The Lord Chancellor stated lately, in the House of Lords, that "taking the first forty causes set down for hearing before the Vice-Chancellor, it would be found that, in all these causes, after they had been completed, and after all the evidence had been examined, *three years* must elapse before a suitor had a chance of a hearing, and then very few causes were disposed of without a report, and the suitor had, in this case, to wait three years more." Yet the judges in the Court of Chancery sit, not ten hours a-week for sixteen weeks, like the Inner House of the Court of Session, but thirty hours a-week, for nearly the whole year. There is at present property to the amount of no less than *forty seven millions* in Chancery, and the amount is annually increasing. This state of matters has led to the establishment of a law newspaper, named the *Woolsack*, for the purpose of exposing the useless formalities, expense, and delay of the courts of law, and particularly of the Court of Chancery; and if it be conducted in the same spirit, and with the same talent and industry as it has commenced with, it cannot fail to produce beneficial effects. It is only by drawing public attention to the abuses in the administration of the law that any effectual reform will ever be obtained.

SHERIFFS-SUBSTITUTE.—We are glad to see it currently reported, that the salaries of this meritorious class of Judges are about to be increased; the lowest to £300 a-year, the highest to £550, under deduction of £5 for every year each shall be in office, less than ten. At present, in some very extensive and populous districts, the salary does not exceed £150, without any emoluments whatever; but, on the contrary, the Substitutes are exposed to incidental expenses, such as travelling to the circuit town twice a-year, making circuits under the Small Debt Act, &c., which the niggardly allowances from the Exchequer do not by any means defray. Of late years, a great variety of duties have been imposed on Sheriffs-Substitute, without any increase of their emoluments having taken place, such as holding Registration Courts, Small Debt Courts, and so on; while, on the other hand, they were prohibited, in 1838, by statute, from engaging in various sorts of business, from which several of them derived considerable profits, such as conveyancing, acting as factor or chamberlain, being a bank agent, or the like. We highly approve of these prohibitions; but they should have been accompanied by a rise of salary, to compensate the loss they occasioned. There is another thing, however, which is equally essential to render the Sheriffs-Substitute independent as a rise of salary: they ought to be appointed, not by the Sheriffs-Depute, but by the Crown, and ought not to be removable at pleasure, but hold their offices for life, or during good behaviour, like every other Judge in the country. Till 1838, the Sheriffs-Depute had the power of dismissing their Subetitutes at pleasure; and several instances have occurred, during the last forty years, where this power has been exercised in the most capricious and tyrannical manner: for example, in one case, an excellent Sheriff-Substitute was dismissed, merely because he happened to be a Whig; while the Depute, who came to be appointed over him, was a keen Tory. In 1838, a slight check was given to this arbitrary power, by making the consent of the Lord President and Lord Justice-Clerk necessary to a dismissal; but this is not enough. In truth, we have often expressed our opinion—and the more we consider the matter the more we are convinced—that the office of Sheriff-Depute should be abolished. Generally speaking, it is a sinecure; and it corrupts the whole Bar, by attaching all its Members to one or other of the dominant factions. How this happens, can easily be explained. Although the Members of the Faculty of

Advocates amount to 450 in number, not more than 200 of them are resident in Edinburgh, of whom, probably, 150 walk the boards of the Outer-House pretty regularly. Of these, not more than sixty earn, from all professional sources, £200 a-year and upwards; and the whole professional emoluments of the Faculty, (exclusive of Sheriff-Depuleships,) do not exceed £40,000 a-year. Now, there are no less than thirty Sheriffs-Depute, the appointment of whom is in the Crown; and, by a Parliamentary return, it has been shewn that, in salaries and emoluments, they receive, among them, £15,728 a-year for doing little or nothing; none except two of them being bound to reside in their counties, but, on the contrary, being expected and encouraged to attend the Courts in Edinburgh, and practise their profession there. Besides the above large sum, they have the exclusive patronage of about fifty Sheriff-Substituteships, so that the office is a most desirable one; and hence—to say nothing of other numerous appointments in the hands of the Government of the day—the explanation of the servility of the Bar to the aristocratic factions. Of the above £15,728, at least £13,000 may be considered not only as sheer waste of the People's money, but as the wages of corrupting one of the best educated and most influential bodies of men in Scotland, and of enabling the Government—Whig or Tory as it may be—to tax and tyrannize over the People. It is remarkable to us that the pernicious nature of the office of Sheriff-Depute, and the unconstitutional principle of allowing Sheriffs-Substitute to be removed at pleasure, have not long ago been pointed out and denounced; for we are not aware that any one but ourselves has ever adverted to the subject. As, however, we were the first to draw attention to the inadequate payment of the Substitutes, and as our remarks appear to have been of some benefit, we hope that equal success will attend our denunciation of the worse than sinecure office of Sheriff-Depute.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from all the manufacturing districts continue as unfavourable as ever, and there appears no early prospect of the arrival of more prosperous times. The following account of the appalling state of Birmingham may be taken as a specimen:—

The oldest, most extensive, and respectable merchants, manufacturers, and traders, concur in representing the present depression as unprecedented in their experience. Ten thousand applications, by working men and women, for free passages to Australia, have been made and refused within the last two months, at one emigration office in the town. Between twenty and thirty good houses and retail shops are untenanted in three of the principal streets, and thousands of middle and small rented houses are unoccupied in every part of the borough. The walls are literally covered daily with auction bills, and a purchaser can hardly be found for either leasehold or freehold property. The brokers' shops are crammed with goods purchased at half the cost price. The pawnbrokers, being completely stocked, refuse any except what are termed best pledges. Thousands of mechanics are living on half wages, thousands on quarter wages; and numbers of creatures are sustained by means known only to the Almighty himself. Upwards of three hundred applications were made to the Gloucester Railway Company, for situations as guards, &c., within the last month. The poor-rate is doubled, and numbers are leaving their houses to escape paying it. All is gloomy, and no one can see a prospect of improvement.

At Paisley, the greatest distress prevails among the hand-loom weavers; and from an inquiry it appears that eighty heads of families had been without work for several weeks, and their families suffering the greatest privations. The cause of the present stagnation in trade is generally attributed to the Corn Laws, and to the competition to which we are now exposed by foreigners; but the people of Birmingham believe that to the state of the currency is to be attributed a great part of the evil. It is understood that the Committee of the House of Commons on that subject will not report this session, but will merely lay on the table of the House the minutes of the evidence they have taken. It is said that that evidence contains much important information, and its publication is looked forward to, in many quarters, with much interest.

AGRICULTURE.

The weather throughout the three kingdoms, except in a small part of the south east of England, has been very unfavourable for the crops, very few days having passed without falls of rain, and the temperature being unusually low for the season. In this city the thermometer has very seldom been higher than sixty in the shade, during the warmest days, and, at night, has sometimes fallen eight or ten degrees lower. In this neighbourhood the crops, generally, are looking worse than we have seen them for many years. Wheat and barley are weakly and thin on the ground, and the ears are small. The constant wet and cold has stopped the growth of the oats; and, generally speaking, that crop is now (20th July) only beginning to get into ear. The potato crop has, in some instances, failed, and been ploughed up; the turnips are making little progress, and are not likely to grow with any vigour till we have dry weather, with more heat. The hay crop is deficient in quantity, and has been much injured in quality by the continual rains. Not much of it has been yet got up into ricks, and very little carried to the stack yard. The most recent accounts from other quarters are not more favourable, as the following quotations testify:—*Stirlingshire*, (July 16.)—The oat crop is at a stand still, there being little perceptible difference on it for the last fortnight. Much of the hay crop is still suffering. *Fifeshire*, (July 16.)—Haymaking is proceeding slowly; only a few fields can boast of hay-cocks. Turnips, generally, shew a good braird; but do not get rapidly out of the reach of the flea-beetle, which is very prevalent. Potatoes look well generally. *Forfarshire*, (July 14.)—Serious fears are entertained by our agriculturists at the continuance of the wet and cold. *Ross-shire*, (July 15.)—The corn crops appear to be of great bulk, and are in an ordinary scale of advancement. Early Swedish turnips have, in many instances, been cut off by the fly. The hay-crop is light. *Sutherland.*—The crops look well, but backward. *Caithness.*—The oats are excellent; but barley and bear do not look well. *Liverpool*, (July 14.)—For 100 miles around us, and over a great part of Ireland, there is now a great prospect of a late and precarious harvest. Hay crops are very light. *London.*—The reports of the appearance of the wheat, from almost all parts of the country, continue unsatisfactory, and it appears but too probable that we shall have this year, again, a short yield. The accounts from Ireland are various, but taking them all into consideration, the inference is, that the wheat crop will not be productive.—In several markets, the best wheat has reached the war price of 80s. a quarter, and, in Edinburgh, the four-pound loaf is now selling at tenpence; but such is the quantity of inferior and ill-dressed grain brought to market, that the general average has remained for some time between 67s. and 68s. At Haddington, on the 17th July, prices ranged from 78s. to 44s. But wheat of the latter quality ought to be excluded from the general average, which regulates the duty on importation, for it is totally unfit for the food of man. On the whole, however, we do not think it is to be regretted that the prospect of the harvest is unfavourable, for a bad crop will give an additional impetus to the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws. Owing to the depressed state of trade, very little business has been done at the wool fairs. At the Inverness fair, commencing on the 9th July, and ending on the 11th, and at which sales from £150,000 to £200,000 are annually made, little or no business was done, the wool-staplers being determined not to make purchases except at a discount of 20 to 25 per cent. from last year's prices; and the farmers being unwilling to submit to so great a reduction. Sheep of all kinds, on the other hand, sold well, and brought much the same prices as last year. At the Perth Fair, held on the 14th, the demand for wool was greater, and a considerable quantity was sold, principally to Scotch manufacturers.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

ROBERT OWEN AND SOCIALISM.*

"POLITICS is a science," quoth the Abbe Siêyes, discoursing complacently to one of his brother deputies; "politics, *mon ami*, is a science which I think I have brought to perfection." The Abbe Siêyes was a great man confessedly; but a greater than he has arisen, commissioned by a god, shall we say, or by the Devil, or by "NECESSITY, the mother of the world," to do a yet greater thing than make paper constitutions to last for a year and a day—even this greatest thing, to teach a new philosophy of human nature, and bring the science of social well-being to perfection. And how is this done? There are five fundamental facts of human nature and human society, in regard to which the kings, priests, and legislators, who have hitherto ruled the world, have (it appears) been fundamentally mistaken; which mistakes of this old immoral world being once fundamentally overthrown, upon the sure foundation of the five fundamental facts, a new moral world shall be raised, free from all the sin, guilt, and misery, which prophets, priests, and kings, have in vain endeavoured to eradicate from the old. So, at least, we find it announced in a curious little volume, which the friend of humanity may purchase for the small sum of THREE HALF-PENCE, entitled

"THE SOCIAL BIBLE;
BEING
AN OUTLINE
OF THE
RATIONAL SYSTEM
OF
SOCIETY,
FOUNDED ON DEMONSTRABLE FACTS;
DEVELOPING
THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE;
BEING THE ONLY EFFECTUAL REMEDY
For the evils experienced by the Population of the World; the immediate adoption of which would tranquillize the present agitated state of Society, and relieve it from Moral and Physical evil, by removing the Causes which produce them.
BY ROBERT OWEN."

In the first page of this SOCIAL BIBLE, we find

"THE FUNDAMENTAL FACTS
ON WHICH THE
RATIONAL SYSTEM OF SOCIETY IS FOUNDED,"

announced as follow:—

I. That man is a *compound being*, whose character is

* Perhaps we owe an apology to our readers for introducing the subject of Socialism at all into our pages, much more for treating the crude half-truths of its would-be philosophical quackery with anything like serious argument. But the choice has not been ours; the matter has been forced upon public attention by the pertinacious impertinence of an individual, whose displays of zeal for God, on most occasions, are as little according to knowledge as according to charity. By the agency of this individual, the cause of Socialism, with whatever good or bad elements it may contain, has been identified for a time with the cause of civil liberty; and, by the agency of the same individual, Christianity has been put forward to the world as practically identified with thoughts, words, and deeds of malignity, intolerance, and persecution. By this agency also, men's mouths have, in many places, been set a-babbling about subjects which not all understand; and misrepresentations, exaggerations, and distortions of all sorts have been sent into the market of public speculation, to be bought without money and without price, as such commodities are wont to be. In these circumstances, the few words of parley with Robert Owen, which we have printed, may not be deemed superfluous. It was necessary to hold a small parley also with the Bishop of Exeter; and if the impartial reader shall think that our contributor has handled the pen to any purpose, we have, for once in our lives at least, "killed twa dogs wi' ae stane;" an achievement in the field of Editorial business oftener devoutly wished than happily consummated.—*E. T. M.*

formed of his constitution or organization at birth, and of the effects of external circumstances upon it from birth to death; such original organization and external influences continually acting and reacting each upon the other.

II. That man is compelled, by his original constitution, to receive his *feelings* and his *convictions* independent of his *will*.

III. That his *feelings*, or his *convictions*, or both of them united, create the motive to action, called the *will*, which stimulates him to act, and decides his actions.

IV. That the organization of no two human beings is ever precisely similar at birth; nor can art subsequently form any two individuals from infancy to maturity to be the same.

V. That, nevertheless, the constitution of every infant, except in case of organic disease, is capable of being formed or matured either into a *very inferior* or a *very superior* being, according to the qualities of the external circumstances allowed to influence the constitution from birth."

Now, what have we here? Nothing certainly that looks like BLASPHEMY: but as little also that wears the promise of a new gospel which shall regenerate and recreate the social world. Let the reader look soberly, and consider quietly, what this mountain has brought forth. Appearances, certainly, and presumptions are against it; all quack advertisements are magniloquent, and this smacks of the genus; but the Mother of God, a Spanish proverb says, appears to fools; and divine philosophy may have revealed some things to Robert Owen which she has concealed from Henry Exeter. At all events, every honest man deserves an honest hearing.

What, then, have we got in these five fundamental facts? . . . . It appears to us that they contain mere moral and metaphysical truisms, which, however they may please to phrase them, all thinking men, in all parts of the world, believe and have believed. "Man is a *compound being*," (the Italics are Mr Owen's,) compounded, as Mr Locke said, of the sheet of blank paper, the Mind, and the pen that writes upon it the "ideas and impressions" of the external world; or, as we shall say, rather of the hunger and gastric craving from within, and the corn, and oil, and wine from without, which maketh glad the heart of man. Who denies this? The Ego and the Non-Ego WERE before the Germans invented the phrases; organization and external circumstances have acted and reacted on one another in multitudinous ways, through all the changes of human fate, from Adam until now, without help from Robert Owen. Proposition first may be granted. Proposition second is no less manifest; unless, indeed, we are determined to misunderstand it, and find it to be either a new revelation of a blessed gospel, as Mr Owen's disciples will have it, or a horrid and blasphemous heresy, as Dominican noses, keen to search out filth, are prompt to testify.—"*Hier steh Ich; Gott helfe mir, Ich* KANN *nicht anders!* said Martin Luther to the Diet of Worms. "Here I stand; *God help me! I* CANNOT do otherwise!"—Who *can* WILL himself to be a thing contrary to his *feelings* and *convictions*? If it had been possible to do this, martyrdom had been happily unheard of, and sanctified murder a thing unknown; but just because John Huss *could* not, by a mere volition, change the feelings and convictions on religious subjects which God, or his God-given "original constitution," had given him, did he fall a victim to the tyranny of Church-Torydom at Constance; and just because Martin Luther was compelled by his constitution to receive like feelings and convictions independent of his will, are we here to-day, standing over against the triple crown of Popedom with the name of Protestant. Does any sane man imagine that WILL can make an ugly thing cease to be ugly, or a cruel deed cease to be cruel? Or can I will to love Janet better than Jane, or to think the Bishop of Exeter a better Christian than the Apostle John? Can I by volition prevent the distant mountains from looking blue, or keep myself from feeling uncomfortable when my stomach is out of order?—Truly not. These feelings and convictions are independent of my will; and Mr Owen's second proposition also is a truism. The third proposition is equally clear. On all occasions, where no outward force or inward moral perversity interferes, we do only what we will, and we will only what we feel to be right and are convinced is reasonable. The fourth proposition is also self-evident: no two things can exist in the same place at the same time; and no two human beings can ever be *precisely* the same, either at birth or afterwards. The fifth proposition, with the important exception expressed in its terms, *except in the case of organic disease*, is equally impregnable. Let him who doubts it go to Norfolk Isle, and see what a *very inferior* being we have created there, by the external circumstance called transportation. And Henry Exeter, also, will certainly admit that the external circumstance of an Apostolical Church in the Australian colony, with the other external circumstance of large clergy reserves, exclusively for the use of apostolical churchmen, might have formed and matured that very inferior being into a very superior being. So far, therefore, Robert Owen's five fundamental facts do not seem to contain much that we might not have found as well in the Ten Commandments.

Quid tanto dignum ferat hic promissor hiatu?

To preach truisms with a gigantic gape can only serve to make the preacher ridiculous.

But is this the whole of Owenism? Was it for parading, with much pomp of words, these five innocent truisms, that the small charity of the Tories grudged to a fellow-mortal the ephemeral bliss of looking on the benignant face of virgin majesty? Was it for this that Henry Exeter held up his bold calumnious front in Parliament, and, with a tongue called Christian, dared to traduce the characters of men less pharisaically orthodox, doubtless, but more honest and more virtuous than himself? Was it for this that the wise *Quarterly* sold itself to that smooth-faced Popery called Puseyism, and invoked the shade of Innocent III. to establish a Protestant Inquisition and prosecutions

for blasphemy in the nineteenth century?* Something almost as absurd, Henry Exeter and the *Quarterly* did, as we shall see before concluding; but there was certainly something more, and not a small thing, in the case. What that something was, we shall now attempt to state, as shortly as possible.

The five fundamental facts, as we have seen, state the axioms of moral science comprehensively and accurately enough. But, as the argumentation proceeds, we discern what appears to us a lamentable want of logic. We have been informed, by those who have examined Mr Owen's skull phrenologically, that the higher faculties necessary to form a reasoner and a metaphysician are comparatively small, having been depressed into insignificance before the large protrusion of individuality which vaults itself above his calm-surveying, complacent eyes. With this developement his whole system admirably corresponds. Individuality is the bump which takes cognisance of external circumstances; and Mr Owen, accordingly, as he proceeds to expound the doctrines of his "Social Bible," fixes his eyes exclusively on those external circumstances; losing sight altogether of that internal organization which his first postulate had declared formally to be as necessary a part of the *compound being* as the other. Here is the want of logic. He lays a broad foundation, and builds upon a narrow one; he has two wings, but he flaps only one; he has two eyes, but he shuts one, and squints with the other, and that other, too, from the beginning, the weaker one; the I, by Fichte made so glorious, is annihilated by the non-I; intellect, genius, virtue, all the wondrous "organization" of that internal "circumstance" generally called SOUL, bend before the "OVERPOWERING INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES;" mind is made the slave of matter; and the eternal masculine ΝΟΥΣ, that alone can beget ideas, becomes the mere homunculus creation of a petty, peddling, pedant-Wagner, mixing drugs in a crucible. O Robert Owen! Robert Owen! surely this is a most impotent conclusion!

"The overpowering influence of external circumstances!" What a heresy is here! By what overpowering influence of external circumstances did Martin Luther make that protestation; did John Milton write that poem? By no *circumstance*, external or internal, could such a thing be done. We reject the word. A circumstance is a thing standing in the periphery of the circle, as the conjurer places many things duly there: but the conjurer himself stands in the centre; and that conjurer, in the case of Luther, was what we call Heart, in the case of Milton, what we call Head. We reject also, with deference to Mr Owen, and the French materialists from whom he borrowed it, the word "organization." We are not partial to the quackery of building up a new philosophy by the confounding of the old use of language. MIND, therefore, we shall say, standing in the centre of the external circumstances, like a conjurer with a magic rod, beat down the pride of that old Tory Pope, and built up the Titanic architecture of that republican Epos. What prose, to attempt explaining genius by organisation! what perversity to attempt constructing it by the influence of external circumstances! which, if they were not themselves ordered by the hidden Mind that rules the universe, would be, like the Epicurean atoms, blind and ineffectual. Explain gravitation, explain magnetism, explain electricity, by external circumstances; and then explain the thaumaturgic might of creative intellect. Shallow! By what virtue of what external circumstance did blind old Homer teach multitudinous ideas to dance around him in order more musical than the spheres? These ideas, in his sunny soul, were *organised;* the Iliad and the Odyssey are an organization of thought beautifully stereotyped —but *where* and *what* was the *organiser*? Common men say it was the poetic SOUL of Homer, God-descended: Robert Owen says it was the OVERWHELMING INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES. O Robert Owen! Robert Owen! surely this is a most impotent conclusion!

What do we mean by a GREAT man? Can we define him better than by saying he is a man who can control external circumstances; nay, more, who *makes* external circumstances— or, at least, makes them bend to his conquering will? Louis XVI. was a small man; so was Maurepas; so was Brienne; so was Neckar; not great enough, at least, to control that portentous external circumstance called the Third Estate; but Mirabeau, Carlyle thinks, was the cloud-compelling, cyanean-locked Jove, able (had he lived another year) to have reined that mad steed into a wise obedience. Napoleon certainly was the man; he did still the storm; and him we justly call GREAT. No doubt Napoleon also was himself the victim of an external circumstance: unexpected fire in the Russian north. Even the sturdiest head will break when it dashes itself against a rock: but a wise head from a rock can sometimes bring a river; by the power of God, however, be it noted, not by an external circumstance.

According to the best notions that we have been able to form on the subject, this doctrine of the overwhelming influence of external circumstances is the radical and pervading error of Owenism. It is, indeed, a fearful blunder, and the more fearful that it contains (as most errors do) within itself a very important truth. It is true that external circumstances do much in the formation of character; it is not true that they do everything; it is not true, in many cases, that they do the most; it is never, and nowhere true, that they do the best. It is true that the pen which writes this English had

* PUNISHMENT *is the only form by which* a Christian can recognise them, and PUNISHMENT BY THE LAW OF THE LAND."—*Quarterly Review* for March last, No. CXXX. p. 520. The Puseyites have one great virtue: they are *honest and consistent*—perhaps the only perfectly consistent philosophical Tories in Britain.

written Turkish, if Edinburgh had been Constantinople. It is true also that, had Constantinople been Edinburgh, Dr Muir would have prayed to the Supreme Being as Allah, not as Jehovah. Here then is an influence certainly, but not overwhelming. The pen that now writes sense or nonsense in English, had written sense or nonsense in Turkish: but a silk purse is made of a sow's ear in Constantinople as little as in Edinburgh; and genuine piety is begotten in the soul by the external orthodoxy of a name in Edinburgh as little as in Constantinople. Let us hear what St Paul says on this subject:—"For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law; but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision. Therefore, if uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? And shall not circumcision which is by nature, if it fulfil the law, judge thee, who, by the letter and circumcision, dost transgress the law? FOR HE IS NOT A JEW WHICH IS ONE OUTWARDLY; NEITHER IS THAT CIRCUMCISION WHICH IS OUTWARD IN THE FLESH: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men but of God."

There is not a more potent and protrusive external circumstance than that which Mr Carlyle somewhere very significantly calls "shovel-hatted orthodoxy," fencing round and hemming in the God-gifted freedom of the inner man with decrees of councils, liturgies, confessions of faith, scholastic dogmas, and other cumbrous machinery of that sort: but it is all in vain; for, as St Paul declares, "HE IS NOT A JEW WHICH IS ONE OUTWARDLY," so this external circumstance, propped up, as it generally is, by state prosecutions, civil disabilities, and other infernal aidances, only succeeds in depositing, as it were, a crust with the brown, green, and yellow liveries of stagnation upon weak characters; while strong and honest thinkers break the brittle cage and fly away, like the Tyrolese Protestants or the old Lutherans of Silesia, into regions where they can breathe freely and shake unfettered wings. In vain, therefore, does Mr Owen traverse the length and breadth of earth, preaching this Helvetian gospel of materialism and external circumstances. It is a doctrine of pure, unadulterated despotism, Continental Toryism; levelling and squaring all things to the tameness of systematic uniformity. It is practised to a great extent in Austria and Prussia; there is also much of it to be found in Oxford, and in the English Church generally: but the wide world, so far as experience teaches mortal men, is constructed on a principle entirely opposite; the principle of the greatest internal liberty generating the most luxuriant outward variety, not the most systematic outward necessity generating the most monotonous internal uniformity.

The Socialists are continually repeating that text—"The character of man is made FOR him, not BY him." This is merely another formula for their "overwhelming influence of external circumstances," and is only remarkable as stating more distinctly the metaphysical doctrine of Fatalism, in the preaching of which they rejoice. Shelley, long ago, in his celebrated poem of "Queen Mab," invoked

> "Necessity, the mother of the world;"

and the Owenites are all Necessitarians. There is no harm in this; so long as they are consistent with their own five fundamental facts, and in the Necessity of which they speak include the necessity of inward organization—moral necessity, according to common phrase, as well as the physical necessity of external circumstances. But they have always a tendency to materialize with their omnipotent external circumstances, and leave the great poetical necessities of the inner man unappreciated. This is vanity. As to the question of Liberty and Necessity, metaphysically considered, it is a matter with regard to which "an ass may ask more questions than a doctor can answer." There are four principal classes of Fatalists that have distinguished themselves in the world:—

> The Stoics,
> The Turks,
> The Calvinists,
> The Owenites;

And all these know as much about the matter as Lord Byron knew about cosmogony. The Helvetic Confession says that regenerate men are free, but also not free; "*Aguntur a Deo ut agant ipsi quod agunt.*"* We are willing to swear to this formula. David Hume also said that we must believe in both liberty and necessity; and the theological puzzle about the comparative value of faith and works is best provided against by taking care to have as much as possible of both. One thing is certain, that a practical Fatalist is a fool; and if a man will stand directly in the way of an external circumstance of such peculiar potency as a cannon ball, he must expect to die like Charles XII.—as a heroic madman dies. All things are ruled by necessity; but this universal necessity includes the moral necessity every healthy man is under of believing himself to be FREE. An unperverted human heart acknowledges the innate obligation of every intelligence, to strive after the *beau-ideal* of perfection to which its noblest aspirations point.

We have touched here on another crotchet of the Socialists, the NON-RESPONSIBILITY of MAN. Most certainly, so far as a man's character is formed FOR him, and not BY him, he is not responsible for that. Who ever said he was, except, perhaps, some very reverend Synod of Dort, that damns whole nations, antediluvian and postdiluvian, for not believing dogmas of divine (say diabolical) decrees of which they had never heard? Does any sane man imagine that a German is responsible for grumbling gutturals, an Englishman for clipping so much breath with his teeth, a Frenchman for twanging it through his nose? There are common atmospheres which envelope.

* Chap. ix. De libero Arbitrio.

common diseases which engrain themselves into whole races: for these the race cannot be held responsible; nevertheless the individual is necessitated to hold himself bound to press onward to perfection, according to the best of his knowledge. The circumcision which is outward in the flesh may be wanting, but the aspiration after the circumcision which is of the heart in the spirit, not in the letter, is universal. We ARE sinful; we OUGHT to be holy. It is every man's DUTY to be virtuous. So says the categorical imperative, asking no questions, and allowing none to be asked. There is a mystery, certainly, in the matter, which even the keen glance of Immanuel Kant could not pierce. Robert Owen professes to teach truth "without mystery;" but this is mere phrase. He and all mortal men are enveloped in mystery, as a fish is in water. Certain things must be believed without reasons, let petty pragmatical understandings say what they will. Fatalism may be proved by abstract formulas; but, practically, every healthy man looks on his microcosm as a ship driven powerfully, no doubt, by wind and tide over which he has no control, but navigated mainly by the wisdom of a helmsman; which helmsman is reason RESPONSIBLE to itself, and to the aboriginal reason of all reasons, whom we call God. Mysterious or not mysterious, this is one of the great moral instincts of humanity which has been and is.

From these metaphysical postulates of external Necessity and Non-responsibility Mr Owen deduces certain conclusions of a social and economical nature, whose daring novelty has called forth the laughter of secular, and the imprecations of clerical, adversaries. There are multitudinous details: Mr Owen is a "*practical* man," and understands how to nail deal boards together; but the main principle of his economical system seems to be, as it was well expressed by Manager Murray, that of uniting the whole world into a society,

> "Where everything belongs to everybody,
> And nobody has nothing in particular;
> One joint-stock company of general bliss."

Men are not to work, each for himself, as has hitherto been the system of the world; but each is to co-operate with all and for all. Individual property is to be annihilated. As the Parisian students originally were maintained out of the king's purse, (hence the name *Bursars*,) so shall the whole world be divided into parallelograms of so many square miles each; and each parallelogram shall be a joint-stock company, having a common purse, out of which, not out of his private earnings, each individual is paid. The love of money is the root of all evil: this gospel was preached in the old immoral world; and the gospel of the new moral world intends to carry that old gospel into practical effect, (it having hitherto, as we too plainly see, proved a dead-letter,) by "rooting up the root radically." What an original discovery! Castrate the animal, and he will be chaste; drink water, and wine will not make you drunk. Mr Owen is a tee-totaller of the external world. Covetousness is the excess of acquisitiveness, as drunkenness is the excess of drinking. Abstain from drinking, and you avoid drunkenness; abstain from acquiring, and you avoid covetousness. COMPETITION, it seems, is the great evil of the world. Like a rabble rushing, and crushing, and squeezing themselves into the pit on a benefit night, the strongest

> "With lusty knocks,
> Fight their way on to the MONEY-BOX;"

and the weakest are trodden under foot. A great evil certainly; and how to be remedied? Choke ambition, blunt curiosity, gag enterprise, and you annihilate competition by "painless extinction." Run no races, and you will break no legs. Such is the philosophy of Robert Owen.

But the *Quarterly Review* says that Mr Owen is perfectly right in this matter; that competition is really the great evil under which human society groans; that there is nothing more likely to save the world from its present distresses than the resolution of society into such joint-stock companies and co-operative associations; and that the only thing wanting to perfect Mr Owen's social engine is, that the steam be prepared in a Bishop's boiler.* For "district" say "diocese," and the Apostolical will baptize himself Socialist to-morrow. Nor are we surprised at this. In the second chapter of the Acts, at the 44th verse, the Christian reader will find something that looks very like Socialism; like enough, at any rate, to confound the weak intellects of a pious brother of R. H. Froude. But this doctrine of the *Quarterly*, with regard to Socialism, is exactly of a piece with the whole idea of Church-Toryism, as it has developed itself in these latter days. Look at the conduct of the Church on the Education question. It was not asserted, it could not be maintained for a moment, that Government appointed inspectors professedly to teach infidel principles, or to burn the Bible; but the great offence was, that the very act of appointing an inspector implied, or rather publicly declared, that the clergy were not to have the *exclusive* control of the juvenile mind. Such is the inor-

* "As a politico-economical speculation, Socialism has always failed, and always must fail. It is absurd, but it is comparatively innocent. *Anything which would put an end to the flagitious corruptions of our present manufacturing system; which would extinguish covetousness; which would prevent the accumulation of capital among a few hands, and distribute it among many, raising a mechanic from a mere drudge to comfort and independence; would, indeed, be a boon to the world.* No Christian quarrels with this; and he only wonders, *first*, that man, in his senses, should think to accomplish it by the agency of joint-stock societies, *uncontrolled by a higher and better power than their own*; and, *secondly*, that the CHURCH HERSELF IS NOT FORMING PLANS FOR SOME SUCH INSTITUTION UNDER HER OWN EYE."—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXX., p. 507. In one sentence, *Socialism*, or *something very like Socialism*, is not only not a bad thing, but a clamant necessity of the age; *provided always that it be under the exclusive control of Bishops by apostolical succession.* This is one leading proposition in the philosophy of Toryism.

dinate lust of these men for a Papistico-Jesuitical domination over the soul! And here they let out the same impudent secret with regard to Socialism. "We have accused the Socialists of blasphemy; we have maligned and misrepresented them as a compound of swine and devils, the very excrement and filth of creation: but when we are constrained by the instinct of honesty, inherent even in the worst minds, to drop truth accidentally upon a sheet of white paper, their real offence appears to be that they have dared to constitute themselves into a society of persons, having all things in common, (Acts ii., 44,) without leave asked from the Bishop of the diocese." So Pope Innocent the Third denounced Frederick the Second's crusade as a crusade of the Devil, because it was begun and carried on without, and in despite of, his interference. Church-Toryism is the same in every age and in every name. Protestant or Papal, Innocent or Exeter, it means exclusive domination and iron despotism. "Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites!"

The present writer does not agree (so far as his light goes) either with Robert Owen or with the *Quarterly Review*. With bishops, or without them, he has not faith enough in the conceit of an individual, to venture on an experiment running sheer counter to the nature of man, as it has been developed during the 6,000 years that this marvellous world of human society has existed. Nevertheless, if any man has faith in Robert Owen, as a new Messiah of the external world, in the name of God let him make the experiment, without hindrance from boor or bishop. There is no doubt that there is much misery upon this earth, joyful and triumphant as we are bound in justice to say it is in the main. There are moments when we are constrained to cry out, with St Paul, "The whole creation groaneth together even until NOW;" and the to-day of this *now* never seems to become yesterday. Therefore, if any man has a feasible scheme or project organizing itself in his brain, wherewithal to better (even with fearful odds against success) the condition of the great mass of mankind, let him do, nay, he is bound to do, what he can, honestly to realize that scheme. It is quite certain that *many* things (though not *all* things) in the old immoral world are wrong—at least do not suit these times. Earth is no longer a pedestal (as it was in the "good old times") for priests and lords to stand on. That sentence is written in heaven; and, one way or other, the haughty hierarchy that now lords it over the liberties of this land must be humbled. But we, who are not Socialists, think that, by increasing popular influence, and repealing aristocratic statutes, society, as it now stands in this old immoral world, may be reformed; without being revolutionized, and recast upon a model as perfect in blissful monotony as Thomas Paine's drab-coloured Quaker creation. We think that, if the aristocracy could be brought to believe that their interests are identical with, not opposed to, the interests of the masses; if they could be brought seriously to think that they have important natural duties to perform towards the lower orders; not frivolous, artificial privileges and vain distinctions to maintain *against* them; if they could be brought practically to recognise that there is no aristocracy allowed by nature or the Bible, but the aristocracy of VIRTUE; if, instead of preaching up tithes and state-churches, they would take themselves to the study of the gospel, and learn that "to do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," is the first, the second, and the third chapter of Christianity: in this case, we think the world might limp on pretty comfortably without Socialism, districtual or diocesan. As it is, however, if the House of Lords continue to prate the same old-wivish drivel they have been doing for the last twenty years, in this case, against French revolutions, and Prussian Agrarian Laws, we will not warrant the English nobility.

Next to the nuisance of individual property, Mr Owen, with partial wrath, directs the batteries of the new moral world against marriage. The English law of divorce is notoriously bad; and Mr Owen, like Luther's drunken peasant, falling back in disgust from this side, tumbles on the other. The English law does not admit divorce on any ground, however reasonable; Mr Owen allows permanent separation from the family tie on any ground, however unreasonable. Those who wish to study the question practically may take a trip over to Prussia, where Mr Owen's system has long been in practical operation. We are almost content with our Scotch system, which seems a *juste milieu* between the two extremes. We have not time here to enter into the argument theological and philosophical. Those who are curious may consult Milton. Meanwhile, we cannot pass, without reproof, those calumnies which certain over-zealous creatures of the Church have been hasty to throw out against the Socialists, viz., That they are advocates for the old Teutonic practice of promiscuous intercourse, and that their co-operation societies are to be regarded as a sort of menagerie for creating and perpetuating a "very superior race of BEASTS." Robert Owen, like every enthusiast governed by one idea, has said very wild and rash things on the subject of sexual intercourse; but so did a greater and nobler than he, one of the purest minds that modern times have produced, Percy Bysshe Shelley. Everything that stands in Froude's book, we presume, is not to be taken without inquiry as the orthodox standard of Puseyism; so every extravagant Philippicizing phrase of Robert Owen against the married condition in the old immoral world of English law, is no proof positive either of Robert Owen's sober doctrine on the subject, or of the principles and practice of his disciples. We repeat, and we stake the character of the Magazine on the assertion, that Robert Owen's doctrine of marriage, as we have heard it stated from his own mouth, is neither more nor less, than that greater freedom of divorce which Milton advocated, and which Prussia practises. Any-

thing beyond this is mere fume, which a clear, calm eye will see through at a glance; which only the ignorance and want of candour characteristic of clerical polemics could mistake for a reality.

Mr Owen is, unfortunately, (as Bentham said,) not mad altogether, but mad *secundum quid*: and so he has another crotchet about religion, which he continually declaims against in a truly Lucretian style, as the mother of all the evils that have been in the world.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"

His ravings on this subject are too puerile to demand attention. It is manifest, not only that he confounds church orthodoxy with piety, the modern gospel of clergy reserves with the ancient gospel which was preached *by* and *to* the poor, but, further, that he wants the bump of wonder and veneration altogether. The body of Socialists have accordingly done well in discarding altogether this old rotten French packthread of impiety, by which Robert Owen vainly imagined that the elements of a new moral world were to be bundled together in harmony. Religion belongs to the human soul as essentially as virtue. When these are rooted out, MEN will be rooted out also, and a "NEW SPECIES OF BEASTS" will walk loose upon the earth. Till then we have enough to do with the OLD BEAST, black bigotry, and the gospel of damnation which it preaches.

We have just stated that the body of the Socialists is not to be confounded with individual crotchets or monomanias of Robert Owen; and this is a point which cannot fail to strike the most superficial inquirer into the subject; though, strange to say, learned diatribes, and orations of loud pretence, have been published to the world, founded upon the assumption that these two things are merely diverse names for the same thing. So the early Christians were confounded with the Galileans; so the Papist bishops, the types of our Puseyite bishops, malignantly identified Martin Luther with Jack of Leyden. And, no doubt, brother Martin, like Robert Owen, had a wild tongue in his head, and delighted to fling wholesale vituperation in the face of dignities; but he had too much sense to be either an Anabaptist, or an Adamite, or a Carlstadtian, or any other denomination of sanctified drivellers. So the Socialists, in making, without bishops, their great experiment of general bliss by joint-stock company, have wisely taken care to do it also without Robert Owen. They do not require his name, indeed, any more than that of Fourier in France, to make trial of what co-operation can do to relieve the miseries of groaning humanity. What they require is brotherly love, patience, moderation, and, above all things, wisdom. This last quality, certainly, they could not get from Robert Owen. This man commenced his mission with the insane, and, we must say also, *intolerant and uncharitable* purpose of preaching religion out of the world altogether; a proceeding, even had it been reasonable, impolitic and inexpedient in the extreme. How the Socialists have managed the matter will appear from the constitution and laws of their society, enrolled, as it is, under the provisions of the acts 10 Geo. IV., c. 56, and 4 and 5 Will., IV. c. 40. We quote the first nineteen articles, in which the nature and objects of the society are fully unfolded.

NAME.—1. Henceforth, the designation of this Society shall be, "The Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists;" instead of, as hitherto, the two names of "The Association of all Classes of all Nations," and "The National Community Friendly Society."

OBJECTS.—2. *Universal charity*—To establish over the world, in principle and practice, charity for the convictions, feelings, and conduct, of every human being, without distinction of sex, class, sect, party, country, or colour.

3. *Education and Employment*—To well educate and advantageously employ ALL, so as to insure their health, permanent prosperity, intelligence, union, and happiness.

4. *Rational Economy*—To produce and distribute, in the best manner, the best qualities of all kinds of wealth abundantly for ALL.

5. *Government*—To govern most beneficially for all—without force or fraud, and, ultimately, without artificial rewards or punishments—by the removal of the causes which produce evil, and the institution of those which produce good.

6. *Peaceful change*—Thus to effect peaceably, and by reason alone, an entire change in the character and condition of mankind.

MEANS.—These objects are to be attained by the following means:

7. *Public Opinion*—By creating a new public opinion in favour of this entire change in the character and condition of mankind, through the medium of public meetings, lectures, discussions, missionaries, cheap publications, and mutual exchanges of productions, upon equitable principles, without individual competition.

8. *Schools*—By instituting infant and other schools, in which, by means of the new circumstances in which the individuals will be placed, a new and very superior character will be formed for them, by being daily taught truth, unconnected with error, and by exhibiting a conduct in strict accordance with the principles of this society.

9. *Funds*—By raising, from time to time, by subscriptions among the members, or by voluntary contributions, or donations, or bequests, or loans, from members or others, various stocks or funds, for the mutual assistance, maintenance, and education of the members, their wives and children, or nominees, in infancy, advanced age, sickness, or other natural state or contingency; also funds for defraying the incidental expenses of the society.

10. *Communities*—By applying such stocks or funds for the purchase or rental of land, whereon to establish COMMUNITIES of UNITED INTERESTS, or for the purchase or rental, of dwellings or other buildings, wherein the members shall, by united labour, support each other, under every vicissitude.

PRINCIPLES.—11, 12, 13, 14, 15, substantially as given above in the five fundamental facts.

Deductions.—16. *General Character*—Thus is the whole character of man, physical, intellectual, and moral, formed FOR him.

17. *Non-Responsibility*—It is, therefore, evident that man has NOT been created to be a responsible being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

RELIGION.—18. *Rational Religion*—A knowledge of these unerring and unchanging laws of nature, derived from accurate and extended observation of the works of the Great Creating Power of the Universe, and the PRACTICE of CHARITY for the feelings, convictions, and conduct of all men, consequent upon such knowledge, constitute the Rational Religion.

19. *Right of opinion*—All members of this society shall have equal right to express their opinions respecting the Supreme Power of the Universe, and to worship it under any form, or in any manner, agreeable to their consciences, not interfering with equal rights in others.

The reader will see from this that the Socialists are a sort of joint-stock free-masonry, or friendly society for economical purposes, of which the soul is the principle of co-operation, preached in France by Fourier, and in Britain by Robert Owen; recognising also Robert Owen's five fundamental facts, or innocent ethico-metaphysical truisms handled above; but in nowise identified with the Miltonic views of matrimony, or the barren prosaic irreligiosity which Robert Owen, with woful want of logic, has deduced from these truisms. Their principles of universal charity and religious toleration, seem to us Voluntaries worthy of all acceptation; and we cannot help calling special attention to the fact that, in their definition of rational or natural religion, they include, not only *knowledge* of the divine laws, but also and mainly the PRACTICE of CHARITY, agreeably to that beautiful text in the gospel of St John, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God," and that other, "Not they who call me Lord, Lord, but they which do the will of my Father which is in heaven." This same great doctrine of founding religion upon ethics, and knowledge in religious matters upon virtue, was recognised also by Immanuel Kant; who, as is well known, deduced the idea of God from the categorical imperative of duty. As to the 19th article, all Liberals, in respect of this, must hail the Socialists as brethren. Let all forms of religion have fair play, and there can be no doubt that the sermon on the mount, and the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, will triumph over the intolerant pride of lordly bishops, and the insatiate greed of apostolical pastors.

It is a remarkable thing, we may note, in conclusion, how these Socialists, though the majority of them are Deists and Rationalists, do, nevertheless, in these their printed laws, and in their recognised organ, "The New Moral World," maintain a tone of charity and brotherly kindness truly Christian; whereas their opponents belch forth multitudinous foul-mouthed calumnies, in a spirit which is certainly not the spirit of Him who taught to "bless them that persecute you—bless, and curse not!" We are sorry, however, that we can say this of the recent tone of the Socialists only. Mr Owen began "The New Moral World" in a tone of bitterness and wrath against the "priesthood of this world," of which, we may hope, those who have followed in his train have seen reason to be ashamed. Orthodox and heterodox are equally bound by the great law of charity; without which, as St Paul preaches, the wisdom of angels, published by the brazen tongues of Homer, and the leathern lungs of Sergeant Jackson, much blare and bellow as it may make upon the puppet-stage of official importance among mortal men, is, in the ear of God, only the tinkling cymbals of a vain conceit. It is lamentable, therefore, to behold how little the Christianity which stands upon high places in our land, can boast of this soul of all Christianity, the "NEW commandment, that ye LOVE one another." Nay, does it not seem rather as if triple-crowned orthodoxy, in outward matters of faith, were cursed for the most part by a spiritual blight within, in the matter of charity? When Pope John came over the Tyrolese Alps to attend the Council of Constance, his carriage stuck among snow, and he himself was precipitated into the wet; whereupon, he began to bolt forth an exasperated "*Corpo di Baccho! Sangue di Dio!*" and other ruddy Italian oaths, to the great edification of the pious German peasants. But this same profane priest was the most orthodox of all men at Kaiser Sigismund's Council; yielding not a whit, like a brave Church-Tory as he was, to the popular clamour for REFORM; and he instigated the weak old Emperor to break his word of honour, plighted to that church-radical John Huss; and the heretic, as all the world knows, by a right orthodox council, was burnt. So, in these modern times, the Bishop of Exeter, in heart as orthodox a Papist as ever wielded a Protestant crosier, while stirring up prosecutions of weak brethren for alleged blasphemy, himself blasphemes God, and brands the gospel of Christ with infamy, by robbing God's creatures, in God's name, of their most sacred and inalienable right, the right of FREE THOUGHT and FREE SPEECH. Christianity tells us when a man curseth us, not to curse again, but to bless. Robert Owen cursed the "priesthood of this world," and that most lustily. The priesthood replied in a style that proved how richly they deserved the designation: they replied as a priesthood of this world replies, not as a priesthood of Christ. They replied, not merely with cursing and railing, but with prosecutions and persecutions, and other such base appliances of a petty pusillanimous spite. When a man calls me a liar, by the law of nature (or of the old Adam, as the divines phrase it) I knock him down; by the law of honour, I play at pistols with him; by the law of Christ, or of the new creature, I forgive him, not seven times only, but seventy times seven. These modern bishops, however, will not forgive once; they are as meek as a sullen cur monopolising a manger; as dignified as a spoiled child that knows not to bear contradiction. A man writes a Deistical pamphlet, calling the Bible a forgery; a poor tract-seller, and vender of cheap publications, retails this work, along with many others, of a *contrary* tendency; if you enter his shop, you will very likely find the last number of the *Scottish Christian Herald*, cheek by jowl with this same Deistical pamphlet, and beside that, again, you may see the new Gospel of "painless Extinction," by Marcus; observe, however, *with the Refutation appended*. If Haslam and Marcus be right, then the Bishop of Exeter is wrong, and the publication of such works virtually amounts to a declaration before men that the Bishop of Exeter is a liar. What then does this modern bishop do? Does he pray God to forgive these men for the slanderous use they make of their tongues? Does he write a Christian, gentlemanly reply, and send it to Mr Haslam, as Principal Campbell did his celebrated Apology for Miracles to David

Hume? None of these things does this man, calling himself a Christian, do. He fumes and frets, blusters and bravadoes, damns and denounces, with all the blind furious hate of the old Adam, and eggs on the mercenary minions of the law to bind, with thousandfold packthread, (happily only *packthread*,) the strong (or at least imagined strong) limbs of his adversary. He not only cannot forgive, but he takes vengeance sevenfold, yea, and seventy times sevenfold. Because Mr Haslam has an unchastened tongue, not only shall that tongue be compelled to speak more politely in future, but it shall be gagged altogether; yea, and every other tongue that shall dare to gainsay the infallibility of the apostolical Bishop of Exeter. We entreat our readers to consider this matter seriously. These are sad times indeed for Christianity, if the Bible, to please the old Adam of a bilious priest, must be made to descend from the lofty position in which it was placed by the blessed founder of Christianity, and have its cause pled in the Central Criminal Court, London, by some quibbling barrister, quoting obsolete statutes of cold, green, lichen-crusted bigotry from Blackstone. "I SPEAK AS UNTO WISE MEN; JUDGE YE WHAT I SAY," was the argument of St Paul. I SPEAK AS UNTO SLAVES; BELIEVE OR BE PROSECUTED, is the argument of Henry Exeter!—But shall we tolerate open blasphemy? Nay, fellow-citizen, if you stumble on a man who is *really* a blasphemer, and who, with brazen front, dares to look denial in the face of him who alone *IS*, weep a tear over the direful earthquake-desolation of a brain, where the poles of crazy humanity have been turned, and lodge the victim kindly in some comfortable asylum, not in a gaol. But truly, what men, or intolerant bishops, call blasphemy, is not always, perhaps *never* was, that thing. Blasphemy, as it stands a crime in our statute-books, is an offence against the presumptuous claim of infallibility, set up by an intolerant sect dominant; not against the majesty of the God that reigns in heaven. If it were an offence against HIM, mad indeed is that boy's ambition, who boasts himself able to launch with wisdom the thunder of the Omnipotent. And so monstrous a thing in fact is the crime called blasphemy, that, according to our law, (as, on looking into Blackstone, you will find,) if God were to send a prophet into the world to-morrow to reconcile the jarring differences of Christian sects, that prophet, in the present temper of churchmen, might reasonably expect to be tried, fined, and imprisoned, not in despot Prussia only, but in free Britain. Meanwhile, the Britons, who in this Protestant "REVIVAL" of Dominican principles, may be called upon to sit in judgment on fellow-sinners accused of writing or vending blasphemous libels, should bear in mind before God, that not their own feelings, however just and however strong, are the matter under trial, but the rights of their brother-men. And the most transcendental heretic that, with the galliard spur of the seven-league boots of German mysticism, ever kicked aside some "Marrow of Modern Divinity," inherits the right of free thought and free speech from God, as much as John Knox. If the Puseyites are not prosecuted for metamorphosing the inward elastic vitality of the gospel of Christ into a mere mechanical mould, in the hands of presumptuous priests; as little ought Robert Owen to be prosecuted, because he wants the bump of veneration. Nonsense will be spoken in the world, if men (like the Trappists) make not silence imperative by a vow. The human heart is a fountain out of which, when you open the sluice, bitter waters and sweet gush mingled. Prosecutions for blasphemy, so called, stop up the flow of laic thought altogether, while they give a free vent to the bitterness of Episcopal denunciation. Let us hope piously that God, who makes his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust, gives license to certain errant spirits to speculate overboldly, as wisely as he permits the souls of some churchmen to ossify themselves into the skeleton frame-work of an intolerant and persecuting creed. If God preaches a gospel of salvation, and the Bishop of Exeter a gospel of damnation, what man will hesitate to select?

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER XII.

Charles Herbert, having lost the Dover mail, in an unsuccessful attempt to obtain another parting interview with Violet, was posting after the Earl of Tarbert, when the pole of his chaise broke, a few miles beyond Feversham; and he walked forward to procure help for the postboy, and, if possible, a fresh vehicle for himself, as he was afraid that the Earl, his daughter, and retinue would embark that night. Pushing on up a slight ascent, a carriage was heard behind rapidly approaching. "If here should be only a single gentleman, I might, save for English reserve, tell my plight and beg help; or even offer myself as an agreeable companion in a post chaise, if our road lie the same way." He had not well ended these ruminations, when, stopping to survey the vehicle, the screams of a female suddenly issued from it, while an outrider, who struck Herbert as monstrously like Professor Cryppes' celebrated valet Eustache, seized the reins and urged on the horses. "Mr Herbert! Mr Herbert! save me! save me!" was again screamed forth, and then the voice was stifled as if by violence.

Herbert, surprised and excited, commanded the postboy to stop, and leapt down from the high footway where he stood, in order to seize the horses; but on they dashed, and he found himself,

in five minutes, alone, and a full half mile behind the vehicle, which he endeavoured to keep in sight. It took a cross road near a farm-house, whither Herbert immediately repaired to prevail with the country people to join him in the pursuit; but so much time was lost, before he was mounted, himself on one of the horses of his own chaise, and the post-boy on the other, that the carriage and the suspicious party were fairly out of sight.

That his own name had been called, Herbert was perfectly certain. The lady, whoever she might be, then knew him and claimed his protection. For a moment he thought of Violet, but that idea was dismissed as utterly absurd. The unknown was, however, a woman, in distress, and in the power of a person whom he believed capable of any roguery, if not of black villany.

On he rode, frequently obtaining contradictory tidings from the country people, until, several miles off the great road, in a narrow lane, where the trees met overhead, his postboy recognised, hanging to a branch, a signal of distress, a cambric pocket handkerchief wet with tears, and having in one corner, delicately marked in hair, JULIANA STOCKS, No. 18. The case was now plain; and Herbert, on learning that the Rector, whose snug parsonage, seen through embowering elms, was basking in the warm beams of the setting sun, was a Justice of the Peace, at once demanded an audience, and told his adventure, mentioning, at the same time, his own name and the purpose of his present journey. He obtained the most prompt and efficient assistance; and the Rector, as soon as he heard that the abductors were foreigners, anticipating violent resistance, made one of the constable's followers take pistols.

The precaution was wholly needless. Never was damsel surrendered so ingloriously as poor Juliana. They had not followed the track above a mile, when the forlorn girl was found sitting on a carpet-bag by the roadside, bitterly weeping. The ardour with which Juliana flung her arms round Herbert's neck, and clung, sobbing to his bosom; the vehemence with which she afterwards, laughing and crying by turns when attempting to speak, clasped her united hands through his arm lest he might escape and leave her again alone, or in the power of the villains who had fled, might, at another time, have brought a smile to his face. Despatching his attendants in pursuit, he could only soothe her with the assurance of her safety, and beg to know how she came here. Juliana was a comely, good-natured, and pleasant girl, and, moreover, a person of some consequence in society, as the presumed heiress of very great wealth; Herbert, besides, remembered her as the admirer of their *Fair Lily*, when she thus began,

"O, Mr Herbert, had Miss Violet come to be my governess, this never would have happened. Mamma brought me last month to a grand school, a very grand and a very strict school, at Blackheath; quite a fine place—high walls, gardens, green-houses, carriages, and everything—where the young ladies were so watched that we called it The Convent, and the mistress our Lady Abbess; but it was no joke to me.

"That Mrs Barker, that wicked, detestable Polly Cripps—they say she is married, but I don't believe any one would marry so bold and wicked a creature—came, the day before yesterday, I suppose—for it looks like an age—in a chaise and four, in violent haste, saying my papa, my dear papa! was taken suddenly ill, and was dying, and that I must instantly go with her to see him. Mrs Benson—she is properly the Honourable Mrs Benson, mamma says, but the Honourable is sunk for family reasons—hesitated, and would not let me go home: but I cried and screamed so to go to my father; and Polly Cripps produced mamma's letter: but it was all forgery and lies, Mr Herbert. And when I got away at last, and into the chaise, there was Neddy Cripps, my father's clerk-boy, who was dying in love with me, forsooth! as Polly said; and we must be married! It was all a joke, she owned, about papa's illness; but Edmund was dying in love with me, and would shoot himself through the temples if I were cruel to him. I thought I should have gone mad, and I screamed so. And, when we came to a large inn, where was that odious Jack Cripps, whom I remember before he went to London; and an ugly foreigner, with four stars on him; and that other foreign fellow with the hook nose, you saw on horseback; I was afraid of my life: but when they left me with Edmund, to pay his addresses to me, I think I soon frightened Neddy."

And Juliana, now safe, laughed heartily at the recollection of her spirit and prowess.

"I told him I was an heiress; and that, if any one dared to marry me, whom I did not like, papa would have him hung. He is a poor sneak, Edmund! Polly then tried to frighten me, and to coax me; but I would neither be frightened nor coaxed; and, when Ned came near me, I kicked and screamed till he got afraid, I fancy; for I overheard Polly say to Jack, 'Nothing can be done with that spooney;' and, after some time, she said, if I would only be quiet, and not scream so, she would take me back to Mrs Benson's, and tell that we had met an express on the road, saying papa was much better, and that I need not proceed home. What a fool I was to trust her; for, Oh, dear Mr Herbert! the worst was not come yet. Oh, you are my guardian angel! indeed you are; and I would rather have had you to save me than any one else in the whole world. Well, it was too late to return to Blackheath that night, and so we had a gay supper at the inn, with that foreigner who, Polly said, was a man of high rank, and a Count—the same nobleman my friends had entertained at W——; and who knew me, for he had fallen in love with my picture in mamma's drawing-room; that thing in crayons, you remember, Mr Herbert. I was not in love with him, any way. O, the ugly fellow! But I tried to be cunning with them all; and at night bolted myself well in my room. Next morning we were to be off for Blackheath,

at five in the morning. 'Are you awake, my love, the chaise waits to convey you,' said Polly Cripps. They called her Mrs B. B. I was quite ready; for, indeed, I had never undressed. I have never undressed yet; and such a figure I am! and my eyes are so dim, I daresay, with crying!

I went down stairs at once, and into the chaise; and in after me jumps the abominable Count and the other ugly fellow; and off they drove at once without Polly or any of the Cripps, while I screamed like mad, and dashed my hands through the glass, and cut them."

"Horrible!" said Herbert, compassionately, pressing the fair hands, affectionately and confidingly clasped on his arm.

"You are sorry for me, dear Mr Herbert? O, how very kind and good you are! You are my guardian angel; and I shall bless you and pray for you while I live. I fell into fits from terror and passion. They stopped at a house to get some water for me, and then I shouted so wildly for help, that the people really believed I was mad, and a foreigner, as the wretches said. Mrs Benson had all her pupils dressed like French girls, too, which confirmed it. Then the ugliest fellow—but they are both *so* ugly—went outside, and the other tried to quiet and coax me: but always came on the other fit; and I heard them consulting—for I understand French pretty well—about how they were to get me across the Channel, if I screamed so. They agreed to go to some village on the coast, where French smugglers came. I thought I was for ever lost! and my dear father and mother! But just then, dear Mr Herbert, you appeared! Heaven sent you to deliver me! Was it not odd that it was *you* I met; and neither of us ever in this part of Kent before? But Heaven ordained it."

"I shall ever rejoice at the accident which broke down my chaise and delayed my journey, Miss Juliana."

"And you, though in such haste, would not abandon me," said the grateful and tearful Juliana; "and came so far out of your way for me! "O, dear Mr Herbert! I am sure you will take me, yourself, to papa; I can never part with you again, till I am at home; I shall die or go mad, if you leave me; and I am such a fright; and my eyes and face so spoiled; and my hair all so disordered. I shall be ashamed to be seen by the young ladies at the rectory."

The young ladies at the rectory did their best to comfort and soothe the rescued damsel, and even attended personally to her dress and her hair; so that the poor girl was able to appear with more propriety before his Reverence, who lost no time in issuing warrants for the apprehension of the persons that Herbert described as Count Rodolpho Zanderschloss and his emissary Eustache Latude, regretting exceedingly that his power, as a magistrate, did not extend to Sussex and Middlesex; though he thought it his duty to acquaint the proper authorities in London with the abduction of Miss Stocks, and the share which the Cripps family had had in the conspiracy.

Herbert immediately wrote a particular account of the adventure to Mr Somers Stocks, and also to Mrs Benson; and, to both epistles, Juliana added a postscript, expressive of her life-long obligations to her dear deliverer, to Mr Herbert, "her guardian angel, who had come to her aid in extremity, just like a hero in a story-book." It was not until Juliana had taken his promise for the fourth time, that he would not leave her till she was with her parents, that poor Juliana, whose head was half-turned with what she had suffered, dreaded, and escaped, consented to go to bed.

The three laughing daughters of the Rectory, Caroline, Helen, and Isabel, then held a chapter on the marvellous adventure, not forgetting the handsome person, and delightful and elegant manners of the knight-deliverer, who, the eldest ventured to foretell, had found an heiress as surely as the Count Rodolpho had lost one. Six weeks later, and the dressing-cases of these young ladies sparkled with brighter gems than had ever before been seen in the Rectory of Swanstoun; and the small side-board there shone and groaned beneath the set of rich salvers commemorative of the rescue of the heiress of the wealthy provincial banker, and of the kindness of the family who had so hospitably received her and her deliverer. Nay, as one good deed is often parent to another, next year, the three young ladies, lost in that sweet but isolated parsonage, having gone on a long visit to Mrs Stocks, the elder was, next season, married to Miss Crippes' *ci-devant* admirer, Mr Benjamin, with the entire approbation of his wealthy parents, and to the great contentment of her own family, who offered no objection to her younger and prettier sister marrying into the same manufacturing connexion, and, in the meanwhile, being the well-salaried governess of Juliana Stocks.

"So odd," Mrs Somers Stocks remarked, "a baronet's grandchild my daughter's governess, and all owing to the Hungarian Count, sad, wicked man, falling in love with my Juliana's picture in crayons, and bribing Polly Crippe with two thousand sovereigns and the brilliants of his order of the Golden Fleece, to let him run off with her." For Mrs Somers Stocks persisted in believing the Count, whom she had entertained, and who had run away with her daughter, a true and genuine Count, in spite of whatever evidence could be produced to his being a very different character. She, however, did not say as much when her husband was in company; for the prejudices of Mr Stocks against the Count were quite as invincible as the dislike of his daughter to that noble person.

Very different, indeed, were the feelings of Mr Somers Stocks, who—in the first heat of his resentment at the audacious and wicked conspirators, aggravated probably by a pecuniary loss to which he had previously been subjected by his own vanity and the address of the German Count—would, without remorse, have seen each and all of them punished with the utmost severity which the law visits on that black and dangerous, and,

in England, rare, crime, the abduction of an heiress.

Before Mr Charles Herbert had returned to Blackheath, to place his charge under the protection of her governess, the officers of justice had arrested Edmund Cripps; were hot on the track of his brother, Jack, and looking sharply after the foreigners; though it was not until Juliana had again been examined by a magistrate, on coming to London, that a warrant was issued against Mrs Burke Barker, the lady of "the celebrated and talented theatrical critic and political writer," and also against himself, though nothing had transpired, directly or indirectly, to implicate Barker. He was, in reality, perfectly ignorant of the daring scheme, which he knew the world much too well to sanction openly, whatever might have been his private opinion of its moral quality if successful. The surprize and indignation of Barker—a proud, ambitious, and sensitive, if an unprincipled man—at finding his newly-made wife involved in an abortive attempt of this sort, may, therefore, be imagined. In vain did Polly deprecate his wrath, and protest that ardent affection for her brother, who idolized the banker's heiress, who returned his love, had alone induced her to lend her assistance to promote the union upon which the happiness, nay, the very existence of the lovers depended. Mr Barker, though but a six weeks' husband, was not to be so duped. In vain did she protest that, to the subsequent adventures of Juliana Stocks with Count Rodolpho, she was a total stranger. Even on this point Mr Barker was incredulous; but shame and pride here aided the weeping wife, and, having established his own innocence to the satisfaction of the magistrate, recognisances were accepted for the future appearance of his lady.

At this pinch, Mrs Barker had not scrupled to make a scapegoat of her brother Jack, which she did with the less remorse, that she believed he had been warned by the arrest of Edmund, and was safe from the pursuit of justice; and she was the less apprehensive, on her own account, as Jack was not likely to confront her, or contradict her specious tale. That tale which, if delivered by a poor, old, ill-dressed woman, might have totally failed to impress the worshipful Bench, when gracefully narrated by the handsome, insinuating Mrs Burke Barker, whose pathetic tones and melting tears spoke the tender and sympathizing friend of the young lovers, ignorant of the legal consequences of her conduct, and only alive to their distress, produced a very marked effect; and, save for the admonitory whispers of a cross-looking, legal assistant of the magistrate, probably much less susceptible to the softening influence of beauty's tears, Polly would have been triumphantly dismissed without farther trouble. Yet, at the moment when the recognisances of Sir George Lees, the family friend, summoned in haste in this emergency, and her husband, were accepted, she knew not whether being sent off to Bridewell, or ascending the hackney-coach waiting to convey herself and her gloomy-browed lord to their home, were the direst sentence. It was a respite when Sir George accepted her earnestly-pressed set-down at a certain specified corner, not in sight of the windows of the club.

In the meanwhile, our heroine, ignorant of these transactions, was beginning to feel returning tranquillity under the roof of Mrs Herbert. This lady, though prudently resolving to wean the thoughts of her protegée, as far as possible, from her lover, had, somehow, from the hour of his departure, talked of nothing else than the subject that filled her heart. Anecdotes of the boyhood and youth of Charles; traits of his spirit and generosity, his frankness and cordiality, intermingled with fond conjectures as to how far the traveller might, from time to time, be advanced on his journey; or how the wind stood for the little voyage across the Channel; matters "fond and trivial," yet full of kindly interest to the speaker and the listener, occupied and beguiled their social hours.

Those trunks, belonging to Violet, about which Mike Twig had shewn such sympathetic concern, and which had helped to bring her into suspicion with her hostess, had not yet been unpacked; and while Mrs Herbert indulged her customary hour of quiet, or "beauty-sleep," as her maid Jenkins called it, after her coffee, Miss Hamilton, with the assistance of her friend, Mistress Marion, who timed her visits most judiciously, set about arranging the wardrobe and other belongings in the drawers of the chamber allotted to her,—or in "Mr Charles' room," as it was familiarly named in the household.

Mistress Marion, upon her knees before a large sea-chest, in which her arms were plunged up to the elbows, remarked, in reply to Violet's observation that she had not come to see her for two long days—

"I mustna encroach on Mrs Herbert's rights, hinny, now that you are her ain; but, this day, I just took a longing to see ye, though I had trailed ower this muckle town on business, frae the screech o' day till noontide. I'm sure if I have scraped two or three pennies thegither amang the heathen Englishers, it's not without doing service for it. So, after I had looked ower my inve'tors, comparing them wi' my bits o' jottings when I made the rounds o' my houses the day, and gotten the dish o' bohea, and was a wee thing refreshed—for I can do no good without it, more shame to me! for never an ounce of it was in ower my father's door—says I to pussie, What would ye think, mawkin, if I should step to the Regent's Park, and see how our young leddy is coming on? and the cretur *miaw-ed* and waved her tail, ye'll no believe me, as if she would have spoken out like a 'Christian—'Even do sae, mistress mine.'"

"Your cat is, indeed, wonderfully sagacious, and also very kind to me," returned Violet, smiling.

"Ye think me a fool about pussie, Miss Violet; but I have an ill brow o' them she sets up her back at. Noo, there is Jenkins she can-

not thole, that's *endure*, hinny; for I must interpret our gude Scots tongue even to you; but as for Jack Cripps, when he came to my door this day, I thought she would have torn the house down, and flown at the hairy face o' him."

"Jack Cripps at your door again, Marion?" returned Violet, reddening, as she remembered his former impertinent visit.

"Ay, ye may wonder what the fallow wanted with me! I fancy pussie thought he was coming to court us!—he! he! he! for it was snug quarters he wanted in a strait."

"To lodge with you?"

"Ye may say that! but Maister Jack's impudence is up to and beyont my garret story. ... But, hinny, this kist has been through hands ere now: it's double bottomed, too; d'ye hear how it rings to my knock? There's been harriers here, Miss Violet. Have ye an inve'tor o' the contents, hinny?" And Marion, by main force, raised the lid of the double bottom, and gave to sight a confused mass of papers and writings, tied up in lawyer style. "Preserve and guide us! but here is a sight. What if there should be a Last Will and Testament among these musty bundles and muckle broad seals; though I misdoubt if we have had the first overhauling o' this kist."

"It was my dear father's, from the time he entered the army; and, I have heard his old servant tell, had been with him in every quarter of the globe."

"To my brother, the Right Honourable John Earl of Tarbert," read Marion, on taking up an empty envelope, to which a broken seal was still attached. "How could this deaf nut come here, hinny? and in a leddy's handwriting; but I'll take my Bible oath this chest has been spulyied. When had ye it last open?"

"Never. It was sent to me very lately from Jersey; and I never felt sufficiently at home with Mr Cripps to unpack or even look into it."

"Then some one has done that for you, my dear; and, its no unlike, the very rogue that plundered ye o' the twenty-pound note."

"It is indeed inexplicable; perhaps the disappointed persons who looked here for my property may have deposited these papers by accident, or merely to be rid of them."

"Violet, my love—Miss Hamilton," was said in the sweet voice of Mrs Herbert, who softly tapped at the door, "leave your business to Mrs Linton, pray, and come to me—I have had so singular an adventure just now in the shrubbery."

Violet hastily opened the door; and there stood the lady, the corner of her large India shawl filled with written papers.

"I was making a survey of the shrubs that I wished to have pruned to-morrow, when the gardener comes; and, see! Hid they were in the thickest of the wilderness, as we are pleased to call my morsel of greenery. I do believe I have found a whole manuscript romance, or a play in five acts."

"The very papers Major Hamilton's chest has been plundered of!" exclaimed Marion. "I could swear it; and I am far up to the tricks of this wicked big toun."

When the affair was explained, Mrs Herbert allowed that the conjecture was probable; and she at once gave up her spoils to Violet for more leisurely private examination.

"Can we not go over them together," asked Violet, simply.

"Na, hinny, the Major's auld papers are not *our* business, but *your* business," said Marion, quickly; "that is, if anybody's business. So we'll neither make nor meddle, till ye please to report, or communicate your loss to the magistrates. For an auld wife like me to take an advantage, and pry into the matters of an innocent young lady whose heart is in her mouth, would be far from right; so ye must not affront Mrs Herbert with any such proposal, Miss Violet. See there, now, I have locked up your papers; and keep your key yoursel', hinny. All is safe under this honourable roof."

Mrs Herbert looked rather blank when Marion, as a matter of course, disburdened her of her load; yet it was impossible to offer any objection; and Violet, aware of her worthy nurse's warm attachment, shrewd sense, and knowledge of her early history, at once acquiesced, so far as to receive the key, while, smiling with melancholy sweetness, she said—

"I fear my poor father's keepings must have sadly disappointed the pillagers, whoever they may be. His was an old soldier's legacy—a sword which had done some service in the field, a pair of tarnished epaulets, a first commission, a few worn gazettes, and flattering letters from superior officers. This was the amount, I believe; and I shall deeply regret the loss, yet I do not feel justified in saying more about it."

"Ye'll see and judge at leisure, after ye have looked into your affairs; but it is, if not a sin, surely next door till't, to let vagabonds off in a hail skin who prey upon the public, and, what is worse, on the orphan and the fatherless."

"I quite agree with Mistress Marion," said Mrs Herbert, "and I assure you, Miss Hamilton, if we had but the least clew to detection, I should have no scruple, but the very reverse, in letting justice take its course."

"But I have a clew," returned Marion briskly. "I needed but a hair to make a tether o', and I have a full crop o' them, or I'm mistaken. I'm no sayin Maister Skip-Jack broke open the kist with his ain hands; but he is, I make no doubt, concerned, 'airt and pairt,' as our lawyers at hame say, with the foreignder, and guilty after the fact."

Upon this, Mistress Marion took her leave, volunteering future services of all kinds, and making a particular request that Miss Violet would next day visit her at her own house, as she believed that she had still in her possession, among her endless variety of inventories, one belonging to Major Hamilton, which might help to identify some of the imagined missing property. Mrs Herbert agreed to set the young

lady down, on her way to visit a valetudinarian friend, and take her up on her return.

"And if you should invite me to step up stairs," said Mrs Herbert, gaily, "I should feel delighted. Miss Hamilton has so excited my curiosity with the beauties and wonders of the light-house you inhabit in Fleet Street."

"It is me would be honoured!" returned Marion, cordially, and they parted thus; Marion pursuing her way home to her cat, which advanced purring to her call by the open casement, from the top of a meat-safe, or hanging larder, on the top of which, when alone, pussie often basked herself in the sun, and watched the martins and sparrows sporting about the chimney pots and the eaves.

"Ay, come away ye sly limmer; ay, ay, pussie; ye are just like a' the world; a great wark ye'll hold about folk when ye're ain end is to serve; *I'm* sure ye got ye're tea no that lang syne; but it will be your supper ye are for now. Let's see what is in the safe!—I am sure, ye jade, ye fancy it was allenarly for your use it was put up, that it might keep your dainty morsel fresh, and let ye beek yourself in the sun, and watch the bits o' birds on the tap o' it, among the wall-flowers and mignionette o' our Babylonian hanging garden."

Thus maundered Marion, addressing her favourite, while vainly attempting to re-kindle her fire, which, though generally preserved like the vestal fires, had for once fairly expired. Blaming her want of providence in having neither flint nor Lucifer-matches at hand, and in her jealous and even unneighbourly independence, disdaining to be indebted for light to the tailor's family, who had incurred her displeasure and suspicion by letting a room to Jack Cripps, she left her door on the latch, and descended, with her little lantern, to procure a light two doors off. At the street door, Marion met with two persons whom her practised eye at once recognised as policemen or sheriff-officers, though they were at this time distinguished by no peculiar garb. With promptitude, and even a certain vindictive pleasure, she gave them the information they required about the tailor's lodger, and somewhat more. Great, however, was Marion's astonishment and anger, on her return, to find her own door open, and that the same men, and two or three more persons, were searching her apartments for the supposed criminal. Loudly and vehemently vociferating against those who had ventured "to dare to break open her door!" and vowing that her countryman, Sir Peter, in whom Marion had great faith, should "make them smart for their impudence," she advanced.

"Your door stood open, Missus," returned the man who seemed the leader; "and though it had not, I should have felt warranted to break it open, in search of a thief concealed from justice."

"Me skug a thief, ye misleared loon!" retorted Marion; "there never yet was thief or liar kenned o' my kin; and the Lintons are no just of yesterday: but, if so be the thief is here, take him wi' ye in gude's name. Is he i' the garde-de-vin, think ye?" cried Marion, tramping forward; "or has he crept up the lum? whereabouts is he, man? Hae ye looked below the bed, or in the coal scuttle?—ha! ha! ha! but ye are clever chields, you London police. The very cat is laughin' at ye," continued she, in bitter derision.

"Wherever he be, I'll swear I saw the swallow tail of his pea-green coat whisk in through your door, Missus; and so had a warrant to follow him," replied the officer.

"Ye saw! Ou, man, there's been glamour in your eyne. If he whisked up here through my keyhole, where did he whisk to next?"

"Nay, the Devil knows," returned another of the baffled men; "for he certainly is not here, Dobbs."

"Na, ye'll better examine my thimble and my nutmeg-grater, gentlemen, before ye take your departure, since ye are here; or keek into the mustard-pot," continued the aggravating Scotswoman, in a taunting tone. "And let me tell you, sirs, that yours is the first visit o' the sort my house was ever honoured wi'; and there will be news o't.—Break open my door, indeed! And this is the law o' England, where ilka poor man's house is his castle, wi' their tale."

The man who had led the idle chase again protested that Mistress Marion's door, which she had left on the latch, was found wide open; and that, however the aforesaid John Crippes or Cryppes had escaped, he had undoubtedly been seen to enter her dwelling.

"Ye'll threep it down my throat, will ye?" retorted the indignant matron, more and more provoked. "If he entered, he must have gone out again; and how? There is not, were it but a mousehole, open to that roof," pointing upwards, "that is not grated and bolted. I ken you Lon'oners' tricks ower weel, not to have up my fences."

"Nay, the woman is in the right, Dobbs; the fellow could not have come up here," said the hawk-eyed, hook-nosed person, who, in the midst of the wordy tumult, had quietly taken note of every hole and crevice. "Sorry for troubling you, Missus, but our duty. The chap is concerned in a very serious offence; for far less many a better fellow has swung."

"Na, it will surely be only a fourteen years' transportation business," returned Marion, a little shocked. "The gallows is an awful ending, even for a hand-wailed blackguard like Jack Cripps."

"Less will not serve the turn," replied the man. "In my country, now, ould Ireland, we make less of the matter of stealing a pretty girl, though she has a fortune; but here"——

"Stealt an heiress! the unhanged villain!" screamed Marion. "He is waur than Rob Roy, the Highland reiver. But wha might she be?"

And the officers, as a propitiation for their precipitance, gratified Marion's curiosity to the utmost of their power; concluding with solemnly

assuring her, as persons well qualified to judge, that if the sister happily got off with a long imprisonment, the brother could not fail to suffer death for the capital crime.

"It is no joke in England, Mistress, where money is everything," said the bailiff, "meddling with girls that have cash. Had Miss Stocks been a poor, pretty Irish lass, the chap, if she would not marry him, might have got off with a seven years in the hulks, or so; but, as it is, he must hang by the neck until he is dead, dead, dead; and the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Marion; and started at what seemed the echo of her words,—while the police-sergeant at once looked on the alert.

"By the Lord Harry! he is harboured here still," cried the man who had first alleged that Jack had entered the house, springing to his feet. "Look to the door, men."

The door was made fast; and one of the men placed his back against it, while the others resumed the search.

"What do you mean, sirs?" cried the indignant mistress of the house. "Will ye, as I said before, break open a lone woman's door, and then threep down her throat that the vagabond ye are after is harboured under her honest roof, which is worse insult? Pack off with you, or it may be the worse for ye. I'm no without friends, nor a'thegether unkent to your masters. Ye have searched every corner o' my dwelling, without saying wi' your leave or by your leave. Will not that content ye? Surely ye must be but ill up to your thief-taking trade, or ye would have found the rogue, had he been here. But look into the bird's cage, gentlemen, ye have forgotten that hidie-hole; it would be hard to miss the blood-money for lack of pains."

"Keep a civil tongue, mistress," replied the chief of the band; but he added the order for retreat, saying—"He can't have got out on the roof; even the old woman's chimney is grated. It is impossible that a child of two years old could be concealed here."

Offering those apologies to Mistress Marion which she disdained to receive, the men retired; and, locking her door, she set about lighting her fire, while addressing her cat, she alternately vented her indignation at the myrmidons of justice, and speculated upon the probability of Jack Cripps being hanged, and his sister sent to the treadmill for a couple of years.

The shades of evening fell; Marion's little fire beamed brightly and cozily; her neat crystal oil-lamp shed its beams on the large-print Bible, over a chapter of which Marion's eyes habitually travelled, night and morning, wherever her wandering thoughts might be; and Pussie purred and blinked in that delicious mood—that real *dolce far niente*—which, in busy England, sick-nurses, watchmen, and cats, alone, truly enjoy. The evening lecture, which breathed of mercy, or, perhaps, "the weeping blood in woman's breast," the milk of human kindness, which, if in the lapse of time grown somewhat acrid, still lingered in Marion's bosom, disposed her, at this hour of self-communion, to thoughts of mercy even towards Jack Cripps; and she said aloud, as if continuing a train of rumination—

"I'm glad, mawkin, the beagles didna rin down the bit o' carrion within our bounds. Save us, sirs! but the black gallows-tree is a fell growth o' timmer for a Christian land. E'en that idle, dandy vagabond, if he be unfit to live, is surely far less fit to die."

The cat, to whom this was apparently addressed, at this moment sprung up on a high table or dresser, by the window, mewing frightfully, and betraying the most violent alarm; and then threw herself down, and ran bickering across and around the kitchen floor, as if going mad.

"What de'il ails the brute," cried Marion, throwing her shoe at the cat. "This is like nane o' her fits o' daffin when she was a daft kitlin langsyne. She has surely gane gyte, or seen the hangit man's ghaist. . . . Na, she will dash hersel' through the window glass. There is something the matter by ordinar wi' pussie this nicht." In vain the caressing "*pussie, pussie,*" and "*cheet, cheet,*" of Marion wooed her favourite to her lap. The cat, violently excited, sprung at the window, spitting and swearing, as angry cat-language is interpreted by the Cockneys. "It's some cat-concert on the sclaites ye're after, ye cauterwauling limmer:—ye maun be out, maun ye?" and as Marion angrily lifted the window, out went pussie with a tiger-spring, and lighted on the roof of the meat-safe, where she scratched, screamed, and tore worse than ever. The night was now quite dark, but a slanting ray of Marion's lamp streamed on the Safe, which, by some strange internal impulse, swayed round on its hinges to the window sill. "Gude be about us! the de'il's i' the Safe!" screamed Marion, dashing it back, and fixing it to its moorings by the iron rod adapted for this purpose.

"Gad, I shall be dashed in pieces!" whispered a familiar voice, neither of earth nor air, but somewhere suspended between them; and stout-hearted and ready-witted as Marion was, she yet screamed aloud when poor Jack Cripps, venturing his head a little way out of the meat-safe, in which he lay snugly coiled up, repeated—"Dashed in pieces on the pavement, by gad. For Heaven's sake, old woman, let me into the house, and I'll make it well worth your while. Are the hinge-bolts strong?"

"There's twa words to a bargain, my man, a' the world over," replied Marion, suddenly closing and bolting her window, and, after a moment of pause, bursting into a long and irrepressible fit of laughter at the ludicrous nature of the adventure. "Jack i' the box, pussie!" she exclaimed, between the peals of laughter. "Jack i' the box. That's what ye were sae diverted wi', my bonny leddy, and me to misdoubt ye;" and Marion again cautiously drew up a bit of the sash, holding it ready however to be closed in a twinkling.

"For God's sake, woman, if ye have any mercy,"

was whispered from the Safe, "let me out of this demmed hole: my life is in danger every moment: I will be choked."

"I'll no say your airy, roomy bower is just the securest of chaumers, though called a Safe. But speak laigh. Od, if your landlord, the tailor's lang lugs hear ye?—and little passes in this hoose that crew gets no an inkling of. . . . And to twist yourself up there, a grand dandy beau, like the reel in the bottle, and cheat the beagle's keen scent, and the widdie too!—na, ye are a clever chield, Mr Cripps; I never had half so high an opinion o' ye before. Pussie, pussie, jump in, lass; its a freend after all that has frightened ye, and nae ghaist *yet*."

"Assist me, then, for mercy's sake," whispered the gentleman in duresse. "I have it in my power to requite you. I am momently in peril of being precipitated headlong to the ground; and I have information at this moment in my possession for which Miss Hamilton and Charles Herbert, or any friend of their's, would give a fortune. It is worth one to them; it is; 'pon my honour it is! I counted on making something handsome by their gratitude—you shall have all—thousands. For Heaven's sake, open the window, and give me something to hold by, in case of the worst, while you pull the Safe round."

"Hooly, freend!—hooly! Fair and softly gaes far. I'll no uphold that your present domicile is just so secure or grand as Mr Shuffleton's best or even second drawing-room; but it has its advantages; and it was o' your ain choosing. I'm sure I ne'er boded it on you. As safe it is as the end of a tenpenny tow, ony way; and as hearkeners seldom hear a good tale o' themselves, I reckon ye heard, short syne, of your likelihood to succeed right speedily to that heirship."

Whatever might be the real feelings of the tortured prisoner, he durst not give them vent. He was indeed in the most unpleasant though original dilemma in which an unfortunate gentleman has probably ever been placed.

"Will you keep me here all night?" groaned Jack piteously, who durst not move, lest motion had loosened the fastenings of his eyry.

"Why, 'deed I cannot say," returned Marion, gravely and deliberately. She had perfect confidence in the strength of her roomy meat-safe, and its capacity of sustaining many more stones than Jack weighed; and she also felt a strange delight in tormenting him, besides entertaining a vague scheme of compelling him to pay a handsome ransom in justice to Violet for his liberty.

"But for any sake keep still," she continued, persisting in the same strain, "and no' try the hooks ower muckle. I hope it will no' be a very windy night; for I have kenned your airy cabin rock in a storm like a boat in a rough sea."

"If I could get hold of the wretch's demmed cat," thought Jack, considering of a hostage, and putting forth his long fingers towards the roof of his cage, where pussie still sat, though now more quietly.

"Ye villain, keep hands off pussie, or I'll be the death o' ye! Next to Miss Violet hersel', I like poor pussie; and she's, now-a-days, about a' I hae to like."

"I would not harm a hair of her whiskers, charming creature," whispered Jack, cordially wishing both mistress and pet at the deuce.

"I'm fully sensible o' your great regard and respect for my cat, myself, and my country," returned Marion, in a low, ironical tone. "So, as a preliminary to our farther treaty, ye'll just lie quiet till she jump in; or, by my forebears' soul! I will put a sneck before your nose, till I can make ye ower to them that has the best right to ye! But pussie in fairly, I shall hear what you have to say anent the matters of a certain young leddy; and, if ye play fair, ye shall not rue it."

Willingly would Jack have seized the furred hostage in the spring to which her mistress, cautiously and fully opening the window, invited her; but he exercised a wise forbearance; the cat bounded in, and Marion as nimbly drew down and bolted her sash, and opened an upper pane, which was fitted as a ventilator to her attic abode.

"Now we are in a condition to parley," said Marion, through this new medium; "and your neck, remember, young man, is in the one scale, and Miss Violet or Mr Charles Herbert's relief from that villanous law-process raised by you and your father in the other. That, in the first place, must be ended, under hand and seal, before another word is said of your deliverance."

"Good God, ma'am, how can I do aught while here," groaned Jack.

"Whisht! Your landlord, the tailor, below, who sleeps wi' his lugs open, will hear ye; and see, then, what ye have to expect from him; while Mr Stocks, on a' the walls o' Lun'on, offers a round £100 for your apprehension, and the Government another. 'Deed they are aye lavish eneuch o' ither folk's siller. But ye can scribble bravely where ye are all that is needed. Daylight will soon be in. I'll hand ye ower an inkhorn and a bit paper on the end of a fire-shovel, and ye'll write it a' fairly down. Nothing like black and white in business."

"Surely you will not keep me here all night!" wailed Jack, pathetically. "I'll suffocate."

"Ye'll choke?—never a fear o' ye; there's plenty o' good free air about ye. I have keepit a pig or a Christmas goose there fresh and caller for three weeks at a time ere noo."

And Marion was seized with another fit of provoking laughter at Jack's plaintive tones and her own wit, ere she resumed,

"Keep ye all nicht! My certy! I see little to hinder ye from being my boarder for a month to come. Some folk never ken when they are in gude quarters. But say your prayers, and take a nap; I'se uphold nothing comes ower ye, if ye dinna kick and fling about. But make up your mind to make a clean breast o't, and redeem your captivity; for, as I'm a living sinner, out o' that ye'll no come till I get justice o' ye, and maybe a thought mair."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART VI.

THE first compositions of Bentham that ever appeared in print, were two letters in the Gazeteer, written when he was about twenty-three years old, and signed Irenæus, from Irene, (peace.) They were in defence of Lord Mansfield, who had been the object of several violent and undeserved attacks. It had even been proposed to hang him; and the conduct of Alfred, who is said to have hanged forty judges, was quoted in terms of strong approval.

Talking of these letters to Bentham, not long before his death, he expressed a desire to see these his first attempts; "but who knows where to find them?" said he. "In the museum they are not. Are they in the King's library? Possibly—there is always a possibility—they may be at the Home Office. Newspapers ought to be there from the beginning of time. I should like to ask myself now, if they were well written; for, in those days, composition was inconceivably difficult. I often commenced a sentence which I could not complete. I began to write fragments on blotting paper, and left them to be filled hereafter, in happier vein. By hard labour, I subjugated difficulties; and my example will shew what hard labour will accomplish. I should be glad to see my earliest placed side by side with the latest composition of my life. I used to put scraps into drawers, so that I could tumble them over and over; to marginalize and make notes on cards, which I could shuffle about: but, at last, I took to arranging my thoughts. I had been in the habit of shifting my papers from shelf to shelf; and well remember, when at Bowood, where I stayed two or three months at a time, that Lord Shelburne took Minister Pitt to see the strange way in which I worked, and arranged the many details of a complicated subject."

I have found many of these *disjecta membra* among his papers, and they shew the extraordinary attention and care which he gave to his early writings: thoughts expressed imperfectly and confusedly, are often worked out into sentences of great simplicity and beauty. Whatever opinion may be formed of the later compositions of Bentham, it has never been denied that the style of his first productions is most remarkable for its terseness, appropriateness, and polish. In after life, he sacrificed everything to precision: he thought the first duty of a writer was to leave no doubt of his meaning: he invented words, many of them admirable ones, whenever he found none existing in the language which exactly represented the idea he wished to convey; such as, maximize, minimize, international, forthcomingness, codification, and others, upon which he would hardly have ventured in his less experienced days. His Auto-Icon may be considered his last composition, and is certainly a remarkable contrast to the fragment on Government, in every characteristic (except intellectual power) by which one production can be distinguished from another. Many of Bentham's youthful compositions are headed Crit. Jer. Crim., meaning Jeremy's Criticisms on the Criminal Laws; and they consist, principally, of severe remarks on the various contradictory and absurd decrees respecting felony and other offences. These papers were generally placed in a drawer, turned over, criticized, corrected, altered, and amended, from time to time; then marginalized, and afterwards set in order.

His usage was to keep every separate branch of a topic on a separate paper, which he could thus conveniently dispose of in its fit place.

His rules for composition he afterwards condensed in the following verses:—Nomography; 1828, February 3d.

Eadem Natura, eadem Nomenclatura.

RULE.

"For thoughts the same, the same the words should be;
Where differ thoughts, words different let us see."

REASON.

"Sameness of thought, sameness of words attests;

. . . . . .

Take that half verse, then add who will what rests."

I find scattered over fragments of blotting paper, sentences almost illegible, but which record the thought of the moment in some emphatic form. I will give a few examples:—

"When will men cease beholding in Almighty Benevolence a cruel tyrant, who (to no assignable end) commands them to be wretched?"

"Why should the names of Religion and Morality be employed for purposes by which, if accomplished, Religion and Morality must suffer?"

"They will be cautious ere they represent Religion to be that noxious thing which magistrates should proscribe."

"The grand catastrophe of our sacred history is itself an act of the most illustrious suicide."

I find, in the handwriting of Bentham's father, (dated 1773,) "Verses by a young gentleman of Oxford," on the report of a design to make barracks for recruits of the building in St James' Park, adjoining to the garden of Jeremiah Bentham, Esq., in which is erected a temple to the memory of Milton, whose estate it was, and where he lived when he wrote his immortal poem of "Paradise Lost."

"Peace to these shades! where once our Milton trod—
Where yet his spirit reigns, a guardian God!
Far off let Mars his crimson standard rear—
Divine poetic peace inhabits here.
Where hireling troops, with wanton license stray,
Milton's free spirit would disdain to stay.
Hence then, stern God! and other mansions choose:
Be these reserved for Milton and the Muse!"

No doubt Bentham was the author of these

lines; the adjoining of the barracks to his hermitage troubled him to the end of his days. His studies were sometimes interrupted by the cries of the soldiers who were flogged in the barrack-yard; and I have often heard him speak with the utmost indignation and horror of that most unnecessary penalty, whose infliction was so frequently called to his mind by the sufferings of its victims.

When Bentham published the "Fragment on Government," it was his earnest desire not to be known as the author: he gives the following account of his father's making the fact known:—

"The secret which well-grounded diffidence, in conjunction with personal ambition, might for I know not what length of time have kept inviolate, received, from paternal weakness, a premature disclosure. In the former part of his life, and till I had reached my fourteenth year, my father had been a sort of person that was, in those days, styled an attorney; an appellation which, for some years, has nearly been discarded for that of solicitor. I had been designed by him for the situation now occupied by the Lord of Doubts, (Lord Eldon.) To afford me a prospect of it, and a relish for it, upon the publication of Lord Clarendon's memoirs of his own life, he lost no time in putting the work into my hands. Not many months, however, had elapsed, when accident threw in my way a publication which, had my disposition been as well as it was ill suited to any such career, might have sufficed to prevent my entrance on it. The memoirs of the once celebrated courtezan Teresia Constantia Phillips,* had just made their appearance. They were originally delivered out through a wicket in the door of a residence which, some years afterwards, became my father's, and is now mine. In a life of Paul Whitehead, whom Mr Southey numbers among his predecessors, I remember reading, that it was by the earlier laureate's hand that the materials, furnished by the lady, were put together for the press. That part of her adventures, which had the field of judicature for their theatre, was the part that principally engaged my notice. It was the first, and not the least effective, in the train of causes in which the works by which my name is most known had their origin. From my earliest days, it had been my father's custom, and, not improbably, his policy, to keep out of my reach all literary works from which instruction might be apprehended. Till my eleventh year, that purpose, if such it was, had been pretty well answered by the result; but that year produced a country visit to the house of a distant friend; and thus it was, that whilst the father was amusing himself, the instrument of seduction fell into the hands of the degenerate son.

"For some years before the publication of the Fragment, I had been regarded in the light of a lost child: despair had succeeded to the fond hopes which something of prematurity in my progress had inspired. On my being called to the bar, I found a cause or two at nurse for me: my first thought was how to put them to death; and the endeavours were not, I believe, altogether without success. Not long after, a case was brought to me for my opinion. I ransacked all the codes. My opinion was right, according to the codes; but it was wrong, according to a manuscript unseen by me, and inaccessible to me; a MS. containing the report of I know not what opinion, said to have been delivered before I was born, and locked up, as usual, for the purpose of being kept back, or produced according as occasion served. This incident, the forerunner of so many others, added its fuel to the flame which Constantia had lighted up. I went to the bar as the bear to the stake; I went astray this way and that way. The region of chemistry, amongst other foreign fields, was one in which I wandered. I incurred the anathema which, without my knowledge, had been pronounced against me, and against all who dared presume to accompany me or follow me in my wayward course. I walked erect in all those regions in which prostration of understanding and will, had, with such successful suit, and such illustriously consecrated authority, been prescribed.

"My optics were to such a degree distorted, that, to my eyes, the imperfections of the phantom rule of action seemed only errors calling for an easy remedy. I had not learned how far they served as sources of wealth, power, and factitious dignity. But hunger compelled my appearance at my father's table: the character I appeared in was that of a lost child; a character very different from that of a spoilt one. The table cleared, solitude seemed always preferable to any company I could look to see at the tea-table. I was seen by none of his visiters: he knew not what to say of me: my life was a source of shame to him; and that sentiment was not concealed from me.

"Having, insensibly, fallen into the tone of confession, time warns me it should be closed. I had contracted—oh, horrible! that unnatural, and, at that time, almost unexampled appetite—the love of innovation.

"In my anxiety to soothe the paternal sufferings, ere yet the 'Fragment on Government' had issued from the press, I could not conceal the little attempt I had made to raise myself out of that obscurity which, while on myself it sat lightly, was to him so unendurable. He would thereby see that my mind had not been totally abstracted from the country so rich in gold mines, though so unknown in the golden age. I saw the use of secrecy: I solicited at his hands, not without earnestness, a correspondent promise, and obtained it. My father, it may well be imagined, was not among the last to whom the sensation produced by it was perceptible. One day, as I was at my chambers, a neighbour and friend of his, whom I had never before seen,

* She amassed no wealth by her courtezanship. She was engaged in a serious law-suit with her husband, and lived in the house (afterwards occupied by Bentham) in Queen Square Place, for protection, it being in the neighbourhood of the Courts.

called to offer me his congratulations. Struck all of a heap with the unexpected charge, penetrated with that abhorrence for falsehood which I had imbibed from earliest infancy, I sought refuge in the arms of evasion, and found none. I remember it as if it had been yesterday. My countenance could not but have betrayed the strongest symptoms of the confusion under which I laboured: the countenance of a guilty criminal charged on the sudden with the blackest crime could not have betrayed more. Blushing in the female sex is not so liable to be misconstrued. Blushing in the male sex is too frequently and constantly regarded as a proof of guiltiness: it is a proof of sensibility and fear of disrepute, by whatever incident called forth; but, except in so far as fear of being thought guilty is proof of guilt, it affords no proof of the existence of the object, by the idea of which the apprehension is excited.

"I remember the time when my almost infant face used to burn when, in the carriage with my father and mother, I passed a wall on which were any of those scrawls which, in those days, were so frequent, and in these more polished days so rare—scrawls of which it was surely no fault of mine that the import was unknown to me. The only instance in which I recollect a degree of inflammation comparable to that experienced by me when taxed with having given birth to the literary foundling, was one in which I not only had not done any such scandalous act as the joke imputed to me, but could not for a moment have entertained any serious belief that I either then was or could have been suspected of it. Finding that my cheeks had been regarded as affording conclusive evidence of what my tongue had endeavoured to conceal; understanding, at the same time, from the tormentor, that direct evidence of the affirmative had been received by him from a quarter superior to all suspicion—a quarter that was suspicion-proof—I ceased kicking against the pricks, and received, as composedly as I could, the unwelcome compliment. The eagerness to obtain some little alleviation under so long a course of suffering, had, in an unguarded moment, it was but too plain, shut the door of my father's memory against the plighted promise.

"Of repentance for this weakness, there was soon but too much cause: no sooner had the images of the illustrious reported father vanished—no sooner was it known that the bantling was the offspring of somebody known to nobody, than the rate of sale underwent a sensible diminution. More than a few months, or perhaps weeks, had, indeed, not elapsed, when I understood from the bookseller that no copies of the work were in his warehouse; somehow or other, however, no direct application for a fresh edition was at the same time made; and afterwards I heard, though still by accident, that a parcel, which, by accident, had been mislaid, had been found. Besides the obscurity of the author, one cause, perhaps, of the non-desire, may be found in the re-impression which the work had received in Dublin. Re-impression is a circumstance which, having in those days been stamped with the name of piracy, has, since the union of the two kingdoms, been at an end.

"It seems not easy to say in what degree the currency received by the Letters of Junius may have been indebted to that secrecy, which, after such multiplied and still renewed endeavours to penetrate into it, has still remained impenetrable. That, under equal concealment, the Fragment should have received a degree of currency comparable to that of the Letters of Junius, is not to be thought of; but it might have received a currency, not a quarter, not perhaps a tenth, so great as Junius' Letters, and still have received one much more extensive than it has actually experienced."

The "Fragment on Government" was seen by nobody before it was published. Five hundred copies of it were printed. It was ascribed to many of the great men of the day: to Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and Lord Ashburton. It was the means of introducing Bentham to Lord Shelburne; but it brought no profit, whatever it may have brought of fame. It was not, however, the only attack upon Blackstone written by Bentham. He wrote a "Comment on the Commentaries," and "Castrations to the Comment on the Commentaries; being the Third Chapter of the Second Book of that work published, as it might have been;" but, apprehensive of prosecution, the work was never printed. The latter work is a bitter animadversion on Blackstone, principally on account of his defence of the Jewish law. Bentham introduces the volume with a declaration that he will never answer any inquiries as to the authorship. He justifies Burke for refusing, though sorely pressed, to declare whether or not he wrote the Letters of Junius. He lays it down as a rule, that there are only two cases where the public has a right to call upon an anonymous author to produce himself. First, where he is accused of being the magnifier of his own works; and, second, where he depreciates the reputation of another by the allegation of specific facts:—in the first case, from a regard to his own honour: in the second, out of regard to the justice due to others He denies, in all other cases, the right of any man to inquire of any other man whether he be responsible for an anonymous book, and especially while our libel laws exist as they are. He asserts that an author is entitled to pre-suppose malevolence on the part of an inquirer, and to answer the inquirer thus:—"Do you think if I were such a villain (as you would call me) to write this book, that I would be such a fool as to tell you so, in order to give you, and those who think with you, the pleasure of seeing me punished?"

The "Fragment on Government" appears to have called down upon Bentham not a few anathemas. His opinions, religious as well as political, were violently attacked, and much of the sceptical ribaldry of the day was attributed to him. Among other works, a volume, entitled, "The White Bull," respecting which I find the following disclaimer—obviously intended for publica-

tion, but not published, as far as my knowledge goes:—

"I have given too much offence to many well disposed persons, not to expect to be charged with offences. The industry ordinary upon these occasions, has raked up an accusation against me. It is now about — years, as I observe by the title-page, that an obscene *jeu d' esprit* made its appearance, under the title of "The White Bull," attributed to Mr Voltaire; a translation, with a preface by the translator. I shall not wonder to find myself charged, by the zeal of these ——— persons, with every book published within a certain time, that happens to be obnoxious, and to have no owner. With respect to this publication in particular, I am happy enough to be able to plead not guilty, and to say, with truth, that I am not the author. I have read it, however, not altogether without amusement; but mixed, here and there, with sentiments of which my accusers would not fail, I suppose, to make an earnest, pompous, and pathetic display. I might here launch out into a grief of griefs: nothing were more easy. But what sentiments of piety I feel, I choose rather to demonstrate by less equivocal marks than a strain of declamation, which can tend only to bring into notice an obscene piece of Grub Street manufacture, which, hitherto, neither has had, nor, if the author will excuse my saying so, deserves to have any regard. My humble, but assiduous, labours, which I hope will not cease but with my life, I desire to be engaged in the service of my country. This is the piety of which it is important to mankind to find proofs in their neighbours. The other sort is between God and me; of which it were idle and useless for any man to demand a public account of me, or for me to give it. For my opinions, I refer to such writings as are mine; for the effects and tendency of these opinions, to my life and actions. If these gentlemen have aught to object to either the one or the other, let them produce it to the public, if they think it decent to trouble the public about a person so little worth its notice. So that it be to the public, that I may know and answer it; far from complaining, I shall thank them, and will wave every advantage the law would give me.

"As to publications, all I shall say I have said already. They may compliment me with all the produce of Paternoster Row, ere I shall take any further notice: there is neither end to it nor use."

Of the uncomfortable state of his mind while living in Lincoln's Inn, Bentham gives the following account:—

"I never pleaded in public. I have just opened a bill two or three times, saying a few words for form. When I had obtained my father's leave to give it up, I heard that the bills were admired. My father was always out of spirits for my want of success, and talked of inviting attorneys to his house; but the cost of entertaining them alarmed him.

"I was, indeed, grossly ignorant. Instead of pursuing any sound studies, or reading any modern books of law, I was set to read old trash of the 17th century; and I looked *up* to the huge mountain of law in despair. I can now look *down* upon it from the heights of utility.

"Chemistry somewhat consoled me. I spent half-a-guinea on a quantity of phials, and hid them in a closet, in which I surreptitiously made a hole to let in a little light. But mine was truly a miserable life. I had been taken notice of by the great, when a little boy at Westminster School; for I was an object of praise from the earliest time of which I have any recollection. *That* filled me with ambition. But I met with all sorts of rebukes and disappointments till I was asked to Bowood. I was a *gourmand*, too; and my father's table was a wretched one. They always committed the vulgar folly of urging and urging everybody to eat, especially when there was anything particularly nice; an evident sign that things particularly nice were particularly rare."

What follows was written in 1822, and exhibits the strange contrast between the state of mind of the young enthusiast, communicating to the world his great discovery, and that of the experienced old man, who had discovered that the causes of evil lie deeply rooted in our social organisation.

"The reader cannot have gone through the first sentence in the Fragment without having seen the passion that gave rise to it—the passion for improvement: I mean in those shapes in particular in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it—a passion which has been rekindled by recent incidents, and is not likely to be extinguished but with life: a passion for improvement in every line; but more particularly in the most important of all lines, the line of government. At an age a few months before or after seven years, the first embers of it were kindled by Telemachus. By an early pamphlet of Priestly's, the date of which has fled from my recollection, light was added to the warmth. In the phrase, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' I then saw delineated, for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics. It was, I think, in my twenty-second year, that I saw in it the foundation of what seemed to me the only correct and instructive encyclopedical arrangement—a map or chart of the field of thought and action: it is the same map which stands in the work intituled 'Chrestomathia.' I felt the sensation of Archimedes when I committed the first rough and imperfect outline to one side of a half-sheet of paper; which, not entirely useless, served, I hope, to help to kindle a more substantial flame.

"No sooner had my farthing candle been taken out of the bushel, than I looked for the descent of torches to it from the highest regions: my imagination presented to my view torches descending in crowds to borrow its fire. Of disposition, in the midst of such excellence, with which, as all pens and all voices concurred in

assuring me, I was so abundantly encompassed, I could not suspect any deficiency; for, clearing away the imperfections which still remained in Government, all that was wanting was a few of those lights which, I could not tell how, had happened to take my mind for their first visiting-place.

"Nothing could be more opposite to the truth. Instead of the universal sympathy, of which I had expected to see these graspings after improvement productive in those higher regions, universal antipathy—antipathy on the part of all parties—was the result: proofs of the fact came in upon me one after another; but sixty years had rolled over my head before I had attained to anything like a clear perception of the cause. On the other hand, while everything of mine, which I had ever set any value on myself, remained an object of antipathy, I found myself in those same elevated regions, though not so early as I had expected, an object of sympathy. All this while, fruits so opposite in their nature —the bitter and the sweet—had in my talents, such as they were, the common cause: the antipathy in the direction I had hitherto given to the exercise of them: the sympathy in the direction I was supposed capable of giving to them, and upon the application of appropriate and not often-failing inducements, disposed, like other men, to give to them.

"Now, for some years past, all inconsistencies, all surprises, have vanished: everything that has served to make the field of politics a labyrinth, has vanished. A clue to the interior of the labyrinth has been found: it is the principle of self-preference. Man, from the very constitution of his nature, prefers his own happiness to that of all other sensitive beings put together: but for this self-preference, the species could not have had existence. Place the chief care of each man in any other breast or breasts than his own, (the case of infancy and other cases of intrinsic helplessness excepted,) a few years, not to say a few months or weeks, would suffice to sweep the whole species from the earth. By this position, neither the tenderest sympathy, nor anything that commonly goes by the name of disinterestedness, improper and deceptive as the appellation is, is denied. *Peregrinus Proteus*, the man whom Lucian saw burning himself alive, though not altogether without reluctance, in the eyes of an admiring multitude, and without any anticipation of a hereafter, was no exception to it. It was interest, self-regarding interest, that set fire to this so extraordinary a funeral pile. Yes; and interest there is in every human breast for every *motive*, for every desire, for every pain and pleasure. Be it ever so feeble, no pain or pleasure, but, under favourable circumstances, as Aaron's serpent swallowed up all other serpents, is capable of swallowing up all other pains and pleasures; the interest belonging to all other interests: no pain, no pleasure so weak, but, under favourable circumstances, may have magnitude enough in the mind to eclipse all other pains, as well as all other pleasures; strength enough to close the eyelids of the mind against all other pains, as well as all other pleasures.

"The pleasure of reputation had, for some time, obtained exclusive possession of the mind of Proteus: it had shut the doors, not only against all future contingent pleasures, but against the pain of burning, or, to speak more properly, of suffocation. The self-devoting burial sacrifices of Hindostan belong not to this head: they are the effects of much more complicated causes, in the composition of which, as in that of most human evils, what is called religion, occupies a principal place.

"If self-preference has place in every human breast, then, if rulers are men, so must it have in every ruling breast. Government has, accordingly, under every form comprehending laws and institutions, had for its object the greatest happiness, not of those over whom, but of those by whom, it has been exercised; the interest not of the many, but of the few, or even of the one, has been the prevalent interest; and to that interest all others have been, at all times, sacrificed. To these few, or this one, depredation has everywhere been the grand object, oppression a subsidiary one: where, to the purpose of depredation, oppression has sufficed; oppression, as being the cheaper instrument, has been employed alone: where the aid of corruption has been necessary, the aid of it, notwithstanding the expense of it, has been called in; and what has been lost in quantity has thus been gained in stability.

"In a government in which a representation of the People, or a shadow of one, has place; of the matter of good, which, in all its shapes—money, power, factitious dignity—that portion which is at the disposal of the monarch operates upon the whole of that body, in the character of matter of corruptive influence. It operates of itself; and, without need of so much as a single act that can be called an act of corruption, suffices to the production of the effect. It operates upon all parties, and with influence which never has been, and never can be resisted. All parties are, in fact, at all times, resolvable into two: that which is in possession, and that which is in expectancy of the sweets of government. Between the two, there is always the semblance of a difference; for the party which, being out of office, acts against office with its abuses, cannot act against it without acting to an extent more or less considerable for the People. There is, therefore, always the semblance of a difference; but with regard to the People's interests, there is never anything more than a semblance.

"This state of things is of the essence of mixed monarchy.

"By reform is meant, or at least in it is included, abolition of corruptive influence. All those who see, in the matter and fruit of corruptive influence, the object of their desires, are, therefore, whether in possession or expectancy, alike enemies to reform in every shape. Improvement, in so far as applied to political

power, to the quantity of it, or the distribution of it, is but another word for *reform*; is but reform under another name: they are, therefore, alike enemies to improvement—to improvement in every such shape. But when, in any shape, improvement is brought to view and advocated, it is naturally advocated upon right and proper principles. The all-comprehensive and all-directing principle, the greatest happiness principle, is, in some shape or other, in some point of view or other, brought to view. But of this fountain of all political as well as of all moral good, the water is an object of horror, to all who are engaged in the war of politics; the sound or the sight of it is to them that which the touch of the salted holy water is to the unclean spirits; to the unclean spirits on both sides: and at the bottom, no less than at the top of the world of politics, all spirits that move in it are unclean. From this field of universal depravity issues, at all times, a loud and indefatigable cry of excellence. The world of politics is, by the acknowledgment of both parties, divided into two opposite regions; the world of major, and the world of minor purity. Between the two hypotheses, the only difference is, that where the one party places the major, the other places the minor excellence. At the summit of both, high in the region of the clouds, in the portrait drawn by both, sits royal excellence; underneath both, in the regions of depravity, lie, or grovel, the lower orders: these, by an all-benevolent, all-just, and all-wise God, (blessed be his name!) having been made for the use of the higher, have this, and no other title to their regard.

"Such being the fashionable picture, the British-constitution picture, of the field of politics, what is the true one?

"What there is of purity in the mixture is to be found, if not absolutely *at* the bottom, much nearer to it than *at* the top; what there is of corruption rises to the top: if the lower orders have been called the dregs of the population, the higher may, by a much clearer title, be termed the scum of it.

"The world that is, and the world that is to come, are painted by the same hands on the same plan, and for the same purposes. God—archangels, and angels—devils. God and the King have sitten for each other; archangels, members of Right Honourable House for Archangels; members of Honourable House for Angels; Devils, all without doors to whom the rest of hierarchy so constituted is matter of discontent. An *Angel*, is he anything but a messenger? Members of the Honourable House, are they not the People's messengers, sent by the People; or, what is better, by God or Archangels to represent them? And can anything be more in course than that Angels should ripen into Archangels? A *Devil*, is he anything but an accuser? A *Prophet*, was he anything but a man who, on occasion, could speak out?

'*Tutto il mondo è fatto come nostra famiglia*'—was it not the discovery made by Harlequin?"

At this time, Bentham was frequently visited by his father, to encourage him in his literary pursuits. In turning over the pages of his father's diary, I read to him the following memoranda, and have added to them the observations to which they gave rise:—"December 7th, 1777.—*Au matin*, at son Jeremy's chambers, perusing his new work proposed to be entitled 'The Policy of Punishment.' Paid him his expenses for standing godfather to Mr Wise's eldest daughter." "This was part of the 'Rationale of Punishment' published by Dumont. My father forced me to shew him my papers, and I did so to quiet him, or there would have been no end of his intriguing, meddling, and mischief-making; and all this time was I a toad under a harrow."

"1778, January 23.—Called *chez fils* J., when he shewed me the heads or division of his work."

"Poor *fils* Jeremy! how I was tormented! I went on very slowly in my father's conception; but it was the result of dejection of spirits. I was feeling and picking my way—getting the better of prejudice and nonsense—making a little bit of discovery here—another there—and endeavouring to put the little bits together."

"March 15.—*Fils* Jerry about putting to press his 'Observations on Mr Eden's Bill.'"

"Eden and Judge Blackstone were together the authors of this bill. I worked them to a jelly. I thought what was so interesting to me was interesting to all the world; but nobody cared at all about it."

"26th.—*Au matin*, went to *fils* Jeremy's chambers, settling the preface to his 'Observations on the Hard Labour Bill.'"

"This was my constant obstruction, depriving me of free agency."

"28th.—*Fils* Jeremy *dinoit chez nous*, and shewed me Mr W. Eden's answer to his letter about the preface to the Hard Labour Bill proposed to be published by him."

"Eden's letter was very cold and civil. He was a commissioner to make peace with the Americans, or rather to forgive them; but they would not be forgiven. I tried to get an appointment as secretary to the commission. General Johnston, who was one of the commissioners, used to run about with my 'Fragment' in his pocket; but he had engaged Ferguson."

"April 5th.—*Chez fils* Jeremy, when he gave me six copies of his book to send to some of the judges by Thomas."

"In these matters I had no option. It was pushing, pushing, pushing; none of them took any notice of the book."

"November 19.—*Chez fils* Jeremy L. T., when he told me he had gone half-way towards composing his 'Code of Laws.'"

"A misconception. He had not understood my answers. His questions tormented me sadly. He thought always of my making money—of my being Lord Chancellor. It was my perverseness, he said, that prevented this; and then his wife's son, Charles Abbott, got on so fast, while I remained a poor obscure creature. So I listened silently to the tale of his mortification."

In 1779, I observe an entry:—"April 19th. Called on son Jeremy, and gave him, towards paying his amanuensis, £5 : 5s."

Bentham employed a poor fellow, half for use, half for charity, something between servant and clerk, to copy his MSS.

The following curious and characteristic entry appears in the diary of Bentham's father, dated November 8, 1778; nor are Bentham's observations, when I read to him the passage, less characteristic:—"Mr William Barrett *dinoit chez nous, apres diner* Mr Drake *chez nous*, when me and son Abbott (Charles) went to Justice Robert Elliott's public office, Cambridge Street, to answer the complaint of Sarah Wheeler against me for wearing unlawful buttons on my clothes, when she swore she saw Mr Bentham have a silk waistcoat with the same on the 13th November, but that she did not see him in the room. At the same time, she was heard to a complaint against Mr Whittel for wearing a brown silk waistcoat with buttons of the same stuff; but, on her swearing to a wrong person, she was charged with being guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury; and, a warrant being made out against her, she was committed accordingly, at the instance of Mr Nokes of New Inn, attorney for Mr Whittel. *Apres midi*, drank tea with Sir John and Lady Hawkins—rude, despotic, and reproachful, for not prosecuting S. W. as well as Mr Whittel."

"And they *were* unlawful buttons worn by the person whom she supposed to be my father. Poor woman! she accepted the reward offered by the State. I never think of the rage against informers without myself being in a rage against it—calling out for laws, and then visiting with shame those who assist in their execution—determining that a thing shall be done, and shall not be done, in preventing its being done through the only means by which it can be done. The *depravity* of this poor woman was my father's word. Depravity! Sir John was a most insolent, worthless fellow, but had a mind far superior to my father's in talent and acquirements. He wrote five volumes on the history of music, but knew nothing of the subject in theory or practice."

Of Daines Barrington, Bentham said—"He was a very indifferent judge; a quiet, good sort of a man; not proud but liberal; and vastly superior to Blackstone in his disposition to improvement: more impartial in his judgment of men and things; less sycophancy, and a higher intellect. He was an English polyglot lawyer. He sits in judgment on kings and others; exhibits their arbitary tricks, not in the spirit of those who pour out all laud upon that King, who, in cutting men's throats, manages to cut more throats of some other King's people than of his own people. His book was a great treasure; and when I saw the placid little man in the Strand, I used to look at him with prodigious veneration. He had a particular way of holding his hands before him and twisting his thumbs. He never got higher than to be a Welch judge. He was not, intentionally, a bad judge, though he was often a bad one. He took merit to himself for cancelling a hundred pages of his book. I do not know the cause: the book is everything, apropos of everything. I wrote volumes upon his volume."

Of Charles Abbott, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Bentham thought highly. "He (Lord Colchester) has more talent," said he, "than all the Tories put together. His finance reports are the first of their kind; their order and method are admirable; yet it is well he is not in office; he would do nothing but mischief; he has no relish for physical science; for nothing but grimgibber. He supported Panopticon because my brother and he were playfellows. When young, he applied to that servile fellow Bankes, to be allowed to travel with him, but was refused."

Bentham's View of the Hard Labour Bill was published in 1778: it brought him into correspondence with Mr Eden, the author of the bill, who was also the author of the preface which Bentham said he admired beyond anything he ever read on the subject of legal policy. Mr Eden defends himself in his letters to Bentham for employing the phrase, "not disposed to propose or promote novelties," (which Bentham attacked as "the *wisdom of ancestors* fallacy,") by saying, "he merely meant to disavow that busy interference with established systems, which, except on occasions of necessity, like the present, is oftener productive of confusion than benefit,"—an unsatisfactory defence, since every one, who profits by an abuse, denies that his own case is the occasion of necessity. Justice Blackstone, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the work, calls it "ingenious;" adding, that "some of the observations in the "View" had already occurred to the patrons of the intended bill, and many more are well deserving their attention."

An active correspondence was carried on between Bentham and some of the public men of France, who were now obtaining celebrity in that great agitation which preceded the Revolution, or which was rather the earliest symptom of the Revolution. In a letter of D'Alembert to Bentham, dated 26th June, 1778, he says:—"It is indeed high time that the human race should be freed from all the absurdities, or rather, all the atrocities of our criminal jurisprudence; and if we may not speedily hope to see this great change, it is a happiness for which philosophers like you are preparing the way by your writings—useful as they are to society, and honourable to yourself." The Abbé Morellet, in a letter of the 8th May, 1778, announcing that the Government had, by an arbitrary order, suppressed Mirabeau's periodical, which, only having reached its second number, had 7,000 subscribers, says:—"The suppression has caused a terrible noise, and excited loud complainings." He laments the violent passions which were then beginning to shew themselves, both in the provincial and national assemblies; the want of order in the discussions, and of authority in the presidents; the

vagueness of the debates, and the preponderance of the lawyers; and especially the follies of his own "reverend order," which, he says, "would induce him speedily to hurry into retirement, in order not to be compromised by their extravagances."

The Chevalier de Castellux writes to Bentham:—"In these days laws must be discussed, and, if they deserve it, censured; and courtesan legists must bend under the weight of mental criticism." He says of Necker, that "his purposes are good and benevolent, but possessing only an executive authority, not grounded on popular representation or popular support, his real influence must be weak."

In the preface to the second edition of "The Fragment," Bentham has recorded his opinions of Lords Camden and Mansfield. I give these opinions here, in a more elaborate shape, from another MS.:—

"Lord Camden. One incident occurred at Bowood that afforded me more particular insight into his mind than could have been naturally afforded in a mixed and numerous company of both sexes. One day happened to be particularly thin of visiters. When the ladies were retired, nobody was left in the vast dining-room but the ex-Chancellor, the ex-Secretary of State, and the obscure and visionary ex-lawyer. The conversation turned upon Lord Mansfield. To the two noble friends, he was the object of conjunct and undisguised antipathy. How he fared between them may be imagined: nor yet do I suspect them of injustice. Lord Mansfield, much as he has been talked of, has perhaps nowhere been more fully or more impressively described than in Lord Orford's, say rather Horace Walpole's, Memoirs. Lord Shelburne was, ever and anon, at some pains in the endeavour to impress upon my mind a conception of the beauty of the mind of his noble friend. One occasion, I remember, on which the result did not decidedly correspond to his expectations. 'Observe,' said he, 'the difference between such a man as Lord Mansfield, and such a man as Lord Camden. It was a habit, real or pretended, of Mansfield,' said Lord Camden to me one day, 'to be particularly cautious never to hear out of Court so much as a syllable from anybody about a cause that was to come before him. He was afraid, or pretended to be afraid, of being influenced by it. How different it is with me! I care not what I hear, nor how much I hear; be it what it may, I never can be influenced by it.'" (Here ends the self-eulogium.)

If, in this particular, Lord Camden was his superior, the beauty of his mind will, it must be admitted, be incontestable.

"When" continued Lord Camden, "I attended at the great Douglas cause, in which I myself had no more interest than if the subject of it had taken place in the moon; it seemed to me as if, somehow or other, they had both been on the same side, and that a side on which it was matter of astonishment to me that a man who had not an interest in it should be found."

"The course taken by the great judge to produce a conviction of his inexorable impartiality, seemed to be rather too much of a piece with the course sometimes taken by the knight and his princess, to prevent too near an approach, while stretched on the same couch. In those days, a naked sword sufficed; in the present, the sort of security that kept Pyramus and Thisbe separate would be rather more satisfactory. It was, I think, in my hearing, that the noble and learned Lord heard a certain prayer once, in which "Lead us not into temptation" is one clause. The persons, for whose use the prayer was framed, were certainly not, in the eyes of its author, altogether temptation-proof.

"Between the two great rivals in regard to constitutional dispositions and affections—for it would be too much to say of principles—there seems to have been this difference:—The chief of the Whigs was well content with the system in the State in which he found it—force, intimidation, corruption, delusion, depredation, and oppression in their several actually existing proportions—and was determined not to suffer them to be lessened, but wished not they should be augmented, nor would suffer them, if he could help it, to be augmented by any rival hand. The system pursued by his great Tory rival, or rather of his senior, of whom he was become the rival, (for Mansfield was his superior in age and standing, as well as in original rank,) this system, howsoever restrained by his notorious and so much-talked-of mental cowardice, had something of activity in it: his desires were bent, and, with them, as much of his endeavours as he could venture to bring into action, to the rendering it, with the greatest velocity possible, as much worse as possible; to the rendering the fate of suitors as completely dependant as possible upon his own caprices, secret interests, and passions; while the pretended representatives of the People should be kept as blind and indifferent as usual, and nothing more could be wanting, or easily conceived as wanting to the depredation and oppression exercised by the powers of judicature, and the power of arbitrary legislation exercised by the connivance of the legislation on the pretence of judicature.

"In fluency and aptitude of diction, Pratt was, in my eyes, equal to Murray—in argument, perhaps superior; not so in grace and dignity; in which two qualities, neither recollection presents to view, nor is imagination equal to paint anything superior to Mansfield. As to Camden, whether towards individuals in general, there was anything of peeviahness of deportment in private life, I had no adequate means of judging. On the bench, there was a sort of petulance, which had something of the appearance of it; when in the exercise of the highest dignity, his language and manner had, every now and then, more of the advocate in it than of the judge; he seemed as if conscious of having a superior, to whom, in imagination, he was addressing himself. Mansfield spoke and looked as if assured of having none. One example I

will mention:—He was sitting on the bench in Lincoln's Inn Hall—he was sitting as if, in a more especial manner, the representative of the King, in his quality of visiter of Christ Church College, Oxford. It was a cause in which my own feelings were, in no slight degree, interested, and interested on the side in favour of which his decision was pronounced.

"The still surviving Dean of St Asaph, who had been my cotemporary at Westminster School, and stood, in regard to me, soon after our admission, in the relation, styled in the language of Westminster, of that of a shadow to a substance, had been accused of some little irregularity, and been expelled. From the sentence of expulsion, he had made his appeal to the King, in his quality of visiter of the college. Being at the head of the Whigs, Lord Camden was Low Church, and nothing more. Notwithstanding my still remaining admiration for Lord Mansfield, I was Low Church also, and, in politics at least, had, at that time, scarce a conception of anything beyond or better. Shipley, the appellant, was not present. Barrington—one of the canons of Christ Church—one of the constituted authorities by whom the sentence of expulsion had been pronounced—was standing by me, behind the bar and in front of the bench. The censorial lash was visited upon the backs of the reverend dignitaries, and with a smartness which seemed to come from the heart. One expression—I took a note of what was said—one expression I remember: it was that by which, in regard to a certain point—and that, I believe, a principal one—the appellant, it was declared, "had been condemned unheard." In this there was nothing that offended dignity; but other two expressions there were which, to my eyes, presented the image of the advocate, in place of the judge. These were—"I am bold to affirm;" and "I am free to confess." No such affected boldness, no such boast of freedom, ever issued from the lips of Mansfield. My prepossessions were, at that time, altogether in favour of Lord Camden. If Lord Mansfield was one of the gods of my idolatry, Lord Camden was another. Every lash which fell upon the Christ Church dignitaries, delighted me as it fell. Yet the conception now expressed on the subject of Lord Camden's eloquence, is, without any variation, the conception which, at that time, I entertained of it."

Lord Mansfield was a rank and intolerant Tory. He was in habits of intimacy with Lind, Bentham's intimate friend; and, through Lind, Bentham learnt his opinion on many topics. He lauded the "Fragment on Government," not because he understood or admired the philosophy, but because it wounded Blackstone, with whom he had had a quarrel. He praised the work, but he paid little attention to the author, though on one occasion Bentham was employed to draw up the contract for the engraving of Lord Mansfield's portrait, and the contract was spoken of by his Lordship in the most flattering terms. His conversation had little in it that was intellectual. He was a sensualist, and accustomed to drink his champagne in solitude. On one or two occasions, when he met Bentham at table, he never addressed a word to him, though a word from him would have been most delightful. One of the times when they were in company was at the Mansion House, during the Mayoralty of Sir Barlow Trevethick, who married a sister of Sir William Meredith—a privy councillor, and an earnest friend of the People.

"Of the undisguised contempt entertained by this favourite of fortune, in relation to the great majority of those whose interests constitute the universal interest, and out of whose pockets the matter of his vast wealth had been extracted, one testimony I remember, which is not, to my knowledge, in any printed publication. Upon the occasion of one of the trials of the then celebrated John Wilkes for libels, printed reports of former trials for libels had, by some friend or friends of justice, been sent to the several persons who had been expected to serve as jurymen. The information thus endeavoured to be conveyed to the minds in question, from the most authentic and unquestionable sources, was stigmatised by him as if it had been an attempt at corruption."*

* After a most pointed invective against the purblind endeavour to poison the source of justice—and "this" (concluded he) "is what they call an appeal to an impartial public; a sort of public which, if ever it judges right, never does so for a right reason!"

TRAVELS IN THE EAST. BY THE REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE.*

This we consider the most interesting narrative of Travels in the East which has appeared for many years, whether we view the novelty and extended range of the route, the powers of observation possessed by the traveller,—a man of a singularly candid and enlarged mind,—or the prospective results of his mission journey.

* Two volumes, with a Map of the traveller's Route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia. London; Tilt & Bogue.

The Rev. Horatio Southgate, a minister of the American Episcopalian Church, travelled under the direction of the Board of Missions which that Church has instituted. His main or ostensible object was to survey and report upon the actual state of Mohammedism, and its probable bearings upon the advancement of Christianity in the regions which fell under his observation, and generally in the East. But another object arose, which Mr Southgate thus describes, and which he was probably stimulated to investigate,

by the exertions zealously, and, as he believes, insidiously, making, by the Church of Rome, from its head and centre, to promote Romanism.

While the author was pursuing his inquiries among the Mohammedans, he soon found his mind drawn, almost unconsciously, to the state of the Eastern Churches, and his interest became, at length, so deeply excited in their behalf, that he devoted to them all the attention which the more immediate duties of his work permitted. The information which he collected and the views which he formed, are, so far as his limits allowed, embraced in the following narrative.

Mr Southgate returned from the East to America, whence he came to England, where he still remains, labouring to engage the Church of England in the cause, and where he has published the Travels, of which we mean to give a brief, and necessarily an imperfect, account; referring, moreover, in our slight notices, rather to general humanity, as exhibited among the tribes the traveller encountered, and universal Christianity, than to sectarian views and interests.

How the Church of England, with its deep corroding taint, arising from the common corruptor of all churches—overgrown wealth and inordinate power—is to lead the way in the enterprise of re-uniting "the dissevered members of the body of Christ in a primitive and apostolic communion," we leave to those who, like Mr Southgate, are believers in Apostolic Succession existing, and existing only, in the mother-Church of England and her daughter in America. The latter is an unendowed, and therefore a poor and a pure church; but how the Archbishop of York or Canterbury, or even, in lesser degree, the Bishop of London or of Exeter, or any other "purple prelate," luxurious dean, or most comfortable rector, are to fraternize with the venerable, and primitive, and truly apostolic Archbishop of the Mesopotamian Church, with whom Mr Southgate sojourned for a time at Mossoul, it is not easy to guess. This good man—

Lived in the most unostentatious and temperate manner, as became, in the eyes of his people, the sanctity of his office. Some of his priests apologised repeatedly for my humble accommodations, and reminded me that I must not expect more in the house of a Bishop.* The house itself, which he held rent-free, had but three rooms. In one of them the Bishop lodged, another was occupied by a servant, and the third was assigned to me. Mutran Isai [the Bishop] suggested, immediately upon my arrival, that I should procure my food, and have it cooked without, as he had not the means of providing for me within. His domestic establishment was indeed of the most humble order. A few metallic plates, a fork and spoon, a drinking-glass, and a napkin, constituted the entire furniture of his table.

He spent the day in his room, excepting the hours of morning and evening prayers. When these approached, he put on a neatly arranged turban and an ample cloak, and taking the crosier, a simple silver-tipped staff, in his hand, walked slowly to the church, and commenced the services. His room was open to all, and I seldom found him alone. The poorest of his flock came and knelt before him, and kissed his hand, and the aggrieved brought their complaints. I had access to him at all hours: but as he did not speak Turkish, all our conversations were carried on through the tedious medium of an interpreter. . . . . .

* What antediluvian ideas of a Bishop these clergy must have!

My intercourse with my host, the Syrian Catholic Archbishop of Mossoul, had been of the most friendly and gratifying character, and when the hour of parting came it was a painful one. How gladly would I have remained with him, as he repeatedly invited me to do, and have commenced at once those efforts for the improvement of his people, in which he said I should have his cordial approval and co-operation. But my work was that of a pioneer, and I had yet other fields to explore. Happy, indeed, shall I be, and but too high honoured of God, if others more worthy than myself shall enter into my labours. Mutran Isai came into the court before his house, to bid me farewell, and when I was about to mount, threw his arms around me, affectionately pressed both cheeks to mine, and sent me away with his blessing.

Such is an Archbishop—a successor of the Apostles—in Episcopal Churches of the East.

In order to study Mohammedism at the fountain-head, Mr Southgate, whose ulterior field of inquiry was Persia, repaired, in 1836, to Constantinople, which he reached after a journey replete with interest; and where he remained for a considerable time, studying the character of the Turks, their manners, institutions, and religion, and acquiring a knowledge of the Oriental languages. Of the spoken language of Turkey he appears to have acquired a competent knowledge; and it is everywhere the language of the government, and generally of trade, throughout the vast dominions of the Sultan. It is understood in Syria and Egypt, and is the vernacular tongue of northern and western Persia. Mr Southgate found it more generally useful, and much less difficult than Arabic, which would have served him better only in Mesopotamia; as would the Kurdish language in Kurdistan. Where this diversity of tongues cannot be conveniently acquired by the traveller, Mr Southgate is inclined to believe that Turkish will always be found the most valuable because the most extensive medium of communication.

The reader will receive a favourable and, we think, just opinion of this traveller from the candour of the admission with which he sets out.

At the end of my first month's residence in Constantinople, I might have promulgated my opinions on Turkish institutions and customs with the utmost confidence. At the end of three months, I began to perceive the fallacy of most of my conclusions; and when six months had passed, I found that I knew next to nothing of the object of my study. But one useful lesson I had learned. I saw that my first judgments had been inaccurate, because they had been formed from a false position. I had begun to study the East with a Western mind. I had applied a standard of judgment which necessarily presented a false measurement. Maturer observation shewed me the incorrectness of my results, and led me at once to the cause. I had assumed the office of a judge without having learned the rules of right judgment. . . . . .

I endeavoured, to place myself in the position of an unprejudiced inquirer, to consider that my only object was to learn the truth, to throw off those antipathies which the Christian world has too freely cherished against the followers of Mohammed, and to regard them as men and immortal.

The same candour, impartiality, and charity, never deserts the traveller, who certainly is not less a Christian that, as we shall presently shew, he can discern and admit much that is worthy of commendation in the precepts of the Koran,

and in the practice of many of the followers of Mahomet.

Mr Southgate must have known little of the manners and prejudices of the Turks, when he at first imagined that he—a Christian, a Frank—might, nevertheless, be received into any Turkish family as a lodger. He, however, gained several estimable acquaintances and friends among the more liberal Mussulmans of Constantinople. Of these, one to whom he says his thoughts never revert without a pang, was

Hassuna d' Ghiz, an Arab by birth, but who had been partly trained in France, whose language he spoke with fluency. There, too, he had received enough of the light of European learning to give an enlarged and elevated range to his naturally strong mind. After various reverses of fortune, he had been called to Constantinople to assume the editorial care of the Royal Gazette, upon the decease of its first and very able editor, Blacque. It was in this station that I knew him. As a mussulman, he could hardly have fallen into a sphere of higher usefulness. Free himself from the narrow prejudices of his religion, he was qualified to be an able coadjutor in recommending and defending the great work of reform commenced by his master. He had already laboured well and successfully in this department. Both by his pen and his tongue he had ably advocated the royal schemes of improvement, aiming chiefly to shew them to be consonant with the doctrines of Islamism. His ground was a weak one, but he defended it manfully. I have never seen an Oriental so thoroughly imbued with a generous ambition for improvement. But it was of short duration.

He was cut off by the plague during the winter of 1836–7, and in a single day. Mr Southgate's experience of language-masters did not tend to raise either Turks or Franks in his esteem; though, at Constantinople, and throughout the entire course of his travels, we fear that, in nominal Christians and Jews, he uniformly met the most worthless characters. The latter have even corrupted the Turks.

Traffic, at least in Constantinople, is polluted by contact with European trickery and fraud, and many a Turkish tradesman in the capital can cheat with as great dexterity as a foreigner. On the whole, however, the word of a Turk is more to be trusted than that of a native Christian.

Nor are the Turks always immaculate, though their religion has much more universally and uniformly a direct influence upon their conduct than the purer and more spiritualised faith professed by the Franks and Hebrews. Mr Southgate passes what we consider a very high eulogium on the followers of Mahomet when he says:—

Truth, requires me to add, that I have never known a Mussulman sincere in his faith, and devout and punctual in his religious duties, in whom moral rectitude did not seem an active quality and a living principle.

The head of the religion of Mahomet, the late Sultan, was at this time openly violating the commands of the Koran, and indecently offering the grossest outrage to whatever sincere and devout Mohammedans deem most sacred.

Mr Southgate's long residence in Constantinople, and his active American habits and boundless curiosity, have enabled him to give a fuller and more minute account of that great capital in its various bearings than any we have lately if ever seen; but the reader is, notwithstanding, more interested by the more remote countries through which he has wandered. While he was in Stamboul the plague was raging; and without settling the vexed question of contagion or non-contagion, he has said enough to shew that the inconvenience and cruelty of the precautions employed by the Franks, must be attended with worse effects than the abolition of all but the needful care which experience and prudence dictate. A drought is regarded at Constantinople as a greater calamity than the plague, which it often produces or aggravates. Water is the most favourite beverage of the Turk, and he is an epicure in its qualities. The praises of "fresh and cool fountains," for which certain places are celebrated, are ever on the lips of the native attendants on journeys and during long droughts; public prayers for relief from drought are ordered by the Sultan, the head of the church. A celebration of this sort took place while Mr Southgate was in the city. Many corruptions have crept into Islamism, as well as into other religions, and are, on public occasions, as conspicuous. The *Sunneh* prescribes, that the people shall assemble in the open air, and that each individual shall offer his supplications apart, without any *Imam* or priest to preside and conduct the worship. But the priests must, to speak vulgarly, have their finger in the pie, or what would become of their vocation? Among those who obeyed the Sultan's order for holding what we should call a day of fast and humiliation, were fifty teachers of the common schools, with their pupils, who repaired to the celebrated valley of Sweet Waters.

Having selected a large open plat, the whole company marched thrice round it in procession, with an Imam at their head. The teachers then seated themselves upon the grass, with their respective pupils around them. Before each teacher were placed two small bags, one of which was empty, while the other was full of clean pebbles. The service commenced. Each one of the fifty took a pebble from the full bag, repeated over it a short prayer, and then breathing upon it three times, deposited it in the empty bag. This act was performed simultaneously by all, and at the close of each prayer the whole company of boys responded, AMEN. When the Imam found by computation that 72,000 prayers had been offered, he gave a signal for the ceremony to cease. The bags containing the pebbles over which prayers had been said, were then collected and emptied into one large leathern sack, the mouth of which was then closed, and the whole, with a rope attached to it, was thrown into the stream which runs through the meadow, there to remain till the intercession should prove effectual.

This superstition, this departure from the rigid simplicity and spirituality of worship, has crept in in late centuries. But in the East, Christians and Mohammedans are alike superstitious; which is presumed to originate in that universal love of the marvellous which pervades the Oriental mind.

Readers will find an exceedingly good account of the Mohammedan religion, and its rites and ceremonies as it is practised, in Mr Southgate's Travels. It has in its *Ramazan* an equivalent for the *Lent* of the Church of Rome; and there is even a *religious retreat*, which the ultra-devout observe in the mosques. Mohammedism has also

its carnival, or feast of *Bairam*, corresponding to the Easter Feast; and instead of original and pure Mohammedism, which, in its worship of the one God and Mahomet his Prophet, excludes all sorts of idols and paintings, relics and saints, being a purely spiritual religion, it has now many superstitious observances, though it is still regarded by Mr Southgate as more spiritual than the present corrupt Christianity of the East. Mohammedans appear to learn their religion, as we fear too many Christians do.

A child learns at home or from his teacher to repeat his creed, and to enumerate the five duties required of him as a Mussulman. He is shewn how to perform his ablutions before prayers. He imbibes the spirit of his religion from its manifestation in the society of his own people, and gathers some superficial knowledge of its ceremonial from the vague information which is floating through the community. With this he contents himself, unless he become a student.

During the Ramazan, while the poor must labour as usual, and fast in addition, the rigidly devout frequent the mosques, and read the Koran; but the far greater number satisfy their consciences by sleeping until the evening gun announces that the fast is concluded for that day. The following picture of the longed-for hour of sunset will afford our readers a fair specimen of Mr Southgate's descriptive style:—

In the city, the hour of sunset is the most interesting of the day. As the sun declines, the whole Mussulman population seems suddenly to awaken. The cafés, which during the day are abandoned to the Christians, begin to be filled with Turks, who may be seen sitting with their tchibouks in their hands, silently awaiting the sound of the evening gun. The streets, in their own quarters, are thronged with them hurrying in every direction with unusual alacrity of movement. The bakehouses are beset with customers. The confectionaries, arranged and decorated with extraordinary care, display their choicest delicacies. A multitude of eager inquirers are gathered before the windows of the little apartments connected with many of the mosques, in which clocks are set exactly indicating the hour. Neighbour is seen gathering the same information from his neighbour. The harbour, as indeed is usual at this hour, is thronged with hundreds of caïques, shooting towards every landing-place along the Golden Horn. All this movement is without noise. It is only when the suspense is broken by the distant roar of the sunset gun that tongues are unloosed. And even then there is no clamour or vociferation. Approaching by water at the moment, one hears no other sound of festivity than a busy hum rising from the rejoicing city.

As the twilight deepens the illumination begins. For this purpose preparations are made before the commencement of the fast, by suspending cords between the minarets of the mosques. Upon these cords, figures, formed by lamps arranged in various shapes, are let out. These, however, appear only on particular nights. The common illumination consists in nothing more than rows of lamps around the little galleries of the minarets, from which the Muezzin calls to prayers. The 21st of December, or rather the 13th of Ramazan, was the birth-day of the Sultan. The solemn stillness of the fast was broken at each hour of prayer during the day by the roar of cannon, and at night the whole city presented a gayer scene of rejoicing than had before appeared. Every ship in the fleet was gorgeously illuminated by lights at the port-holes, and along the rigging. In front of the *Admirally* were displayed illuminations in the form of anchors, vessels, and other shapes appertaining to sea-craft. Along the bridge which had lately been thrown across the harbour were lines of lamps, which produced a singular and most brilliant effect when viewed from the water. Between the minarets of the mosques, were swinging glittering forms of various descriptions:—Here a huge crescent; there, among the noble spires of the Sulimanièh, the words Ya Osman, O Osman, in characters of monstrous size; on the beautiful temple built by the Sultan, a barge formed by lights of different colours, and of the same shape and size with that which ordinarily conveyed his majesty.

But all this splendour was eclipsed by the magnificence of the Bosphorus. Along both its banks, through the greater part of its whole length from the city to the Black Sea, palaces, *kioshks*, cafés, and private dwellings, were bathed in glorious effulgence. The whole appeared like one immense spectacle, and it seemed at the moment the very fulfilment of some early dream of Oriental magnificence. The effect of every part was heightened by the excessive darkness of the night. The rows of lamps around the minarets seemed to hang like golden bands against the sky. The figures swinging above the mosques appeared as if resting unsustained in mid-air. The brilliant line of the bridge and the glittering shapes of the frigates seemed, while the objects themselves were hidden, like the work of enchantment. The streets were also lighted, though more sparingly. The cafés were thronged. In some, story-tellers were amusing the crowd. In others, music, though, like its sister art, forbidden by the harsh law of Islamism, was beguiling the hours of the night. A rare favour was granted to the population on this anniversary of the Sultan's birth. The streets were open throughout the night, and I availed myself of this unwonted act of royal benignity to spend the greater part of it amidst the scenes that I have described.

On all the nights of Ramazan, the principal streets were dimly lighted and the interior of the mosques brilliantly illuminated. The Mohammedan liturgy contains a special service for Ramazan, which is performed by night in the mosques. . . . . .

This splendid season of humiliation closed at sunset on the 7th of January, when the first day of the tenth month, the month of Shaval, begun. The approach of the feast was announced, as the fast had been, by the discharge of cannon several hours before evening. From this moment universal joy began to prevail. The spacious courts of the imperial mosques were thronged with crowds of Mussulmans in greater agitation than I had ever before seen a Turkish assemblage. Urchins were running in every direction, crying *Bairam*, *Bairam*, with as merry a voice and face as lads of our Western world exhibit when just released from the imprisonment of the school-room. The poor were enforcing their appeals for charity by the magic word *Bairam*—one, doubtless, of tried potency in opening hearts and purses.

The Mohammedan fasts are considered of divine obligation; the feasts are optional; nor are they noticed in the Koran. The religious ceremonies connected with these festivals are conducted with great splendour: the Sultan (the successor of the Prophet) and all the great officers of state assisting in them. The regal part of the ceremony, imposing though it be, is less interesting than the popular rejoicing and festivity which, from the Court, spreads to every class and condition of the people.

On the first day, the Call to Prayer at the five canonical hours was followed by a salute from the fleet. During the whole of the first feast and the first three days of the second, shops were shut and all labour suspended. The entire Mussulman population was poured into the streets. The cafés were thronged. Every man, woman, and child, appeared in a new dress. The white turbans were never so clean and neatly plaited. Turkish females, in groups of five or six, with their children, in the gayest and richest dresses, strolled through the streets. Friends visited friends and wished them a happy Bairam, or embraced them as they met without, kissing each other on both cheeks. The inferior paid the same deference to the hand of his patron or superior. Effendis on horseback and ladies in arabas covered the bridge be-

tween Stamboul and Galata. Strolling players performed with impunity on the highways. The sellers of sweetmeats proclaimed their delicacies, and the beggars again plied their importunities in the name of *Bairam*. There seemed in the very word an incentive to mirth and lightheartedness. Yet all was quiet. There was no boisterousness, no indecorum, no extravagant merriment, no loud laughter, much less those contentions, and babblings, and wounds without cause, which are the invariable accompaniments of our more civilized festivities. The reason of the difference is to be found in the habitual moderation and self-command of Turks, and in the absence among them of the grand source of the wo and sorrow which generally follow our own seasons of hilarity. Special care is exercised by the Turkish authorities during Bairam to keep Mussulmans from the grog-shops, which, I am sorry to add, are chiefly tenanted by Christians. The only part of the population which give free vent to their mirth are the boys. You may see them riding double on donkeys, racing on horses, or turning on swings, of which there are at least four kinds in use at Constantinople. You may see them playing and tumbling in the courts of the mosques, firing crackers, and eating sweetmeats, as New-England boys do on the fourth of July.

Another feature of the Bairams is too strongly indicative of the present spirit of Islamism to be omitted. A Turk is never more a Mussulman than during his feasts and fast. He seems then to be recalled to himself and his religion. However negligent in his devotions he may be through the rest of the year, he seldom, if ever, neglects the extraordinary services which these seasons bring with them, or remains unaffected by the spirit which everywhere prevails. If he has formed acquaintance with unbelieving Franks, he is apt at these times to keep aloof from them. If he is a bigoted Mussulman, his bigotry is deepened. An old and respectable Christian of Constantinople informed me that until within a few years antecedent to the time of which I write, Christians always felt themselves in jeopardy during the Ramazan and Bairams, and went as seldom as possible into the streets. Those times, every one knows, are changed.

The decay of religious, or of ceremonial observances, is often remarked upon, in the course of the traveller's narrative; and, from coldness and neglect, every faith seems to suffer alike. The whole world is waxing indifferent.

It must have been deeply mortifying to a man bent on the errand of Mr Southgate, to find throughout the East, that so many of the mosques had been originally, like St Sophia at Constantinople, Christian temples. Most of the mosques are built on the model of St Sophia: of stone painted white; though some are much more elaborately decorated than others; and all have, of course, fountains or tanks where the prescribed ablutions are performed by the worshippers.

Before Mr Southgate left America, it had been proposed that he should have a colleague in his pilgrimage through the little-known and inhospitable regions in which his route was chosen. A medical friend was to join him; but the plan was changed, and he resolved to proceed to Persia alone, and to shape his course as Providence and duty might direct. He started early in June, 1837, accompanied by a young Armenian, a native of Constantinople, who had previously travelled over the East, and had just returned from a second journey into Persia, whither he had conducted the English ambassador. This man was very intelligent, and had considerable colloquial knowledge of several Eastern languages, besides French, Italian, and a little English. He was found perfectly faithful; and, though apt to grumble under the privations of travel, acute and serviceable. Furnished with a *firman* of the Sultan, and with as small a quantity of baggage as possible, a few books, and a suit of clothes for cities, made after the mongrel fashion introduced by the Sultan, Mr Southgate embarked in a steamer for Trebizond. Among its numerous passengers was a legate from the Sultan to the court of the Shah of Persia, who, with his suite, were deck passengers.

He seemed entirely unconscious of any derogation from his rank in occupying a position on deck, although he well enough knew our own distinctions in this respect. His food for the voyage was put up in two or three figdrums, yet the place where he sat was distinguished from all others by being close in the stern of the boat, and a little elevated above the deck. I made, during the passage, some acquaintance with him and the Colonel, which was afterwards increased in Erzroum. Neither of them used the tchibouk, but both were inveterate snuff-takers. The two habits are not unfrequently combined in a Turk, but I believe none of them have yet reached the civilisation of the *quid*. It used to be one of my standing tales of the wonders of the West, that people are there found who chew tobacco, and the information was generally as astounding to my listeners as a story of a railroad.

I must not forget another character on board, who honoured me with his acquaintance. He was a Tatar, or Government courier; a profession with which my reader will become more familiar, if he continue with me to the end of my tour. The individual in question was one of that class of Mussulmans for which this profession is distinguished; a neglecter of prayers, one who drinks *rakee*, the Eastern substitute for rum, and is not over-scrupulous in telling the truth. He wished to accompany me from Trebizond to Erzroum. He was just returning from Constantinople, whither he had been to take a wife. He had another, he said, in Trebizond, so that, as his business called him most frequently to these two places, he might be always at home. I subsequently knew another Tatar, who had the full number of wives allowed by the Koran, and these were distributed along the route which he generally travelled; one at Constantinople, another at Tocat, a third at Diarbekir, and a fourth at Bagdad.

This respectable Mussulman was as well wived as Dibdin's Christian, "Bold Jack"—

> "I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth Straits;
> A pigmy at Goree;
> An orange tawney up the Straits;
> A black at St Lucie."

The passengers for Trebizond had a pleasant and easy voyage on the Black Sea and the Euxine, touching at different towns on their way. Trebizond, as is well-known, is an important station for the commerce of many eastern countries, to which the recent establishment of steam communication with Constantinople has given a fresh impulse. But the value of this entrepôt, (which excites Russian jealousy,) especially to the British manufacturer, is already known at home; and commerce was not so much the direct object of Mr Southgate, as that great civilizer and cementer of nations ought, perhaps, with his opportunities, to have been. At Trebizond he was received into the house of an American missionary, and from this point he reckons the true commencement of his labours. A few glimpses of the country between Trebizond and Erzroum, will give the reader an idea of the region traversed. Mr Southgate had hired a muleteer, and

travelled at the very slow rate—for an American—at which merchandize is transported in the East. On leaving Trebizond, he says, he and his servant overtook the muleteer,

And followed him down into the Deyerman Dereh, or Mill Valley, through which runs a stream of the same name. We pursued our way along its right bank amidst scenes of great loveliness. The hills on either side were cultivated nearly to their summits. The shingle-roofed houses, scattered along the steep declivities, wore a newer and neater appearance than I had ever observed before in the country places of Turkey. These were the abodes of the Lazes, of whom our guide said that they were Mussulmans, and spoke a corrupt Greek. Foot-paths alone lead to their dwellings. Formerly they were notorious robbers, subject only to the Lords of the Valleys who ruled over these regions. The seat of one of those old chieftains was pointed out about nine miles from Trebizond, perched on the summit of a tall, sharp ridge, rising boldly from the midst of the valley and dividing it into two branches. This aerial palace was now the mansion of the Ayan, who rules the district around, under the Pasha of Trebizond. These Ayans are the peaceful successors of the lawless chiefs who once held free sway in these wild mountains, or, as in some instances is the fact, they are the same chiefs reduced to the condition of loyal rulers. Partly by intrigue and partly by violence, the Pasha has succeeded in bringing them all into subjection.

We took the right branch of the valley, and followed it until we reached Jevizlik, a hamlet some eighteen miles from Trebizond, where we tarried for the night. Soon after sunset we received a visit in the coffee-shop where we had taken lodgings, from one of the Ayans of the neighbouring valleys. He was stuck round with pistols, and appeared as wild and uncultivated as the scenery amidst which he dwells. About twenty attendants followed at his heels, who were even more wild and uncultivated than himself.

On the second day, cultivation was left behind, and they plunged into a forest of spruce and hardwood trees. In the rugged passes of the road they overtook companies of peasants dragging field-pieces. They were accompanied by pipers, whose rude music cheered on the work, to which conductors goaded the compulsory labourers with long sticks, as if they had been cattle. Several just remarks, suggested by this spectacle, conclude thus:—

In Turkey, and still more in Egypt, the object in view has been military strength, while the only sure grounds on which such strength can rest were overlooked. It was forgotten, or rather it was the last thought to enter the mind of an Eastern ruler, that there can be no true elevation unless the people are elevated; and that there is no foundation for national power of any kind, while individual industry is repressed by innumerable discouragements, and the sources of production are withered by oppression and misrule. Compelled, by the necessity of their position, to gather around them a large military force, Mohammed Ali and Mahmoud II. aimed at the effects before they had the rudiments of European civilisation; and hence it is that one sees the implements of war dragged over a country without roads, by peasants violently impressed, who are thus taught to hate improvement by the new hardships which it brings.

A more peaceful and a more grateful sight were the long trains of caravans, with from thirty to fifty horses in each, that came winding down the mountain path at short intervals, each horse walking free under his burden, and carefully smelling and choosing his own way among the stones. Four hours' travel brought us to Kara Kaban, a cluster of small buildings with dram-shops and stables for the refreshment and repose of travellers.

On the third day of this snail's progress they were joined by a *Kaimekam*, the equivalent, in the Turkish army, for our major; who, with his new-made wife, and her mother, were going to Erzroum from Constantinople; this being the first time that the young bride had left that city, or ventured on horseback. Though it was the middle of June, the weather was cold and stormy in the mountains, and the Turkish major did all that either Turk or Christian could do to cheer and sustain his partner and his mother-in-law; but human nature, and especially female nature, is "much the same everywhere."

The ladies rode in advance; and as they were entirely unaccustomed to journeying, every brook that ran across our path, and every difficult ascent or declivity, was a subject of alarm and exclamation. At length the younger of the party broke forth in petulant displeasure, and began to reproach her new spouse with having deceived her in bringing her so long and perilous a journey. "Is this your country," she exclaimed, "which you told me was so beautiful? There are nothing but rivers, and mountains, and rocks. Alas, that I ever left Stamboul!" The officer acted the part of a good husband, and endeavoured to appease her by kind assurances that this was not his country, and that when they should come to it, she would find that he had told her the truth.

Wherever he sojourned, Mr Southgate made a point to observe the rest of the Sabbath. At Gumush Khaneh, a place celebrated for its silver mines, which he reached on a Saturday; on his Armenian companion, John, shewing the firman, a lodging was assigned to the traveller in the house of the superintendent of the mines.

This is a wretched place, swarming with beggars; the mines having failed, while an edict of the Sultan prevents the miners from emigrating and becoming husbandmen in some other part of the empire. A population of eight hundred families is made up of mixed races; one-half being Greek, and the others in equal proportion, Mussulman and Armenian. Mr Southgate, who admires the Turkish character much more than that of the modern Greek, was surprised to learn that his hospitable entertainer, who wore the yellow slippers and white turban, in virtue of his office, was a Greek.

The observances of religion had fallen into such neglect throughout his dominions, that the Sultan, like a British sovereign, by advice of the prelates, at the beginning of a new reign, had issued a royal order, enjoining all true Mussulmans to perform their regular devotions in the mosques, in which duty they are waxing negligent. Mr Southgate says:—

The general confession that the religion is waning, has been made to me by numerous individuals among them in different parts of the empire. By some the present is regarded as the approach of that season of universal apostacy when, as the Koran, receiving the hint from Christianity, predicts, Jesus shall reappear on the earth and subdue all nations, not to himself, but to Mohammed. The indication most commonly alleged in support of this belief, is the prevailing neglect of prayer; and this was the evil which the imperial edict was intended to correct.

The Sultan's order had the ordinary effect of other plans to coerce the mind; and pious Agnewite, or New Police measures were adopted, to force the people to worship. At Constantinople, after his return, Mr Southgate tells that he

One day, saw a kavass walking through the bazars at the hour of prayer, with a whip in his hand, rousing the Turks as he passed, and driving them off to the mosques. In the mean time I was curious to know whether it had been promulgated elsewhere, and made inquiries for it in every part of the kingdom. I found that it had been everywhere proclaimed, and heard various comments upon it in different quarters. An old Turk at Balbout, to whom I applied for information, bore a high testimony to the religious character of his townsmen. "There is no need of such orders here," he said, "for we all go to the mosque five times a day." His boast led me to observe how far his own practice was conformable, and I noticed that, during the day which I spent there, he did not perform his devotions at any one of the prescribed hours. Whether his testimony respecting others was any more veracious, I cannot tell farther than that I passed the day among them, and saw no one at his prayers.

Several copies of the Turkish edition of the Royal Gazette are received and read in the town. It was these, probably, that had excited the great curiosity which I found to exist respecting the new doings at the capital. Many inquiries were made concerning the Sultan's army and navy, his fire-vessels, as they termed his steamers, and his new bridge. They listened with marked surprise to John's stories, and exclaimed, "Sultan Mahmoud is a great king!" I was pleased to see that the effect upon them was to give them higher ideas of his greatness and power rather than to arouse their prejudices, especially as they were themselves Mussulmans of the old stamp, unreached by the hand of reform.

It is one of the most beneficent, though one of the silent influences of the changes which are working in Turkey, that, even in the most retired parts of the interior, where everything remains outwardly as it has remained for centuries, men's minds are awakened by the distant rumours of reform, and led to expect and wait for its introduction among themselves. The struggle of the enterprise will be in the capital, where it has been *suddenly* brought into *immediate* contact with the most *bigoted* population of Osmanlees anywhere to be found, and has been compelled to stand in opposition to the most powerful array of Mussulman learning (which is, as now cultivated, the parent of Mussulman prejudice) that can be found in the world. When it has once triumphed here, it will easily extend its sway over the empire. It will nowhere meet with the same prejudices or the same learning, nor, I may add, with the same independence of character, as in Constantinople; it will be recommended by the all-powerful influence of the capital, and the people will long since have been familiarised with it by report before it appears among them.

My attendant John, observing the rising popularity of the Sultan at Balbout, and thinking that his own dignity would be increased by every new accession to mine, took occasion, while I was stealing an hour's sleep, to proclaim me to some visiters as the *Hakim Bashi*, or chief physician to his Majesty. The report soon spread, and when I awoke, a group of Mussulmans were standing round me in most respectful silence. Among them was an old man holding a little child by the hand, to whom he directed my attention. He told his complaints, and, addressing me by my new title, asked my advice. John saw my astonishment, and whispered a confession of his falsehood. I immediately disclaimed the honour intended for me, assuring my Turkish friends that I was a simple traveller from Frankland. John, however, had already prevented any credit being given to me on this point, by informing them that, to avoid troublesome applications, I was travelling incognito. I consented, therefore, after repeating my disclaimer, to render such aid as was in my power, and began by asking what had been done for the child. The old man went through a statement of the treatment pursued by a Frank physician that had lately resided in the place, one, doubtless, of those European adventurers who are sometimes to be met with in the interior cities of Turkey, where, with the smallest conceivable capital of medical knowledge, they contrive to gain a decent livelihood, become sometimes the physicians of Pashas, and the talk of all the country round.

It is remarked that no signs of church extension were visible in the dominions of the Sultan or the Shah; no new public edifice for religion being met with, save once, either in Turkey or Persia. Mr Southgate has no favourable report to make of the country between Trebizond and Erzroum. It is imperfectly cultivated, by the rudest implements, and the people are ignorant, filthy, and poor.

Erzroum, from its position and trade, is one of the most important cities in the Sultan's dominions. It is the great thoroughfare of all the trade with Persia by the Black Sea, and also by the overland route through Tocat. It has a population of about 35,000; thirty-six khans, and the largest custom-house in the empire. The narrow, filthy, ill-paved streets, are thronged and bustling; and here are to be seen Persians, Kurds, Georgians, Armenians, and Turks; and also the few English and Russians connected with the Consulates. Erzroum suffered considerably from the Russian invasion in 1829.

Here the British Consul, Mr Brant, procured for the traveller, a provincial or local firman from the Pasha; and a letter of introduction recommending him to the favour of the Pasha of Van, who was requested to see the stranger safely conducted into Persia. The observations that he makes on leaving Erzroum on the more difficult part of his expedition, will be very useful to all future travellers by the same route. He now assumed the complete garb of a Turk, which, except in Persia, when he assumed the Persian dress, he never afterwards laid aside, though conformity went no farther. He says—

It was my uniform custom, while sojourning in any place, to introduce myself as an American and a Christian, and to excite inquiries respecting my country and my faith. These were always the first topics of conversation. During my tour, hundreds, I am sure, heard of the New World who had never heard of it before, and most of whom probably will never hear of it again.

But I had a higher reason for assuming the native dress. It was absolutely essential to the success of my mission. The expediency of it for comfort's sake will be at once seen by imagining a Turk to visit our shores, and to walk through the streets of our cities in his Oriental robes. The habits of the country also render it necessary. In general it is the best suited to the climate, and can be procured with the least difficulty and expense. The traveller can replenish his wardrobe in any city through which he may pass; whereas, if he does not submit to this act of conformity, he must encumber himself at the outset with all he may need during his tour. If his outfit fails, he is reduced to an unpleasant dilemma.

Many more cogent reasons are produced for the assumption of the Turkish dress. We are contented with those we have adduced above, reinforced by the following:—

A Western in Turkey, appearing as a Western, stands on still less advantageous ground, [than a Turk in America.] He is not received into such free communication with Orientals as an Oriental would be with us. Religious prejudice, the naturally reserved disposition of Turks, and contempt for his ignorance of Eastern manners, would keep him much farther aloof. If his object, then, is to learn the East, he must become, in all lawful respects, an Eastern. He must know the language, he

must wear the dress, he must perfect himself in the manners of an Eastern. In fine, he must act in what is undoubtedly the true spirit of the Apostle's words, *We become all things to all men.*

On the onward route, through a bare and mountainous country, pleasing glimpses of pastoral and primitive manners are often obtained. On the day that Mr Southgate left Erzroum, he

Stopped for the night at Denizli, the ruins of a Kurdish village, with only a single inhabited house. From this an old Kurd came out, and, greeting us with the ordinary salutation of the Mussulmans,* offered us a shelter. Wearied with our long march, we asked for a draught of milk. He replied that the cows were still abroad, and called for some one within to go in search of them. Upon this a Kurdish girl appeared and stepping lightly forward, darted away like a phantom. As she was the first female of her race that I had seen, her appearance excited some curiosity. Her face and feet were bare, and her hair was hanging in long braids behind. Her dress was a single white frock bound at the waist. Her form was erect and slender, and her step peculiarly light and graceful. Her face was dark, but pale and expressive, her eyes large and full. In the meanwhile our host conducted us to our lodging-place. In reaching it, we first passed the apartments of the family, then through a large stable, and afterwards through a long alley to a dark room some one hundred feet from the entrance, and all the way under ground. Here we lighted a fire, while our host spread before us a pastoral meal of yoghourt, bread, and eggs, and then sat down to share our coffee and pipes.

Before sunrise the next morning we had recommenced our march.

They wandered on, over bare high lands presenting only mountains and streams, by the banks of the Aros, (the head waters of the Araxes of the ancients,) till, from the top of a hill, they suddenly descried a cluster of Kurdish tents in a valley below, looking like black spots sprinkled upon the grass. The picture has a charming freshness.

This first picture of truly Kurdish life that I had seen, brought vividly back the romantic images which I had early drawn from books, and excited a desire to scrutinise it more closely. We descended, therefore, directly towards them and dismounted in front of the first tent. Some old Kurds standing there bade us welcome, and one invited us into the tent. A seat at the inner extremity was offered, and when we had all sat down, those present repeated their salutations. The tents, about twenty in number, were arranged in a line, and all were of the same construction. The covering was of a cloth of fine black wool, impervious to the rain. This was supported at the corners by poles five feet high, and in the centre by one nearly double that height, giving to the roof a slope in every direction. The interval between the lower edge of the cloth and the ground was filled up, on three sides, by a lattice of light reeds painted in figures. The other side was entirely open. In one of the corners stood the arms of the master of the tent, the curved sword, the spear, and the small round shield.

The news of our coming soon spread among the other tents and brought around us all the men of the party. The boys seated themselves behind, peeping over the shoulders of their seniors, and the women, none of whom were veiled, surveyed us through the lattice, from the next tent. As each one entered, he seated himself in the circle and exchanged greetings with us. I observed that all their ceremonies were Turkish, and they lavished them with Turkish profusion. I was both surprised and pleased with the perfect etiquette which prevailed, for it was altogether above the demeanour of Turks of the same rank. The more honourable among them sat farther within the tent than the others, and special deference was shewn to them. When they spoke, all were silent, and when one of them entered the tent, the company rose and remained standing till he was seated. The same respect was shewn to the aged. The company were very sociable, without being noisy, and although their curiosity was evidently excited by our appearance, they kept it under proper restraint.

As we were about to depart, they told us that food was preparing, and insisted upon our eating with them, to which, as a pledge of amity and good-will, I gladly consented. Two circular wooden *sofras*, or waiters, were laid upon the ground, around one of which we sat with the chief men of the party, while the rest of the company were accommodated at the other. Five or six different dishes were brought, some of which were new to me; all of them, however, were clean and excellently cooked. One of the best consisted of dried mulberries warmed in honey.

Everything about the tents and the people wore a neater and more thrifty appearance than is often found among the common population of the East. Their numerous flocks were feeding on the hill, and herds of horses in the vale. The men were large and robust, with fine, open, and cheerful countenances. Most of the boys and girls were comely, and some of them even handsome.

On a subsequent day other parties were met, and Mr Southgate spent the Sabbath under the following circumstances:—

On the plain, a few hours from the Bin Gul, is Kheunneus Kalesi, a small fort with a few houses, where the chief of the district resides. He has under his jurisdiction all the villages of the plain, twenty-eight in number, of which twelve are Armenian and the rest Kurdish. We crossed two small streams, passed one village, and stopped at a second, called Arous, where I determined to spend the morrow, which was Sunday.

I could find nothing better than a cattle-house: but, as all the inmates spent their days in the pasture, I was made welcome to that. In the evening, the cattle came in, and we spent a very disagreeable night with them. The day I also preferred to spend abroad, and finding a tree near the village, passed my Sunday quietly beneath it. It was the first tree which I had seen since leaving Erzroum, and it seemed set in that lonely spot to shelter and refresh a way-worn traveller. . . . .

The men of Arous wore the tall, white, conical cap of the Kurds, and spoke their language, but their features and their manners bespoke another race. They were Armenians. I had come to their village in preference to Kheunneus, to spend Sunday, because they were Christians. They had no church, but there was a priest among them whom they regarded as a learned and holy man. I sent to him on Sunday morning, inviting him to come and take coffee with me. He came, approaching us with a look of timidity and apprehension, as if he suspected that some evil was plotting against him. He was distinguished from the rest of the villagers only by a black turban, and an *abba*, or cloak, of the same colour. His demeanour was, like theirs, dejected and cringing. He seated himself at my request, drank the coffee that was offered to him, answered all my questions with an indistinct murmur, and retired without having uttered a word. This is very commonly the character of the Armenian village priests. They are as ignorant as the people around them, poor and filthy in their persons, and extremely abject in appearance. Their ministrations are confined to the performance of the daily services of the Church, and the parochial care of their parishioners, which consists in baptizing, marrying, and burying. They gain an uncertain and meagre livelihood from parochial fees and the contributions of the villagers.

On Monday the traveller had better fortune.

At two and a half hours from the village, we crossed the Kizzil Tchai, or Red River, a small stream running

* *Selam aleikum*, God give you peace. Mohammed taught his disciples to use this form in saluting each other. It is seldom extended to Christians.

to the Euphrates. On its bank we met with a party of Kurds, gaily dressed, who were on their way to attend a marriage-festival at Kheunneus. An hour farther on our course we stopped for our morning repast, in a green dell, where we found water.

We had hardly seated ourselves before we heard some one hailing us from above, and a horseman immediately descended, followed by a single attendant. The former was a young Kurd in the full dress of his people. He wore a red tunic, reaching to his waist, and white shalvars, the great nether garment of the East. His sugar-loaf cap was bound with a turban of the gayest colours, and in its folds the long tresses of his auburn hair were twisted. He wore in his girdle a brace of pistols and a dagger, and, hanging from it about his person, were a ramrod, a small powder-horn for priming, a cartridge-case, and numerous little trinkets for the care and repair of his arms. In his right hand was a spear, with a wooden shaft about ten feet long. One end was pointed with iron, that it might be stuck in the ground, and the other was ornamented with a large black ball of light feathers, from the middle of which projected the head of the spear, about five inches in length, and of a rhombic form. At his back hung a small round shield or targe, intended to be used in single combat with the sword. It was studded with small pieces of brass resembling coin, and was decorated with silken tassels of various colours, hanging from the circumference, and a larger one suspended from the centre. Thrusting his spear into the ground, he dismounted, and sitting down by us without ceremony, drew out his bread and cheese, and offered to join meals with us. We accepted the proposal, and were at once good friends with him. We soon learned from him that, though his beard was not yet grown, he was the Bey of a village on the plain of Moush, which we were to pass.

Of the Kurds they at this time saw no more.

The Traveller's next halting-place of any importance was *Moush;* a town perched on an eminence, and containing about 5,000 souls—a mixed population, and exceedingly Irish in their externals.

The number of poor, insane, and diseased persons is astonishing. Boys and girls are seen running with a single rag, and often entirely naked, through the streets. The Christians appeared to be the most thriving part of the population: but all complained of poverty. . . .

Our coming excited a great stir in the town. Our dresses being after the fashion of the capital, every one knew us to be from Stamboul. Crowds collected as we passed through the streets, and gazed after us until we were out of sight. Various conjectures were started to account for our visit.

Some of these conjectures were of an unpleasant and even alarming sort.

The Armenians have, in this poor town, an abundance of churches for their numbers. One of them, said to be 1300 years old, is called *The Church of the Forty Steps,* from the approach to it being by a flight of that number of steps. Here a priest was found teaching twenty-five boys, who were learning their lessons on the flat grave-stones around, like the little girl in Charles Lamb's beautiful tale of the *Sailor Uncle;* and here, when asking for a sight of relics, Mr Southgate was thus gratified:—

One of the priests conducted us to a small upper room, and taking a bundle from a niche in the wall, began to open it. One by one, twenty-five silk handkerchiefs were unfolded, when a large volume appeared. This the priest took and, reverently kissing, opened. It was the New Testament, beautifully written on parchment in Armenian characters. We inquired its origin, and were told it was a mystery. When the Church was built, the book had been found there and had been carefully preserved from that time to the present. It had, they said, the power of working miracles, and many instances were known of the sick having been restored to health by laying it upon them. My Mussulman guide was appealed to for the truth of the assertion, and, to my surprise, acknowledged that Mussulmans even had tested its healing efficacy. As the priest was about to return the book to its place, an old man bowed with infirmities pressed eagerly forward, and seizing it in his hands, kissed it and rubbed his aged head upon it. May the day speedily arrive when all the poor and despised Christians of the East shall have this blessed book in their possession, and draw from it those spiritual truths which heal and purify the soul!

On the route to Bitlis, the traveller passed through several Armenian and Kurdish villages. The peasantry inhabiting the former are nearly in the same condition that Xenophon described, 2,200 years since. Their houses are generally made

By excavating the earth, and raising a wall of loose stones to the required height. Trunks of trees are then laid across for rafters and covered with branches. Then the earth is piled on until the whole is covered, and the fabric attains a semi-globular shape. Sometimes the whole is built upon the surface, but, in both cases the external appearance is that of a bare mound of earth. As the traveller approaches one of these villages, he discerns nothing at first but an apparent unevenness in the ground. Soon the rounded tops become distinguished. These in summer are covered with cakes of manure formed by the hand and drying for the winter fire, a feature which gives the whole at a distance the appearance of a magnificent collection of dung-heaps.

The houses have generally two apartments, one for the family, and another more inferior for the cattle. These are almost entirely without furniture, and are not remarkable for cleanliness. Sometimes there is a rude fire-place, or a hole in the ground which answers the same purpose, the smoke being of too little importance to have special provision made for its egress, excepting a small aperture through the centre of the roof, where, at the same time, a few rays of light seize the opportunity to struggle in. On the plain of Moush many of the houses have a pole on the top, which supports the nest of a stork.

The villagers are mostly herdsmen. They have the buffalo, but of a species unknown in America; the cow, horse, ass, and goat. They subject the cow to burdens. A man's property is estimated by his herds. The produce, yoghourt, cheese, and milk, furnish the chief articles of food. The villagers are poorly clad, timid and servile in demeanour, and their faces are unintelligent and spiritless. They do not appear the same race with the same people in Constantinople, or even in the cities of the interior. In some of the villages which suffer most from the Kurds they wear the aspect of deep misery, and one often wonders at the degradation which can endure such a position without an effort to change it. They are extremely ignorant, and unclean in their persons and their houses. The women are especially ugly and filthy, and their domestic condition is as evil as can well be imagined. They are servilely treated, brutish, idealess; of peevish, complaining tempers, and doing no service without a murmur. They have in many of the villages the care of the herds, besides their domestic labours. Both men and women are generally unwilling to give lodging or food, or do it in so slow and sullen a manner as to render their hospitality hardly endurable. There are some exceptions to this picture, especially in the large villages. In some I have been cheered by the sight of domestic industry, cleanliness, and thrift; in some I have been cordially received. But such exceptions are rare. . . . . .

This is a painful picture; and in this condition these wretched people linger on from age to age. Bands of Kurds—robbers, in fact—were

sometimes met by the travellers, to the deadly terror of the muleteer. One day, after leaving Moush, on halting for refreshment, they heard that a villager had been murdered that morning in the mountains; and, in the same day, in a desolate place, they were stopped by a party of those fierce mountaineers, who, on discovering them, had changed their course and galloped towards them. The alarming encounter is thus naturally described:—

The movement threw our muleteer into great terror. He suddenly ordered us to draw up into a body and to move forward slowly, while he hastened to meet the advancing horsemen. A warm parley ensued. The party eyed us keenly as we approached. My spirits sank very perceptibly when I encountered the same ferocious looks that I had seen in Moush. The conversation between the muleteer and the horsemen became more earnest, but being in Kurdish, we could understand nothing, excepting by their looks and gestures, that it related to us. The poor muleteer, who had served us most faithfully from the first, looked as if he were upon the rack. He succeeded, however, by what arguments I know not, in effecting his object, for, after some delay, we were suffered to proceed in safety. The Kiahya's story revived the recollection of the adventure, and, as if this were not enough, I began to feel some self-reproach for having undertaken the journey. John, too, became gloomy; called himself a fool for having exposed his life for the paltry consideration of monthly wages; and wished himself in Constantinople. All this induced a fit of loneliness; and, for the first time since my journey began, I lay down upon my grass couch with a heavy heart.

How healing is sleep! How repulsive of care are the bright beams of the morning! John rose a new man, and I found in the protection of the night something still to be grateful for. . . . . .

In the course of the day we passed four old and deserted khans of an ancient and solid architecture. The principal one was built of hewn stone, with round towers or abutments at the angles and sides. It was in the Saracenic style, and had doubtless been erected many ages back, for Time had now decorated its walls with green tresses waving from every gaping chink. A stone fountain, which still furnished refreshing water, stood before it, and a merry cascade played near by.

A wealthy Armenian at Bitlis, to whom Mr Southgate had a letter from Erzroum, gave him a very inhospitable reception; pretending to know nothing whatever of the person by whom it was written. In these circumstances, returning the letter into his pocket, he desired to be conducted to the Bey, a Kurd, who chanced to be found in one of the khans.

In a few minutes I was in his presence. He sat in one corner of the room, gaily dressed in the Kurdish costume. His whole apparel was white, and his peak cap was bound with shawls of the liveliest colours. He was young, with a fine open face and a good form. He saluted me gracefully as I entered, and pointed to a seat near him. Pipes and coffee were brought, and he began by asking some common-place questions as to my country, name, &c. He was more curious, however, to know my real design in travelling, and pressed the question with considerable importunity. I told him in plain terms that my object was to see different people and countries, and to observe manners, characters, and religions. He could not understand it—an Oriental never can understand the motive of one who travels either for information or pleasure. I have sometimes heard Turks speak of the locomotive propensity of the English as a species of insanity. The Bey was not satisfied, and asked what had brought me into so strange a place as Kurdistan. I replied that its very strangeness was my motive, that I wished to see what nobody else had seen. He was not contented, and grew suspicious. Finding that nothing else would avail, I intimated that I was travelling with proper credentials, and directed John to exhibit the firman of the Sultan. It was received by his secretary, who opened it and offered it to the Bey, pronouncing at the same time the single word, "*Mahmoud.*" The Bey, instead of receiving it with the customary demonstrations of respect, waved his hand contemptuously in token of refusal. I then drew forth the bouyouroultou of the Pasha of Erzroum, and handed it to the scribe. When the Bey heard what it was, he ordered it to be read, and at the close, drawing himself up, made some remark in Kurdish to the crowd who had gathered about the entrance. The meaning of course I could not understand, but the tone and expression of face which accompanied it, shewed that it was of a bold character. The bouyouroultou, however, had its desired effect. The Bey added in Turkish that I must be provided for, and looking round upon the crowd who thronged the entrance, added, "We must assign him to some one who is able to shew him proper attention;" and then, as his eye fell on the Armenian to whom I had brought the letter, "M——, will you receive him as a guest?" My Armenian, laying his hand upon his heart, professed himself all zeal to comply with the wishes of the Bey, and, turning to me with an equivocal smile of welcome, requested me to follow him. I did so, with a secret feeling of vexation at being thus unceremoniously thrust upon his reluctant hospitality, but I endeavoured to console myself with the thought that I was an instrument of justice to punish him for his parsimony. When we had arrived at his house, he conducted me to a balcony looking out upon a garden, and shaded with magnificent fruit trees. Here carpets and cushions were spread for us, and we were invited to repose. The motive for forgetfulness being now removed, my host's memory suddenly revived, and I delivered him the letter which I had brought for him. Though in Armenian, he could not read it himself, but, with the aid of his son, contrived to make out a lame interpretation, which gratified him so much that he afterwards shewed the letter to all his friends.

In the evening, another Armenian, the banker of the Bey, came in to make our acquaintance. He welcomed us to Bitlis with the warmest cordiality, lavished upon us compliments in overwhelming profusion, made the most unbounded offer of his services, and concluded by insisting upon our being his guests on the morrow. I hardly knew to what to attribute this profuse kindness, but I was very grateful to meet with so warm a friend, and began to feel quite at home. The next morning he called again, but, alas, how changed! There was no welcome, no compliment, and the invitation for the day seemed entirely forgotten. The melancholy truth at last came out, that our new friend had come to us the evening before from the midst of his nightly potations, and it was under their influence that he had made all the fair speeches which the soberness of the morning had dissipated.

Bitlis cannot fail to interest and surprise a stranger at first sight. Its picturesque situation among the mountains and the singular internal appearance which the peculiar construction of its buildings gives it, make it entirely unlike most other eastern towns. The mountains form three deep valleys, which come down from the north, south-east, and west, to a junction where the city stands, extending its arms up into each of them. Three little streams, following the same course, descend, unite, and flow off together in one river emptying into the Tigris, which is said to be twenty-four hours distant. The streets of the town run in terraces along the steep sides of the valleys, and the passenger in looking up is often surprised to see houses and walls above his head. Most of the houses have gardens attached to them, which give to the city, from some points of view, the appearance of a paradise in the midst of bare and verdureless mountains. The mosques, houses, garden walls, and every other structure about the city, are built of a find kind of sandstone, with which the region abounds. It is cut into cubic blocks for building, and imparts to the city an air of remarkable regularity and solidity. . . . .

The trade of the city is with Persia through Van, with Erzroum, Diarbekir, Mossoul, and Bagdad. The road to Mossoul is a dangerous one of eighty hours, or fifteen days. Jizireh is distant forty-eight hours, Diarbekir the same, Bagdad 220, and Busra 300. These are the estimates which I received from good authority in the place, but I cannot vouch for correctness in a matter where it is so difficult to procure authentic information.

A great variety of excellent fruit is found in the gardens of Bitlis. Mr Southgate, during the day, went about everywhere, and spent the nights on the balcony of his churlish host, who placed him thus agreeably, merely not to have him under his roof. The following adventure becomes almost comic:—

As I was sitting there one evening, enjoying the gentle calm and stillness of the hour, I heard distant music and a song, which gradually approached the house, and at length ceased before the gate. Soon after, our old friend the banker appeared upon the balcony, followed by two or three companions and a train of musicians and singers. He seated himself familiarly by my side and ordered the music and song to commence, while our host hastened away to prepare an entertainment for his guests. Our banker was even more profuse in his compliments and offers of service than on the evening of our arrival. He particularly pressed upon me the use of his horses in my perambulations about the town. Thinking that a compliance would be the most effectual lesson for him, as well as conduce greatly to my own comfort, I accepted the offer on the spot, promising to send for them the next morning. When morning came, the banker had, as before, quite forgot the events of the evening, and appeared mortified upon being reminded of his promise. He permitted the horses to be taken away by the servant whom I sent for them, but was afterwards more cautious in his words.

I availed myself of this new facility to visit some of the more remote parts of the town and, first of all, went to pay my respects to the Armenian bishop. . . . .

We found the bishop seated upon a carpet under the trees of a garden adjoining the church. He would have arisen, with the aid of his servants, to receive us as we approached, if we had not hurried forward to prevent him. "I am old," said the venerable man, slowly passing his trembling hand over his silvery beard. The Armenians say that he is a hundred and twenty years of age. He spoke, in feeble tones, of some of the events of his long life, while we sat by him on the carpet. He had formerly exercised the Episcopal office in Constantinople, but for the last twenty years had been resident in Bitlis. He gave me several items of information respecting his people, which will be found scattered about in other places, as occasion may call them out. While we were conversing, two or three of his presbyters came in, and, after making their obeisance, remained standing in reverent silence before him. This deep respect appeared to be both appropriate and impressive. I have often witnessed it elsewhere in Turkey. Though a peculiarity perhaps, no one, I think, will be disposed to account it one of the *corruptions* of the Eastern Churches.

. . . . . .

The manners of the people of Bitlis are more free and gay than is common in Turkish towns. As I sat in my balcony I could often hear the sound of music and the voice of merriment breaking upon the stillness of the evening. This gaiety, however, is mingled with no extraordinary refinement of manners; on the contrary, one is often annoyed by an indelicacy extremely offensive. I was astonished, on awaking the first morning after my arrival, to find all the male part of the family assembled on the balcony to see me dress, and my confusion was not a little increased on perceiving that the female portion had stationed themselves, for the same purpose, behind the lattice which separated the balcony from the inner apartments of the house. When I ventured to remark upon these and other such like novelties, the universal apology was, "What else can you expect? This is Kurdistan." I have nowhere found the Armenians more respected and influential than in Bitlis, and consequently have seldom found them more intelligent and truly respectable. They have eight churches and four priests.

Some families of *Jacobites* are found here, a denomination of Christians rather numerous in certain parts of the East; and not to be confounded by our Scottish readers with the adherants of the Stuart dynasty. The Jacobites, like the Lutherans, the Calvinists, and Wesleyans, take their appellation from their founder.

At Bitlis, Mr Southgate, who met individuals of all religions, became acquainted with a Yezidee or Devil-worshipper.

He was a farrier, and being in the employ of my host, occasionally made me a visit, and sometimes ate with me. I endeavoured to glean something from him respecting his religion: but, although he received my inquiries with good-humour, he could be induced to make no confessions. I observed nothing singular in his habits, beside a practice of holding his little cup of wine with both hands. I did not, at the time, suppose it to be anything more than an awkward habit of his own, but I afterwards found in Mesopotamia, that the same was a universal practice of the Yezidees. Their great reverence for everything Christian is well known, and this custom may have arisen from a superstitious fear of spilling upon the ground a liquid used in a Christian sacrament.

Our traveller enjoyed his sojourn in Bitlis, and left it to the great and evident delight of his host, who cordially speeded the going guest, and his own regret. The evening before his departure, he had an opportunity of witnessing the in-door manners of the higher orders in Bitlis. He was invited to dine with one of the principal Armenians of the place. He says:—

I went at sunset, and found several guests already arrived. They were seated in two rows on opposite sides of the room, and the master sat below them all. They all rose as I entered, while the host conducted me to a seat in the recess of the window at the head of the apartment. When all were again seated, sherbet, followed by rakee and sweetmeats, was sent round—a ceremony which was often repeated before dinner. This important meal was at length announced. Two waiters of great size were placed upon stools, around which the guests seated themselves in two companies. Dinner was served up in Oriental style. One dish rapidly succeeded another until it became a task to taste of those which followed. Rakee was served, at the same time, in small glasses, but with a frequency which threatened to endanger the sobriety of the company. I thought it my duty, at the hazard of seeming to slight the hospitality of my entertainer, to set an example of abstinence. The master did not sit at meat, but stood by, attending to the wants of his guests and giving directions to his servants. The compliments with which I was greeted were as Oriental as the scene about me. My coming was a gift from God; it was the appearance of a rose in a garden where it had never before been seen. John, who was present, was complimented as a Constantinopolitan by a health to Sultan Mahmoud, whose virtues were extolled with a formality and vehemence which seemed not a little suspicious. After dinner, the company resumed their seats, and an hour was filled up with music and song from a Kurdish musician. The scene, although orderly, was of a lighter kind than I would have chosen to be in if I had foreknown its character. But I went away hoping that some good might have been done, by giving them, perhaps, the first idea they had ever received of temperance in the use of strong drinks. The party broke up at an early hour. The host accompanied me into the street and, on parting, seized and kissed my hand.

As this is the first account any European has given of this city, which has rarely if ever been visited by the people of the West, we have dwelt upon it. Shortly after leaving Bitlis, they came suddenly in view of the lake of Van, encircled by a continuance of the Nimrod range of mountains. At Ourtab, a village on its borders, they halted. The waters of the lake are brackish, and of a milky white. An amusing circumstance occurred here, which is exactly the counterpart of many of those stories of the *unco gude* carriers still current in Scotland, and also probably in New England. A field of red clover was seen in full luxuriance; and as the Koran enjoins that prayers neglected at the proper time should be said afterwards, the muleteer insisted on stopping to perform his devotions. Mr Southgate relates:—

As he had not said them at noon, the most meritorious hour of the five, as it was not now a canonical hour, and as I never knew him to say them afterwards, during the whole journey, I am inclined to believe, what John suggested at the moment, that his sudden devotion was excited by the thought that the time necessary for it would afford his horses a fine opportunity to regale themselves on clover. The delay was probably more beneficial to them than to me. I had felt, before leaving the village, considerable indisposition, which had now increased to a fever. While we stopped, my position on my horse became so irksome that I dismounted and flung myself upon the grass. It was fresh and moist, and doubtless added to my disorder, for I journeyed on the rest of the afternoon with great difficulty. Our course skirted the lake, and lay over rugged hill sides which descended to its brink. Most of the ground was covered with dwarf oaks: but here and there we passed through open groves of fruit-trees apparently growing without culture amidst the wilder vegetation.

We reached, a little past six, the Armenian village of Elmaleu, nestling amidst a grove of fruit trees at the head of a little cove, itself completely sheltered by the surrounding rocks and trees. The scene was so retired and quiet that it seemed the very home of peace. The women were uncovered, as they generally are in the villages, and were spinning cotton before their doors. They appeared more neat and thrifty than I had been accustomed to see. But, what was best and strangest of all, they were kind to me. I wished to spend the night in the open air, but they dissuaded me from it by saying that the vicinity of the lake rendered it damp.

A very great difference was also visible in the Kurdish villages; and those of that people who have even but very lately renounced a nomadic life, appear superior both to the Turks and Armenians, who regard them as intruders.

They are chiefly husbandmen, and apparently industrious and good ones. They are far more cleanly in their houses and persons, and generally better dressed. Their faces are open, cheerful, and intelligent. Their women go unveiled, but are modest and often beautiful. Their children are well formed, active, and bright. As a people they are the best-looking peasantry that I found in the East. I never saw a mosque in their villages: but they profess themselves good Mussulmans, and have an Imam who conducts the prayers in his own house. They are on the whole more strict in their devotions than the Turks: but they have hardly any intelligent idea of the religion which they profess. . . . . .

We turned out of a valley into an extensive plain which conducted us once more to the shore of the lake. The Kurdish husbandmen were at work. In one place they were cutting *grass* with a *sickle*. I never before or afterwards, in the East, saw grass cut for fodder, excepting in the northern parts of European Turkey; nor did I ever, in any other instance, see an agricultural implement in form like the sickle. The food commonly given to cattle in Turkey is barley-straw, and the most common provender is barley. This is the most extensive product of agriculture in the empire. Wheat is next. Oats and rye I have seldom seen, and corn is abundant only in European Turkey, where the meal is made into bread equal to the brown loaves of New-England. The grain that was growing on the border of the lake of Van was now ripe and nearly six feet high. In another part of the plain a party were ploughing, and singing right merrily at their work. An Eastern peasant singing at his work! This too was strange. I never heard it elsewhere, in those lands, than among the Kurds.

Mr Southgate, after this period, suffered considerable indisposition, brought on and greatly aggravated by the fatigue of travel, and the numerous privations to which he was exposed. This beautiful incident occurred at Vastan, or rather a village occupying the site of what had anciently been Vastan:—

Besides the few houses near the lake, were an old mosque and medresseh, the first I had seen since leaving Bitlis. One of the houses was the residence of a Bey, of whom we asked shelter for the night. We were received into a comfortable building adjoining the house, and evidently intended for the reception of guests. It had in the middle a platform or stage, with a balustrade around it, where we could repose without danger of being trodden upon by our horses in the night. As the sun had not yet gone down, we preferred to sit for a while before the door, where carpets were spread for us. The Bey did not make his appearance for some time after our arrival, but I observed him eyeing us from a small window in the wall of his house. He sent us, however, a present of cherries, and a bouquet of roses, in token of hospitality, and at last came himself. His sons, who had gathered round us, rose as he approached, and his appearance was so venerable that I almost involuntarily did the same. He was slightly bowed with age, but his figure was still tall and commanding. His beard, long since whitened by the frost of Time, descended to his breast. His face wore a grave, but kindly, aspect, and his whole appearance bespoke the simplicity of patriarchal times. He laid his hand upon his heart and bade us welcome. We pressed him to a seat upon the carpet, while his sons stood respectfully before him. The eldest was about forty years, and the youngest just entered into manhood. So, I thought, the patriarch Jacob may have often sat at even-tide before the door of his tent, surrounded by his manly sons. The old Bey knew no language besides his own, but one of the young men was able to serve as interpreter.

When the sun had set, we retired to our apartment, and the Bey came in and ate and spent the evening with us. I have often met with Mussulmans who seemed to possess a deep religious feeling, and with whom I could exercise something of religious communion. I have sometimes had my own mind quickened and benefited by the reverence with which they spoke of the Deity, and have sometimes mingled in harmonious converse with them on holy things. I have heard them insist with much earnestness on the duty of prayer, when they appeared to have some spiritual sense of its nature and importance. I have sometimes found them entertaining elevated views of moral duty, and looking with contempt on the pleasures of the world. These are, indeed, rare characters, but I should do injustice to my own convictions, if I did not confess that I have found them. In these instances I have uniformly been struck with a strong resemblance to patriarchal piety. That reverence for God, that spirit of simple trust and resignation to his will, that disposition to observe the operations of his hand in the works of nature, and that kindly and beneficent feeling towards all which are the prominent characteristics of the faith of prophets and holy men of old, are also the peculiar traits of Islamism, whenever it assumes anything of a spiritual character. And why should it

not be so? It is essentially a transcript of the religion of the Old Testament, corrupted no more than that was corrupted when Mohammedanism arose. I would not appear as the panegyrist of the religion, nor would I deny to it what I sincerely believe to be its due. On the contrary, I exalt the religion of the Bible, when I show that even its corruptions may sometimes have a beneficent tendency.

These thoughts are suggested by my recollections of the Kurdish patriarch. When we sat down to eat, he implored a blessing with great solemnity, and rendered his thanks when we arose. Before he left us, he spread his carpet and offered his evening devotions with apparent meekness and humility; and I could not but feel how impressive are some of the Oriental forms of worship, when I saw his aged head bowed to the earth in religious homage. I have not scrupled to adopt the same form, when necessitated to perform the same duty in the presence of Mussulmans.

Mr Southgate was seriously indisposed when he reached Bitlis; but the curiosity of the Pasha to see the Frank would brook no delay; and sick, desponding, and travel-stained, he was dragged into the presence of the great man. The Pasha arrayed himself for the interview in the new costume invented by the Sultan, and had a chair placed for his guest; one of those flimsy articles made at Malta, and borrowed for the occasion. Poor Mr Southgate appears to have been almost ashamed of himself. "What an idea of western customs," he exclaims, "must that tall, straight-backed, narrow-seated body-bearer give to an Oriental!"

The Pasha asked many questions on America, and my object in visiting his country; to all which I answered discreetly. He then sent for John, who made a low obeisance as he entered, and, at the Pasha's bidding, knelt at the foot of his carpet. His examination ended, the Kurd was called. He went a degree farther in his respects than John, for he approached, knelt, kissed the border of the carpet, and then rising to his feet, stood with his hands folded before him. Upon being questioned, he had the assurance to say that he had been deputed by the Bey of Bitlis, in whose service he professed to be, to convey us into the presence of the Pasha. The whole story was a fabrication, and his conduct had been an incessant torment to me, from the moment of our leaving Bitlis. The Pasha, however, believed him and, according to custom, ordered a present of fifty piastres to be made to him by his treasurer.

The Pasha offered me a room in the palace, which looked out on the pavilion and court, and at noon sent me a rich breakfast from his own table. Finding myself however, exposed to constant observation, and feeling the need of retirement and repose, I begged the Pasha to assign to me a place of residence in the midst of the gardens.

He was afterwards assigned a lodging in the house of a wealthy Armenian, of a character very opposite to his host at Bitlis. This man's story and position gives a complete picture of social life in the East, under one frequent aspect:—

He received me at the outer gate with as unconstrained a welcome as if he had invited me thither himself. A room was already prepared for me in the most elevated part of the house, overlooking, on three sides, the forest of gardens beneath, and commanding a distant view of the city and the lake. The grounds belonging to the house, though but a speck in the midst of the gardens, themselves covered many acres, and were cultivated by no less than thirty-six labourers. My host was still a young man, but had passed through some interesting vicissitudes of fortune. His father had been the banker of the tyrannical Pasha before mentioned, who had put him to death with the design of seizing his riches. The son, however, anticipating the event, had gathered his father's wealth and fled to a place of security, where he remained until his enemy was removed or dead. The catastrophe, he said, had been a warning to him to avoid public stations. He had, therefore, returned and purchased an estate among the gardens, where he could spend his life in retirement and quiet.

Near the house was a kiöshk, or summer pavilion, where my host sometimes entertained a party of friends. On one occasion I was invited to be present. The pavilion was embowered among trees, and opened, upon one side, on a square tank or reservoir, like those often seen in the courts of Persian houses. The floor was covered with carpets and cushions, where the guests, twelve in number, could repose at their ease. Around the reservoir musicians were seated, who played while we ate. Some of the instruments were new to me. One in particular attracted my attention. It was in form like the body of a piano, though so small that it could be lifted with ease by the player. Its construction and notes also resembled those of the piano: but its cords were struck by two pieces of wood or cork attached to sticks held in the hands of the performer.

Two large sofas were placed for the party. When we had seated ourselves, a narrow cloth, sufficiently long to extend around the table, was spread in our laps, and a napkin richly embroidered was thrown over the left shoulder of each guest. Previously, however, servants came in with napkins on their shoulders, a ewer containing water in on hand and a basin in the other. The ewer is generally metallic, and somewhat resembling in form an old-fashioned teapot. The nose, however, is so small that only a slender stream of water is emitted, which is poured upon the hands of the guest by the servant kneeling before him, while the basin receives it below. To avoid the offence which the sight of the foul water might give the guest, the basin has a metallic cover perforated with holes, through which the water passes and is concealed beneath. From the centre of this cover rises a cylindrical post, three or four inches high, on which the soap is laid. The guest, having performed his ablution, takes the napkin from the servant's shoulder, wipes his hands, replaces it, and the servant passes to the next. By this process fingers are made as fit to be thrust into a dish as knives and forks can be.

Generally a kind of soup is first served, into which each guest, the most respectable taking the lead, dips his spoon. Pieces of bread are placed in profusion around the sofa. There is no clashing of knives and forks, no changing of plates. Each dish is placed in the centre of the table, and they follow one another in rapid succession. Each one takes a portion from the side nearest him, so that the numerous fingers thrust in together do not interfere with each other. The guest has hardly time to fill his mouth before the dish is snatched away and another takes its place. Each dish is distinct in its kind. There is no intermingling of different articles. If there are vegetables, they follow separately and alone. A Turkish sofra is almost always furnished with pickles, which are esteemed a great provocative of appetite. Sherbets, though common, are not so often found as at a Persian board. The variety of dishes is very great, and the number is proportioned to the rank and ability of the host. I have seen nearly twenty follow each other in the course of half-an-hour. Mutton is the meat most commonly eaten by the Turks. I have been served with a dinner in which there were brought forward about twelve dishes, each different from the other, but nearly all of them preparations of mutton. The last dish is the pilav. When this appears, the guest may understand that whatever remains of appetite he possesses must be satisfied upon that.

The etiquette of a Turkish repast is minute in the extreme. One can hardly imagine, without observing it, how much refinement there may be in eating with one's fingers. The radical difference between Oriental and Occidental manners is, that the first are formed upon nature, the second upon art. . . . . .

When our dinner at Van was ended, candles were brought, roses were thrown upon the water, and the music was continued until the guests were ready to depart. The spot won so much upon me, that I frequently afterwards retired thither alone, to repose during the heat of the day, and to listen to the music of the birds and the gurgling of the water, as it fell into the reservoir.

The government of this province was formerly hereditary; but, in 1831, the governor rebelled, was defeated in arms, and his government taken from him and his family. The present governor is of the new school; and, though a strict Mussulman, is a friend of reform, or of innovation.

The only European that has visited the towns of Bitlis and Van, and the neighbouring country, is Schults the German, of whom Mr Southgate received the following account from the Pasha of Van, where the unfortunate traveller had spent a month:—

The Pasha described him as, in stature, the tallest man he had ever seen. He travelled through the country in lordly style, making magnificent presents wherever he went. He was accompanied by an interpreter, several servants, and no less than seven sumpter-horses. In this manner he went into Kurdistan, where, doubtless, that upon which he depended for his security proved his ruin. His display of wealth tempted the cupidity of a Kurdish Bey, who was entertaining him. His host dismissed him, when he was ready to depart, with a powerful guard, ostensibly as a mark of consideration and honour; but he gave the escort secret instructions to murder him on the road. On the second day of their march, the chief of the party invited him to turn aside, on pretence of visiting some ruin near at hand. As soon as they had reached a convenient place, the guard fell upon him unawares, and, before he could offer resistance, despatched him on the spot. The lesson was so instructive a one, that I thought it worthy of being recorded. Still I could not but regret, in my own case, that I had not some presents with which to repay the courtesy of the Pasha of Van. He was unwearied in his attentions during my stay. Whenever I wished to go abroad, he sent me horses, and gave me free permission to go where I pleased. In this way, although still in a weak state, I was able to visit every part of the town and pursue my inquiries among all classes. The place has all the appearance of a Persian town, excepting its Turkish minarets.

Van is at the head of a district of seventy-five villages, and the principal place in the Pashalik. The bulk of its inhabitants are Turkish, but the Armenians are also numerous. The observations which Mr Southgate makes upon the inferiority of the Mussulmans and Christians, applies to all mankind. The Christians have been degraded by long ages of oppression.

From a people more elevated than their masters now are, they have become slaves. Generous and manly feeling has been long since crushed by the iron hand of tyranny, and they have become churlish and inhospitable. Accustomed to seek every expedient to escape the incessant extortions of petty rulers, they have learned both to cringe and to deceive. Their circumstances, not their religion, have made them what they are.

Wherever their condition is more free, their character rises in proportion. So it is among the Christians of Mesopotamia, and still more remarkably among the independent Nestorians, who inhabit the mountains of Kurdistan. So it is among the Christians of European Turkey, who, though most blindly devoted to superstition, are generally cheerful, industrious, and hospitable. In all these instances their civil condition is more easy, and the influence which it exerts upon their moral and intellectual character is obvious to the most casual observer. In recording, therefore, the degradation of the Christian peasantry of Turkey, I would not be understood as detracting aught from the beneficent tendencies of our holy religion, even in its lowest estate; but would rather show thereby how deeply malignant is the influence of that false faith whose features it is the main design of these pages to delineate.

Still, as an honest reporter, I cannot deny to Islamism whatever of good I have found in it, and, in this character, I must acknowledge that I have seldom seen it presenting a less repulsive aspect than in the interesting region which we have just surveyed.

The route from Van was rendered so unsafe, by the predatory Kurds, that the traveller gladly accepted the Pasha's offer of a guard. On the first day he was amazed by his escort performing, for pastime, the mimic evolutions of war; scouring over the plain, wheeling, attacking, and defending. This day, too, he saw, for the first and last time, the peak of *Ararat*. In the middle of the afternoon, the guard halted for prayer, and to perform their ablutions, which are all of religious obligation, though they are of varying kinds. The Mussulmans imagine that the Franks never pray, because they are never seen engaged in prayer.

Before leaving Kurdistan, Mr Southgate takes a general survey of the character and condition of its tribes, which is full of interest. He anticipates no advantage from establishing missions among them, compared with the results which might be anticipated from the labours of devoted western missionaries among those people of the East called Christians.

The Kurds have no written language, and, with the exception of a few books of poetry, written in Arabic, no literature. Mr Southgate has, however, a high opinion of their natural genius and intellectual vigour; regarding them, indeed, as superior to all the people of the East.

The traveller was now at Salmas, within the borders of Persia, and symptoms of a different people, and of very different customs, became more and more rife.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

THE FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Whatever our prosaic and political readers may think of it, we can assure them that many young and ingenuous hearts are now beating with fond anticipation, or warm sympathy, in expectation of our annual budget. If it be true—which we cannot believe—that the spirit of poetry is dead in the land, then it is our mission to watch for its revival, and foster and welcome every symptom of returning animation. But we deny that it is dead. The spirit of poetry is immortal

as the soul of man; and, instead of being honoured to keep alive its vestal fire, ours is the humbler, but still useful office, of gathering and again disseminating a few of its scattered rays. These are, no doubt, of very different degrees of power, intensity, and brilliancy; yet of the dullest, we may employ the language in which Coleridge described his own early verses: "Such verses as a striving of mind, and struggle after the intense and vivid, are a fair promise of better things." And even although these "better things" should never be attained, we must regard them as the realization of a good which those who have not striven and struggled never can reach.

At our Feast—the quality of which, in the current year we leave to the candid judgment of our readers—there are guests from all parts of the empire, and from the most opposite conditions of life, equalized for the time by a common and ennobling pursuit.

But as our space is limited, and our materials superabundant, it will be wise not to waste it in introduction. Some of our poetical contributors may fancy themselves overlooked or rejected, while their verses are only delayed. Our taste and judgment in selection we submit to their discretion; but we confidently assume the merit of the most rigid and judge-like impartiality towards every one appearing at our bar; and of being perfect Brutuses in our decrees. If we are sensible of any bias, it is unquestionably towards the obscure, and the young, and modest aspirant.

To propitiate, if that be possible, scholarly critics, we shall now commence with

CLASSICAL AND TRANSLATED POETRY.

MY LOVES.

Suggested by Anacreon's "Ει φυλλα," &c.

Name the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
Name the notes of all the groves,
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the dark, the fair;
Golden ringlets, raven hair;
Eye that swims in sunny light,
Glance that shoots like lightning bright.

I do love the stately dame,
And the sportive girl the same;
Every changeful phase between
Blooming cheek and brow serene.

I do love the young, the old,
Maiden modest, virgin bold,
Tiny beauties, and the tall;
Earth has room enough for all.

Which is better—who can say?—
Lucy grave or Mary gay?
She who half her charms conceals?
She who sparkles while she feels?

Why should I confine my love?
Nature bids us freely rove;
God hath scattered wide the fair,
Blooms and beauties everywhere.

Paris was a pedant fool,
Meting beauty by a rule:
Pallas? Juno? Venus?—he
Should have chosen all the three.

I am wise: life's every bliss
Thankful tasting; and a kiss
Is a sweet thing, I declare,
From a dark maid or a fair.

J. S. B.

NIGHT.

("Ιερη Νυξ."—*Homer.*)

Holy Night! in silence
From thy starry throne
Swaying, thee I worship,
Silent and alone.

Holy Night! how calmly
Sails the mellow moon
Through the deep blue welkin,
Fairer than the noon.

Mellow Moon! how gently
Through the voiceless night,
O'er the sleeping waters,
Trips thy silver light.

Holy Night! how lovely
Shoot, with sudden birth,
Hosts of shimmering arrows
From the lambent north.

Holy Night! thou reignest
Solemn, still, serene;
Hushed, the tribes of mortals
Bow before their queen.

Now the battling voices
Of the babbling throng
Cease; and thou may'st listen,
As it treads along,

To the steps of Godhead
Beating march of Time;
Slowly, surely, wisely,
Beautiful, sublime;

Beating thought and feeling,
Beating vital power
In renewed creation's
Pulse, from hour to hour.

Holy Night! devoutly
While I worship thee,
Babbling Folly's echo
Dies away from me.

J. S. B.

WAIL OF AN IDOL.*

(The following lines are intended as a sort of epitome of the very comfortless Greek doctrine of Hades. The images are purposely borrowed from antiquity; and the versification seems more akin to the free choral chants of the ancients, written to be *heard*, than to the formal syllabic architecture of the modern English ode, written to be *read*.)

Μή δή μοι θάνατόν γε παραίδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ·
Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἰὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ,
Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,
Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Odyssey, xi., 488.

O dreary, dreary shades!
O sad and sunless glades!
O yellow, yellow meads
Of Asphodel!
Where the dream-like Idol strays,
On lone and haunted ways,
Through Hades' weary maze,
And sings his own sad knell.

O sullen, solemn, silent clime!
O lazy pace of noiseless time!
O, where is the blythe and gamesome change
Of the many-nurturing of earth?
The dance of joy, the flush of mirth,
Life's vast and varied range?

* *Idol*, ειδωλον; *ghost, wraith, shade.* It seemed advisable to retain the Greek word; for an ancient ειδωλον and a modern ghost are not exactly the same sort of being.

O dreary, dreary vales!
O heavy, heavy gales!
Fraught with the dreamy dew of sleep,
Over the joyless fields ye sweep;
O sullen, sullen, streaky sky,
Where the changeless moon, with a leaden eye,
Aloft hangs languidly,
And yellow vapours mount up high,
And flickering lights in a wild dance fly,
Like the last fleet flash when the strangled die,
Shooting across the darkling eye.
O sullen, sullen sky!
Where the brown bat wings,
And the lone bird sings
A chant like the chant of death;
While sad souls wake
The stagnant lake
With a sobbing, struggling breath.
Oh, sad, oh, sad is the wail of the stream,
Mingling its sighs with the dead man's dream;
Winding, winding nine times round,
Weary wandering, 'scapeless bound!
And the black, black kine,
In lazy ranks,
Are cropping the sickly herb
From the reedy Stygian banks;
And hissing things,
With poisoned blood,
Are crawling through the slimy mud.
Oh, sad, oh, sad is the endless row
Of poplars black; oh, sad and slow
Is the long drawn train of the sons of wo,
The silent-marching ghosts!
And they share no more in the feast of glee,
And the dance, and the song, and the wine-cup free;
Where the bard divine, with mellow lays,
Is singing the gods' and the heroes' praise;
And they share no more
Loud laughter's roar,
The silent-marching ghosts!
I hear their cry,
As they flit swift by
On noiseless wing,
Hurrying through the wide out-spread
Gates that gape for the countless dead:
I hear the cry
Of the wailing ghosts;
Their voices small,
Like a drowning thing,
Drawn echoless along the long dark hall;
And some are whirled,
In the mighty void,
Like a leaf in the foamy tide;
And some are hurled,
With a gusty fit,
Into the deep Tartarean pit;
And some do sway,
Like a blind thing astray,
To and fro in the pathless air;
And some, whom chance less stormy rules,
Sit sipping the blood from crimson pools.
Oh, sad is the throne,
Dark, drear, alone,
Of the stern, relentless pair!
With gloom enveiled,
In judgment mailed,
A joyless sway they bear.
No circling years,
No sounding spheres,
No hopes and fears,
Are there;
They sit on the throne,
Dark, drear, alone,
A stern, relentless pair.
And beside them sits
A monster dire,
Watching the darkness with eyes of fire—
The dog of the triple head;
And his harsh bark splits,
Like thunder fits,
The realm of the silent dead.
Oh, sad is the throne,
Dark, drear, alone,
Of the stern, relentless pair!
O, dreary, dreary shades!
O, sad and sunless glades!
O yellow, yellow meads
Of Asphodel!
O, loveless, joyless homes!
O, weary, starless domes!
Where the wind-swept idol roams,
And sighs his own sad knell.
O, sullen, solemn, silent clime!
O, lazy pace of noiseless time!
O, where are the many-coloured joys of earth?
O, where is the loud, strong voice of mirth?
O, where is the change
Of joy and wo?
The love of friend,
The hate of foe?
O, where is the bustle of many-winged life,
And of man with man the many-mingling strife?
O Hermes! leader of the dead,
The winged god
Of the golden rod,
O, lead me, lead me further still!
Lead me to Lethe's silent stream,
That I may drink, deep drink my fill,
And wash from my soul this long life-dream!
O, lead me, lead me to Lethe's shore,
Where Memory lives no more!

J. S. B.

The young author of the next lines modestly hopes that they may be thought worthy of publication, "more from the spirit they breathe than any other merit:" on this understanding we accept them, though we make no doubt that they would have obtained high praise for other merit, where their spirit would be less valued.

MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

The din of fight rings on his ear no more,
The clash of helmet and of spear is o'er;
No more he marks the marshall'd ranks of war,
Or crested legions gathering from afar;
No more he hears the camp's loud busy sound,
And armour echoing the wide plain around.
Where are the tents that crowded round his way—
Gone, like the visions of a yesterday?
Where are the cohorts—waiting his command—
For him to fall, or all victorious stand?
He starts—a wildness seems to fire his eye,
As he looks on each heap of ruin nigh;
He starts—his hands to heaven are wildly toss'd
In the *mad thought* of power and glory lost.

Then sank he down and lowly bent his head—
And that old man had conquering armies led;
The might of princes had he often broke,
And seen proud kings receive the servile yoke.
And now, mayhap, his fancy wandering fled,
And spoke to him like spirit from the dead;
Painted those scenes of glorious by-gone days,
When first Ambition woke by Scipio's praise;
How he had gained, beneath Numantia's walls,
A high proud name; then roused the Tribune halls,
And told to eager listening crowds around,
Who heard his words in breathless silence bound,
That birth *patrician* by a chance was given,
But *worth* made the nobility of heaven;
And then, like sunbeam through the morning haze,
He saw his star arise, and, in its zenith-blaze,
Shine fiercely forth;—a smile passed o'er his brow;
In bitterness he smiled—*What was he now?*

O Marius! fortune's once too-favoured child,
Ruled by thy passions—those so fiercely wild!

The scene was silent all; how changed from those
Through which proud Marius a victor rose.
Where was the tented camp, on Alpine side,
That check'd the bold barbarians in their pride?
Who, poured from distant, dark, and northern lands,
Sought soft Italia's fair and sunny sands.
Where is the sword's clash, or the loud war-cry,
Sweet unto him as music from the sky?
Where is the rider and his rushing steed
To strike for Rome, and save her in her need?
He starts—whence came that peal upon his ear?
Did he not, then, the shout of victory hear?
And, oh! how sweet arose that scene all bright,
When spoils were gathered from the place of fight,—
When, crowned with laurel, and in purple clad,
Hailed their defender by his soldiers glad,—
He raised unto the gods his hands in prayer,
And gave to them all the rich spoil was there;
Then named First Consul 'midst the clash of arms—
O scene of rapturous hope, of brilliant charms!
Why fled ye thus from his now darkening sight,
Like gods who from this earth high wing their flight,
And, bright'ning heaven no longer, leave it night?
Why leave him thus alone on that wild ground,
With nought but vengeful spirits hovering round?

But, oh, how chequer'd is this human life!
Now smiling peace, now mixed in stormy strife:
One moment soaring in an upward sky,
Dazzling and proud to every watching eye;
And then, like fallen star, from heaven cast,
Your glittering and your glory all are past.
So Marius found. And he whose bold, stern voice
Bid Rome's proud nobles fear—her crowds rejoice;
He for whom once the crowded forum rung,
For whom the priests their pæans once had sung,
And tribes had followed his spoil-dressed car,
When he had triumphed from the finished war;
And Tiber's banks had echoed to their cheer,
For he had freed each trembling heart from fear;
He sat alone, an exile from *his* Rome,
From friends, from glory, country, and his home;
'Midst piles of dark and half-burnt ruins thrown,
Wearied, companionless, he sat alone.
And near him was the spot where flames once rose,
While Carthaginians, dying, scorned their foes;
Where that proud Woman,* 'midst the ruins piled,
Snatched the sweet opening life from her young child;
And, scornful pointing where the *Coward*† stood,
Who for his country feared to shed his blood,
Leaped down amidst the fiercely rising flame,
Lost a poor fleeting life, but saved a name.

And here Amilcar's son, Rome's sworn foe,
Had gathered mighty hosts for It'ly's wo;
And here, upon his native fatherland,
Had taken his last bold but fruitless stand.
Perchance his spirit might be hovering near,
Joyful a Roman should such misery share.
Romans how falsely, falsely then called brave,
Who ne'er a bold though generous foe forgave;
But with vindictive ire did track his path,
And rested only at the conqueror's death.

O heavens! that Britons too should bear that shame,
That such disgrace should be their nation's blame;
That, when her hardy sons, in the dark thundering fight,
Had fearless stood, and broke the conqueror's might;
When he upon a generous foe relied,
And trusted, ah! how vain, to Britain's pride,
That they forgot their name, and basely gave
Helena's rock to be *Napoleon's grave!*

But who the wild, the burning thoughts could tell,
That wound round Marius with a wizard's spell;
That swept from view the darkness of the past,
And bade the star of Hope shine forth at last;
Told him that vengeance, vengeance would be his?
That thought to his dark soul was more than bliss.
See the clenched hand, the fiercely darting eye,
As fancy paints the piles of carnage nigh;
And, as fresh victims swell the heaps of slain,
Pale Pity pleading at his side in vain.
Revenge, revenge, was still his frantic cry:
He grieved that Marius' foes could *only* die.

O Man! in every clime, in every age,
The victim tame of some fell tyrant's rage!
Why do the millions, with a listless ear,
Still hear the woes their fellow-men must bear,
And not with one loud, universal cry,
Bid Freedom live, though every Tyrant die?

But, hark! that step, who is it dares intrude
Upon the fallen chieftain's solitude?
It was the servant of ingratitude.
Like lightning, bursting from the frowning sky,
Was the fierce fire that shone in Marius' eye:
"Go tell," he sternly said, "that Marius sits alone
Amidst wild Carthage' ruins and his own."

T. R. T.

* Asdrubal's wife. † Asdrubal.

THE MOVEMENT; AN IMITATION OF BERANGER.

AIR.—"*Allez voir à Saint Cloud.*"

Britain's now astir all over,
All complaining, and conspiring;
And, from John o' Groats to Dover,
Demagogues all hearts are firing.
Ask you—Whence hath come the storm?
All is owing to Reform.
If the people rage and fume,
'Tis the fault of Henry Brougham!

"Whigs! you give not half enough—
All '*soft sawder*,' words, profession:
Let's have men of sterner stuff:
All a circle your progression."
Such the hints with which they bore 'em;
All, all owing to Reform;
When they cry—"Make room! Make room!"
'Tis the fault of Henry Brougham!

"Education! education!
Free of article and creed.
Agitation! agitation!
Schoolmaster's abroad indeed!"
Ask you—Why all hearts so warm?—
All is owing to Reform.
If politics reach e'en the loom,
'Tis the fault of Henry Brougham!

"Lords and landlords, give us corn!
Free be Trade, and free be Thought;
Think you 't will be longer borne—
God's good gifts lie stored to rot?"
These demands, tho' you deplore 'em,
All are owing to Reform;
Landlords! all your care and gloom
Is the fault of Henry Brougham!

"Ballot! Votes for all the nation!
Members paid! Sederunts shorter!
Commonsense the plea for Station!"
Nought will please them but the Charter!
"Horum omnium malorum
Causa est" this cure'd Reform!
If 'tis Britain's day of doom,
'Tis the fault of Henry Brougham!

U. U.

"THE WORDS OF TRUST."

(*From the German of Schiller.*)

Three words of inward power I speak,
From mouth to mouth they ever fly;
The world for them we vainly seek,
Our hearts alone their home supply;
Man is but vile and worthless dust,
When in these words he loseth trust,

FREEDOM is Man's; he free was made,
Though oft to chain and fetter born.
To other creed be not betray'd
By shouting throngs, or tyrant's scorn!
The slave, when snapped his chain, may scan
With brow erect his fellow man.

VIRTUE is not an empty sound.
In that let Man his course fulfil.
Then, though he stumble, he is found
Attaining to the better still.
Where reason fails, there trusted be
A childlike, calm simplicity.

There is a GOD, whose will sublime
Rules all that on man's earth betides;
Exalted far o'er space and time,
That high intelligence abides!
While all in changing circle sweeps,
One all-eternal will he keeps.

Guard then these words of Power I speak,
From mouth to mouth that ever fly.
Though the world for them in vain ye seek,
Still let your hearts their home supply.
Man ne'er is bereft of his worth, while he
Of a trusting faith in these words can be.

L. F.

THE PILGRIM.

(Schiller.)

When life's spring was yet around me,
Home-and-kindred ties I 'reft;
Sport and dance with youth agreeing,
In my father's house I left.

All my wealth, my earthly portion,
Willingly I threw aside;
Forth with pilgrim-staff I wandered,
Youthful thoughts my only guide.

'Twas a mighty hope impelled me;
Trust, too, mystic words addressed;
"Go! a way is ever open,
To yon bright and glowing East;

When that golden door thou reachest,
When that gate thou enter'st there,
Earthly things shall be like heaven's,
All imperishably fair."

Evening goes, and morning cometh,
Never, never stand I still;
Yet from me is ever hidden
What I seek and what I will.

Mountains rise before my footsteps;
Streams my feet, while wandering, hem:
Mountain-gulfs I pass them over;
Streams, I bridge a path o'er them.

On a river's bank I found me,
To the east 'twas rushing past;
Freely trusting its direction,
In its flood myself I cast.

To a vast and shoreless ocean,
By its current I was brought;
All was void that lay before me,
Nothing nearer that I sought.

Ah! no path will lead me to it.
No! the sky so blue, so clear,
With the outspread earth ne'er toucheth;
And the Far is never Near!

L. F.

THE BOY BY THE STREAM.

(Der Jungling am Bache.)
From the German of Schiller.

Beside a brook a boy was sitting,
Who blossoms in a garland bound;
Soon he saw before him flitting
On the wave the wreath he wound;
And so my days are rushing past;
That stream, like them all restless flows;
And fading is my youth, as fast
As fades the wreath that down it goes.

Ask me not why that I sorrow
O'er the blossom-hours of life!
All enjoy, and all should borrow
Gladness when the spring is rife;
But all the thousand tones that break
From Nature, rising from her sleep,
Within my bosom only wake
Sorrows that are stern and deep.

What profit all delights to me,
That come when spring illumes her star?
One form alone my heart can see,
And that though near, is, oh! how far!
Mine arms I spread, but call in vain,
To clasp her fancy-shadowed form:
That image fair I cannot strain;
Still feels my heart its passion's storm!

Oh! come my fair one! come to me!
Thy castle leave so proud to view!
And spring-born blossoms plucked for thee,
My hand within thy lap shall strew.
Hark! how with songs the valleys sound,
The brook runs brightly by, and fair.
O, come: the hut of narrowest bound
Hath room to lodge a loving pair!

L. F.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Lest our space run short, our next section shall consist of that description of verse which we consider the most suitable to our pages, as it is that which ever comes the most certainly and vividly home to the general heart. In this section, we shall, on the same principle, include a few specimens of simple Scottish songs: these ever please, and they seem to have now no refuge or permanent biding-place, save in our pages.

THE EVENING BELLS.

'Tis Malmaison; and summer breathes
Its balm on all around;
And scented flowers, in wanton wreathes,
With fruits together bound,
And trellised vine and eglantine,
Bedeck the favoured ground.

'Tis summer fair; the leaves are spread
Broad, beautifully green;
'Tis silent eve; and, glowing red,
The west may yet be seen;
There is a sigh throughout the sky,
But not of wo, I ween.

Who in the shade of yon tall trees
Stands thoughtfully alone,
Nor lavish summer round him sees,
Nor that the day is done?
With arms in fold, a figure bold
He seems, of sculptured stone.

'Tis he, the People's King, their choice;
The second Cæsar he!
Who gave to new-born France a voice
Was heard from sea to sea;
Who shook the thrones of despot ones,
Yet Ruler of the Free.

He ponders long. Reflects he now
On Egypt's arid sky;
Or Italy, where first his brow
Was bound by victory?
Does he descry, with prophet eye,
An empire yet to be?

'Tis solemn eve; the village bells
Are tolling to and fro;
And now their mingled music swells,
Now distant 'tis and low;
Anon more clear, it seemeth near—
Now far, and sad, and slow.

His mood is changed. He may not dwell
On glory's bright career;
But, conjured by a newer spell,
Let other scenes appear!
Another time; an earlier chime
Has risen on his ear.

The scenes of youth before him pass:
The bower upon the hill,
The sea below—a sea of glass—
The evening calm and still;
'Mid hill-paths wild, the island child,
He wanders at his will.

He bares his brow; a tear is shed,
A tear that may not stay;
The night-winds moan, the light is sped,
The dew is on the spray;
The bells are hushed, the tear is brushed;
He sternly stalks away.

G.

REFLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON AT ST HELENA.

Flown are the days—alas! for ever flown,
Which saw me reign supreme in mighty France;
The noble warriors who around me shone
Shall draw the sword no more, nor hurl the lance;
Fate has decreed that they a glorious death should die,
But for Napoleon, nought but abject slavery.

Where is my kingdom? where my subjects, lands,
For which I oft have fought, nor fought in vain?
All, all, are lost; and barbarous northern bands
Have revell'd in fair France's fertile plain.
Where are my generals? Ney, "the bravest of the brave,"
They say has met a traitor's death, a traitor's grave.

Cursed is the hour when first Ambition stirred
My mind to deeds which cannot be undone;
If, when with Fortune crowned, I had not erred,
The diadem had *graced* my victories won;
Then had my name been honour'd, as when, first unfurl'd,
Freedom's proud banner gleam'd o'er the astonished world!

But for the dead I mourn. O Josephine!
You, whom I fondly loved in happier days,
How deeply have I wronged! yet thou hast seen
That this fond heart around thy image plays.
Truce to the past! henceforth shall unborn ages all
Think o'er Napoleon's rise, his progress, and his fall!

DEMOSTHENES ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.*

My daughter! thou wert dear unto my eye;
My very jewel! guarded by these arms;
My precious flower! zephyred by smile and sigh;
My stay on earth! my casket full of charms.

And thou art gone. But on thy father's brow,
Where sorrow deep doth sit, a smile must beam,
As radiant as Apollo's burnished bow,
As gay as sunlight quivering o'er the stream.

That tongue that should in groans salute the air,
Must vibrate with an eloquence divine;
The voice that 's palsied now with grief and care,
Must vie in music with the choral Nine.

My foes will say, "No grief doth moist his eye;
No sorrows wring his breast, nor pierce his heart."
The orator will point the poisoned lie,
And cast the torture of the verbal dart.

For, Phillip, thou art dead; and I will rise
And call the slumbering citizens to arms;
My voice shall hurl the thunder of the skies;
My tongue shall banish fear and quell alarms.

Inspired by me, the Athenian's eye shall glow,
His arms shall grasp the spear, the warlike shield;
And nerved by me descend the ensanguined blow,
That lays the tyrant on the battle field.

My private griefs concealed, my country's weal
Stands foremost in my thoughts! * *
* * * * * *

X. Y. Z.

A ROYAL DEATHBED.

A curious circumstance occurred whilst the Queen [Caroline] was on her death-bed. The night, or rather the morning, on which she expired, a boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken a peculiar interest in her fate. They were praying for her and singing hymns, as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and, at the same moment, a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body.—*Diary of the Times of George IV., &c.*

In cælo quies.

THE RIVER.

A bark is o'er its waters going,
Bearing men of solemn mien,
Who ever, to their measur'd rowing,
Shoreward send a holy strain:
"Dust to dust—but death to life;
Sorrow passes not the grave;
Wearied woman, widow'd wife,
Hear ye words that, blessing, save."

THE PALACE.

Within its walls, all sadly sighing,
Mourning men and maidens stand;
And, wearied, watch where one is lying,
Smote to death by kingly hand.
Damps her forehead pale are steeping;
Dark'ning earth-lights may not stay;
Slowly, surely, death is creeping,
Midst *that* pomp, upon *his* prey.

THE RIVER.

Yet that song of hope is pealing
O'er the water's silent wave—
Beneath yon roof, its echo stealing,
Bearing "*words that, blessing, save:*"
"O come to me, ye heavy laden,
Stricken sinner, wearied, rest;
Where the wicked cease upbraiding,—
Still, oh, still, thy throbing breast."

THE PALACE.

Nearer yet; those words are straying
Up the purple couch of death;
Stranger joys her lip o'erplaying,
Tell of bliss in parting breath.
Hark! the night-wind wide is throwing
Door and casement—lights are fled.
The strain of hope in distance flowing;
The listeners look—*their Queen is dead!*

S. F. M.

THE DEATH-BED OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

Hark! a sound of wo is pealing,
Mingling with the evening sighs,
As the dying day is stealing
Down the western skies:
It is the knell of ruined innocence
Crushed, like the blighted flower!—
Melting the hardest heart's impenitence,
It lingers near yon royal tower,
And, in a flood of sympathetic tears, it dies.

Lo! beneath yon gilded dome,
Glittering as in mockery,
Harbingers of death have come
To the cry of misery!
For the royal heart is sinking fast,
Down dashed by the decree
Of *him* who woo'd her ere her youth had passed—
Plighting a love on bended knee—
While all the nation joyed at his felicity!

* These lines, it will be obvious to the English reader, have an indirect meaning to which we need not refer.—*E.T.M.*

* In a notice of the work containing this passage, we remarked that the scene afforded an impressive subject for lyric poetry. We have since received, among others, the present copies of verses; which may be fitly inscribed to the anonymous author of TIMON.—*E.T.M.*

Ah! that dream did flit away,
Like the pageant of a cloud
Gilding the last hour of day,
Ending in funereal shroud!
THUS declined the wreck of hopes too bright!
And came the final agony
That heralds nature to the realms of light,
Alike from rags and majesty,
Comes with a whirlwind blast, horrific, ghastly, loud!

Dread the tempest screams afar,
Coming with the lightning speed
On its lurid fire-winged car,
And its thunder-bearing steed.
Tower and battlements, trembling, groaning,
Reel in the dreadful knell,
Mingling their dirge of Death,—bemoaning
Woes too deep for lips to tell:
THE QUEEN IS DEAD! Now sing the requiem, the prayers read!

Swathe the brow and close the eyes,
Scatter pansies round the dead,
Raise the hands unto the skies
In supplication hallowed.
Humble Death craves thy forgiveness!—Hard,
Hard must be the cruel heart
That for wo like hers hath no regard;
But back recoils, loath to impart
The tribute of a tear, Humanity's award!

The following verses have lain, like many other precious fragments, in our repositories for several years. We were unwilling to destroy them, and doubtful of the propriety of being the first to pay the "meed of one melodious tear" to him who had so many nearer, and, let us hope, not yet forgotten claims upon other poets and other publications.

THE MUSE OF YARROW'S LAMENT FOR THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The lake is still as still can be;
Not a sound is heard 'mid her mountains lonely;
No music floats round her hawthorn tree;—
If sound there is, 'tis the ripple only.

The sun's last rays have brushed the *coom*;
Not a tint is left to mark his setting;
Around, above, below, is gloom;
God speed me home, for I'm *eerie* getting!

Can the spirit tell when a spirit's nigh?
The frame is cold and the flesh is creeping!
Do I seem to hear, or is that a sigh?—
From a cave below breaks a voice of weeping.

The lake was still as still could be;
The mountain slumbered around St Mary;
But now, o'er the lake, moves the wing *sae wee*,
And the eagle, affrighted, has left his eyrie.

And the corbie's flap is the flap of dread,
And he *airts* away to the mirk of heaven;
Why slinks the fox from the cliffs amid?
The snowy breast to the wave is given.

But whence the flight? Does Music scare?
Such tones as these I could list for ever:
Why burst the flocks from their *cozy* lair,
And sweep away like a rushing river?

I stand and gaze like thing of stone;
The magic ties of a spell have bound me:
A maiden sits by the lake alone;
Her melting measures float around me.

'Tis maiden voice. Such thrilling strains!
They die away, yet would ever linger;
A harp is struck; now my ties are chains!
That harp is swept by a maiden finger!

'Tis maiden form; a flash of light
High o'er St Mary's bosom levelled;
And it lit the snow of her skin so white—
'Tis Yarrow's Muse, with her locks dishevelled.

Sad she sat by the watery sheet,
Bent o'er her harp, like a weeping willow;
While the dancing wavelets kissed her feet,
Her tearful eye scanned the slumbering billow.

Each chord she strikes gives note of wo;
A sound like the strain of maiden slighted,
Or the lover's wail o'er hopes laid low;
But, list, there is joy with grief united.

"'Twas thus we sighed, 'twas thus we sung,
And the lightning flashed as now it flashes,
As around our native fount we hung,
Dowie and *wae* for the great in ashes.

"Our fate we knew; the hour was nigh;
Oh! cruel fates, must the Nine be parted?
Soon our last farewell has rent the sky—
Away on the lightning's wing I darted.

"With speed of thought I am borne away;
I have passed where light with darkness blended
Now I sweep the track of lingering day;
My steed is gone and my journey ended.

"I saw thee, Fount of Yarrow old!
Around thee was Phœbus' dying glory,
Like mirror set in frame of gold;
How I loved thy grandeur wild and hoary!

"And, oh! thy Bard! but he is gone:
His harp is silent, in dust he slumbers;
And here I sit by our trysting-stone,
Where first I taught him to lisp in numbers.

"I've wrapped him in my mantle fold,
Away to the Sacred Mount I bore him;
And has he passed as a tale that's told?—
The tears of a nation are blending o'er him.

"But, oh! to tell each joyous time
By the water-kelpies thick escorted,
The wastes we scour and the cliffs we climb,
'Mid the spray of the *Grey Mare's Tail* we sported.

"Then I lit the fire of his kindling eye:
He sees his home is the field of story;
A harp resounds in the palace high—
'THE SHEPHERD' is there in laurelled glory.

"I'll kiss these chords, now moist with tears;
They have rung 'mid the 'Dowie dens o' Yarrow:'
But soon shall they feel the rust of years:—
Unsung by each swain his 'winsome marrow.'"

The song has ceased; the Maid is gone;
O, where has fled my fancy's daughter?
And, hark, that wild and withering tone!
The harp has sunk in the gurgling water.

A YARROW SWAIN.

From Altrive Lake, the Shepherd's deserted home, down the valley to the birthplace of Park, is but a step; yet, were it much farther off, we should not choose to disjoin those distinguished compeers.

LINES

Suggested by the scenery around Foulshiels, on the Yarrow, the Birthplace of Mungo Park, the celebrated African Traveller.

I stood by Newark's turrets dun,
To watch awhile the setting sun
Bathing with hues of calm repose
Tall oak and willow bending,
As in the breeze it fell and rose,
Partly to shade, in part disclose,
The mountain-stream descending.

And crowding thoughts came o'er my mind,
And shadows dim and undefined,

And slumbering dreams revived anew
Of Scotland's ancient story:
Of stalworth spearmen tried and true,
The backmen of the bold Buccleuch
In Border feud and foray.

From tracing up the "stream of time,"
That looms through mists of Border rhyme,
With pensive step I sought the bowers
Where Afric's traveller wandered,
Spending his solitary hours
Amid the brakes and dancing flowers
Where his own streams meandered.

There stood the cot where Park was born,
Its roof decayed, its casements worn;
And hoary hinds delight to tell,
With sighs of manly feeling,
Of lonely pools he loved so well,
When gloamin's dusky curtain fell,
Their dimples half concealing.

For he would sit the livelong day
Watching a prattling brooklet play,
Gazing in varied mood the while.
Unlike all other youths was he;
Yet he was kind and free from guile,
And loved to muse, with tear and smile,
In Nature's silent company.

From these lone haunts, his young delight,
Fleet fancy winged her restless flight,
O'er sounding wave and sullen stream,
Lone Afric's deserts thorough;
To watch, beneath a fierce sunbeam,
The weary, waywern traveller dream
Of his loved native Yarrow.

Ye rustling reeds which round him play,
Scare not that pleasing dream away!
That gentle sigh his breast that swells—
Those transient smiles, are telling
Of visions bright with flowery dells,
And mountains red with heather-bells,
Which guard his native dwelling.

A tribute this to sterling worth;
Adieu, fair spot, that called it forth!
And wheresoe'er my way may lie,
Through valleys broad or narrow,
To soothe the heart or charm the eye,
No future scene can e'er outvie
The sunny holms of Yarrow.

JAMES MURRAY.

Of the following verses we may give the assurance, if it were required, that they are genuine. We tolerate no "idly feigned poetic strain," never so flat and repulsive as when employed on a theme of deep sorrow.

TRIBUTE FROM A SON TO HIS MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

"Fervently did we pray for her of the Lord long life; and the Lord has granted her long life, even for ever and ever."

My mother dead! my mother dead!
And have I lived this sight to see?
Break, bursting heart, rend, aching head,
For thought is agony.
I was not with thee in that hour,
To close thy dove-like eyes;
But thou wert near,
My sister dear,
To pay the last kind offices:
To smooth the brow
That, marbled now,
Cold but unpainëd lies.

Art thou, dear suffering martyr, gone?
Is, then, the mortal struggle past?
Who, who could hear thy stifled moan
And wish that pain to last?
Thy latest hours were peaceful hours,
Calm as an angel's rest;
And when grew dark
The vital spark—
When failed the voice, by death represt—
Thy lips still moved,
With names beloved;
Surely thy dreams were blest.

When weeping friends stood round thy bed,
And watched life's sands ebb slow away,
What glorious visions round thee spread
The realms of endless day?
What seraph hovered o'er thy face,
Unsouled, insensate clay?
What spirit of love
Swept from above
To guide thee on thy radiant way,
When, meek and mild
As sleeping child,
You gently smiled away?

Mother! I almost worshipped thee;
And now, to see thee stretched there,
Oh, it is grief's extremity;
It tries the soul to bear.
See, what a ghastly eloquence
Within those fixed eyes,
That beamed on me
So tenderly,
Even in thy sharpest agonies;
Do they now scan
God's mighty plan
Beyond these cloudless skies?

Affection's pencil vainly limned
Anticipation's golden sky;
And, vainly, Joy her sails had trimmed
For bright futurity.
Unselfish as thou ever wert,
Unselfish were thy dreams;
And 'twas for *us*
Thou ever thus
Didst linger o'er the grateful themes;—
If Pleasure shone,
'Twas instant gone
In fleeting, shadowy gleams.

I heard my grey-haired father cry
In speechless anguish o'er thy bier,
And eyes did weep that had been dry
For many, many a year.
Bitter his grief in those dark hours
When God alone is nigh:
How reason reels
As o'er him steals
Young love's sad memory!
His waking ear
Still starts to hear
Deep sobs of agony.

The sun-flower turns her glowing cheek
To his bright gaze whose name she bears,
And tremulous her graceful neck
Round, sympathetic, wears;
But when the Day-God sinks into
The chambers of the glowing west,
Soon as he sets,
The flower forgets—
Not proof *her* love to absence' test:
In darkest night,
Or sunshine bright,
I see *thy* image blest.

The needle points unerringly,
Through long, long ages constant yet,
To where, mined in infinity,
Its guiding star is set.
Tho' twice ten thousand miles attest
Its distance vast, profound,
The tiny bar
Turns to the star,
As surely as the sun moves round;
So, time and space
Can ne'er efface
The feelings *here* enthroned.

Few have I loved; few have loved me;
My rugged spirit bent to none;
But thou didst *feel* how fervently
I clung to thee alone.
Few would I seek to share my griefs
If, mother! thou wert nigh.
Ah! little known
Till thou wert gone.
When did *thy* tale swell scandal's cry?
Were all like thee,
This world would be
One happy family.

Oh, early wed and early dead,
Thou pole-star of my bleeding heart,
Now, would to God that I were laid
Where lowlily thou art!
If not, O might I but embalm
Thy blessed memory;
Then would I claim
To steep thy name
In mortal immortality.
In vain, in vain,
This feeble strain
Like thee must fade and die.

T. C. L.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Sorrow hath laid its hand on thee,
Lone mourner of the dead:
And blanch'd the glow upon thy cheek,
And bow'd thy stricken head:
There is a wildness in thy glance,
A look of mute despair,
That telleth more than word or sigh,
What cause for grief lies there.

Widow! thine is no common wo,
That briefly doth subdue
The young soul's buoyant happiness,
With thoughts of sadd'ning hue:
No transient pains that help to heal
The anguish they impart,
But one that gathers strength with time,
The crushing of a heart.

Oh, what a world of hopes lies hears'd
Within that quiet grave;
That woke, to sleep for ever, like
The ebbing of the wave!
No sooner form'd than wither'd by
The lightning glance of death;
In all the sweetness of their birth,
Ere yet they scarce had breath.

Pale mourner! it is sad to think
That thou should'st bear alone
The burden of that stern regret,
For him, whose spirit's flown;
But who could weep for him like thee
Whose interchange of love
Was moulded, not for earthly bliss,
But holier joys above?

So young, too, and so beautiful,
Thus slow to pine away!
A star o'ershadow'd by a cloud,
A lily in decay.
It seems as though some hand had loosed
The bird and set it free,
Well knowing to the same far home
The mate would ere long flee!

Bereav'd one! thou hast neared that bourne
Where hope becomes divine:
Earth claims those sable weeds, but Heav'n
That broken heart of thine,
Whose tender chords have given way,
Yet tremulous cling on,
To breathe its sorrows o'er the spot
From whence the loved hath gone!

W. J.

AULD LANGSYNE.

From Mrs M., in London, to Mrs M'., in Scotland.

O, do you remember how many years
It is since we were married,
And what a lingering lapse of years
From my own dear land I've tarried?
How many summer suns have rolled,
Since we roamed the hills together,
And climbed the rocks, to deck our locks
With the wild flower of the heather?

Ah, do you not often, in thought, dear lady,
Look back to those happy days
When you sketched the living landscape round,
And I warbled old Scotia's lays?
While a brighter world was us within
Than painter ever knew;
Where gushes of song were floating along,
Under skies of Elysian blue.

You remember our rambles in summer-time,
Our seats by the winter fire;
Our fancies that ever were roving, lady,
And our talk that never could tire:
And the pleasant schemes we drew of life,
So full of bliss, and so fair,
That the joys of all, on this earthly ball,
Were to fall to our single share.

And now that I've lived, for years and years,
In these busy haunts of men,
My heart dies within me unless I can breathe
The free air of those hills again;
And I wish my children in childhood to stand,
On the spots where their fathers bled;
In a land where religious freedom has been
Bequeathed by the mighty dead.

I wish their young hearts to feel in its power,
While the first flush of youth is there,
The solemn calm of those lonely vales
Whence rose their fathers' prayer,
In times when the tranquil morning hymn
Was yet lingering those rocks among,
When war's alarms and the rush of arms
Succeeded the holy song.

And there is a mountain-dwelling,
By its porch a rude carved seat,
And the grass around was worn and bare
By the tread of childish feet.
There are surely some echoes of voices
Still to those old walls clinging;
And when I come to my childhood's home,
I shall hear my childhood's singing.

And there is a mountain chapel;
And, close by, where its shadow is thrown,
Is a grass-grown grave, whose memorial
Is its simple, low, white stone.
There the sunshine warmed, and the breezes stirred
The long grass I trod years ago;
Now my mother sleeps where the sunbeam creeps
And the soft winds of heaven blow.

And now, though my hair is changing
Since I last on those grey hills stood,
Though the days of my youth have glided away
To maturest womanhood,
The wish to visit those scenes again,
Has become an impassioned feeling;
And my spirit springs, on expectant wings,
To meet Old Time's revealing.

And shall I find you the same, dear lady,
Unaltered in all save years?
And yet, those fair and Hebe cheeks
Must have known the touch of tears;
And the eyes that rivalled heaven,
In the tint of their blue, and in gladness,
Must they sadly own they have often known
The weight and the dimness of sadness?

No matter! thy cheek, though dim it may be,
Will still look blooming to me:
And thy eyes, fond welcome may well replace
Their glorious brilliancy.
But we'll look in each other's souls, dear lady,
And Time's touch shall be unheeded,
If every day he had stolen away
Some charm, as he onward speeded.

And, oh, our youth will come back again,
When next we roam those hills;
And catch the freshness of mountain winds,
And the gladness of mountain rills;
While our spirits joy in the freedom
That hangs o'er our mountain land;
Whose mighty hills stand like sentinels
Stationed by God's own hand. S.

SCOTTISH SONGS.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

O mine ain countrie, mine ain countrie,
Like the bird to its nest hae I flown to thee,
To meet the warm heart and the open hand,
On the heathery hills o' my native land.

How I langed for my hame on shore and on sea,
For the lintie's sweet sang and my Mary's e'e!
Thy green hills and glens, thy cliffs and bright streams
Were my daily thoughts and my nightly dreams.

How I langed, too, to chase, at the breaking o' day,
The wild-eyed stag on the misty brae;
Wi' my Mary to roam ower gowany lee,
Heart beating to heart, e'e speaking to e'e.

I've been lang, lang awa, but my heart's no turned cauld,
And memory remains though the passions are auld;
Before me comes youth, fresh as blossoms in spring,
Wi' nae chilness to poison the fragrance they fling.

I see the quiet kirk, where each Sabbath day,
Wi' the ear to hear and the heart to pray,
I feared or I hoped, as the blessing or ban
Came forth frae the lips o' the holy man.

But my faither's hame—Oh, where is it noo?
Where a' the dear faces I ever did lo'e?
The curling smoke comes nae mair frae the lum,
The beauties are dead, and the voices are dumb.

They're a' gane awa like leaves frae the tree;
Some sleep 'neath the grass, some sleep 'neath the sea;
Yet if bless'd are the blameless, as surely they're blest:
They'll a' meet again in the dwelling o' rest.

R. G.

The next Scottish song, and that which immediately follows, come, for our Feast, from London. The argument employed by the unknown writer for their insertion, we have found perfectly irresistible; who could resist even the shadow of such "*a power o' gude*" as he assures the sight of the object of his inspiration would do "the visual organs of our Editorial Worship?" No imaginary goddess is "the Flower o' the Ewes," but "a *bona fide*, real flesh-and-blood, weel-faured, sonsie Scotch lassie," as we verily believe; admiring her just as much the more as substance excels shadow.

THE GLOAMIN' STAR.

The partin' rays o' Phœbus are lingerin' in the sky,
An' mute each warbling sangster, an' hushed their hymn o' joy;
But I maun haste awa, for the tryst was set yestreen,
To meet my bonnie lassie, when the gloamin' star is seen.
When the gloamin' star is seen,
When the gloamin' star is seen,
An' I'll meet my bonnie lassie
When the gloamin' star is seen.

Sin' e'er I was a laddie, an' following the plough,
I hae warselled sair wi' Fortune, this weary warl' thro';
But what lichtens a' my toil, is the happy hour at e'en,
The hour I meet my lassie, when the gloamin' star is seen.
When the gloamin' star is seen, &c.

Awa ye haughty nobles, wha deem sic pleasures sma'!
They're joys whilk never enter your lordly hame or ha';
But the hallowed lowe o' love, in its purest form, is seen
When the ploughman meets his lassie 'neath the gloamin' star at e'en.
When the ploughman meets, &c.

Oh, I'll never envy riches, though toilin' at the plough:
There's *flowers* alang the peasant's path *e'en kings might stoop to pu'*;
An' the joy o' joys to me, is a cannie hour, unseen,
To meet my ain kind lassie, 'neath the gloamin' star, at e'en.
'Neath the gloamin' star at e'en, &c.

Shine on thou twinklin' sternie! I see thy gladsome ray:
Ye tell a tale o' love to me nae tongue could ever say,
For yonder comes my lassie, in beauty like a queen;
Oh, I'll clasp her to my bosom, 'neath the gloamin' star at e'en.
'Neath the gloamin' star at e'en,
'Neath the gloamin' star at e'en;
Oh, I'll clasp her to my bosom,
'Neath the gloamin' star at e'en.

W. G.

THE FLOWER O' THE EWES.*

Song.

The maidens are fair where the Tweed, gently flowin',
Glides smoothly alang thro' the wood-skirted dales;
An' fair are the lasses, where, gracefully rowin',
The bends of sweet Teviot her beauty unveils:
Handsome they may be, gay, lightsome, an' airy,
Or sweet as the primrose o' May bathed in dews;
But the Tweed or the Teviot hae none to compare wi'
My charmin' sweet lassie, the Flower o' the Ewes.

She's handsome, yet modest, in maidenly splendour,
As the violet that grows by her ain native stream;
An' aye sin' the rapturous moment I kenn'd her,
My days hae fled o'er me as passed in a dream.
What ance gae me joy, now can yield me nae pleasure—
I carelessly wander an' thoughtfully muse,
Absorbed in the thought o' my heart's dearest treasure,
My charmin' sweet lassie, the Flower o' the Ewes.

Your roses are bonny, which art gaily dresses,
In low sunny valley, or sweet shaded bower;
But their hues are outrivalled, for Phœbus confesses
He never shed light on a lovelier flower.
Then bloom on, lovely flowret, bloom on in thy beauty,
An' lang may thy charms rich fragrance diffuse!
Aye calm be thy sky, may nae angry wind flout thee,
Or blight thy young blossom, sweet Flower o' the Ewes!

Our next specimens of Scottish song are the production of a west-country artisan, and assuredly not for that the less welcome. Without such guests, we should consider that our literary banquet fell far short of one main object for which it was instituted.

KENMUIR BANK.

AIR—"*Bonny Doon.*"

On Kenmuir bank the bluebell blooms,
The modest violet shuns the e'e,
The blackbird chants his sweetest strains,
While wandering echoes mock his glee;
The fitful swallow skims the stream,
Or wantons lightly o'er the dell;
While murmuring Clutha's lingering streams
Seem wae to bid the scene farewell.

* Ewes, a stream in the northern part of Dumfriesshire.

Then come wi' me, my Jeanie dear,
Where countless wildflowers sweetly blaw;
Thy gentle sel' the fairest flower
That ever bloomed by Kenmuir shaw.
I see the harebell in thy e'e,
The primrose in thy modest air,
The rosebud on thy glowing cheek,
The broombush in thy gowden hair.

You promised me your lily hand
Beneath yon milkwhite hawthorn's shade;
And ilka wildflower blooming there
Bare witness to the vows you made.
Then come wi' me, my Jeanie dear,
Where Calder's streams with Clutha's join;
Their mingled waters smoothly flow,
Sae shall our lives when thou art mine.

H. M.

JEANIE BAIRD.

AIR—"*The lassie I loe best of a'.*"

The wildbirds are chanting fu' cheerie,
The wildflowers bloom sweet o'er the lea;
And Simmer's sweet breeze, saftly blawing,
Seems laden wi' fragrance and glee.
But what are thy beauties, O Simmer!
How tame are thy charms when compared
Wi' hers, the delight of my bosom,
The flower of the Clyde, Jeanie Baird.

Yon birch tree that droops o'er the streamlet,
Yon foxglove, sae stately and fair,
Are emblems of sweet modest beauty,
And mind me of her winning air.
For, oh, she is modest and lovely,
Her heart it is faithfu' and kind;
And aye her blue eyes, as they sparkle,
Reveal the bright charms of her mind.

To fortune and fame I'm a stranger,
A life of hard labour is mine;
Yet, blest wi' the smiles of my lassie,
At hardships I never repine.
And though the vast wealth of the Indies
Were mine—if it couldna be shared
Wi' her, the delight of my bosom,
I'd scorn it for sweet Jeanie Baird.

H. M.

Our next lyric is certainly not Scottish; but so greatly do we admire the lively humour of the *Tricksy*, not *Tricky* eye, that we are resolved to have it in, and, for fear of missing another opportunity, now lug it forward.

THE TRICKSY EYE.

Song.

In sooth she has a tricksy eye,
And a devil within it is lurking;
And a frolicsome sprite, both day and night,
His mischief there is working:
In sooth a devil is lurking there;—
Beware! O, beware!

She will lead you about in an endless route,
And with sweet wiles deceive you;
She will Will-o'-the-Wisp you far and near,
And in a bog she'll leave you:
Her smile is a bait, and her look is a snare;—
Beware! O, beware!

In sooth she has a tricksy eye,
It haunts me like a spirit;
It dances round me night and day—
I love it while I fear it;
If a devil she be, she is wondrous fair;—
Beware! O, beware!

I may bury me deep in Latin and Greek,
Remote from vulgar people;
I may sackcloth wear in sheer despair,
And live, like the saint, in a steeple;
But still her wiles pursue me there;—
Beware! O, beware!

An army of Pucks, a fairy host,
Obeys at her commanding;
They tickle my five good wits away,
They pinch my understanding:
When Oberon's horn soft startles the air;—
Beware! O, beware!

In sooth the maid is a holy text,
But the devil has written the comment;
The siren song to delight is strong,
But sinks thy bark on the moment:
The wiles of the lovely, the lures of the fair;—
Beware! O, beware!

J. S. B.

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

EVENING.

Ding-dong, the day 's declining,
In the west mild ev'ning glows;
On her own green couch, reclining,
Slumbers the folded rose.

Ding-dong, the day 's declining;
Silver dews begin to fall;
Crimson shadows 'round are deep'ning—
Deeper yet—they shadow all.

See, afar, the moon careering,
Yielding stars to her give place;
In yonder placid lake appearing,
Brightly shines her gentle face.

List, the robin's plaintive ditty;
Perch'd on yonder blossom'd sloe,
He sings of love, of wo, and pity—
Pity, love, and wo.

Over mountain, mead, and heather,
Tinkles faint the shepherd's bell;
His vagrant flock the careful wether
Leads to fold in wooded dell.

Homeward hies the rustic, weary;
Echoes sweet the milkmaid's song,—
Glad his heart, and, whistling cheery,
Native notes the strains prolong.

Now the cottage hearth is blazing;
The Pilgrim opes the latched door;
Children shrink from him amazing;
Food he craves, and rush-spread floor.

Holy Nature! thou dost ever
Watchful guard thy helpless brood;
Taught by thee, the wild-winged plover
Brings its young their evening food.

Round the barn the tame fowls cluster,
Cackling, quacking, crowing shrill;
Discordant rank the plumag'd muster,
Raw recruits at their first drill.

The hush'd winds sleep, the song birds rest;
Still'd is the murmur of the rill,
Save, where transpiercing its smooth breast,
The maiden dips her can to fill.

Now all is balm, this happy hour,
Peace reigns above, below, around;
The old bell in the distant tower
Is all that tells of living sound.

Ding-dong, the day 's declining,
In the west mild ev'ning glows;
On her own green couch reclining,
Slumbers the folded rose.

Ding-dong, the day 's declining,
Silver dews begin to fall;
Crimson shadows 'round are deep'ning—
Deeper yet—they shadow all.

J. F. D.

TO THE IVY.

Climber of ancient towers,
Twiner of shady bowers,
Indulgent ease or lone seclusion rears;
I love the darksome shade
Thy wandering boughs have made,
Where'er in lonely grace thy polished foliage peers.

I ne'er could see thee furl
Thy leaves in amorous curl
Around the antique monarch of the wood,
But Fancy's warmest feeling
Would through my breast be stealing,
And leave my soften'd spirit in a wild poetic mood.

I ne'er could see thee strewing
Thy robes o'er some old ruin,
Whose crumbling walls were shaking in the blast,
But airy forms would rise
And flit before mine eyes,
The while I gazed on scenes long buried in the past.

I ne'er could see thee smile
On some low *sacred* pile,
With tower half hid beneath thy clustering spray,
But hallowed thoughts would roll
Their current through my soul
And bear me on their wave in ecstasy away.

'Tis fit that thou should'st be
The crown of poesy,
Since, bright and green, thy chaplet will not fade,
And like the poet's lay,
When halls and towers decay,
Thou flingest round their ruins thy green protecting shade.

C. P.

THE TENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

Exodus xii., 29, 30.

The sun went down on Egypt's land of pride:
No moon arose to light the dismal sky:
The wrath of God was brooding o'er the tide,
Whose black, slow waters murmured heavily.

Night reigns in densest majesty, save where
A few faint glimmerings point with feeble ray
Where Israel's sons their solemn feast prepare,
With eyes that watch and trembling hearts that pray.

The monarch slumbers in his gorgeous hall,
Above him waves a lofty canopy;
Slumber has bound his iron heart in thrall,
And quenched the lightning of his scornful eye.

Is it the wind that waves the banner wide?
Angel of Death, it is thy sweeping wing!
Dream on, proud King, thy fleeting dream of pride,
A fearful sight shall meet thy wakening!

Hark, how it grows upon the startled air,
A wailing sound, a murmur, faint and low,
Now, swelling into wild and strong despair,
It bursts—a cry of darkest, deepest wo!

Mothers of Egypt! bow your heads and weep!
Weep for your weight of misery and ill!
A thousand eyes are hushed in death's long sleep,
A thousand youthful hearts are cold and still!

And thou, stern monarch, bow beneath the rod,
With deep submission and repentance, bow!
The hand that smites thee is the hand of God,
And who may ask of Him "What doest thou?"

Thy first born son is lifeless at thy side;
Death weighs upon thy land, from shore to shore.
What, in Jehovah's sight, is human pride?
Turn from thy sins, and tempt his wrath no more!

INEZ.

STANZAS TO SHAKSPEARE.

WHO can impart new brilliancy
To heaven's etherial bow;
Or teach the lustrous orbs on high
To shed a richer glow?
Or doth that wondrous being breathe
Can brighten that perennial wreath
Which circles Shakspeare's brow?
Ah! no—that coronal sublime,
Unchangeable, shall bloom until the end of time.

Ten thousand mighty rivers rush
Impetuous to the sea;
But cannot alter nor augment.
Its vast immensity!
So countless millions of thy kind,
When musing on thy master-mind,
Have almost bent the knee,
In homage to thy deathless name;
But congregated man can ne'er enhance thy fame.

Humanity's united power
And skill were all in vain,
To build a fitting tomb for thee:—
The tower on Shinar's plain,
Piled on St Helen's rifted cone,
'Midst ocean's everlasting moan,
Were all too mean a fane;
Thou hast indeed a nobler shrine;
The ponderous globe itself is thine—for ever thine!

The hurricane's resistless force,
The ocean's awful roar,
That rocked the ark, when floating on
A sea without a shore,
Are unimpaired in strength and tone,
Though o'er the crest of Time have flown
Four thousand years and more!
And thus thy fame shall ever be,
Till hoary Time shall blend with dread Eternity.

DAVID VEDDER.

A PICTURE.—THE WAYSIDE INN.

Suggested by a beautiful Painting by Creswick.

Pleasantly nestling 'mid the green of trees
That fling a shadowy coolness all around,
Winning a stay, the Wayside Inn is found
By weary travellers longing for an ease—
A rest for jaded limbs. The luxuries
Of breezy shade, and "brown October," chill
As rapid waters rushing from a hill,
Detain the tired wayfarers one sees
Chatting and gossiping in companies
In the green lane, around the hostel door,
Loitering and lingering, loath to journey more.
Charming abode! in fairest greenery!
Graceful and tall, a brotherhood of trees,
Handing the blue smoke sweetly to the sky.

W. H.

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

'Mid nobly-rising structures, proudly wrought,
The Athenæum draws the admiring gaze;
Whose classic name recalls, to musing thought,
August Athena, in her palmy days.
Learning's loved seat! There Science shed its rays,
And Arts arose, and Virtue, Valour shone:
There woke the Muse her high heroic lays,
Freedom and Arms their glorious triumphs won,
And Victory's magic words were "Greece and Marathon!"

Hail, Athenæum! we thy rising greet,
Diffusing light and knowledge! Graceful there
Shall Orators their listening audience treat,
And spread the feast of intellectual fare:
Various the dainties, culled with choicest care,
The Arts, the Drama, Literature refined,
Sculpture, Design, and Architecture fair;
Stars, Flowers, and Gems—Creation's charms combined—
Themes that engage, enrich, and elevate the mind.

The sister arts may here their powers display:
Sweet POESY! the nymph of elder time,
With placid mien, in many-hued array,
Majestic, simple. PAINTING! chaste, sublime,

Fair daughter of a brighter age and clime!
Whose glowing tints with mimic life inspire,
Embodying themes of high historic rhyme.
And MUSIC! "heavenly maid," with Grecian lyre,
That soothes the lover's wo, and wakes the warrior's fire!

The Theatre, where eloquence o'erflows;
The Library, where sages pore; the stall,
For deep discussion, news, and monthly prose;
The chess and coffee rooms; the pillared hall,
For concert, banquet, festival, and ball;
The ladies' green-room; the gymnasium space,
Are, Athenæum! thine, in grandeur all.
Long may it flourish! its chief charm and grace,
The genius, youth, and beauty of my native place!

Loved haunt! like Athens or proud Tyre, thou art
In worldly pomp exalted to the skies!
Thy merchants are as princes, and thy mart
The nations. Learned in arts and science, wise:
Thine are wealth, genius, taste, the social joys;
All that life charms, of elegance and use;
In thee domes, temples, columns, statues rise!
Thou, rich in commerce, in thy gifts profuse,
Could'st thou not, worth our praise, one living bard produce?

Fair fabric! there thy gentle ones repair,
From mart or 'change, when lits the evening star,
The glee, the dance, the lecture-course to share,
Or take, at ease, their coffee and cigar;
Secure from foes, with none their mirth to mar.
Thine be the joys of Peace! be War's fell brand,
From the Athenæum and dear Albion far!
Long may the throne, our fanes, and altars stand,
And loved VICTORIA reign Queen-Lady of our land!

K.

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

I am here from the north, the frozen north,
'Tis a thousand leagues away;
And left, as I came from my cavern forth,
The streaming lights at play.

From the deep sea's verge to the zenith high,
At one vast leap they flew,
And kindled a blaze in the midnight sky,
O'er the glittering icebergs blue.

The frolicsome waves they shouted to me,
As I swept their thousands past:
"Where are the chains can fetter the sea?"
But I bound the beasters fast.

In their pride of strength, the pine-trees tall,
Of my coming took no heed;
But I bowed the proudest of them all,
As if it had been a reed.

I found the tops of the mountains bare,
And gave them a crown of snow;
And roused the hungry wolf from his lair,
To hunt the Esquimaux.

I saw where lay, in the forest spent,
The fire of the embers white;
And I breathed on the lordly element,
And nursed it into might.

It floateth amain my banner red,
With a proud and lurid glare;
And the fir-clad hills, as torches dread,
Flame in the wintry air.

O'er valley and hill and moor, I range;
And, as I sweep along,
Gather all sounds that are wild and strange,
And mingle them in my song.

My voice hath been uttered everywhere,
And the sign of my presence seen;
But the eye of man the form I wear
Hath never beheld, I ween!

F. H. E.

THREE TREASURES.

When eyes meet eyes, and sighs return
From many an aching heart;
And in those eyes we oft perceive
What words can ne'er impart:
When soft emotions fill the breast
That prudence would conceal,
While tender looks and lovely smiles
Betray the mute appeal:

And when a kind, engaging mien
Inspires us with delight;
And dear affections, based on faith,
With gratitude unite
To form that pure attachment, found
Unchanged through grief or joy,
That interest doth not support
Nor poverty destroy:

While virtues and superior powers
That sentiment can claim,
The stamp of worth, the tribute paid
To honour's noble name!
Hail! glorious treasures of the soul,
Where'er ye reign supreme;
Thrice precious, held by faith secure—
LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, and ESTEEM.

JAMES.

TO THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Thou all-pervading essence of all things!
Thy name, O Love! I'll celebrate in song,
In praise of thee I'll dare to touch the strings
Which charmed in Sappho's hand the wond'ring throng,
And warmed them to thy sway; gave place among
Their thoughts to thee, thou God of Love and Light!
We homage pay to thy immortal might.

E'en while a boy I saw thy power displayed
In nature's works. All things to me did seem
Instinct with holiest love, as if all made
In one pure mould; and thou the endless theme
Of their undying song. And then I'd dream
I saw thy form of matchless perfectness
Such as no human tongue could e'er express.

Men could not look upon thee if, unclouded,
Thou bared'st thy glory to their mortal sight.
In pity upon them thou hast it shrouded
In human form most fair, that so it might
Shine mildly down, nor with excess of light;
The form is *Fanny's*, which thou did'st prefer,
Enravish'd, I do worship thee in her.

E. T.

SHELLEY.

That hand, which once did wake the poet's lyre
To strains of sweet and magic witchery,
Is powerless now: and quenched the heavenly fire
Which once did animate his spirit high,
And taught it from its mortal coil to fly.
No more he'll soar aloft on fairy wing,
Nor his soft spirit with the mourner sigh;
For now with angels he holds communing
On themes sublimer far than e'er did poet sing.

And thou wast hated and accursed of men,
Thou, gentle spirit, and yet them did bless,
Thy love extended to each denizen
Of earth; nor on them smiled'st thou the less,
Though they blasphemed thy name, made thy distress
Their sport, and mocked when thy wan face
Did look on them. But soon shalt thou possess
A fame coeval with the human race;
For hearts of men shall be thy memory's dwelling-place.

E. T.

As it is customary, after tragedy or even comedy, to wind up with broad farce, we beg to introduce GEORGE AUGUSTUS STUMPS, as the finale of this section.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS STUMPS, BACHELOR.

A man of two score,
(Perhaps less or more,)
And whose "blessed" life
Should be free from strife,
Because he had neither child nor wife,
Once lodged with two maids, stiff-starched old frumps,
And his name was George Augustus Stumps.

But George Augustus Stumps, Esquire,
Wasn't always so happy as his friends could desire,
Being *too* "*pertiklar*," e'en down to the fire;
For he often would vow,
That he ne'er would allow
The poker and shovel,
(Which he'd send to the Devil,)
To stand on one side, or out of the level.

Sometimes he'd declare that all had conspired
To make him unhappy. Of the world he was tired;
And could he but find
A place to his mind,
By cord, or by water, to stop his wind,
He'd go, and be d——d, and leave it behind;
Till at length, one day, he happened to spy
"Lodgings to let;" but the bill was awry,
Which he didn't much like; however, he'd try
Just this *one* place before he'd die.

And this was the way
In which, that day,
He met Miss Martha and Dorothy Gray,
Who made his life one holiday;
For they managed the poker, the tongs, and the fire,
And all things else, to his heart's desire.

How long his soul,
Having reached the goal
Of earthly happiness, there might repose,
Had it not been disturbed, we can only suppose;
For his peace was destroyed by a very long pole
Which right in the line of his vision arose.

This pole had been raised
By a man who had gazed,
For twenty long years
Of hopes and fears,
On the tapering mast,
As it bent to the blast;
While he paced the deck,
With men at his beck,
To save his ship from foes or wreck.

On its top was an arrow,
(And *sometimes* a sparrow,)
With the cardinal points of the compass, as well,
By which he could tell
The probable state of the weather to-morrow;
And *e'en* Mr Stumps, however particular,
Could never object to its strict perpendicular.

But, alas! the tar's
Old hull and spars
Were borne to that port
To which all resort,
To rest from jealousies, love, and wars;
And the favourite pole he had left behind
(By mischievous urchins undermined)
Bent like a reed before the wind,
Crossing each upright parallel line
Of chimney pot,
And God knows what,
And forming angles, tangent, and sine.

This line oblique
He wished at Old Nick;
It jarred on his nerves, and made him quite sick,
Disturbing the balance of his sensitive mind,
(Which none but Miss Dorothy ever could find;)
E'en Martha Grey, that piece of antiquity,
Appeared to his eye in a state of obliquity.

When Stumps, from the window, his neighbour harangued,
And complained of the nuisance,
Explaining its true sense,
He answered him coolly, "You go and be hanged."

The very next morning,
When the bell gave warning
That all was right;
The fire bright;
The coffee, the tea, the bread, and the butter;
And also the chair
(Set straight to a hair,)
And Stumps' foot not heard on the stair!
Miss Dorothy Grey was all in a flutter.
"I heard the chime;
'Tis at least *five minutes* after his time!
I'll knock at his door."
And then she ran up to the first floor.

She knocked, and knocked, and knocked;
She pushed the door;
Then a *little* more.
Oh, how she was shocked!
For there was poor Stumps, "tuck'd up" with his garter:
He died a genuine pole*ish* martyr.
The verdict was—"Died from over-particularity
About a pole's *slantendicularity*."

D. M'I.

LAYS OF A NEW ERA.

Many fair copies of verses, lyrical and legendary, and in no respect inferior to the above, still lie upon our table; but for them there is a good day coming: and, in the meantime, we close our chapter with the indispensable specimen, however brief, of those "*Lays of a New Era*" of which this publication forms the medium, if it has not the merit of having created them.

THE MILKMAID QUEEN.

If I were Queen, the world should see
What a monarch I would be:
I would travel England o'er
In a silver coach, with four
Milk white horses, each one dressed
In gay ribbons. I would rest
On a bed of ostrich plumes;
I would breathe the best perfumes.
No, I would not! Ah, 't would make,
Soon, too soon, my heart to ache.

Better would it be to give
Fireside joy to all that live
Underneath my royal sway:
I would have good humour play
Like a sunbeam on each brow;
Every man should keep his cow;
There should be no tax on bread,
And the labourer should be fed.
The way to have a happy face
Is to rule a happy race.

If I were Queen, the world should see
What a monarch I would be:
I would conquer foreign lands,
And would lay my royal hands
On their treasures. I would keep
Nations trembling. O'er the deep
My proud flag should be unfurled;
I would rule the watery world.
No, I would not! Ah, 't would make,
Soon, too soon, my heart to ache.

Better would it be to reign
In men's hearts, than o'er the main;
For a nation's honest love
Is a treasure far above

All the wealth the world can yield.
Every man should have his field;
There should be one law for all,
Rich and poor, and great and small.
The way to have a happy face
Is to rule a happy race. J. H.

"THE MAN OF WORTH."

Stand forth, thou honest man, stand forth;
What though thou art of low degree!
In thy true heart is unfeigned worth,
And love, and chastened piety.
And thou art rich in thought and deed,
Soothing the weary in their need.

Nor lands nor gold hast thou; unknown
Unto the world thy days go by;
Yet thou art not in life alone;
Unheeded thou canst never sigh;
For they who love sit by thy hearth,
And soothe thee mingling in their mirth!

Thy toil begins at earliest morn.
Oh, sweet the sleep that comes from toil!
And many an ill thou poor hast borne,
Aye struggling in the world's turmoil.
Thou still art poor; yet thy free mind,
Unhurt, bears up, and smiles resigned.

Now thin the grey hairs on thy brow,
And worn thy cheek, and spare thy frame;
Yet is thy spirit cheerful now
As e'er it was; and still the same
Thy warm, kind heart; and calm and clear
Thy mind as e'er in earlier year.

Thou good old man, thou honest man,
What love so true as that for thee!
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor high estate,
May e'er bring joy so bounteously.
And thou rejoicest; and above
All things holdest thy neighbour's love.

O that my days as thine may glide
So blameless to life's closing scene!
That with calm mind, whate'er betide,
I may look back on what has been;
No other epitaph may claim
Than what befits thy honest name!

THE LAND OF FREEDOM.

I asked the Priests of Freedom where
The altar of their goddess stands;
Where is that clime beyond compare,
That paragon of all the lands?
"Hast thou from birth to manhood slept
In sunless caves thy life away?
Or have thy cheerless seasons crept
In polar ice without a ray,

That ne'er upon thy ear the fame
Of Albion's land of glory fell?
The land where freedom's altar-flame
Illumines every mount and dell.
Oppression dreads her lion's roar,
Nor dares to press her stainless sod.
No foot of slave can touch the shore
Sacred to Freedom and to God."

"O happy England," then I cried,
"For this, thou island of the blest,
What joy and pride, like ocean's tide,
Must swell within thy mighty breast!"
"Thou fool," a voice indignant spoke,
And thousands swelled the solemn tone,
"On England's soil we feel the yoke,
And heave, unrecked, the bitter groan.

"The iron chain is in our souls—
Of slavery's chains the most accurst—
And through the gloom that round us rolls
No ray of freedom ever burst.
Gnawed by keen hunger day by day,
For scanty bread we're doomed to toil;
No intellectual beam can play,
To cheer our life-embittering moil.

"In mockery of our lot, we wear
The shape of man; the god-like mind
Is blasted by heart-withering care,
As if 'twere ne'er for us designed."
"But ye are free—we chain you not!"
Our haughty tyrants thus reply.
"Ye doom the miseries of our lot,
And leave us free to starve and die.

"In pomp to roll, to feed the flood
Of heartless wealth, our minds ye blight.
Ye tax our heartstrings and our blood;
Our food by day, our sleep by night.
Ask now the Priests of Freedom where
The altar of their goddess stands,
Where is that clime beyond compare,
That paragon of all the lands?"

CYRUS.

THE MADMAN'S RANT.

Ha! don't I ride
Bravely and well?
My steed a storm
I rais'd by a spell.
Whirling in speed
I merrily go,
And laugh aloud
At the work below.

I laugh to see the million writhe beneath the yoke of few.
Ha! ha! quoth I, I may be mad, but not so mad as you;
I laugh to see the yellow corn made red with human gore;
I laugh to see the widow's cruise robb'd of its little store
To swell the pomp of temporal and spiritual lords;
To pamper their extravagance, increase their ill-got hoards.
I laugh to see Vice well fed, while Virtue gnaws a crust;
Stupidity in purple, and Wisdom in the dust!
And, oh! I shout with laughter, until the welkin rings,
To see respect and cash served out to bishops and to kings;
For then I think, had robbers plundered half our stores,
How very odd 'twould be to say—"Pray, help yourselves to more."

Too whoo! Too whoo!
Yonder I view
The Em'rald land,
By spoiler's hand
Defac'd, and torn,
And rent, and worn.
The little it hath is ta'en away;
They'd take, if they could, the light of day;
They'd drag from the beggar his only crust,
Or rend from the grave its sacred dust,
So it would add one ingot more
To gold heaps built with grains from the poor.
Hark! from strand to strand,
Echoes the wail of anguish through the land!

Observe yon holy man,
How earnestly intent
He loads, and primes the pan
Of that fell instrument!
Dost know why he doth it? No? He doth not receive
His tenths for a-preaching what his flocks don't believe;
So he is going to send his people to fight,
And take from the starving what he calls his right.

Hark to that piercing cry—
The spirit's parting agony;
He falls! the widow's son—
Her own, her only one,
Her "beautiful and brave,"
Sinks to his bloody grave,
Sent there by men who say they come to save.

The Nainian woman wept o'er her manchild's bier;
THE MASTER saw, and gave the mourner one back to breath:
HIS REV'REND MINISTERS hold tithes, than life more dear,
And for their living give the widow's son to death.

The clergy should do good—
So people say—
And mercy preach, not blood,
Nor wound and slay.
Some parsons do this office well,
And so Rathcormac's fields can tell.
'Tis meet that men be kill'd,
Because they do not pay;
'Tis meet priests hoards be fill'd
Although they do not pray.
I love to see a minister of God
So mildly wield the chastening rod,
And Christian charity extending,
Parishioners' souls to Heaven sending.

Oh, the devil's work goes bravely,
Right merrily it thrives;
He loves the folks that gravely
Traffic in human lives!
Hurrah!

. . . . . .

Dost grumble? Tush!
The rapine is legal, therefore, hush.
You are mad to think that ever a wrong
Committed can be by those who are strong.
They govern us, man! It follows, of course,
Of wisdom and virtue they must be the source.
No logic is like the logic of might
For convincing the dull that law is right;
And Protestant bullets have power divine
For shewing Papists they've no right to dine.
And wounded men, left in torture to writhe,
Are off'rings meet at the altar of Tithe.
Up on high, on high let the incense go,
The Great the Good One above us to shew
How well folks fulfil His mission below.

J. P. W.

MAMMONISM, *alias* THE WORLD'S GAMMONISM.

Methought a spirit o'er me stood, and "Would'st thou see," quoth he,
"The venerated things of earth?—then come along with me."
He hied me, all invisible, to where a monarch sate
Crowned, 'mid his bending courtiers, upon a throne of state.
He frowned just as a king should frown, and smiled as one should smile;
And then the spirit bade me look into his heart the while.
Oh, 'twas a compost, rank and foul, of mean and paltry things:
Of vanity, and lust, and guile—but every inch a king's.
He hied me to a battle-field, where thousands weltering lay
Maimed, brain-bespattered, rending up, in agony, the clay;
Parched, gasping with the thirst of death, in reeking medley flung,
Heaps upon writhing heaps, while o'er the screaming raven hung.
They fell, while stabbing right and left, because a man there was
Who said, "Kill though you know not why: in slaughter make no pause
Till you have killed whome'er you meet; and, if you chance to die,
You'll be extolled by all who hear of your great victory."
He hied me to a chamber proud, where, girt with splendour lay,
On silken couch, a man of wealth, a demigod of clay.
"He just has signed a mandate stern that dooms to houseless wo
His wretched peasantry, who dwell in hovels poor and low,
That he might grasp an ampler fund for pleasure or for pride.
What recks he for the famished poor by whom the fund's supplied?
His aspect's calm, nought stings his soul, though starving hundreds die;
Not less respected he who caused their shrieking famine's cry.
No smile, no reverence the less he'll win from flattering face
Of cringing priest, who at his board is honoured with the grace."
So spoke the spirit. Then we sped to where, in studious mood,
A paunched and colloped overseer of souls immortal stood.
Preferments in his offer; *Nolo non episcopari*
Is in his heart. What museth he when thinking on his quarry?
Oh, is it not to win more souls along the heavenward road,
To soothe the miseries of the poor, and bear the afflicted's load;
To live like him, that holy one, who taught his priests to be
The poor and humble of the earth, of blameless sanctity?
Oh, no; ambition lures him on—a lust of power and pelf;
To cope with earth's vain demigods the wretch would damn himself.

QUISQUIS.

THOU SHALT NOT EAT.

God said—"There shall be food for all
Who till the stubborn soil;
And not alone to those who till,
But unto those who toil."

Then o'er earth's wide and beauteous plains
Provision made complete;
But Man hath come 'twixt God and Man
And said—"Thou shalt not *eat*."

We toil and sweat, and sweat and strive
With willing heart and head,
Yet starve; for we can not exchange
Laborious toil for bread.

'Tis hard to see our little ones,
With scarcely strength to live,
Cling round our knees, and cry for food,
And we have none to give.

Think!—think, despotic sons of clay,
Upon the ills ye bring;
Nor thus uplift your puny arms
'Gainst Heaven's Almighty King.

Another year, and thou art lost,
And none have power to save;
And who will shed a tear upon
The proud BREAD-TAXER'S grave?

F. B.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Travels in Germany and Russia. By Adolphus Slade, Esq., R.N., author of "Records of Travel in the East," &c., &c., &c.

These travels, if they contain nothing either very new or striking, are written in a light and pleasant vein, which does not preclude both accuracy and occasional depth of observation; while every page furnishes evidence that the traveller had his eyes open in search of information and novelty. He went by Hanover to Vienna, passing through Halle, Leipsic, and Dresden, and embarked in the steam-packet for Constantinople; noting, however, all that lay in his way, whether above or below

the surface. The King of Hanover he imagines to be greatly wronged, by the representations made of his conduct in the English newspapers; and he has much good to say personally of the Austrian Emperor and Prince Metternich; although the former does "chain up high-souled gentlemen, as though murderers, for having dared to give utterance to thoughts, which, deemed godlike in some countries, are proscribed in Austria." The tyrannical Austrian government need no longer claim pre-eminence in the severe treatment of political offenders, or for a rigour beyond the law; the only difference between it and England, at the present moment, being, that the latter inflicts that punishment under colour of law, which, in the Austrian States, is inflicted by the arbitrary will of the Emperor; a difference in favour of the Austrian tyranny, when compared with that of the Whig government. Mr Slade participates in the prevalent jealousy or dread of Russian encroachment; and his illustrative facts and speculations on the political condition and prospects of Turkey, Egypt, and Russia, and the different countries with which that ambitious power is either at open hostility, or is trying to undermine, impart temporary interest to his work. The subsequent death of the Sultan has since temporarily modified the policy of Russia, without changing, in the slightest degree, its purposes. Of the late Sultan the traveller had a very low opinion; which is justified by the facts he relates of the mental imbecility, the cruelty and caprice of Mahmoud, as well as by concurrent testimony. In recognising Mehemet Ali, or his probable successor, as sovereign of the Mussulmans, he sees the only feasible means of coping with Russian ascendancy in Turkey; and he accuses Europe—that is, France and England—of acting on the old and narrow principle of *legitimacy*, in preferring the rights of the Sultan to the interests and independence of the nation, and with deeming it "wiser to oppose Russia with the decayed *prestige* of the Ottoman name, rather than with the reviving sense of nationality of the *Soonite* Mussulmans." The Mussulmans are said to be with Mehemet Ali; while England and France seek to prop a tottering or legitimate throne; not to secure the integrity and independence of Turkey, but to check Russian aggrandisement. There are, however, other and more plausible reasons for the policy of France and England; who, were they rashly to shew indifference to the rights of the Sultan, and countenance to Mehemet Ali, might at once and for ever precipitate the Sultan into the arms of a perfidious protector.

Mr Slade went from Constantinople to Odessa, by a very bad steamer, of which both the engineer and captain were Englishmen. The steam communication between Constantinople and Odessa having failed as a private speculation, the Emperor Nicholas has assisted the company by the liberal grant of 70,000 roubles. The jealousy of the Russian authorities was conspicuous here in every arrangement. The passengers were strictly and insolently questioned, and subjected to great inconvenience by the absurd and insulting quarantine regulations, to which Lord Durham, it is here said, was subjected, and from which ladies are not exempted; the wife and daughter of the French ambassador having been compelled to undress, and submit to the examination of the surgeon and the director, shortly before Mr Slade's arrival. The quarantine lasted for a weary fortnight.

Mr Slade's account of the capital of southern Russia is far from being so favourable as that of some late sojourners there; though he considers Odessa a more agreeable place of residence to an Englishman than the older cities of the empire, from the comparative freedom allowed. The picture exhibited of the conduct of the Russian government to its own subjects, shews wonderfully little amelioration accompanying the lapse of time; and what little is visible, is, by the policy of the court, restricted to the serfs and lower orders of society. Numerous instances are given of the severity of the summary punishments inflicted on officers of high rank and on public defaulters. The breath of the Emperor confers nobility and honour, and as suddenly degrades the objects of his displeasure. Mr Slade remarks—

An inhabitant of western Europe, when moving in Russian society, cannot help regarding with pity the men before him, though exulting in the title of Excellency and covered with stars and crosses; yet if he express commiseration at the metamorphoses to which they are exposed, he is told that all is as it ought to be. I do not mean to say that in their hearts they kiss the hand which abases them: I believe that a deep feeling of discontent is rankling in the bosoms of the official Russian nobility, notwithstanding the demoralization which has been effected by a system of largess and terror acting and reacting on their minds; but—and this is a remarkable fact—the Russians themselves tell you that this (in our estimation brutal) exercise of power is necessary to the welfare of the state as at present constituted; that corruption is so widely spread and deep rooted, and practised so shamelessly, that nothing but the most striking severity keeps it under. And it is admitted that, in nine cases out of ten, the general or colonel thus degraded and treated like a felon deserves his fate. Corruption has a terrible swing in Russia, and there is no telling the length it would go under a weak or an indolent Emperor, especially in the distant provinces, where the governors are kings. The personal activity of the Emperor Nicholas, which makes him, as it were, ubiquitous in his vast empire, and the moral courage which enables him to level the highest offenders, are the safeguard of Russia, at present; and the absolute necessity for such, shews us on what weak foundations the autocratic power rests—on one man's talents and energy.

A thoroughly organised system of *espionage* exists throughout the Russian empire; without which, it is alleged, impunity would be given to the venal and arbitrary Governors on the distant frontiers, of whom the "Secret Police" is the only check. Of this "Secret Police," Mr Slade remarks:—

Its movements then are conducted with mysterious secrecy—subornation and espionage encompass the suspected,—and its acts are terrific and prompt. The victim rarely sees the hand which strikes him till the blow is struck. Just before my arrival at Odessa, a highly respected Polish merchant, M. Malordetsky, was suddenly torn from his family and business, and sent to the prison of Kief, which were full of suspected Poles, awaiting the decision of a military commission sitting in that city. In the course of the year 1838, above one hundred Polish families were dragged from their homes, on suspicion, and sent to reside in distant towns under *surveillance*. This severity was occasioned by the visit to Poland of the notorious Konarsky, the agent of the propagandists at Paris; every individual he spoke to, or even looked at, might be said to have been compromised more or less. Konarsky was taken up in December 1838, and hanged.

The continued journeys of the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas materially contributed to maintain the efficiency of the "secret police," and prevented, by the probability of their appearance in any quarter, collusion between its chiefs and the distant governors. Too much praise cannot be given to these monarchs for their unwearied endeavours to make themselves personally acquainted with the state of things in all parts of their vast empire. Humanity has benefited thereby in various instances; in proof of which I may mention the two following cases relating to opposite parts of Russia.

Convicts used to be branded on the forehead, and have their nostrils slit. Alexander, in his Siberian tour, was shocked at the appearance of these unfortunate people, and commanded that the practice of branding and mutilation should cease.

There is one class of its subjects to which the policy of the Russian government extends gracious protection. This is its colonists.

Every part of New Russia gives evidence of the solicitude of the government about the comfort and prosperity of the colonies of all nations and persuasions which stud its surface. Armenians, Greeks, and Germans, by tens of thousands, driven out of Persia and Turkey by misrule, and out of Germany by want, have made New Russia their home, and enjoy privileges above native-born settlers. I visited some of the German villages in the steppe, and found in them great comfort, denoting a state of progressive prosperity. The Germans are very valuable settlers, on account of their steady habits and agricultural skill. I was both surprised and pleased with their intelligence and well-directed industry. The Protestant German villages in the steppe are far superior to any of the others; which I would not say were it not an universally admitted fact. Why, or wherefore they are so, I will not pretend to decide. Perhaps the absence of fêtes and fast-days gives the Protestants in Russia an advantage in business and agriculture over their Catholic and Greek brethren. Time is most valuable in a new country. The immigration into Russia may be cited as one of the most favourable points of view in which the government can be regarded; because it may be considered as arising from the opposite causes which produce *emigration*.

A tolerably full account is given of the struggle maintained by Circassia against Russia; though our author does not seem to anticipate that stable union among the tribes, which can alone ensure their independence. No common feeling of nationality unites those who are only held together by the presence of a common danger. The national flag, studded with stars and arrows, which Mr Urquhart devised and presented to them, was converted, by the chief intrusted with it, into *trousers* for his wife! But the fair inference is, that the chief was wholly ignorant of the uses and ends of the symbol.

The acting governor of Southern Russia, during the late absence of Count Woronzow in England, was a General Faederof, who had distinguished himself by thief-taking in the towns, and brigand-hunting in the country. According to Mr Slade, these unusual qualifications for a Governor, were exactly such as suited the post which he held in a

Country where the eighth commandment appears to be deprived of the negative particle. This is an assertion of so grave a nature, that I would not have ventured to make it, had I not had abundant ocular proof of its correctness, amply confirmed, moreover, by the testimony of everybody, rich and poor, natives and foreigners, at Odessa. The propensity amounts to a national disease. It is easily explained. The (artificial) nobility of the country are poor and extravagant; they must make by their situations, or, in plain English, rob the public. Long habit has made their minds easy on the subject, and their inferiors have naturally taken the tone from their masters. The robbery at Odessa, while I was there, was not only very remarkable, but highly ludicrous, from the absolute want of respect for any persons or things. As is always the case, where a whole community is exposed to the same evil, the theft of the night was the joke of the next morning. Nothing was safe. Sacks of wheat were carried away from the magazines in carts; rouleaus of notes were stolen from counting-houses; baskets of linen were abstracted from bed-rooms; garden palings were pulled down for firewood; larders were emptied of their contents; thermometers were removed from windows; and even children were stolen. If you dined in a strange house, you were not surprised to find your cloak missing from the hall. These were not isolated cases: they were of daily and nightly occurrence. The servants made no scruple of robbing their masters, and were not discharged, simply because, in all probability, others of the same description would have replaced them. In one of the wealthiest establishments at Odessa, where I dined once or twice, the lady of the house, when the company went to the dining-room, used to lock the saloon, in order that nothing might be purloined while they were at dinner. What appears extraordinary is, that no sense of shame is excited, even in respectable persons, by a suspicion of doing that which in another country could not enter the imagination. Madame ——, at Odessa, one day received a morning visit from Prince ——. After his highness had taken leave, she missed a jewelled watch from the table. She suspected her visiter of having taken it away; and on his coming again, in a day or two, taxed him with the (in our estimation) felony. The Prince was surprised at the charge, but in no way scandalised. He protested his innocence. The intercourse continued as before, although the lady continued of her first opinion, till the watch was found three months afterwards on a labourer, who confessed having stolen it. Two things strike an Englishman as remarkable in this transaction; first, that a lady could suspect a gentleman of stealing, and tell him so; secondly, that a gentleman could have such a suspicion entertained of him and feel comfortable. It is a proof, among many others, of the depth of demoralisation in some portions of Russia. The police either cannot or will not check the universal practice of making little or no distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; or, I should say rather, the inhabitants are averse from having much to do with the police. Sensible, quiet people in Russia appear to shun proceedings with the police as much as law is avoided by some individuals in England. They say that they only give themselves a deal of vexation. . . . . Thieving has a fair field and no disfavour in New Russia. "The first loss is the least," seemed to be the axiom at Odessa: your cloak or watch is stolen; why add to the loss the trouble of a prosecution, and the chicanery of the police. An opportunity may thus be taken to annoy you. The fear of having any suspicion entertained of them by the authorities, makes men in Russia fearful of doing even a good action, which might give the police the right to put awkward queries to them. Monsieur ——, a foreign physician established at Odessa, speaking of this feeling before a large party, exemplified it by relating to us his horror one day, on going into his stable, to find his servant suspended by the neck to a beam. The man, who had hanged himself, was, by the doctor's account, still struggling, and would have revived had he been then cut down; but his master, instead of doing so, sent information of what had occurred to the police office, in order that every thing might be *en regle*. When the police officers arrived the unfortunate man was dead; but his master had done his duty like a good denizen of the Russian Empire. I was less surprised at this tale, degrading as it was, than at the doctor's *bonhomie* in relating it—his utter insensibility to the reproach of his conduct, the more extraordinary in one of his profession. At the same time it created no surprise among the generality of his auditors, but was received as a thing in course.

Mr Slade was himself most impudently plundered by a Greek, who acted as his servant. He resolved at last to hazard an application to the police, and he was well-treated and his property promptly restored.

The breed of the Suwaroffs is not yet extinct in Russia. One of this family is General Zass, who commands on the Kouban, and whose cruelties, by uniting the Circassians, has done harm to the Russian cause. Of this Kalmuck, the following anecdote is related:—

He caused a Circassian chief, who had fallen into his hands, to be bound to a tree under which a mine of powder was laid. The prisoner's followers seeing no Russians on the spot, came in the night to release him, when

the train was fired, and all—prisoner, friends, and tree—were blown up. I regret to say, that I heard some Russians at Odessa term this a clever feat, instead of stigmatizing it as a barbarous act; becoming a red Indian perhaps, but rather unworthy of a Russian officer.

The social manners of the mixed population of Odessa, the Cincinnati of the East, are described in this account given of a grand public ball, which took place on New Year's Eve.

The handsome saloon at the Exchange sparkled with lights, fine dresses, and beauty. I have rarely seen so many attractive women together, owing, perhaps, to the intermixture of Greeks, Italians, Germans, and Russians, during thirty or forty years. Russian women are not in general handsome; nevertheless, the palm of beauty at Odessa, when I was there, was borne away by two Russian ladies, Madame S——, and Mademoiselle I——: but they were exceptions. There were also several good-looking young Greeks, particularly Mademoiselle M——, who was blessed with a Madonna's countenance. My Odessa reader will not know, though he may guess, who is meant from the initial, for there were six fair Greeks whose names began with M, all pretty, and each, excepting one, thinking herself the prettiest girl in the city. There was also an elegant young Athenian lady married in Odessa, and a charming Greco-Egyptian, Arabian in form and Attic in countenance, whose ticket in the matrimonial lottery had made her exchange sun and sand for snow and steppe. Among the men in the ball, there were two Russian merchants who still retained the old national costume, with long beards and dark robes; and the effect was rendered more striking, by the contrast of their appearance with that of their wives and daughters attired in the latest Paris fashion. The ladies were exceedingly well dressed, and the gentlemen's uniforms glittered with stars and crosses. Some individuals wore so many decorations, that others with only three or four appeared shabby. . . . . .

A few minutes before midnight, the band, changing tune, began to play the national anthem. We all stood still. As the clock struck twelve, servants came in with champagne. All the company took a glass, and toasted the new year in chorus. We then severally wished each other a happy new year, and friends exchanged the kiss of peace. The scene was truly characteristic; a merry hour was passed in thus doing honour to the birth of 1839. The lively Mazurka then struck up, and dancing was continued with spirit till morning. The Russians are very fond of outward signs of good will; and far be it from me to say that they are not sincere. In their domestic circles it is the custom after dinner for all the party, having first crossed themselves, to wish each other joy, and embrace. The presence of a few strangers does not prevent this fraternal exhibition, nor are they left out in the peace-offering. This custom of kissing after dinner, and of dram-drinking before, is, I believe, peculiar to Russia. The former is by no means disagreeable at times; the taste for the latter must depend upon habit, influenced perhaps by climate. If we may judge by the remarkable gastric powers of the Russians, the practice of prefacing a meal by a glass of raw spirits is anti-dyspeptic.

It is quite as troublesome to take leave of a Russian town as to enter it. The traveller was obliged to announce his intention and the route he proposed to take, three times in the *Weekly Gazette*, and submit to other troublesome and vexatious regulations. He returned to Germany by the route which enabled him to see the most possible of Russia and Poland.

While Mr Slade was at Odessa, the scarcity of corn in England produced general excitement and exultation. The price of corn was quickly doubled, and one house made £12,000 by merely buying and selling grain on the spot. Freights were also doubled, and Odessa had not known so prosperous a year since 1817-18, the year of the last scarcity in England. It is said:—

The English corn laws necessarily came in for a share of remark, and that of a caustic nature: they were universally condemned by the merchants, because interfering with their trade as they supposed; and the landowners of England were voted cruel and grasping in creating an artificial price of bread.

That these merchants were fully disposed to profit by the scarcity themselves, does not one whit affect the argument. The merchants of Odessa stand in a very different relation to the people of England from that of English landlords and legislators. Mr Slade is unfavourable to the abolition of the Corn Laws; his main argument being that oft-refuted one, that England would be dependent on foreign countries, and particularly on Russia, for food. But is she not at all times so dependent? while, under the present system, the dependence is most severely felt when she can be taken at the greatest disadvantage.

Macgillivray's History of British Birds. Vol. III. Pp. 768.

This important system of British Ornithology is now completed, so far as regards the *Land Birds*. Fifty-six species are described in this volume alone, which ranges from the Wren to the Eagle. For the different orders, Mr Macgillivray has, in several instances, invented new names, descriptive of their peculiar qualities—as Snatchers, Plunderers, Gliders, Darters, &c. The anecdotes illustrative of the instincts and habits of birds, whether supplied by the personal experience of the writer, or communicated by his correspondents—enthusiastic Ornithologists living in different parts of the kingdom—form, as in the previous volumes, delightful reading even to the mere lover of nature, who may have no pretensions to scientific knowledge. Nothing can indeed be more charming than the stories of that tiny architect the Wren, and those of the Swallow tribes, the Cuckoos, the Eagles, and Falcons, graphically related by Mr Macgillivray and his friends. From one of the latter, Mr Hepburn of East Lothian, whose love of birds and familiarity with their habits, is quite captivating, we shall borrow this description of the ever-welcome swallow. We may also premise that these borrowed or bestowed plumes form the fairest ornaments of Mr Macgillivray's work.

One of the few Ornithological facts noted by our rustics is the appearance of the red-throated Swallow, which usually arrives the third week of April at the village of Linton, where most of them remain for some weeks, till the increasing warmth peoples the air with their prey, and the calls of love prompt them to disperse. Some betake themselves to their old nests, while the rest look out for suitable places in which to rear their young. It is not until the middle of May that they appear about our farmery; where they immediately commence a survey of the stables, byres, cattle-sheds, and out-houses; clinging to the beams, rafters, or walls; a few hours, and sometimes two or three days, being thus occupied. It appears to me that this species is not nearly so capricious as the white-rumped: which often abandons its newly commenced or even half-finished nest, but proceeds steadily with its work. In the intervals of labour, they may be seen perched on the roofs, chimney-tops, walls, railings, or even trees. In pasture-fields, where thousands of insects are disturbed by the cattle, how beautifully they skim along!—at times seeming bent on launching far into the liquid void, but with an easy and graceful turn starting back to the spot which they left a moment before. The males warble at intervals; and sometimes, sailing on stiffened pinions, utter a guttural and grating kind of note. Having allayed their hunger, they return to their nests, dancing gaily along. How amorously modulated are the notes of the male:—*whit, whit, whest,*

wheet, klee-hee! klee-hee! The female shoots a-head, her mate strives in vain to overtake her; their speed is redoubled; forward they dash with such rapidity that the eye follows them with difficulty as they glance round the tall chimney of the steam-engine, the tree-tops, and the pillars of the cattle-sheds. The chase is o'er; the feast and song are ended; they now direct their attention to building. . . . . The nest is built under arches, gateways, eaves, and water-spouts; against the beams, rafters, and lintels of out-houses, and under wooden bridges. I have seen nests of this species on the rocks about Tantallon Castle, opposite the Bass. The only access which they sometimes have to their nest is through broken windows, holes in the door, and slits in the walls, which are sometimes so narrow as barely to allow them a passage. . . . . Although, for some years past I have not molested them in any way, they are distrustful of man, and the sitting bird immediately leaves the nest on his approach; the neighbours joining in the clamour raised by it, until the intruder retires. Two years ago, one of the nests here was robbed of its eggs; yet in a week after, the female was sitting on the usual number. When a bird of prey appears, they sound the alarm-notes, resembling the *klee-hee! klee-hee!* the import of which every little bird understands: their dark glancing forms are seen cleaving the air with speed; mounting obliquely, they dash on the back of the foe; and, rising perpendicularly, continue the attack until the tyrant of the air abandons their hunting-ground, and the gallant and watchful guardians of the feathered tribes return with songs of triumph. Grimalkin, cantering along the top of the wall, is treated in the same unceremonious manner. I have often, particularly in fine mild evenings, observed that our little band of *hirunders* assemble in a flock about sunset, and perform beautiful aërial evolutions. From their numbers, I am inclined to think that all the females come abroad to stretch their wearied limbs. Frequently does the male visit the spot so dear to him, cheering his mate with songs, and probably supplying her with food. His song is always pleasing and agreeable to my taste, more especially when the crimson clouds in the west foretell the close of day, and the minstrel may be seen perched on a chimney-can, or some other eminence. The descending sun shoots bands of softened light over our quiet valley, gilding the hoary rocks of Taprain Law, and causing the bright chestnut on the swallow's forehead and throat to glisten, as in ecstasy he moves his body in a simi-circle, seeming to throw his whole soul into the performance. When the young are hatched, the parents attend to their wants with unwearied assiduity. They are fond of flying about in the vicinity of cattle while feeding, on account of the great number of insects raised by them. When our working-horses are turned loose to graze at ten in the morning, and again at six in the evening, they are in constant attendance; more especially if the weather is cold and cloudy. For hours together they may be seen sweeping over a pond or ditch, along footpaths and lanes; but, above all, shady avenues and amongst trees, where cattle are wont to pass the sultry noon, and returning to feed their young every two or three minutes. The young brood is hatched about the same time as the white-rumped species. They follow the old birds, uttering quick expressive notes. At a given signal, one of them rises obliquely, and meets its parent at an angle Hovering for a few minutes, it greedily devours the proffered mouthful. I have never seen them fed when perched on a tree or pailing, as mentioned in the Natural History of Selborne; but I have seen them, when tried, settle in such situations, and rise on the wing to receive food from their parents. The young are soon left to shift for themselves. They frequent churches, manor halls, distilleries, and other lofty buildings. In this district, Linton distillery is the favourite place of rendezvous. About the second week of September, the second brood, and the parents join them. They now roost exclusively on trees, which they usually quit at sun-rise, and resort to some sunny roof, where the livelong day is spent in luxurious idleness, singing, and satisfying the calls of hunger. Sometimes the leafless bough of an old tree is selected for this purpose. Every morning, parties of various numbers leave the main flock, and betake themselves to corn fields in the neighbourhood of farm-buildings. There they almost invariably choose the chimney of the steam-engine as the centre of their frolics. At a given signal, the whole party rise twittering in chorus. After a short excursion they return; most of them perching on the top, and the rest on the sides, of the walls; the whole forming a scene on which I am never tired of looking. But if you would contemplate this mysterious gathering in the true spirit of the season, take a solitary ramble along the border of the wood that skirts the meadow: the few wild-flowers which still linger under the shade of the tall hedge-row, have a forlorn sweetness and beauty; the fields are chequered with gold and green; the tints of the foliage are gorgeous beyond description; all things speak of maturity and subsequent decay; there is an exhilarating keenness in the air, and yet the sober stillness of an autumnal day sheds a gentle sadness over the scene, which even the distant song of the reapers, and the gambols of the swallows hovering over the pool, and perching on the old oak, fail to dispel. The spirit of melancholy sighs through the gay foliage, sits in impressive silence on the motionless curtain of the grey clouds, and broods over the landscape, from which stern winter will soon sweep every object that charms the eye. . . . . When the morning has at last come, when they must bid a long farewell to their native land, they seldom, as is their wont, divide into parties, but fly off, in a body, for the green meadows of merry England, there to linger for a few weeks longer, before they finally depart for the evergreen borders of Africa. On the morning of 24th September last, a flock passed over our reapers, casting no looks behind on the rural homesteads which they once held so dear; but rushing onward in an undeviating course, and maintaining a sullen silence. I marked their flight until they blended with the blue ether; and thought of the bright days which were gone, and the storms which were soon to come.

This is a fair specimen of those interesting communications which impart so great a charm, and give so much additional value to Mr Macgillivray's work. Whatever had been his attainments in science, and enthusiasm for this particular branch of Natural History, no resident of a city could have made so excellent and so complete a work, without such well-qualified and zealous co-adjutors as Mr Macgillivray has found in Mr Weir and Mr Hepburn.

Having finished the history of the land birds, Mr Macgillivray proposes next to turn his attention to the *sea birds;* for which he has already collected large materials. Indeed, he regards the work as one; and the next volume, which is to be devoted to what he calls the Waders, as merely the fourth of his great work.

Account of the Persecution of the Jews at Damascus. By David Salomons, Esq.

The outbreak of wild and infuriated fanaticism, worthy of the darkest panic-struck periods of the middle ages, which has recently occurred at Damascus, has already been noticed in all the newspapers, and has excited no small interest. The object of this diabolical persecution of the Jews, being especially the wealthy Jews of that city, throws considerable suspicion or broad light upon the origin of the conspiracy. Yet is it not at all improbable that there are many conscientious bigots—if there can ever be enlightened conscience without knowledge and liberality—enlisted among the ranks of the persecutors, as well as the mass of the uninstructed rabble of an eastern city. It is remarkable that Rhodes has been the seat of a movement of the same sort; where, however, justice has triumphed, though not until great injustice and

cruelty had been committed; and we notice that a similar attempt has been made at Tarnow, in the Austrian dominions. The whole matter, whether fact—which is next to impossible—or fraud, which we fully believe, affords a curious passage in the history of civilisation, and a view of human nature which is certainly not flattering to human pride.

Of the affair at Damascus, which has naturally awakened the lively sympathy of the Jews in this country with their persecuted brethren, Mr Salomons has, from various sources, given a most minute account in the volume on our table; and transactions more atrocious and disgraceful never darkened the annals of religious persecution. Persecution is indeed a feeble word to express the perversion and mockery of all justice, and the demoniacal cruelty perpetrated on the Jews at Damascus, in the nineteenth century, and at the instigation of, at least, one European and Christian consul. Preparatory to the account which we may give, when more facts have been elicited by the mission of Sir Moses Montefiore, and those who have gone with him to Damascus, to sift the matter to the foundation, on the scene of the alleged murder of a Christian priest and his servant, and the certain torturing to death of several Jew merchants, and the torturing and spoliation of many Hebrews—we may briefly state, that in February last, Father Thomas, a French Catholic priest, who had been for thirty years in Damascus, and was supposed to be rich, disappeared, together with his servant, a native, and a Mahommedan. Father Thomas was said to have been last seen in or near the shop of a Jew barber, in the Jew quarter of the city; though a Jew hawker of tobacco gave evidence that he had seen the priest and his servant, on that evening, out of the city; and a merchant, with whom Father Thomas had had a quarrel, was subsequently found hanging dead in his own house. The Jew barber, a very young man, of weak character, was arrested, and repeatedly subjected to frightful torture, but continued to affirm his own innocence, until nature gave way; when he finally accused several wealthy Jew merchants of having, together with himself, put Father Thomas to death; and for an object which involves every Jew throughout the world in the offence, as it alleged that the victim was seized to obtain human blood, to form the Passover cakes; which monstrous mixture is a commanded rite of the religion of the Jews! Under this belief, the maddened state of the public mind against the Jews in Damascus, and wherever the monsterlie obtains credit, is not to be wondered at; nor yet, when the locality is remembered, the revolting events described in that narrative, however much they are to be execrated and deplored. The narrative on which Mr Salomons has reasoned and commented, was drawn upon the spot by the Rev. Mr Pieritz, born a Jew, and educated for a Rabbi, and, consequently, well acquainted with the religion of his fathers, but converted to Christianity, and labouring as a Christian missionary in Jerusalem. This gentleman went to Damascus in April last, and, on the spot, drew up an account, which fairly rivals a chapter from the History of the Inquisition; or those trials, for sorcery and witchcraft, where the torture elicited whatever the tormentors desired.

The reasonings of Mr Salomons on these horrible and disgusting events, in vindication of the Jews, are convincing and triumphant; though, as Christians, pretending to a high civilisation, intelligent men must feel ashamed and humiliated at the necessity for employing argument on such a subject.

The Fine Arts in England, their State and Prospects, considered relatively to National Education. By Edward Edwards of the British Museum.

The author of this volume, assuming as his text the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Mr Ewart's motion for inquiry into the best means of extending a knowledge of the Fine Arts, and the principles of Design among the people, and into the management and effects of public institutions connected with the Arts, has brought together a mass of useful facts, while labouring to establish that a more direct interference, more patronage and fostering are required on the part of government. Even Mr Haydon, the most determined enemy to Royal Academies now alive, has acknowledged the value of Schools of Design, though he would probably prefer such as are voluntary. On the objects and management of such institutions, Mr Edwards has drawn together the opinions of many of the persons examined by the Committee of the Commons. Assuming that the persons so examined were those best qualified to give an opinion, and that the wants of the manufacturing towns ought to be first attended to, we shall quote what they consider the kind of collection of specimens, copies, and models, that ought to be made, and the means suggested for obtaining them.

"I have seen," says Mr Cockerell, R. A., the architect of the Bank of England,—"I have seen and watched with very great interest the establishment and growth of voluntary institutions for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Dublin, Edinburgh, Bristol, Birmingham, and many other places; these have been raised by the subscriptions of individuals, often manufacturers themselves, very enthusiastic for the honour and for the real improvement of their native towns; but *the means being very small, they have been obliged to support them by the attraction of fine art and annual exhibitions; they have not been able to bring them to bear more directly on manufactures to such an extent as they otherwise might have done*; and I doubt not that if those institutions were in a situation to add to their means, by the encouragement and aid of government, afforded under proper conditions, and were enabled to give rewards, and to hold out premiums for works wholly applicable to manufactures, that the original promoters of these institutions would be gratified and stimulated, and the ultimate objects of these interesting schools would be fulfilled; *a permanent solidity would be given to those occasional and fluctuating efforts of enthusiasm or prosperity, of which we see so many examples*, and the legislature would obtain the desired effect at a much cheaper rate and more effectually than by any other means I have been able to contemplate for general improvement in the application of art to manufactures."

"In towns such as Sheffield, and Birmingham, and Manchester," says Mr William Wyon, R.A. (of the Mint,) "they should have museums, if you may so call them, of the works *that are particularly applicable to the manufacture that flourishes there.*"

Mr Papworth recommends exhibitions of works of Art, such as *vases, casts, bronzes, and works of decorative architecture*, &c. distinct from the higher works of painting and sculpture; fearing (in common with others, as we have seen) that from mixed exhibitions, "young men might be tempted to leave the intended object, to pursue that which is more accredited and honoured, to the disadvantage of the manufacturing Arts."

"It is very desirable," says Mr George Remnie, speaking chiefly of *plaster casts* from statues, original ornaments, &c., "that there should be a central museum in London, and branch museums in the provincial towns, where every species of casts and models, and means by which design might be promoted, should be transmitted from London to the provinces, and *vice versâ*."

And more in detail:

"Collections of Art," says Sir John Dean Paul, "are not sufficiently *applied*. . . . If there were professors who had classes, and could read *lectures* with these fine models before them, it would be of great use, ... and that might be followed by *examinations*. . . . . .

"I dare say," he continues, "that in the towns of Liverpool, Manchester, and Newcastle, one half of the people never saw any good specimens of the higher Arts. . . . . One thing which I think would be particularly useful as applied to the manufactures, is the whole of the *Loggie of the Vatican*, all those beautiful things which are unrivalled in excellence; if there were merely engravings made on stone, which might be done cheaply, from the Loggie of the Vatican, I think those alone would establish a most useful school."

Mr George Foggo also recommends the establishment of "public lectures on the great principles of design and taste," in connexion with collections of Art; and he adds, "good taste is so essential to the interests of the community, that museums should be provided at the national expense; but practical skill being an advantage of a more individual nature ought rather to be paid for (moderately) by the individual."

Mr James Crabb, a practical decorator, insists on the importance of collections both of works of art and of natural history, and of *botanical gardens*; and that to be valuable to working artisans, they must be *open in the evening*, or else (in some cases) *very early in the morning*.

Dr Waagen, the eminent director of the Berlin Gallery, and the author of a valuable book on the private collections of Art in England,* says, "I should consider it advantageous for the working classes if public galleries [and botanical gardens] were open *on Sundays* for a few hours;" and adds, "in addition to this, it is very important to have brief catalogues *with introductory remarks, giving a short history of the art, and with remarks on the objects exhibited*, so that the spectator, when he enters, may not be quite ignorant of the subject."

Briefly, then, it may be stated, that collections of casts from the best works of sculpture, of ornaments in plaster and in metal, both ancient and of the latter part of the middle ages, of prints and of books of ornamental design, such as those which the French and Prussian governments have caused to be produced on so splendid a scale, are those which are most desirable in our great manufacturing towns.

As in all of these there either are, or soon will be, corporate bodies for the direction of their municipal affairs, I conceive the readiest and least objectionable mode of establishing such collections would be for the government, with the sanction of the legislature, to offer grants of a determined proportion of the sums required at the outset; and to empower the corporation to levy the remainder within each municipal district to be so benefited: the government grant being contingent on that of the corporation. These galleries and museums once established, I think there is little doubt that adequate provision for their future support would be readily made from the local funds.

Next in importance to these, are collections of original and improved machines, models of new inventions and specimens of new and improved fabrics, patterns, &c. These, as it has been already suggested, might easily be established in connexion with an improved law for the protection of patents and copyright, whenever that needful improvement shall take place.

Mr Edward entertains somewhat narrow and rigid opinions on questions of copyright and patents, the only questions on which a few of our legislators think with soundness and liberality; far be it from us to say, solely because it does not affect their own pockets.

The doings of the Edinburgh Associations for the promotion of the Fine Arts are highly lauded. On a similar plan was formed the Art-Union of London, of which Mr Edwards is an active member. The principles of the Art-Union, are, however, much more sound and liberal than those by which the first of the Edinburgh Associations, in point of date, would, by consolidating all the power of the body in a few self-chosen individuals, lay the foundation of a system of intrigue and favouritism. Mr Edwards' remarks are calculated to take the conceit out of the assumed guardians and arbiters of taste in the arts among us, though we doubt much if his reasoning will have that effect. Having quoted from the Reports of the original Edinburgh Association, chiefly to refute the fallacies advanced, Mr Edwards continues—

It has also been said, that since the plan of purchase by a committee is general amongst the continental associations, it is to be presumed that it works well in practice; but it ought to be remembered that these committees are very differently constituted from those in Great Britain, inasmuch as they are composed, not of amateurs only, but also of artists, and consequently include a far greater amount of the knowledge necessary to a wise selection.

Amongst ourselves, there is a strong prejudice against allowing artists to take part in the management of institutions, such as those now under review. It seems to be feared that such participation would lead to the indulgence of professional partialities and jealousies, and thus work injustice. But it can scarcely be denied that the exclusion tends greatly to narrow the efficiency of these committees upon all matters of taste.

And, on the other hand, if it shall be found that the plan of committing the selection to individual prize-holders is far better than that of intrusting it to a committee, it is difficult to perceive what reason will remain for excluding artists from the management of such institutions. Their special knowledge, although no longer required for the discharge of this particular function, will still have many important opportunities for its exercise.

Another sound opinion is advanced on the subject of the engravings now adopted by all the Associations, mainly to tempt subscribers by the old lottery bait of "All prizes, ladies and gentleman, and no blanks!" The *prizes*, whether in Edinburgh or London, have, he imagines, with the exception of Graves' engraving of George [not William] Harvey's *Trial of Shakspeare*, not been of a kind to elevate the taste of their possessors. The error, Mr Edwards conceives to lie in the choice of subjects for engraving being limited to the pictures actually purchased by the Association itself. This limitation ought either, he thinks, to be abandoned, or the judges should select *one* picture expressly for engraving. But here, again, he rightly prefers unbounded freedom of choice. Mr Edwards makes other suggestions, which we consider valuable, but for which we must refer to his work. A good Essay upon National Education is included in the work, and many valuable suggestions of an economical nature for the encouragement of skilled artisans, and the improvement of manufactures. Some of the author's plans and ideas, those which he has adopted from others, of the necessity of State patronage for the higher branches of painting, are of more questionable expediency. If within the last three years, £70,000 have been raised, by private Associations, for the purchase of the works of British artists, this does not seem the time to plead for that State patronage which cannot fail to lead to abuses.

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* *Kunstwerke und Künstler in England*, (Works of Art, &c., in England,) 8vo, Berlin, 1836. This work has been translated in England by Mr H. S. Lloyd, and published by Mr Murray. It is by far the best account of Art-collections in England, which has yet appeared.

Practical Detail of the Cotton Manufacture of the United States, and the State of the Manufacture contrasted with that of Great Britain, &c. &c. By James Montgomery, Superintendent of the York Factories in the State of Maine.

The author of this work went from Scotland four years ago, and was then strongly urged to report upon the state and prospects of the cotton manufacture in the United States. This he has done fully and intelligently, sticking to facts, and avoiding exaggeration. The book is of value to manufacturers, to political economists and statesmen, and to all who are interested in a right understanding prevailing on the Corn Law question. From the tables, it is apparent that our manufacturers have still greatly the advantage of those of the United States in point of expense. One important item, wages, are not, on the average, much above half so high in this country as in America; good news to masters at home, situated as they are, but misery to the workmen. In the cotton factories of New England, which are a very great proportion of the whole in the States, few hands are employed under fifteen or sixteen. Provisions in America are higher, by Mr Montgomery's Report, save the luxuries of spirits, tea, and tobacco. In the country, he imagines that potatoes, Indian corn, butter, poultry, &c., may be cheaper than in Britain; but they are not so in the towns or seats of the factories. Clothing, and the making of clothes, are dearer than in Glasgow; but it must be remembered in reading Mr Montgomery's Report, that provisions are now at least one-third higher than in 1835–6: the close of a series of remarkably cheap years in this country. Fuel and house-rent are permanently much dearer in America. The wages of females in the American factories are higher in proportion to those paid to young women at home, than in any other description of factory work. The wages of a girl in the card-room is from 11s. to 12s. 6d. per week; while that of the men averages from 13s. to 18s. Save in the most highly improved agricultural districts of Scotland, nothing like the same equalization of the value of the labour of females and men is known. In America, the hours of labour are longer than in this country; yet the labourers are evidently in a much better condition, and with every prospect of continuance, as it arises from the connexion of nearly all the factory workers with farming; so that, whenever wages become low, they retire to rural employments, and the factories are shut up till better wages can be afforded by the masters.

The shutting up of factories in 1837, which circumstance would at once have reduced the workers of this country to destitution or absolute starvation, did not, our author states, affect the workers very materially. Many of the girls, who had been for some time in a factory, seemed to rejoice and regard it as a time of recreation; so that the manufacturing population of America are an entirely different class, and placed in very different circumstances from those of Great Britain; and great changes must take place before the wages in the former can be so low as in the latter country.

The History of Brechin. By David Black, Town-Clerk thereof.

Next to the Provost of an ancient borough, if not, in respect of clerkly skill, before that dignitary, the Town-Clerk is the very man to compose its annals. To the "bairns o' Brechin," whether at home or abroad, the labours of Clerk Black must give especial satisfaction. Besides the local chronicles which illustrate such important matters as when the *Little Mill* was swallowed up by the *Mickle Mill*, and when finally converted into the *Wauk Mill*, or when the *Path* was lowered and broadened, considerable light is thrown upon the progress of society in all the Scottish landward towns by the history of the social and economical improvements that have taken place in this one of Brechin, and by the detail of the glories which it has witnessed, from the days of the Druids and the Culdees to the late most loyal display of the citizens on the felicitous occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria. On that day the procession marched or was marshalled in this order:—

Three Constables,
The Odd-Fellow Society,
Messrs Hebenton, Wilson, and Laing,
Private Teachers and their Pupils, four a-row,
&c., &c.

And "On" was the word, and on they went; up the Cadger Wynd and down Southesque* Street, and through Panmure Street, &c., &c., under arches of flowers, and in spite of the pouring of the pitiless rain, to lay the foundation of a New School to be erected at the expense of "Baron Panmure of Brechin and Navor." After this imposing ceremony was accomplished, the Queen's Anthem was sung, and three loud huzzas given for her youthful majesty by the loyal Brechinites.

The Magistrates and Members of the Town Council, from 1673 downwards, are here immortalised; and lauded, as it deserves, is the spirit with which they have always stood up for the rights and honour of the town against the Forfar folks, and the encroaching and up-setting gentry of Montrose. Among the eminent men of Brechin was William Guthrie, the compiler of the well-known "Guthrie's Geographical Grammar"—and a well-known pensioned Treasury hack scribe. Dr Doig, long the master of the Grammar School of Stirling, was also a Brechinite; and so was George Rose of the Treasury—Cobbett's "Old George Rose." Gillies too, author of "The History of Greece," was another of the distinguished natives of the town. "The History of Brechin" is written in an unpretending matter-of-fact style; and, as an authentic picture of a Scottish *landward* town, is far indeed from being devoid of interest.

Poetry for the People, and other Poems. By Richard Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.

The former collections of Mr Milne's graceful and flowing verses have been highly, perhaps too highly, lauded by the press; and those now published are, in our humble opinion, decidedly superior, not only in object, but in character and execution, to their precursors. In proof, we select these few stanzas from the series of verses entitled Love Thoughts.

Oh, let not words, the callous shell of thought,
Intrude between thy silent soul and mine!
Try not the choicest ever poet wrought:
They all are discord in our life divine.

Smile not thine unbelief; but hear and say
All that thou willest, and then upon my breast
Thy gracious head in silent passion lay
One little hour, and tell me which is best.

Now let us live our love; in after hours
Words shall fit handmaids to sweet memory be;
But let them not disturb those holier bowers,
The voiceless depths of perfect sympathy.

In these lines, Mr Milnes has caught the true spirit of the deep-hearted elder amatory bards of England.

* This picturesque orthography is none of ours.

Miscellaneous Verses. By Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

In this small volume, we find many elegantly versified pieces, more creditable to a young man of letters than gaining the Doncaster St Leger, which is here sung, and the Derby to boot; but it is more a collection to be prized by friends than one calculated to make any great sensation in literary circles—not of fashion. Laying aside the more classical or ambitious effusions, we select, as a specimen of the attempts of a hopeful young beginner, these rough but spirited lines of the Old Cavalier:—

For our martyred Charles I pawned my plate;
For his son I spent my all;
That a churl might dine, and drink his wine,
And preach in my father's hall:

That father died on Marston Moor;
My son on Wor'ster Plain;
And the King he turned his back on me
When he got his own again.

The other day there came, God wot!
A solemn, pompous ass,
Who begged to know if I did not go
To the sacrifice of Mass?

I told him fairly, to his face,
That, in the field of fight,
I had shouted loud for Church and King
When he would have run outright.

He talked of the Man of Babylon
With his rosaries and copes;
As if a Roundhead wasn't worse
Than half a hundred Popes.

I don't know what the people mean
With their horror and affright;
All Papists that I ever knew
Fought stoutly for the right.

I now am poor and lonely;
This cloak is worn and old;
But yet it warms my loyal heart
Through sleet, and rain, and cold.

When I call to mind the Cavaliers,
Bold Rupert at their head,
Bursting through blood and fire, with cries
That might have waked the dead.

The spear and sword was the battle-word;
And we made their helmets ring;
Howling like madmen, all the while,
For God and for the King.

And, though they snuffled psalms, to give
The rebel-dogs their due,
When the roaring shot poured close and hot,
They were stalworth men and true.

. . . . . .

All this is over now, and I
Must travel to the tomb,
Though the King I served has got his own,
In poverty and gloom.

Well, well, I served him for himself,
So I must not complain;
But I often wish that I had died
With my son, on Wor'ster Plain.

Religion, in connexion with a National System of Education. By W. M. Gunn, Rector of the Burgh School of Haddington.

A very orthodox treatise the above, containing much that is sound and excellent, both practically and speculatively, with, perhaps, more protracted and minute controversy with Mr James Simpson, and those who would wholly disjoin religious from secular education, than will be found generally edifying. Nor does the author always sufficiently discriminate between religion, and the sectarianism, which, under this name, every denomination enjoying power, would, beyond a doubt, try to introduce into the public schools. No one could, or, at least, as we think, ought to object to the Bible being read, and religious principle instilled, and pure Bible morality taught, in the manner suggested here; save that Mr Gunn distinctly recognises the necessity, which he contends is neither evil nor hardship, of the catechisms and creeds of the Established sects of England and Scotland being also taught, as a test of true religion. This, of course, throws the whole question back to the original unsatisfactory ground. It is not the Bible alone that is to be read, but the peculiar gloss of the teacher appointed by the dominant sect is to be inculcated. We fear, in short, that the question is not one jot advanced towards a right settlement by Mr Gunn's labours; and imagine that his book will be found of value mainly for practical hints and illustrations, as to the best modes of conveying instruction to young minds, and inculcating sound moral principle. We must also say that the work is entitled to more attention than, we regret to say, we have at present power to bestow upon it.

Wanderings in Germany. By Edward Wilkey.

A common-place account of a journey, now as hackneyed as the route from London to Bath. Still it makes pleasant enough reading, as the author is brisk and lively, and takes care not to prose, nor to dwell on any scene until he fatigues the attention of the reader. His most distant point was Presburg, to which he made an excursion by the steamer on the Danube. From Linz he went to Lombach, on his way to Salzburg, by what we consider the most agreeable mode of travelling for pleasure, and to see a new country. It was by a railway, on which open carriages were drawn by horses, at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

At the table d'hôte at Munich, the tourist met fifty-five ladies and gentlemen, of whom thirty were English; and this, we presume, is the fair proportion in which our countrymen are to be found in those places, which they consider it a feather in their cap to be able to say they have seen; though they may, after all, know much less about them than those who never crossed the Channel, or, perhaps, the boundaries of their own county. The traveller remarks that he seldom sees swarms of wealthy English abroad without a vision of Ireland, and the effects of absenteeism visible there—its millions of ill-cultivated or uncultivated acres, and half-naked peasantry. Mr Wilkey imputes the German phlegm, or want of energy, in a great measure to their *stewing* themselves in rooms heated by stoves, sweltering between featherbeds, and smoking tobacco to an immoderate extent. In taking leave of Mr Wilkey, we must say that, if not a great philosopher, or profound observer, he is a right pleasant, *conversable* companion.

Turkey and the Turks; being the Present State of the Ottoman Empire. By John Reid.

We have here a volume of compilation, with a considerable mixture of personal observation, and a good deal of hasty and crude opinion, and sweeping conclusion, drawn from narrow and imperfect premises, and delivered in a tone which some will designate as dogmatic, and more, we suspect, as something even less commendable. Still, in bustling and elbowing about, Mr Reid has picked up a good deal of such information as is to be found in the streets, bazaars, coffeehouses, and cook-shops;

and this is acceptable; while his opinions may be received at the reader's discretion. His street and out-door pictures are often animated. The volume is illustrated and ornamented by some pretty coloured lithographs, and concludes with a few doggrel lines, which, as a tail-piece, are not in the best taste, and may convey the impression, to those numerous readers who begin at the end of a work, that the present one is much more flippant and indifferent than it really is.

The Wilberforce and Clarkson Controversy.

In a note to the second edition of the Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, the animadversions of H. C. Robinson, Esq., Barrister, upon their misrepresentations and insinuations against Clarkson, are noticed in that supercilious and unfair way, which has tempted Mr Robinson to renew the wordy war. This he has done with vigour and vantage; though, probably, few beyond the circle of the personal friends of the disputants will take much interest in the contest. The public was not slow to perceive that the Messrs Wilberforce treated Clarkson unhandsomely and unjustly, nor to appreciate their motives. The public at once made up its mind on the subject, and is not likely to forego its opinion, nor yet, we imagine, to take much interest in the shabbiness of the attempt made to get out of a shabby scrape. An anonymous correspondent, in Glasgow, lately drew our attention to the paltry trick of the Messrs Wilberforce, pretending, in their new edition, to have sold "thirty thousand of the Life of William Wilberforce;" palpably insinuating copies, where the fact is volumes. The circumstance had escaped our memory until Mr Robinson's advertisement recalled it; and, save for that, might have passed unnoticed. It is of a piece with the rest.

Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates of the House of Commons, from May 1768 to June 1774. By J. Wright, Editor of the Parliamentary History. Parts I. and II.

The Parliament, of which the debates are here reported, is commonly called the UNREPORTED PARLIAMENT, and has, till now, remained nearly a blank, or rather an imperfection in Parliamentary history. Yet this was a most important period of English history, and among the speakers in the House of Commons, were Burke, Fox, Lord North, Dunning, Wedderburne, &c. &c. The notes taken by Cavendish fill forty-nine small quarto volumes; and Mr Wright, after being on the scent for fifteen years, has at last discovered them among the Egerton manuscripts. The work, which is issuing in Parts, is of the same size as the "Parliamentary History," and will form four or five handsome volumes.

A Practical Inquiry into the Laws of Excavation and Embankment upon Railways. By a Resident Assistant Engineer.

It is enough to announce this scientific work, which can only interest or benefit engineers and railway proprietors.

The Universal tendency of Mankind to associate; with Notices of the Bonds of Society as regards Individuals and Communities. By John Dunlop, Esq.

A number of curious facts are collected in this volume, we cannot say with what precise object. At first we imagined that a scheme of reformed or purified Socialism was to be propounded: but nothing specific is yet reached, though generally the advantages of association are pointed out.

A Letter to the Human Race. By a Brother.

We have not read this letter carefully, but, from a rapid glance, are inclined to think well of a publication of which the text is "LOVE ONE ANOTHER," and which concludes by exhorting every intelligent being, man and woman, to set about learning to read and write, and to well understand reading and writing in their own language, making their first study instruction and love.

Annals of Humble Life.

This is a volume of short stories, generally of an instructive kind, and good moral tendency. They also possess considerable literary merit.

Camp and Quarters. Scenes and Impressions of Military Life. By Major John Patterson.

An old campaigner here runs through, "even from his boyish days," the story

Of his strange ventures
Happed by land or sea.

This he does with unfailing good-humour, and a happy knack of choosing such scenes and characters for delineation as are likely to be generally entertaining, especially to the wide circle of the "United Service." The world has grown a full century older within the forty years which have elapsed since Major Patterson first repaired to the Grammar School of Enniskillen, and not very long afterwards joined his regiment at the same place. Although he may not have wholly changed with the changing age, he has noted the revolution in manners and opinions, and probably shared in both. Too sudden an access of good fortune, too many powerful friends at headquarters, and too rapid promotion, have not unfitted him for impartial observation, nor possessed him with interested prejudices.

Reminiscences of the service, and of his fellow soldiers, on first joining the army, and throughout the Peninsular War, *Life* in barracks, in camp, and quarters—afford the staple of his work; and his experience has been large. He suffered with Moore on the memorable retreat to Corunna, and shared in the later glories of Wellington. The tone in which he speaks of Moore, gives a very favourable impression of his heart and of his understanding. He does not find great military genius and talent only in success. To many readers, the most piquant portion of these volumes will be their brief chronicle and abstract of Irish manners, perished, never to be revived. While Major Patterson was under the care of a genuine Irish pedagogue, the players sometimes visited Enniskillen: and stars, long since burned out, shone there: the Connors and Sinclairs, and pretty "Miss St Clair," who afterwards became Mrs Macarthy, and Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan, who is thus introduced:—

Poor Owenson, the manager, was long since called to his fathers. A more kind-hearted being never lived. His personation of the Irish character was far beyond any actor of his times; while the racy brogue, by which his amusing dialogues were enriched, rendered them inimitable. In the part of Murtoch Delany, he caused his auditors to laugh almost to tears. His dress was in such good keeping, that one could scarcely bring himself to think it was a mimic scene. Murtoch enters with tattered garments, and a hay rope round his waist, with garters of the same material. Armed with a huge pitch-fork, he would lead you to imagine that Paddy had but that instant left his bogs, whilst exclaiming, as he blunders on the stage, "I *slipt* under a hay-stack last night, and the fithers were wet." In the character of Father Philip, in the Castle Spectre, he was admirable. When the jolly fat friar came on soliloquising, while patting

his lusty sides, "O *sinner* that I am, to forget my bottle of sack!" the house was literally in a roar. His Irish songs were all sung with a fine mellow voice, in a style unequalled by anything I ever heard, even from Irish Johnstone, or the well-known Power. Drimindu's lamentations for the loss of her cow, with other plaintive ditties, vibrate still upon the memory of those surviving few, who once had listened with rapture to the vocalist.

Major Patterson gives a correct and vivid picture of the social and moral condition of his native country, at the beginning of the century, when the reckless and profligate habits of the gentry were more ruinous to their countrymen and themselves than all the other evils by which it has been cursed. There were not a little of the same vices which disgraced Irish society to be found at that period in other countries, although Ireland had nearly the monopoly of one black vice, by which it was tainted tothe core—duelling. Our author says:—

It was then (and I believe the idea still prevails) considered exceedingly genteel to fight a duel; the education of a gentleman was not said to have received its polishing touch without a little experience at the pistols; while the daring fellow, who was so lucky as to wing or kill his man, was gazed at even by the ladies with no small pleasure, and a considerable share of favour. These unfortunate propensities made it dangerous for any moderate person to go into company. A sample of the elements comprising which, may be obtained from the individual of whom I am now to speak. No man that ever attempted to redress the wrongs of others, or took vengeance for his own, made a greater noise than Markham Kilmore, for so this celebrated Irishman was styled. About five-and-thirty years ago, he was the hero of every reckless and hair-brained enterprise that was going forward in the country.

When in the zenith of his popularity, among the fire-eating members of his brethren, he was in the prime of life; and one of the finest looking men that Ireland could produce—at once the admiration and terror of all beholders. Constant and active exercise had given to a remarkably handsome countenance a colour, that many a damsel might have sighed for; but habits of intemperance, which his jovial temper fostered, and his quondam friends encouraged, soon induced a look of premature decay. The most inveterate constitution was unequal to withstand the nightly, it might even be said the daily revels, which he and the other fellows, well met, kept up together. Moreover, he was a sporting character. . .

So professed a duellist was only equalled by his father; the spirit of his mother, likewise, had infused itself within his nature; for the good old lady, far from being the mildest of her sex, was a thorough brimstone in her way. Spurring on those who had no stomach for the field, and applauding those who had, she was embroiled herself, and got every one else embroiled in disputations, who lived within fifty miles of her hall door. Furthermore, by way of taking comfort, for that she, having unhappily made her entrée in the world as a claimant for petticoat dominion, was therefore unqualified for the "*Death or Glory Club*," she frequented every soirée, as well as dinner party, where her beloved topic was discussed; and also courted the intimacy of every desperado and bravado of her day; urging her husband (nothing loath) to every hostile meeting which he had on his hands; while she, poor innocent, in the most harmless way imaginable, to be sure, looked to the efficiency of the weapons, keeping, meanwhile, the powder in her pocket, to render it friable or fusible for immediate use.

The fate of the original subject of our tale could easily be foretold: whether disabled by lead or whisky, no great length of days awaited him.

Having made good his fame as a bravo of the highest order, proving that he could smoke, drink, or fight with any man alive, the grim leveller called him out at last. To banish recollection, he drank without any intermission. When, taking up the quarters vacated by his gouty friend and pupil, he procured a keg of the strongest whisky, and had it placed beside his pillow. Swilling off deep potations, his unfortunate career was literally ended with the burning liquor at his mouth.

Many others of this stamp flourished in those Gothic days; men, whose weapons were at hand and loaded on all occasions; nothing short of slugs in a saw pit, or the handkerchief across the table, would satisfy their *craving* appetite for powder. There is not an individual of them now alive: their violent career was in general ended by violent death; and, happily for other generations, few of those pests of civilized society have left a progeny to perpetuate their crimes.

An Irish duel, according to Major Patterson, gave a holiday to the whole neighbourhood. It was as good to the peasantry as a race, a steeple-chase, or a fox-hunt, or as a hanging, to the clodhoppers of England.

"Friends and materials," being ready, and no apologies admitted, "Make way for the gintlemen," was echoed out by a thousand voices; while, infuriated, the people ran to where the ground was measured. "Oh, by the pipers, and here they are!—come, boys, open right and left, and let them have fair play, any way;" when, instantly, a lane was formed in the centre of the crowd. Upon the first round being fired, should it so happen that, through means of this, a compromise was likely to take place, murmurs "loud and deep" were heard to issue from the multitude, who expressed their disappointment by most outragious yells; when, however, they discovered that the pistols were reloading, nothing could exceed their joy; while, with cheers, they pressed in upon the hostile parties, leaving them barely room to prosecute their studies.

In case, as it often happened, that the popular man was so successful as to kill his foe, the field was soon abandoned, amid vociferous cries of triumph; while, upon the line of march, many a fractured skull gave ample testimony that there were various modes of fighting.

When Major Patterson entered the army, a case of duelling pistols was considered as among the first requirements of a young officer of fifteen, whom some Mentor in the regiment was so kind as to inform "you never can get on without them; you must make a character for yourself." The pistols, accordingly, formed the principal ornament of the mantelpiece. Major Patterson, rejoicing in the happy change which has since taken place, tells of different fatal duels within his own experience, and in which, as usual, the seconds were greatly to blame.

In those days, soldiers were welcome everywhere, especially to young ladies, but, above all, were they thrice welcome to Limerick, ever remarkable for its love of red coats:—

Various causes tended to this; its inhabitants were the very gayest of Irish people—they had no serious or engrossing occupations, to sadden or dim their gladsome hours—they were musical, and fond of show and pageantry of every sort. As for the fair creation, of whom there was a bright display, they could never get on without the red coats. The *browns* and *blacks* were grievously at a discount, going about the assembly or saloon like tadpoles, amid the brilliant butterflies by whom they were surrounded.

The Burdetts, D'Esterres, Rosslewins, and a train of others, all of them beautiful women in their day, seemed to have had the love of soldiering implanted in them from their very infancy; they and all the rest of them, could talk or think of nothing else—it was their waking as well as their sleeping dream. Allured by the charming sound of "band and drums," they soon "followed to the field some warlike lord," and furnished as comely a reinforcement to the army as ever trod the camp.

One of the most friendly and good-natured women I ever met with in my travels, flourished at that time in the garrison. Mrs S——, or "The Soldier's Joy," as we jocosely called her, was, in truth, the "beau ideal" of everything that those who were fond of merriment could

desire. She was, indeed, the soldier's joy; for wherever she appeared, there social mirth and joyous fun were going forward. I need hardly say, that she was in high request among the officers, to whom her hospitable abode in George's Street, was always open. Many a bright assemblage filled her brilliantly lighted rooms—many a fair and dazzling beauty made her last conquest there—many a gentle heart, fluttering between hopes and fears, beat high with warm delight, to the tones of military music within those walls—there the animating country dance of olden times, was enjoyed with a degree of liveliness and spirit unknown in modern days.

In the present age of correct refinement, what a piece of gravity is our dancing! when the quadrillers, as if going through some formal business, look like so many wax images in Madame Tussaud's saloon. . .

To return to Mrs S——: with her, adieu to icy ceremonials—your Polar beings got no quarter there—one lead off with the *Soldier's Joy*, would chase away those gravities. But her reign, as fleeting as her joys, is now no more; leaving but a faint impression on the memory, of delightful days, and of scenes which we can never hope to see revived again. How different is the reception given to military men by the people with whom they may be quartered, in England, to what it is by those of their friends on the other side of the water! . . . .

With the exception of some of our Cathedral towns, where the good old ladies want a few hands at whist, or the young ones a few smart legs for their quadrilling, the gentlemen are permitted to solace themselves by any agreeable vocation they may incline to; either in the sylvan haunts about the town, or by cooling their heels upon the banks of some convenient stream. Perhaps there may be daughters to be thought of, whose mammas, rather than see them on the shelf, would gladly jump at one of the militaires; then, indeed, the soldier of fortune, which means the soldier who has no fortune at all, would perchance be smiled on by the matrons: and as romance will have it that money is a gross idea, an ingredient love would spurn at, the daughters, being of the same opinion with Madam Romance and their mammas, would smile upon him too.

Under any other circumstances, the officers rarely get a "card," unless perhaps the colonels or the majors; or probably, should a sprig of the aristocracy, or one of the 10th be there, he may be called for.

The affair is quite another sort of thing in Ireland, where the constant residence of a large military force, domiciled, as it were, among them, produces a corresponding and familiar intercourse with the people; whose habits and disposition, by nature of a volatile and lively character, assimilate with the gay pursuits, with the wildly buoyant temperament of the soldier. Amusement is the business of an Irishman and is essential to the *being* of an Irish woman.

Galway was to the full as hospitable as Limerick to the 7th, or, we presume, any other button or number of regiment from the Royals upwards. We hope the Irish ladies are become either a little more nice and austere, or, at least, a little more *cunning* than in those times of simplicity described by the Major:

The Irish are fond of fun in every possible shape; and the Irish girls, particularly those of Galway, were no way deficient on that head; ever on the watch to create some lively sport, either in the way of dancing, picnics, or promenading. They seemed to have no other earthly thing to think of: in short, such was their passionate fondness for amusement, that they were out at all hours, turning corners, driving through the streets, offering by the way their tempting matrimonial baits, and killing us downright, by glances from their bright, and by no means puritanical eyes.

Upon a large space in the centre of the town, called Merryk Square, our regiment assembled daily to bungle Dundass, and listen to V——l's prosy lectures; while thus engaged, the lovely charmers exhibited their loveliness for close inspection. Instead of "eyes right, or eyes left," or paying any attention to the proper flank, it was nothing but "stand at ease;" looking to our female corps of observation, more than to the point from whence the orders issued.

The belles in this way philandered until the battalion was dismissed, when a general rush was made on both sides, the conquerors and the conquered, the latter borne off in triumph, in the bondage of their not exactly adamantine chains. We had some pretty sharp work on hands, while dancing attendance on these damsels, up all night with "hands across," "pousette," and "down the middle."

They were not particularly wedded to the doctrine of Sir Andrew Agnew's school; on which account, Sunday, although not set apart for dancing, was no less desecrated by other little peccadilloes, such as ambling up and down the ball-room, with innocent flirtations intervening; the aforesaid ball-room being lighted up, and a band of music to animate the promenaders. The whole affair was terminated by a jovial meeting round the supper table, where their carousals, with the usual ceremonies of the night, were piously observed. . . . . .

The most memorable event that happened during our stay in Galway, was a joyous entertainment, given by a facetious lady, who was blest with the fine old patronymic of O'G——. Having lately made a flitting to her new house, which, in reality, was an ancient fabric, a most tumble down concern, standing, or rather tottering, in a long, dark and narrow street, she proposed to celebrate the business, agreeably to custom, by giving a house-warming; and a precious warming certainly it was, for in the praiseworthy resolution of generous hospitality, she quite forgot the geography of her mansion, while overflowing with sentiments of a loving nature for "our cloth," she asked every officer in the garrison to her fête.

Mrs O'G—— was, moreover, furnished with a fair supply of daughters waiting for promotion; having therefore an eye to their advancement, she considered this the finest opportunity to bring them out; while she flattered herself by thinking that such blooming young recruits would be an acquisition to ours, or any other regiment.

To the utter amazement of our patrons, her drawing-rooms and parlours were quickly filled to suffocation, by the company that came swarming in.

The bed-rooms, where beds were previously knocked down, were put in requisition; when, amidst the struggling to get in, there was a scene of jostling that baffles all narrative. Orders and commands flew here and there, like those upon a field of battle. Louder than the rest, was the voice of our worthy hostess. "Och, Pat! what are you doing then? Put the ladies into the blue-room; Molly, tell Mrs Burke to walk up stairs."

"The stairs are full ma'am, from top to bottom."

"Well, put them into the parlour."

"The parlour too is as full as it can hold."

"Colonel, make yourself quite at home. Mrs O'Flanagan, dear, shew the Miss Mahoney's into the ould closet at the head of the stairs, and I'll send out your tay. Major Sullivan, come this way;—my daughters, sir, (introducing four bouncing wenches,) my daughters will entertain you. Girls, dear, take care of the Major."

. . . . . .

Among the gaiest, and loveliest of the gay, in Galway, was Julia MacN—a. She bore the ruddy glow of health, while, with laughing eyes, and a sprightly temper, she brought within her train a formidable muster of our Lotharios. On a beautiful verdant bank beyond the outlet of the town, stood the mansion of this goddess, where the notes of joy and merriment were wont to sound.

Despising the cold and rigid laws of etiquette, our youthful heroine performed the part of cicerone to the "hall;" for when she was in merry mood, her cabriolet was quickly at our barrack gates, when collecting as many as the vehicle would hold, she drove them with the speed of lightning to her hospitable board.

It has been said of old that "the 10th don't dance;" it might with equal truth have been affirmed that "the 7th don't marry;" there were truly no marrying men among us. They were mostly young fellows, and just as prone to fall in love as other people; but, in some unaccount-

able way, the love of "honour and glory," prevailed above the tender passion, impelling them to aspire for things quite uncongenial with wedded life.

Alas! for the poor girls of Galway; they were doomed to celibacy, as far as we were concerned. But why *do* I say alas?—happy was it for them, that they were not tempted, by empty sound, to follow a soldier's chequered fortunes.

The provoking, and really irritating nonsense, in dress and drilling, by which the tempers of both officers and men were often sorely tried in those days, is happily ridiculed. Can such trumpery as is here described ever again be connected with any military service, were it but that of the King of Ashantee?

Good officers were often extremely fussy; when carried away by anxious zeal, they sometimes overdid the thing; nothing could exceed this zeal, when the brigadiers were at their elbow—when, lo! from their fears of not arriving at the acmé of perfection, they frequently got bewildered, when half-way through the "*dire eighteen;*" breaking down with fearful sputter, they bungled through the other half.

Into a dilemma of this nature our chief was never known to fall; fussy though undoubtedly he was in the presence of his seniors, yet he was well aware of his own superiority; he made the generals stare—they actually shook their whiskers with astonishment, while standing in their stirrups—at the way in which he handled the manœuvres.

The manœuvres!—What upon earth could have possessed any one in his natural senses, to propound so complicated an affair?—a code with such a multitudinous variety of parts, that it resembled the hydra-headed monster, which seemed, as fast as one was cut away, to have another ready to start up in its place, never ending, still beginning; the phantom of our dreams, the bugbear of our lives, which, after the manner of Tam o' Shanter, haunted us night and day.

After the bowing scene, a flattering harangue was addressed to all the majors, with an appendix to the minors; when the whole concluded with the oft repeated "Advance in line;" with the boldness of our troops at Maida, we came to the cha—a—a-rge," sung out as if Stentor that moment had risen from his grave.

Charge what?—O ye Valerosos, tell it not in Gath:" a herd of cows, two old women, and a pig!

So much for a field-day in the old "regime;" a lesson from which, may be useful to beginners in the *new*.

THE GOOSE-STEP.

Before we take leave of this very improving subject, we may as well look back, and have one last peep at the farce exhibiting in the barrack-square; so as to form some idea of a performance, which composed the most amusing, as indeed it was the most interesting portion of the ceremonies going forward at this period. It was with singular propriety denominated the Goose-step." Whether the remarkable evolution was called after the distinguished genius, who bestowed so valuable a proof of talent upon his ungrateful country, or from the nature of the operation requiring the exhibitor to stand on one leg, in imitation of the above named animal, I am totally at a loss to say; this, however, I *can* safely venture to affirm, that it was one of the popular fancies of the day; one, that was after many deep cogitations among the learned, contrived, or devised, in the wisdom of their councils, very likely with the view of enabling those who went to fight the battles of their king, when one leg was carried off, to use the other to the best advantage, until a second *pin* was got in readiness.

The novelty of the thing was a further recommendation in its favour, (for all are fond of novelty;) although at the time I speak of, the "hopping school," was introduced into every barrack-yard, from the Lizard to John o' Groat's; we might with justice have exclaimed, "there was no restingplace for the soles of our feet."

The internal economy of a regiment in those days, with the colonel's spy, and his parasite, the favourite major, the system of sending to Coventry, and the spirit of party, are cleverly described; and, on the whole, Major Patterson appears to consider that the army has improved in everything save—pay.

Our author, soon after leaving Galway, gets into active service, and that of the most stirring sort; and we have followed him with interest and pleasure through all the well-fought fields of Spain. His sketches are mainly episodical; but, with the mule-load of histories of the Peninsular War which are now before the world, this is just so much the better. He has an old soldier's regard for Napoleon and his Marshals; and, as we have noticed, that generous sympathy and true and warm appreciation of Moore, which it does good to one's heart to meet with in a veteran of Salamanca.

Rough Notes of the Campaign in Sinde and Affghanistan. By Major James Outram.

Those who take an interest in the momentous campaign here described—momentous whether we regard its events or its probable consequences—will peruse this journal with interest. The opportunities which the writer, now the British political agent in Sinde, had for observation, while he served with the army of the Indus, were of no ordinary kind. The ground which he trode possesses, besides, the attraction of novelty.

Lectures, delivered at Newcastle, upon the Constitution and Institutions of America. By James Mather.

This pamphlet contains a great deal of useful information about what we may term the world's great Normal School of Republicanism. The Lecturer has travelled in the United States, though we find nothing in his discourses that a diligent inquirer might not have learned at home. It is in America alone that the path is open to talents, the men of the highest official rank having risen from the People. Van Buren was the son of a tavern-keeper at Kinderhook, State of New York; Webster was a farmer until past schoolboy days; another was a hostler and then a salt boiler; Isaac Hill, governor of New Hampshire, was a country schoolmaster; and Rittener, the governor of Pennsylvania, was formerly a waggoner. But tavern-keepers appear the most successful in obtaining office in America: though it must be remembered that a tavern-keeper in a new and in an old country occupies a very different social position. These Lectures are calculated to allay the apprehensions of English capitalists having money invested in the United States.

The Life of Luther; translated from the German of Gustavus Pfizer; by T. T. Williams of Johanneian College, Hamburgh. *With an Introductory Essay;* by the Author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm."

A good book, but by no means a cheap reprint. The Society for Popular Instruction, whoever they may be, who issue works under this designation, should emulate, in small profits, or, at least, in reasonably-priced books, the example of Moxon, Smith, Chambers, and ourselves, or else leave the book trade to the regular publishers.

A Sister's Offering.

This small volume contains many copies of pretty verses, which may commend it to those who are indifferent to the amiable motive, which, as we infer, has induced the authoress to come before the public.

The Sunyassee; an Eastern Tale. By James Hutchison, Esq.

A metrical romance of the Byron school, written in

India or the Cape, to beguile the tedium of illness. We hope it had the desired effect, in the particular instance, as we cannot promise that it will have any other.

Church and State; A poem. By Civis.

Civis is a voluntary; an admirer of the Covenanters, an advocate for religious freedom; and, consequently, the foe of priestly domination. He denounces the atrocities of Rathcormac, and sympathizes with John Thorogood in his cell; considering him quite as much the victim of the State Church, as were the Martyrs of Scotland.

The Hope of the World, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay.

This gentleman says that his publication is an experiment on the public taste. We hope that it may be a successful one, so far as regards himself; for his verses, though not likely either to rekindle the decayed love for poetry or create a new flame, are pleasing and sweet.

Hymns and Sketches in Verse. By the author of Tales of the "Great and Brave."

These are all juvenile, where they are not baby or nursery verses. Some of them are tender, and all are pleasing and of amiable tendency.

Smith's Standard Library.

Some excellent additions have been made to the handsome reprints which constitute this popular collection. We may enumerate among our favourites, "Robin Hood," Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Mrs Dobson's "Life of Petrarch," and Izaak Walton's quaint "Biographies of Eminent English Divines."

NEW PAMPHLETS.

GLANCES at the TIMES. By John Wade.—We remember a time, indeed it is not in the least beyond the memory of man, when we fancied Mr Wade's occasional Glances at the Times somewhat oblique, and when he probably fancied us not half so radical as honest Reformers should be. His glance is still oblique, but he now squints as furiously to the ministerial side, as if the Whigs had shewn the least disposition to correct any one of the abuses pointed out in the "Black Book." His pamphlet, meanwhile, is but a poor new paraphrase of the regular annual *ministerial manifestos*. We hope Mr Wade may find Whigs in office more generous masters than mercenaries generally find or fancy the People, whom Mr Wade wont formerly to describe as so ill-governed and cruelly oppressed. But we have no desire to be unnecessarily severe on Mr Wade. His "Black Book," though it dealt in crudities and exaggeration, has done much good among the ignorant; and his extravagant eulogium upon the Whigs, and abuse of the Chartist and ultra-Reformers, can do no great harm. Such men overshoot the mark, and are not capable of serving any party.

DIPLOMACY and COMMERCE. No. III.—Whatever Nos. I. and II. may contain, No. III. consists of a nonsensical argument for absolutism, carried on in an imaginary dialogue between Mr Urquhart and a Glasgow Merchant; a palaver on the State of the Nation between Mr Urquhart and some Operatives, which is rather more pertinent; though Mr U. takes things pretty much his own way; and, finally, a conversation on the *sulphur dispute*.

STATEMENT of the CLAIMS of the BRITISH SUBJECTS interested in the OPIUM surrendered to CAPTAIN ELLIOT for the PUBLIC SERVICE.—"*Surrendered for the public service!*" This sufficiently explains the object of the pamphlet.

A PLAIN APPEAL to the PEOPLE of SCOTLAND, [so far as they are Christians,] on the KIRK QUESTION.—This is, in substance, the long title of a pamphlet by PRESBUTERION, who propounds a new scheme of tranquilizing the country, and supplying parishes with ministers, in which the Crown, the Kirk, and the Heritors, are somehow to co-operate, and the Crown to be umpire in case of disputes or disagreements. Of "the Christian people" we find no account made, though patronage is considered public property. *Presbuterion* considers the conduct of those who suspended, or, more correctly, attempted to suspend, the seven Strathbogie ministers, as "daring and wanton, ignorant and un-Christian." He will find more to concur in this opinion than in his scheme of adjustment. The *Veto* he considers only not quite so bad as the ballot; one or two shades better, in other words, than the mode in which so many elections are made in this country.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY in MANCHESTER. By William Beaver Neale, Esq.—Another *exposé* of the vice and crime of one of our great towns, and explanation of the causes. This pamphlet we may probably notice more at length hereafter, in connexion with other publications upon the same important subject.

An ESSAY on the PLAY of the TEMPEST. By P. Macdonnell.

HEADS of the PEOPLE. No. IX.—Containing, *The Parish Clerk*, *The Spitalfields Weaver*, (a clever sketch by a new hand,) *The Sporting Gentleman*, by Nimrod; and *The Barrister*, just commenced, by Blanchard.

THOUGHTS on the STATE of the BRITISH WEST-INDIA COLONIES, and the MEASURES for their IMPROVEMENT. By John Innes.—The main feature of Mr Innes' scheme of improvement is, that, in the present state of transition, the negroes should be *bound* to remain with their employers for a certain length of time, and that immigrants should be subjected to the same rule, else neither will acquire steady settled habits of industry. He also looks for improvement from Scotch agriculturalists going to the West Indies, and from the establishment of banks.

DICTIONARY of PRINTING. No. IV.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Part VI.

RECORDS of the KIRK of SCOTLAND. Part XIV.

PLAN for the IMPROVEMENT of the PORT of LONDON. By Minimus.

THE HARROWING of HELL.—One of the oldest of the Miracle plays, now first published from the original manuscript in the British Museum, and a very great curiosity.

THOMAS' LIFE of NAPOLEON. Part XV.

TYAS' HISTORY of NAPOLEON. Part XIV.

PAUL PERRIWINKLE. No. XV.

Picturesque Sketches in Scotland. Edinburgh: Menzies. London: Tilt & Co.

Two parts have appeared of a work of art connected with Scotland, which we consider superior to anything of the sort hitherto produced; and likely, we should think, to be as popular as it is excellent. The subjects are, remarkable edifices, and mountain and lake scenery. The designs are by different artists. The scale is large. The sketches are lithographed by William Nichol, and are highly creditable to the artist and to the progress of this branch of art in Scotland. The architectural subjects, in particular, are of rare beauty, possessing the spirit

and softness of highly-finished pencil-sketches. The subjects of the designs are also well chosen. Among them we may enumerate *Melrose Abbey*, from a drawing by the late H. W. Williams; *Dryburgh Abbey*, from a drawing by A. Kay; and *Loch Lomond*, from a design by M'Culloch. The sketches are, certainly, not all of equal merit; but, as a whole, the series cannot fail both to elevate and gratify the public taste. A view of Prince's Street, with the monument to Scott proposed to be erected, does (we are at this time sorry to say) convey a rather unfavourable impression of the intended edifice; of which the minute and almost finical ornament appears exuberant in itself, and little in harmony with the solidity and massiveness of the neighbouring objects. The immediate contemplation of the antique structures in the sketches, may, however, have spoiled our eyes, at the moment, for the finical and ornate decorations of the Monument.

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.

During the late Session of the Reform Parliament, we have so far sympathised in the prevailing apathy and disgust, as scarcely to have adverted, save in the Register of Public Affairs, to any passing event.

Where the policy pursued—that of trickery and delusion—was the same that has been in action for seven years, and its object precisely the same: to consolidate power in Whig hands being the main object, and the temporary hold of place, by whatever means, the secondary purpose; nay, where the individuals, after their "reconstruction," formed exactly the same Cabinet; what remained to be said, save the stale repetition of those complaints and upbraidings of Whig imbecility and treachery which are worse than idle, until the time arrive when complaint shall become redress.

There are only two circumstances involved in our domestic affairs which can banish the apparent indifference and supineness of independent Journalists; and these are, either violent agitation, threatening that revolution, of which the elements have long been collecting, or the dissolution of the present most unworthy and unpopular Parliament. Every year increases the number of reflecting men whom the train of events and hopelessness of social amelioration are silently bringing round to the conviction that so deeply seated and minutely ramified are the evils and abuses ingrafted upon the political system of a country, nominally free, that nothing short of a sweeping Revolution can remove the deadly ills under which it labours, and which present invincible obstructions to the progress of civilisation and the general happiness. It is neither to the Whig nor yet to the Tory faction that the thoughtful persons, to whom we allude, longer look, even for co-operation, in the peaceful abatement of the abuses originated and perpetrated by the domineering State Church, hereditary legislation, and aristocratic privilege; in other words, by the alternate ruling factions, Whig or Tory. Thinking men have even less confidence in John Russell—the creature of the prejudices and interested prepossessions of his class—than in Robert Peel, who, by so many more common ties, may be presumed to sympathize with the People, from whom he is yet but one generation removed; and the one and the other are equally averse—Lord John with the most inveterate prejudice—to those manifold social reforms, which, unless the ground be first cleared, it were, we fully believe, waste of time to attempt.

Whig treachery has taught the People two memorable lessons: first, bitter and contemptuous mistrust of all public men; and, next, callous indifference to those threatened evils which waylay the path of change, and appear so appalling to timid Tories and satisfied Whigs, but which are of slight esteem to the discontented, and to those whom poverty renders desperate. In one or other of those two dangerous classes the great mass of the People are now ranged. The Whig faction cannot pretend to enjoy or to deserve the confidence of the Reformers whom they have betrayed; but there remains to them the miserable ground of consolation, that neither do the People trust their adversaries. The truth is, they trust neither, but they detest the Whigs. What have the half-starved, uninstructed millions to gain from the temporary triumph of either faction,—or to dread from change which might put in peril Lord Melbourne's place, or haply his neck; or the estates of the House of Bedford, and other great families; but which the millions, not unnaturally, reckon would leave them no worse than it finds them. Wherever a small amount of knowledge has enlightened the natural instincts of justice, and roused the numerous class to a sense of their rights as industrious men—the sinews and props of society—they have become avowed revolutionists, ready to put all to the hazard for the chance which, in their desperate circumstances, appears a certainty of bettering their own condition, and improving that of their posterity.

That grave lesson which human history, in every age and country, has instilled, namely, that the People have nothing on which they can securely or permanently rely save their own spirit, union, and intelligence, the Whigs have, within the last seven years, unceasingly and, we trust, effectually taught; while they have laboured at the same time, to destroy the last hope of peaceful and gradual but radical Reform. Revolution has, therefore, even with those comfortable persons who, profiting by abuses, have most cause to deprecate change, come to be viewed merely as a question of time and chance, which concession may for a while delay, but which it is more likely some accident from within or without may precipitate. In Ireland, Revolution was delayed by the concession of the Catholic claims; in Great Britain, at a critical period, by the passing of the Reform Bill. But, in both countries, the latent causes of Revolution remain in their original strength; and while those causes remain, to the removal of which Whig and Tory governments alike offer obstruction, there can be no permanent security:—There ought to be none. All history concurs in teaching another important lesson; namely, that nothing is to be obtained by the People from their self-elected rulers, save

by keeping them uneasy; acting continually and systematically upon their selfish fears. We now speak of rulers of all ages, which, as a class, offer wonderfully few exceptions to the rule.

With revolution in the distant perspective, either coming peacefully through the fears of the few, or violently from the sense of injustice which already animates and goads on the masses, there is, in apparently nearer prospect, the dissolution of Parliament, which alone can lead to any immediate change in parties worth speculating upon It may be the hope of the Whigs that, with their last Parliament, they will rot away piece-meal, and, stinking in the nostrils of all men, die at last a natural death at the latest possible hour of their existence—three or four years hence. They can have no better hope; and even this protracted and miserable existence is barely possible; and as we make no question but that they will, in their hour of need, attempt to play the old game of delusion over again, under some new name, it behoves the People to be on their guard. The working classes cannot be deceived. The Chartists, Radicals, and Corn-Law Repealers, who, with some modifications, include nearly the whole of the industrious part of the community, are fully upon their guard. If the Tories oppressed, they did not betray them; their enmity was open and above board. The Radicals have had ample experience of the hollow professions of the Whigs while seeking place, and the Chartists, of their tender mercies while enjoying it; and all the middle-class electors, who breathe beyond the charmed circle of official patronage and vague expectancy, are evidently inclining to moderate Conservatism. How these dispositions leave the cause of Reform, it is painful to consider; but it must, from their evident tendencies, and many of their declarations, console the Whigs, that if they be annihilated themselves by another election, the Radicals will not triumph in their downfal. Their destruction as a power in the Government, has been sealed by their honest Whig associates, themselves too often weakly consenting; and, apart from the most despicable and selfish of party purposes—the counting a few more votes merely to keep themselves in place—we fully believe that the weakening or extinction of the Radicals in Parliament is much more gratifying to the Whigs than to the Tories. Towards those few Liberal Members, who, on one or two recent occasions, left Ministers in the lurch, not so much from public principle, as from regard to their own reputation as gentlemen, the hatred of the Whigs, expressed in the yells and execrations of their subalterns, seems as rancorous as it is unbounded; the more rancorous, that Reformers will no longer believe that a vote which merely serves to keep in Lord John Russell, means the same thing with one given in support of the public cause; or that a Liberal Member, who fears to degrade himself on every occasion at the beck of the Treasury bench, is a traitor to Reform. Even poor, ill-used, honest Mr O'Connell, who, with his new Repeal agitation, seems in the plight of the lying boy in the fable, who had cried *wolf* so often, that no one believed when the wolf really appeared, has for the time ceased the Irish shout of "More power to them!" Their condition would be less hopeless if they could have got rid of the Reform Bill, which, such as it is, raised them into office. Under the former order of things, a Ministry, six years in power, having the Court, to which they had been so uniformly subservient, hollow with them, and diligently plying those means of corruption which, in the plenitude of Commissions and Boards, the Whigs contrive to possess more largely, and to employ as recklessly as ever did the Tories,—might have looked forward with confidence to a general election, for which they were so well prepared. But, as it is, having escaped prompter punishment, they must suffer by a sort of poetic justice; and, like the presumptuous Frankenstein, become the terrified victims of the monstrous abortion, which, unlike the pseudo-philosopher, they had power to improve and perfect, but would not. When the Whigs are driven from office, annihilated by the fair working of their own Reform Bill, whether will their scribes attribute their destruction to the defective nature of the measure which they have resisted every proposition to amend, or to the distrust and contempt of the electors for the individuals composing the Government? It signifies little which defence is chosen; since, while they contrive to keep their places, and a hold of the public purse, their supporters will never lack argument.

The only ground of consolation which sincere Reformers can feel in looking back upon this most sickening Session of the Reform Parliament, is the frequent betrayal of that conscious weakness which, in spite of the declining and dwindling force of their opponents, makes the leaders and ablest men of the Tory party decline office. They do not fear the Whigs—why should they?—but they do fear the spirit of the country. They are aware that it will be impossible for them to play the double game of the perfidious Whigs, and appear to serve two masters, even if they were capable of such baseness. They cannot, at the same time, truckle to the Court, and cajole the Radicals. Being in principle Conservative, they must appear so. Although willing to take a leaf out of the book of their Jesuitical adversaries, the rashness of the honest bigots of their party would render trickery impossible.

The avoidance of office by the Tories is thus a tacit recognition of another fact for which we have contended for years past; namely, that, under open Tory sway, a Liberal Opposition—the last hope of Reformers, short of violent change—must recover vitality, and, when no longer pining and gasping in the poisoned atmosphere of corrupt and corrupting Whiggery, draw to strength.

From the Steam-Press of Peter Brown, Printer, 19, St James' Square.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1840.

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

THE 6th volume of Mr Tytler's History, from the new facts first brought to light by his researches, promised so much, and broke off so critically, that his readers must, we imagine, plead guilty to a little natural impatience for the concluding volumes. He had just entered upon what must ever be considered as the most interesting and momentous period of Scottish history; that which records the conclusive movements of the Protestant Reformation, the reign of Mary, and the successive Regencies which took place after her exile. Mr Tytler has, however, laid a task upon himself which can neither be hastily nor easily accomplished. Assuming the first duty of the historian to be impartially to tell the truth, the whole truth, and, so far as ingenuity may detect error, or sagacity solve doubts and penetrate obscurities, nothing but the truth, Mr Tytler must necessarily have spent more than ordinary time and pains in research.

After the labours of Robertson, Hume, Scott, M'Crie, and a host of inferior historians and chroniclers, it may be asked, "What remains to be brought to light in Scottish history? The old materials may be arranged with greater perspicuity; but what of value can now be added to their amount?" A few years since, we should have been disposed to acquiesce in the opinion embodied in this question; though we must henceforth consider the absolute amount of new and authentic facts which he has elicited Mr Tytler's chief merit as an historian. This superiority he has attained by having, in every instance, repaired to the fountain-head: by never resting contented to take information at second-hand; and by patiently availing himself of whatever slender clue incidentally presented itself to guide his investigation of the perplexities and contradictions of the national annals. The result has been that rich reward which ought to stimulate every after-gleaner in historical fields fancied to be already exhausted. The Scottish histories of Robertson and Sir Walter Scott—of the last of whom we may safely affirm, that he scarcely perused one original MS. while composing his work—may be justly described as masterly compilations, or redactations of the printed materials already existing in the works of Buchanan, Knox, Keith, the Sadler papers, &c. &c. In these authorities, no doubt, the great and prominent facts of Scottish history were to be found: but the good fortune or sagacity of Mr Tytler in falling upon the rich mine of the secret correspondence of the principal actors and busy agents in the affairs detailed, and his perseverance and diligence in unearthing these treasures, would have given him a manifest advantage over all his learned and eloquent predecessors, although he had been the merest dry, matter-of-fact chronicler. If the existence of this series of secret correspondence was necessarily unknown to Robertson, Hume, and Scott, or if their researches were attended with no satisfactory result, they are not to be blamed; though their acquittal from the charge of culpable negligence does not lessen the value of Mr Tytler's discoveries, and, consequently, of his ampler and more satisfactory narrative.

Of the previous eminent historians of Scotland, during the most momentous period of her annals, we may, therefore, say, that they related the story of those times at second-hand, as they found it in the best printed authorities extant; while he has fortunately the power of making the original actors speak for themselves, and, in many instances, in spite of themselves, in the very words of those dark, secret communications now first brought to light, after a sleep of three hundred years, and which we find many of the writers entreating the English minister, Cecil, and their other correspondents, to destroy. The freshness and life-like air which these, as it were, *viva voce* communications give to the narrative, is new in Scottish history; and events that are already known, are, consequently, often placed in a new aspect.

While admitting the value of the facts which

* History of Scotland, vol. vii. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. October. Pp. 471. Tait, Edinburgh.

Mr Tytler has brought to light, we must, however, protest against some of his conclusions, which appear to us to be drawn from insufficient premises. This holds especially in the case of John Knox and the leaders of the Protestant party. Knox he not only states to have been cognizant of the intended murder of Rizzio from the beginning of the conspiracy, but of the scheme of Elizabeth to get rid of Mary by sending her back to Scotland to be summarily executed by the Regent Mar, the Earl of Morton, and the other leaders of the King's party, lay and clerical. This assumption will be more fitly combated in its proper place. Generally, we are bound to premise, Mr Tytler discovers a bias, though, undoubtedly, an unconscious bias, against the party opposed to the Queen, but especially against Murray and Knox. This is betrayed even by the occasional excess of candour and indulgence which he discovers in reviewing their conduct; as if he felt that he might be presumed to have judged them with undue severity, and hence desired to make atonement, and place himself right with his reader. His manifest prepossession for Mary is less censurable, since tenderness for the unfortunate princess and more hapless woman, does not blind him to her errors and her crimes. Reluctant to condemn, yet unable to exculpate; in her instance, blind, headlong, infatuated passion, and strong suspicion of the blackest guilt and the basest duplicity, are treated with a tenderness which is never extended to Elizabeth. It is not easy, if at all possible, for any Scotsman to write or think with entire impartiality of the Queen of Scots; and it may be, that, in every generous bosom, crime arising from strong though irregular passions; the love that, if guilty, is yet strong as death; the hate, not causeless, that is cruel as the grave; are viewed with more sympathy than crimes that have their root in cold-blooded calculating policy. Mr Tytler has, however, been so far from sacrificing truth to his indulgence for Mary, that some of his discoveries exhibit her infatuated devotion to Bothwell in a stronger light than has been done by any of his predecessors. This is seen in her attempt, while confined at Lochleven Castle, to renew correspondence with him through Robert Melvil; and in various minor incidents.

Upon this servant or adherent of the Queen, it appears to us that Mr Tytler bears somewhat hard. To many readers, Melvil's apparent treachery will assume the character of fidelity to his country, and true kindness to his infatuated mistress; whose utter ruin, together with that of her son, and the disturbance of the peace of the kingdom, he foresaw as the consequence of the ominous marriage which he was dispatched to the Court of England to announce. What honest or loyal man (we use the word loyal in the true and high sense) could have thought that Mary, blackened with guilt which rendered her odious to the nation, and maddened with an infatuated passion, was longer entitled to exercise that sovereign authority, which must virtually have been exercised by her atrocious partner? The ostensible object of the confederation of the nobles against Mary and Bothwell, was a righteous object; Melvil wished it success.

One of the most remarkable of the new facts elicited by Mr Tytler, is the unsuspected treachery and baseness of the Hamiltons, who have hitherto obtained unquestioned credit for their gallantry and devotion to Queen Mary. The belief that, in her worst difficulties, they were her stanch and almost her only supporters, has been confirmed by the part which jealousy of the Regent Murray led them to take previous to, and after, her escape from Lochleven Castle.

After the resignation of the Crown had been extorted from the captive Queen of Scots, Elizabeth, whose tenacity of the divine right of sovereign princes was even stronger than her dislike of her beautiful rival, angrily, and for once in good faith, remonstrated with the confederate lords, and wrote to the leading persons, that "she would make herself a party against them in the revenge of their sovereign, and an example to all posterity;" and commanded her ambassador, Throkmorton, to keep aloof from the traitorous lords; to whom the Hamiltons were believed to be fiercely opposed, and faithful to their sovereign, with all her crimes upon her head. If any new fact which displays the cowardice, selfishness, treachery, and heartless rapacity, of a body of hereditary nobles, during great national exigences, could, with the world's old experience, be longer startling, the following passage in Mr Tytler's narrative might still surprise:—

> Throkmorton, in obedience to his mistress's commands, kept aloof; but Tullibardin, the comptroller, and brother-in-law to the Earl of Mar, one of the *interim* regents, volunteered a visit; and in the course of conversation on the late events, unveiled a scene of treachery upon the part of the Hamiltons, who had hitherto supported the queen, which filled him with horror. The two great leaders of this party were the Archbishop of St Andrew's and the Abbot of Kilwinning; and when the English ambassador remonstrated upon the violence of the recent proceedings, and threatened the lords of the secret council with hostility upon the part of Elizabeth, he was solemnly assured that a perseverance in such a course was the certain way to shorten Mary's life. Within the last forty-eight hours, said the comptroller, the Archbishop of St Andrew's, on the part of the Hamiltons, has proposed to us to put the queen to death. They have recommended this course as the only certain method of reconciling all parties; and on our consenting to adopt it, they are ready to join us to a man, and to bring Argile and Huntly along with them.
>
> Throkmorton at first expressed his utter disbelief that any men who had hitherto borne a fair character could be guilty of such atrocious and cold-blooded treachery. He argued also on the point of expediency, that more profit might be made of the queen's life than of her death. She might be divorced from Bothwell, and afterwards marry a son of the duke's, or a brother of Argile's. To this Tullibardin's answer was remarkable. "My lord ambassador," said he, "these matters you speak of have been in question amongst them: but now they are not so good an *outgait** by any of those devices as by the queen's death. For she being taken away, they account but the little king betwixt them and home,† who may

* Outgait—outlet.

† The Hamiltons were nearest heirs to the crown, failing Mary and her son. *Home* here means the succession to the throne.

dis. They love not the queen, and they know she hath no great fancy to any of them, and they fear her the more, because she is young and may have many children, which is the thing they would be rid of." Throkmorton, however, persevered in his incredulity; and that same evening the secretary Lethington held a secret conference with him, in which he assured him that Tullibardin had stated nothing but the truth. I think it right, as these are new facts in this part of our history, involving a charge of unwonted perfidy even in this age, to give the particulars of this extraordinary conversation in the words of the ambassador to Elizabeth.

Mr Tytler, accordingly, gives the conversation, for which we beg to refer to his work. His authority for the accusation of the Hamiltons is an original letter, from Throkmorton to Elizabeth, in the State Paper Office, whose archives he has rummaged with such remarkable results. —To return to the important portion of Scottish history contained in the volume before us:—

It opens with the political difficulties gathering around Mary, from the intrigues of Elizabeth and her crafty minister among the ambitious, restless, and discontented Scottish nobles; and her personal sufferings from her precipitate and ill-starred marriage with Darnley, hardly formed when bitterly repented. The fatal consequences of that teeming mischief, an ill-assorted marriage, were certainly never more conspicuous than in the union of Queen Mary with Darnley, which was the original source of all the guilt and all the wo that followed her life; and from which no inherent moral quality, no energy of understanding, or enlightened religious principle, which might have saved a woman of better-regulated mind, interposed to preserve her. To this unhappy marriage is to be attributed the defection of Murray and his party; or that "rebellion"—to use the words of Mr Tytler—which Elizabeth, jealous as a woman, and as a Queen indignant at the pretensions of Mary to the throne of England, secretly instigated.

Mary, by her popularity and her spirit, had apparently triumphed over "her rebels;" when her evil genius, Bothwell, profiting by the disgrace and exile of Murray, returned from France to Scotland; though it was not until Rizzio had been removed, in which crime he was participant, that his personal influence became predominant. The accession of this bold and powerful chief to the Queen's faction, naturally alarmed the Protestant party; and a representation was made by them to Elizabeth of the state of the kingdom, which, though described by Mr Tytler as "highly coloured," he admits to have had some foundation. The foundation was already such as, in succeeding times, would have placed in jeopardy, if it had not forfeited, the right of any reigning prince to the throne.

"The cause," said they, "why our destruction is sought, is, first the zeal that we bear to the maintenance of the true religion; and, secondly, the care that we have to redress the great enormities lately crept into the public regimen of this miserable commonwealth." The patrimony of the crown was described as so dilapidated, that it was impossible the common expenses could be borne; and this they affirmed had led to the persecution of honourable men, and the promotion of crafty foreigners, chiefly two Italians, David Riccio and Francisco, who, with other unworthy persons, occupied the place in council belonging to the ancient nobility. As to the Earl of Murray, he was hated, they said, because he would not support Riccio in his abuses; whilst a stranger, (meaning Darnley,) the subject of another realm, had intruded himself into the state, and claimed the name and authority of a king, without their consent, against all order that ever was used in this realm; and now, because they desired redress of these great enormities, they were persecuted as traitors and enemies to the commonwealth.

Although in some parts exaggerated, these fears and accusations were not without foundation. Mary had undoubtedly negotiated with the Roman See for an advance of money, and the pope had transmitted to her the sum of eight thousand crowns in a vessel, which, being wrecked on the coast of England, fell a prey to the cupidity of the Earl of Northumberland.*

She was in correspondence also with Philip II., who had expressed to the Cardinal Pacheco, the papal envoy, his determination to assist her to subdue her rebels, maintain the catholic faith, and vindicate her right to the English throne. Nor did the Spanish king confine himself to mere promises. He had sent a remittance of twenty thousand crowns to Guzman de Silva, his ambassador at the court of England, with orders to employ it "with the utmost secrecy and address, in the support of the Scottish queen and her husband."† It was true, also, that Mary had appointed Riccio to the place of French Secretary.

These facts extenuate the practices of the rebel lords, although we should consider some of their zeal for "pure religion" to have been pretended.

During the struggles and intrigues of the Queen's party, and that of Murray and the Protestant leaders, and her mortification from the conduct of Darnley, the influence of Rizzio, her Italian secretary, increased so rapidly, that Murray, now an exile in England, and, in conformity with the policy of Elizabeth, coldly regarded when no longer useful for her purposes, bent his pride to solicit the good offices of the new favourite, whom he propitiated by a present of jewels.

It was at this critical time that Mary, continually intriguing with Rome and other foreign powers, became a party to the diabolical league, projected by Catherine de Medicis and the Duke of Alva, for the extermination of Protestantism throughout Europe, and the consequent destruction of Protestants, which finally issued, among other horrors scarcely less dark, in the massacre of St Bartholomew. Mary was urged to become a member of this infernal alliance, with a view to the preservation of her own power, menaced by the great Protestant party in Europe, at the head of which was Elizabeth. It is not unfair, from her previous policy, to infer that Mary, in this affair, required little prompting. In the meanwhile, as Mr Tytler gently hints, "a trust-worthy servant being a prize to the Queen," she began to consult Rizzio in affairs of secrecy and moment.

* Keith, p. 316.

† Gonzalez Apuntamientos para la Historia del Rey Felipe II., p. 312, published in vol. vii. of the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Madrid. The work was pointed out to me by a kind and respected friend, to whom I am indebted for some valuable papers and references, Mr Howard of Corby Castle.

The step was an imprudent one, and soon attended with the worst effects. It roused the jealousy of the king, a weak and suspicious youth, who deemed it an affront, that a stranger of low origin should presume to interfere in state affairs; and it turned Riccio's head, who began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a foolish state totally unsuited to his rank.

Rizzio, who was, "on good grounds, suspected to be a pensioner of Rome," and who, for the moment, was all in all with the Queen, naturally supported the views of the Royal combination with all his arts and influence. Most tenderly does Mr Tytler describe the conduct of Mary at this crisis.

She did not want advisers on the side of wisdom and mercy. Sir James Melvil, in Scotland, and Sir Nicholas Throkmorton, one of her most powerful friends in England, earnestly implored her to pardon Murray and adopt a conciliatory course. Mary was not naturally inclined to harsh or cruel measures, and for some time she vacillated between the adoption of temperate and violent counsels. But now the entreaties of her uncle, the cardinal, the advice of her ambassador, the prejudices of her education, and the intolerance of the Protestants, and of Elizabeth, by whom she had been so often deceived, all united to influence her decision, and overmaster her better judgment. In an evil hour she signed the League, and determined to hurry on the parliament for the forfeiture of the rebels. This may, I think, be regarded as one of the most fatal errors of her life; and it proved the source of all her future misfortunes. She united herself to a bigoted and unprincipled association, which, under the mask of defending the truth, offered an outrage to the plainest precepts of the Gospel. She imagined herself a supporter of the Catholic Church, when she was giving her sanction to one of the worst corruptions of Romanism; and she was destined to reap the consequences of such a step in all their protracted bitterness.

The moment the queen's resolution was known, it blasted the hopes of Murray, and threw him and all Mary's enemies upon desperate courses. If the Estates were allowed to meet, the consequence to them was ruin; if the councillors continued unchanged, and Riccio's advice was followed, it was certain the Estates would meet. What then was to be done?

The murder of Rizzio was now first concerted by Darnley and his father, Lennox, from motives of personal jealousy and displeasure at the favourite, which fell opportunely in with the views of the Protestant leaders. In the first ardour of her headlong passion, Mary had promised Darnley the *Crown Matrimonial;* a promise which she declined to fulfil, for reasons which are justified by his incapacity, and the moral defects of his character; but which he imputed to the influence of the foreign minion; who appears to have been generally believed, at the time, however erroneously, the paramour of the Queen.

While Mr Tytler expresses his own disbelief in this fact, he brings forward, for the first time, proofs of it, which tend to weaken the effect of the general statement of her innocence made by Robertson; who, among other arguments, urges that Randolph, had such been the fact, or the current belief at the time, would not have failed to have communicated it to Cecil and Elizabeth; but, so far from this, Randolph was silent: and so the charge must be false. Now, unfortunately, Mr Tytler's discoveries completely overset this reasoning. He produces two remarkable letters rom Randolph: the first addressed to the Earl of Leicester from Edinburgh, about two months before Rizzio's murder, and a second, which establishes the fact that, not only the "rebel lords," but Elizabeth's ministers in Scotland, were accessory to the plot for taking off Rizzio, bringing back Murray, and effecting a complete revolution in the government. But the important letters which Mr Tytler has rescued from oblivion will be better understood in their bearing on Robertson's argument if taken as embodied in the narrative:—

It became necessary for Mary to draw back from her first promise, [to Darnley.] This led to coldness, to reproaches, soon to an absolute estrangement; even in public he treated her with harshness; he became addicted to low dissipation, forsook her company, and threw himself into the hands of her enemies. They persuaded him that Riccio was the sole author of those measures which had deprived him of his due share in the government. But this was not all, Darnley had the folly to become the dupe of a more absurd delusion. He became jealous of the Italian secretary; he believed that he had supplanted him in the affections of the queen; he went so far as to assert that he had dishonoured his bed, and in a furious state of mind sent his cousin George Douglas to implore Lord Ruthven, in whom he had great confidence, to assist him against "the villain David." Ruthven was at this moment confined to bed by a dangerous sickness, which might have been supposed to unfit him for such desperate projects. He was, as he himself informs us, "scarcely able to walk twice the length of his chamber;" yet he consented to engage in the murder, and Darnley was sworn to keep all secret; but Randolph, the English minister, having become acquainted with the plot, revealed it to Leicester in a remarkable letter which yet remains. He informed him that the king and his father, Lennox, were determined to murder Riccio; that within ten days the deed would be done; that, as to the queen, the crown would be torn from her whose dishonour was discovered; and that still darker designs were meditated against her person, which he did not dare to commit to writing. From his letter, which is very long, I must give this important passage. "I know now for certain," said he, "that this queen repenteth her marriage; that she hateth him (Darnley) and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself, that he hath a partaker in play and game with him; I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between the father and son to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than write to Mr Secretary, I speak not of them but now to your lordship."*

Randolph was, soon after this, banished by Mary to Berwick, as she was convinced that he was in correspondence with Murray.

Morton now assumed the conduct of the plot, which embraced the objects we have specified, and endeavoured to obtain, and, according to Mr Tytler, obtained the consent of John Knox to the revolution to be accomplished by means so foul. The previous conduct of the Queen disposed many individuals to second the views of Morton who might otherwise have shrunk from the nefarious attempt.

* Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, Edinburgh, 13th February, 1565-6. This remarkable letter, which has never been published, is to be found in the Appendix to a privately printed and anonymous work, entitled "Maitland's Narrative," of which only twenty copies were printed. The book was politely presented to me by Mr Dawson Turner, in whose valuable Collection of MSS. the original letter is preserved.

As it was—

The consent and assistance of the leading Protestant barons was soon gained; and to neutralize any opposition on the part of their chief ministers was not found a difficult matter. They were in the deepest alarm at this moment. It was known that Mary had signed the Popish League; it was believed that Riccio corresponded with Rome; and there was no doubt that some measures for the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion were in preparation, and only waited for the parliament to be carried into execution. Having these gloomy prospects before their eyes, Knox and Craig, the ministers of Edinburgh, were made acquainted with the conspiracy; Bellenden, the justice clerk, Makgill, the clerk register, the lairds of Brunston, Calder, and Ormiston, and other leading men of that party were, at the same time, admitted into the secret. It was contended by Morton, that one only way remained to extirpate the Romish faith, and replace religion upon a secure basis; this was, to break off the parliament, by the murder of Riccio, to imprison the queen, intrust Darnley with the nominal sovereignty, and restore the Earl of Murray to be the head of the government. Desperate as were these designs, the Reformed party in Scotland did not hesitate to adopt them. Their horror of Idolatry, the name they bestowed on the Roman Catholic religion, misled their judgment and hardened their feelings, and they regarded the plot as the act of men raised up by God for the destruction of an accursed superstition. The General Fast, which always secured the presence of a formidable and numerous band of partisans, was near approaching; and as the murder had been fixed for the week in March in which the parliament had been summoned, it was contrived that this religious solemnity should be held in the capital at the same time. This secured Morton and enabled him to work with greater boldness.*

Murray next, it is alleged, was brought to countenance a conspiracy to accomplish good ends by wicked means; and when it was in a forward state, Randolph, still in Berwick, wrote, conjunctly with the Earl of Bedford, Elizabeth's lieutenant in the north, in a manner which farther demolishes Robertson's argument for the personal purity of Mary—which, however, Mr Tytler maintains, and in all probability with justice, even while recording this new testimony, if not of her guilt, yet of the current rumours and suspicions—

"The matter is this. Somewhat we are sure you have heard of divers discords and jarrers between this queen and her husband, partly for that she hath refused him the crown matrimonial, partly for that he hath assured knowledge of such usage of herself, as altogether is intolerable to be borne, which, if it were not overwell known, we would both be very loath to think that it could be true. To take away this occasion of slander, he is himself determined to be at the apprehension and execution of him, whom he is able manifestly to charge with the crime, and to have done him the most dishonour that can be to any man, much more being as he is. We need not more plainly to describe the person. You have heard of the man whom we mean of."

The writers of this letter next detail the ulterior objects of the conspirators, and mention when these "matters are to be performed," to which, it now, for the first time, appears, that Elizabeth and her ministers were consenting, as well as, according to Mr Tytler, Knox and Craig. As we can, at all times, more heartily share in Mr Tytler's antipathy to Elizabeth than his excess of tenderness for Mary, we shall quote his reprehension of her cold-blooded policy; and this without disapproving of the ulterior objects of the conspirators:—

It is of great moment to attend to the conduct of Elizabeth at this crisis. She knew all that was about to occur: the life of Riccio, the liberty—perhaps, too, the life—of Mary was in her hands; Murray was at her court; the conspirators were at her devotion; they had given the fullest information to Randolph, that he might consult the queen: she might have imprisoned Murray, discomfited the plans of the conspirators, saved the life of the miserable victim who was marked for slaughter, and preserved Mary, to whom she professed a warm attachment, from captivity. All this might have been done; perhaps it is not too much to say, that even in these dark times it would have been done by a monarch acutely alive to the common feelings of humanity. But Elizabeth adopted a very different course: she not only allowed Murray to leave her realm, but dismissed him with marks of the highest confidence and distinction; and this baron, when ready to set out for Scotland, to take his part in those dark transactions which soon after followed, sent his secretary, Wood, to acquaint Cecil with the most secret intentions of the conspirators.

The dark tragedy which followed is here presented more graphically, and with greater amplitude of detail, than in any previous narrative. It had been originally intended to drag Rizzio from the palace, and hang him ignominiously; but, being found at supper in the Queen's closet, the catastrophe passed in the manner which, often and often as it has been related, never decays in interest. The intriguing Italian, assassinated almost in the presence of his royal mistress, and in spite of her entreaties, is thus exalted into an object of dignity and interest, who, if hung up in a back court, had been speedily forgotten.

It may be said that there were three parties to the plot for the murder of Rizzio: Darnley, on personal grounds; the rebel lords and Elizabeth; and, lastly, in all probability, Bothwell, who was one of the active perpetrators; while Murray and John Knox, if privy to the design of the conspirators, took no step to frustrate their purpose, but were passive and acquiescent. Mr Tytler charges Murray with being a party to the murder, and Elizabeth as being accessory; and strains matters hard against Knox, though not so far as in another instance, to which we have referred, and which, we make no doubt, will lead some true-blue Presbyterian to buckle on his armour for defence.

The Queen's speedy knowledge that her husband had been the originator of the horrible outrage, and the falsehood and imbecility which Darnley displayed throughout, changed her coldness and alienation into disgust and hatred, and opened her heart to the ready reception of every violent and malignant passion. In reviewing the subsequent transactions up to Mary's confinement in Lochleven Castle, even Mr Tytler is constrained to admit that the force of moral evidence bears harder against her than all the facts allowed or alleged. He would even seem to admit that the famous letters and sonnets found in the silver coffer, said to have been addressed by her to Bothwell, and which have

* MS. Letter, St. P. Off., March 8, 1565. Newcastle, Murray to Cecil. See also MS. Letter, St. P. Off. B.C. Bedford to Cecil, Berwick, March 8, 1565. Also MS. Letter, St. P. Off. Bedford and Randolph to Leicester and Cecil, Berwick, March 8, 1565.

so long formed the subject of learned controversy, are genuine. He says, of her reply to the accusation, long after Mary had been a prisoner in England :—

*It is worthy of note, that it contained no assertion as to the forgery or interpolation of these letters, now, as it appears, communicated to her for the first time. It simply requested him to use his efforts to stay the rigorous accusations of Murray, to labour with the Duke of Norfolk in her favour, and to give full credit to the Bishop of Ross.**

Again, at page 267, Mr Tytler remarks of these letters :—

It must have struck the reader, that whenever, by means of the private letters which have been preserved, we get behind the scenes and are admitted to Mary's secret consultations with her commissioners, or to their own opinion on the conduct of the cause, we meet with no assertion of the forgery of the letters; and it seems to me difficult to reconcile her agreement to resign the crown, and suppress all inquiry, a measure only prevented by the interference of Norfolk, with her absolute innocence. On the other hand, there are some circumstances, especially occurring during the latter part of the conferences, which tell strongly in her favour. The urgency with which from first to last she solicited a personal interview with Elizabeth, and promised if it were granted to go into her defence; the public and oft-repeated assertion of the forgery of the letters, and the offer to prove that, if copies were furnished to her commissioners; Elizabeth's evasion of this request; her entire suppression of these suspicious documents; their subsequent disappearance; and the schemes of Norfolk for a marriage with Mary:—these are all circumstances which seem to me exceedingly irreconcileable with her being directly guilty of the murder of her husband. Upon the whole, it appears to me, that, in the present state of the controversy, we are really not in possession of evidence sufficient to enable any impartial inquirer to come to an absolute decision. I have already pointed out, as the circumstances occurred, such moral evidence against the queen as arose out of her conduct both before and after her marriage with Bothwell. The discussions at York and Westminster do not materially affect this evidence either one way or the other; and, so far as we judge of these conferences by themselves, they leave the mind under the unsatisfying and painful impression that the conduct of the Scottish queen, throughout the whole investigation, was that of a person neither directly guilty, nor yet wholly innocent.

If Mr Tytler means that Mary did not, with her own hands, strangle her wretched husband—strangulation, from the new facts brought to light, appearing to have been the manner of Darnley's death—that she did not fire the train which was laid by the emissaries of Bothwell—that she did not elope to her ravisher, but only met him by concert—she may be understood to be not "directly guilty," though they must be nice casuists that, in a coolly premeditated murder, can apportion the degrees of guilt.

Like the assassination of Rizzio, the fouler murder of Darnley, the extraordinary sensation which it produced, and the scenes which followed, assume comparatively a novel aspect in this history, from Mr Tytler availing himself of original papers, and employing, in many instances, the very language of the actors and contemporary chroniclers of the events.

Though the address and exquisite dissimulation which Mary could so well practise, and which Mr Tytler almost uniformly describes by the gentle phrase, "fascination of manner," lured back the wretched Darnley, he seems, from the period of Rizzio's murder, to have entertained a vague presentiment, or instinctive feeling, that his position was insecure and his life in peril; and this from the feelings of the Queen towards him. Mr Tytler affixes fresh suspicion upon Mary, from the account which he has given of a mysterious intrigue regarding an Italian named Lutyni, into which we cannot enter, but which, he remarks, connects itself with the conspiracy against the life of Darnley. It is enough that this Italian, in violent apprehension for his life, was rejoiced to be sent on a mission to France, but had only reached Berwick, when he was urgently recalled by the Queen, under the false accusation of being a thief, and of having absconded with money. Of this affair, the outline of which we have hinted, Mr Tytler remarks :—

When it is considered that at this moment Bothwell, Lethington, and their accomplices, had resolved on the king's death—when we recollect the conference at Craigmillar, in which they had hinted their intentions to the queen, and had been commanded by her to do nothing that would touch her honour—when we know that Bothwell who was at this time in the highest favour with Mary was the custodiar also of the written bond for the murder of Darnley; there appears to me to be a presumption that Joseph Riccio, who must have hated the king, as the principal assassin of his brother, had joined the plot, that his terrors arose out of his having revealed to Lutyni the conspiracy for Darnley's murder, and that the queen suspecting it, had resolved to secure his person.

We may here inquire, what must Bothwell and Lethington have surmised of the real state of the Queen's mind towards her husband, when they presumed to hint at his murder as an event which must promote her happiness?

The apprehensions of Darnley from the Queen and her adherents, the presentiment by which he was haunted until it seemed to become a morbid feeling, were, however weak his intellect and wayward his temper, proved by the event to have been a reasonable dread. When that foul conspiracy was consolidated and ripe in which Mary is so strongly implicated, she, as is well known, set off on a visit to Darnley, at Glasgow, where he lay confined with the small-pox.

Darnley had recently heard from one of his servants, that Mary had spoken of him with much severity, and her visit therefore took him by surprise. Under this feeling the king sent Crawford, one of his gentlemen, to meet the queen with a message, excusing himself for not waiting upon her in person. He was still infirm, he said, and did not presume to come to her until he knew her wishes, and was assured of the removal of her displeasure. To this Mary briefly replied, that there was no medicine against fear; and passing forward to Glasgow, came into Darnley's bedchamber, when, after greeting, and some indifferent talk, the subjects which had estranged them from each other were introduced. Darnley professed a deep repentance for his errors, pleaded his youth, and the few friends he now had, and declared to her his unalterable affection. Mary reminded him of his complaints and suspicions, spoke against his foolish plan of leaving the kingdom, and recalled to his mind the "purpose of Hegate," a name given to a plot which Darnley affirmed he had discovered, and of which he was himself to be the victim. The queen demanded who was his informer.

* Murdin, pp. 52, 3.

He replied the Laird of Minto, who had told him that a letter was presented to her in Craigmillar, made by her own device, and subscribed by certain others who desired her to sign it, which she refused. Darnley then added, that he would never think that she, who was his own proper flesh, would do him any hurt, and if any others should do it, they should buy it dear, unless they took him sleeping. He observed, however, that he suspected none, and only entreated her to bear him company, and, not as she was wont, to withdraw herself from him. Mary then told him that, as he was still little able to travel she had brought a litter with her to carry him to Craigmillar, and he declared his readiness to accompany her, if she would consent that they should again live together at bed and board. She promised it should be as he had spoken, and gave him her hand, but added, that before this, he must be thoroughly cleansed of his sickness, which she trusted he shortly would be, as she intended to give him the bath at Craigmillar. The queen also requested him to conceal the promises which had now passed between them, as the suddenness of their agreement might give umbrage to some of the lords; to which he replied, that he could see no reason why they should mislike it.

When Mary left him, Darnley called Crawford to him, and informing him fully of all that had passed at the interview, bade him communicate it to his father, the Earl of Lennox. He then asked him what he thought of the queen's taking him to Craigmillar? She treats your majesty, said Crawford, too like a prisoner. Why should you not be taken to one of your own houses in Edinburgh? It struck me much the same way, answered Darnley, and I have fears enough; but may God judge between us, I have her promise only to trust to: but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me. It is from Crawford's evidence, taken on oath, which was afterwards produced, and still exists, endorsed by Cecil, that we learn these minute particulars, nor have I been able to discover any sufficient ground to doubt its truth.

We fear that, though all in honour, and with evident reluctance, Mr Tytler has done more to blacken the memory of the Queen of Scots than ever his venerable grandfather gallantly accomplished in her defence. The narrative proceeds:—

Soon after this interview, the Queen carried her husband, by slow journeys, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where she arrived on the last day of January. It had been at first intended, as we have seen, that Darnley should have taken up his residence at Craigmillar; but this purpose was changed, and as the palace of Holyrood was judged, from its low situation, to be unhealthy, and little fitted for an invalid, the king was brought to a suburb called the Kirk of Field, a more remote and airy site, occupied by the town residence of the Duke of Chastelherault, and other buildings and gardens. On their arrival here, the royal attendants were about to proceed to the duke's lodging, as it was called; but, on alighting, Mary informed them that the king's apartments were to be in an adjoining house, which stood beside the town wall, not far from a ruinous Dominican Monastery, called the Black Friars'. To this place she led Darnley, and making every allowance for the rudeness of the domestic accommodations of these times, it appears to have been an insecure and confined mansion. Its proprietor was Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour whom we have already known as the deviser of the bond for the murder, which was drawn up at Craigmillar, and then a dependant of Bothwell's. This earl, whose influence was now nearly supreme at court, had recently returned from Liddesdale, and when he understood that Mary and the king were on their road from Glasgow, he met them with his attendants a short way from the capital, and accompanied the party to the Kirk of Field.

Mr Tytler draws the strained, if not positively unfair, inference, that it was impossible Murray could be ignorant of the designs of the conspirators, but that his superior sagacity, not his moral integrity, kept him aloof from participating in it.

A week had now been passed by Mary in the den into which she had lured her miserable and ever-suspicious victim. No more time was to be lost; and so blind a thing is guilt, that she must have believed sufficient homage had been paid by hypocrisy to virtue, to exempt her from all doubt or question in her husband's murder. Mr Tytler must pardon this language: we ask for no terms more severe than his own in which to describe the catastrophe. Public suspicion might now be presumed to be lulled, and the period of action could no longer be deferred.

At this moment, the reconciliation between the queen and her husband seemed to be complete. She assiduously superintended every little detail which could add to his comfort. She treated him, not only with attention, but tenderness, passed much of the day in his society, and had a chamber prepared for herself immediately below his, where she slept. The king was partially reassured by these marks of affection. He knew that plots had been entertained against his life, and, as we have seen, suspected many of the nobles to be his enemies. Yet he trusted to the promises of the queen, and, no doubt, believed that if she remained beside him, they would find it impossible to accomplish their cruel purpose. But when he indulged these hopes, the miserable prince was on the very brink of destruction. . . . . .

On Sunday, the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner belonging to the household of the queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the king. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms, and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the Queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the king's, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a "lunt," or slow match, and placed everything in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch; and in the meantime Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper-chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian's wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him and left the house with her suite.

Soon after, the king retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say that he knew he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with; but from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion, and it was remarked that on this night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep; Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but the miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and, rushing down in his shirt and pellisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled, after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house; the page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall,

where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side. Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the king's apartments with the queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from which, about midnight, he stole away, changed his rich dress, and rejoined the murderers who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burned too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it, when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, awoke the sleeping city; the king's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air, and the assassins, hurrying from the spot, under cover of the darkness, regained the palace. Here Bothwell had scarcely undressed and gone to bed, when the cry arose in the city that the Kirk of Field had been blown up and the king murdered. The news flew quickly to Holyrood, and a servant, rushing into his chamber, imparted the dreadful tidings. He started up in well-feigned astonishment, and shouted "Treason!" He was joined next moment by Huntly, a brother conspirator, and immediately these two noblemen, with others belonging to the court, entered the queen's apartments. When Mary was made acquainted with the dreadful fate of her husband, she was horror-struck, shut herself up in her bed-chamber, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow.

The farce was kept up; and when, a month afterwards, Killigrew arrived with a letter of condolence and advice from Elizabeth, he was thus received:—

On his arrival, after dining with Bothwell, Morton, Lethington, and Argile, (all of them, as was afterwards proved, participant in this cruel deed,) he was admitted to the queen. To see her face was impossible, for the chamber was dark, but, by her voice and manner, she seemed in profound grief; and not only assured the envoy of her desire to satisfy the Queen of England's wishes regarding the treaty of Leith and the matters of the borders, but promised him that the Earl of Bothwell should be brought to a public trial.*

During his stay in the capital, which lasted but a few days, Kyllygrew found the people clamorous for inquiry into the assassination, which they regarded as a shame to the whole nation, whilst the preachers solemnly exhorted all men to prayer and repentance, and in their pulpits appealed to God, that he would be pleased "to reveal and revenge."† Scarce, however, had this envoy departed, when the queen seemed to have forgotten her good resolutions, and, infatuated in her predilection for Bothwell, admitted him to greater power and favour than ever. The Earl of Mar was induced to give up the Castle of Edinburgh, and it was given to Bothwell. Morton, after a secret and midnight interview with his royal mistress, received the Castle of Tantallon and other lands which he had forfeited by his rebellion, and it was remarked, that in return for this, his whole power and interest were assured to Bothwell. The Castle of Blackness, the Inch, and the Superiority of Leith, were conferred on the same favourite, and so completely did he rule every thing at court, that Murray, although he judged it prudent to keep on friendly terms, became disgusted with the inferior part he now acted, and requested permission to leave the kingdom.‡

In the midst of these transactions, it was observed that the queen was wretched. She attended a solemn dirge for the soul of her husband; and they who were near her on this occasion, remarked a melancholy change from her former health and beauty. Nor were these feelings likely to be soothed by the letters which she now received from France, in which the queen mother, and the cardinal, her uncle, addressed her with bitter reproaches, and declared that, if she failed to avenge the death of the king, their cousin, and to clear herself from the imputations brought against her, they would not only consider her as utterly disgraced, but become her enemies.*

Into that mock trial we shall not enter, nor can we notice some of the small but significant facts now first brought to light, which elucidate the fearfully agitated, and, finally, the indignant state of the public mind, and the probable guilt of the Queen. The placards secretly posted up, the midnight voices heard in the streets, denouncing Bothwell and his creatures as the murderers, and the voice of blood crying from the ground, failed to appal the Queen. "Bothwell continued in high favour, and enjoyed the most familiar intercourse with Mary," who took no steps to discover the murderers, though she must have become seriously alarmed, when Bishop Beaton, her ambassador in France, wrote her a high-toned letter of remonstrance; and when her relatives in France expressed strong reprehension and abhorrence of the murder, and loaded her with bitter reproaches. In reference to the mock trial of Bothwell, into which she was at last forced, Mr Tytler remarks:—

It has been argued by Mary's advocates, that she was a passive instrument in the hands of this faction, and could not, even if willing, have insisted on a fair trial. But, however anxious to lean to every presumption in favour of innocence, I have discovered no proofs of this servitude, and such imbecility appears to me inconsistent with the vigour, decision, and courage, which were striking features in her character. The acquittal, although countenanced by the nobles, was loudly reprobated by the common people; and as rumours began to rise of a divorce between Bothwell and his countess, a sister of Huntly, their indignation and disgust were strongly expressed. Even in the public streets, and in the queen's presence, these feelings betrayed themselves, and the market women, as Mary passed, would cry out, "God preserve your grace, if you are sackless† of the king's death."

We find here a much clearer, fuller, and more satisfactory account of the rise of the powerful confederacy against Mary and Bothwell, which was now forming, than in any previous history. It is taken in substance from the letters addressed by Kirkaldy of Grange to the Earl of Bedford. They (the confederates) justly

Believed that he who had murdered the father would have little scruple in removing the son; they were aware of the infamous bond for the queen's marriage, some of them indeed had signed it, and they asserted that the unhappy princess, who should have watched over the preservation of her child, was no longer mistress of her own actions. . . . . .

Grange enlarged on the imminent danger of the prince, and predicted Mary's speedy marriage to Bothwell, of whom, he added, she had become so shamelessly enamoured, that she had been heard to say, "she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country, for him,

* MS. Letter, St. P. Off. Kyllygrew to Cecil, 8th March, 1566-7. Also MS. Letter, St. P. Off. B. C. 30th March, 1567. Drury to Cecil. Berwick.

† MS. Letter, St. P. Off. Kyllygrew to Cecil, ut supra.

‡ MS. Letter, St. P. Off. Drury to Cecil, B.C. 17th March, 1566-7. Same to same, 14th March, 1566-7. B.C. Same to same, B.C. 21st March, 1566-7. Same to same, 29th and 30th March, 1567. B.C. See also MS. Letter, St. P. Off. Drury to Cecil, 4th April, 1567.

* Drury's Letter to Cecil. MS. Letter, St. P. Off. March 29th, 1567. B.C.

† Innocent.

and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat, before she leave him." He concluded his letter in these severe words, "Whatever is unhonest reigns presently in our court; God deliver them from their evil."

This letter from Grange was soon after followed by a still more remarkable anonymous communication. Whilst Mary and Bothwell believed their secret plans were safe, their confidential agents had betrayed them to this informer, by whom instant intelligence was sent to England, that the Countess of Bothwell, Huntly's sister, was about to divorce the earl; and that the queen had projected with her favourite, that seizure of her person, in which she was to be carried with a show of violence to Dunbar. The letter, which was probably addressed to Cecil, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"This is to advertise you, that the Earl Bothwell's wife is going to part with her husband; and a great part of our lords have subscribed the marriage between the queen and him. The queen rode to Stirling this last Monday and returns this Thursday. I doubt not but you have heard how the Earl of Bothwell has gathered many of his friends, and, as some say, to ride in Liddesdale, but I believe it is not, for he is minded to meet the queen this day, called Thursday, and to take her by the way and bring her to Dunbar. Judge you gif it be with her will or no? but you will hear at more length on Friday or Saturday, if you will find it good that I continue in writing as occasion serves."

Mr Tytler does not question that Mary was carried off by Bothwell to Dunbar, with her own consent, and by previous concert. Two days after this event, we find Grange again addressing Bedford:—

"This queen will never cease unto such time as she have wrecked all the honest men of this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell ravish her, to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage whilk she promised before she caused Bothwell murder her husband. There is many that would revenge the murder, but they fear your mistress. I am so suted to for to enterprise the revenge, that I must either take it upon hand, or else I man leave the country, the whilk I am determined to do, if I can obtain license, but Bothwell is minded to cut me off, if he may, ere I obtain it, and is returned out of Stirling to Edinburgh. She minds hereafter to take the prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put him in his hands that murdered his father, as I writ in my last. I pray your lordship let me know what your mistress will do, for if we will seek France, we may find favour at their hands, but I would rather persuade to lean to England. This meckle in haste from my house, the 26th of April."

Mary was now swept forward by the current of a blind and infatuated passion. A divorce between Bothwell and his countess, Lady Jane Gordon, was procured with indecent haste, and it was suspected that the recent restoration of his consistorial rights to the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, had been made with this object. The process was hurried through the Court of that Prelate, and the Commissariat or reformed court, in two days.

Grange and Robert Melvil continued in daily correspondence with the English minister; and although Elizabeth declared herself "ashamed" of the Queen of Scots, and resolute to prevent her marriage with Bothwell, the certain preliminary to an alliance with France, she was incensed at the "bold and scurrilous tone" in which Grange had dared to arraign the proceedings of his Sovereign. What follows is beautifully characteristic of kingcraft:—

"She would not that any subject, what cause soever there be proceeding from the prince, or whatsoever her life and behaviour is, should discover that unto the world, and thereof so utterly misliketh of Grange's manner of writing and doing, that she condemns him for one of the worst in that realm, seeming somewhat to warn me of my familiarity with him, and willing that I should admonish him of her misliking."

This is said by Randolph.

In the events which followed the marriage of the Queen with Bothwell, we find nothing original, save various little traits which throw light on the character of the principal actors; as, for instance, this original anecdote of the Queen, the scene of which was at Carberry, a few minutes after Bothwell had rode off the field, and Mary had surrendered to Grange, and been courteously and dutifully received by the nobles present:—

Encouraged by the first appearances of courtesy, she declared her wish to communicate with the Hamiltons, who, the night before, had advanced in considerable strength to Linlithgow. This was peremptorily refused, upon which she broke into reproaches, appealed to their promise, and demanded how they dared to treat her as a prisoner? Her questions and her arguments were unheeded, and she now bitterly repented her precipitation. Her spirit, however, instead of being subdued, was rather roused by their baseness. She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bad him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand," said she, "which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this." Unfortunate princess! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Riccio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself.

We here see Mary's latent spirit, and also learn that Mr Tytler considers her compulsory abdication a traitorous or unlawful act.

Mary's humiliation and misery while pilloried, as it were, an object for the people's scorn, we may dismiss, to come at the Guises who, at this juncture, as appears from Mr Tytler's narrative, would readily have sacrificed their royal kinswoman and ally to gain the confederate lords, and especially Murray. "If," says Mr Tytler, after noticing the facts,

Mary owed little gratitude to Elizabeth, she was certainly still less obliged to her royal relatives at that court [France] whose exertions at this moment were strenuously devoted to the setting up a party in Scotland composed of her enemies, the confederate lords. In accomplishing this, they were ready to sacrifice the captive queen. It was suggested that the government and the young prince should be managed by a council of the lords, acting, of course, under French influence, and as for the queen herself, De Croc, the ambassador proposed to rid them of her altogether, and shut her up in a French convent.

In a note, taken from the MS. French correspondence in the State Paper Office, this homage is borne to the integrity of Murray, whom the Court of France earnestly wished to gain:—

Great is the travel and pain that hath been here taken to win the Earl of Murray, offering both the Order, and great augmentation of living, which, as he hath sent me word, he hath refused, lest, by taking gifts, he should be bound where he is now free."

Now that rebellious subjects had dared to put forth their hand against the Lord's anointed, the representative on earth of the Majesty of heaven, Elizabeth became more and more indignant; and she even went the length of expressing regret at the manner in which she had used her royal sister. In a curious piece of secret history, now dragged

to light, Elizabeth thus directs the secret messenger of Murray:—

Tell Cecil, that he must instantly write a letter, in my name, to my Sister, to which I will set my hand, for I cannot write it myself, as I have not "used her well and faithfully in these broken matters that be past." The purport of it must be to let her know that the Earl of Murray never spoke diffamedly of her for the death of her husband, never plotted for the secret conveying of the prince to England, never confederated with the lords to depose her, on the contrary, now in my Sister's misery let her learn from me the truth, and that is, that she has not a more faithful and honourable servant in Scotland. At this date, therefore, (July 8th) if we are to believe this evidence, and there seems no good reason to question it, Murray was no party to the schemes of the confederates. On the contrary, he had declared himself against them, and was resolved to support and defend the queen his sovereign.

The admiration of posterity for the Regent Murray does not exactly rest upon this forbearance; though, at this time, he believed Mary innocent of her husband's murder. Mr Tytler would seem to think that there was nothing, or not enough, in the conduct of Mary to justify the dislike of her subjects—that there is, in short, a dispensing power in sovereignty—when he says:—

But of all the enemies of the miserable queen, the most bitter were the Presbyterian clergy and the people. In the midst of their austerity and devotional exercises, the ministers expressed themselves with deep indignation against her, and looked forward with anxious interest to their great ecclesiastical council, which was to be held in eight days, and in which they had determined that the whole matter connected with the murder and her imprisonment should be debated.

The more that Throkmorton investigated the state of parties during the interval, the more he became convinced of the hopelessness of his own interference, and the imminent peril of Mary. So far were the people from listening with any patience to the doctrines of passive obedience, which Elizabeth had instructed him to inculcate, that they took their stand on the very opposite ground, the responsibility of the prince, and the power of the nation to call their sovereign to account for any crimes she might have committed. "It is a public speech among all the people (so wrote the ambassador to Elizabeth), that their queen hath no more liberty nor privilege to commit murder nor adultery, than any other private person, neither by God's laws nor by the laws of the realm." These popular principles were now for the first time openly and powerfully preached to the commons. Knox, Craig, and the other ministers of the Reformed Church, considered the pulpit and the press as the lawful vehicles of their political as well as their religious opinions, and the celebrated Buchanan, who had joined the confederates, enforced the same doctrines with uncommon vigour and ability. Their arguments were grounded on the examples of wicked princes in the Old Testament, who were deposed and put to death for their idolatry, and on alleged but disputable precedents in their own history of similar severity exercised by subjects against their sovereigns. In consequence of all these efforts, the few friends who had at first ventured to defend the Scottish queen were silenced and intimidated, and the public mind became inflamed to such a state of madness and fury, that she began to think of saving her life by retiring to a nunnery in France, or living with the old Duchess of Guise.

At this moment Robert Melvil was for the third time sent by the confederates to Lochleven, instructed to make a last effort to prevail upon his mistress to renounce Bothwell.

The mission failed. Mary believed or affected to believe herself with child, and declared her resolution to do nothing to impeach her unborn child's legitimacy; and she produced a letter which she requested Melvil to convey secretly to Bothwell. This Melvil refused; but, had he been the perfidious character alleged, he might have taken the letter of the Queen, and betrayed it to the confederates. On Melvil's return to Edinburgh, he found the animosity against the Queen at its height:—

Many openly declared that no power, either within or without the realm, should preserve her from that signal punishment which her notorious crimes deserved. Others, more moderate, proposed to restore her to the royal dignity, if she consented to divorce Bothwell; some advised that she should resign in favour of the prince, who might govern by a council, whilst she retired for life to France. This was Athol's scheme, and not disliked by Morton, but to the majority of the privy council it was unacceptable. They deemed it indispensable that Mary should be publicly arraigned and condemned to perpetual imprisonment as guilty of the king's murder, whilst some went so far as to insist that she should not only be condemned and degraded, but put to death.

The relation of the well-known circumstances attending Mary's resignation of the crown, elicit little that is new. Mr Tytler expresses astonishment that so complete a revolution, and the crowning of the infant Prince, James VI., should have been accomplished by means so slender—"A small section of the nobles and gentry, unsupported by foreign aid, with a handful of soldiers, at no time exceeding four hundred men, opposed by the higher aristocracy, and threatened with the hostility of England and France."

They dispel their enemies; they imprison their sovereign; they hesitate whether she shall not be openly arraigned and executed; they compel her to resign her regal authority; and they now, finally, place the crown on the head of her son, an infant of an year old, and possess themselves of the whole power of the government. If we look for the cause of this extraordinary success, it is to be traced chiefly, if not altogether, to the unhappy infatuation and imprudence of the queen.

Now, Mr Tytler would have done well to have taken the force of public opinion, even at that period, into account, as one important element arrayed on the side of the confederates. The whole case against the Queen is embodied in the spirited answer made by Maitland to the remonstrance of Throkmorton against the coronation of the infant Prince, and the election of Murray, whom Elizabeth could not gain to her views, to the Regency. Maitland

Renounced, for himself and his colleagues, all intention of harm to the person and honour of his royal mistress in their late proceedings. "So far from it," said he, "Mr Ambassador, that we wish her to be queen of all the world; but now she is in the state of a person in the delirium of a fever, who refuses every thing which may do her good, and requires all that may work her harm. Be assured nothing will be more prejudicial to her interest, than for your mistress to precipitate matters. It may drive us to a strait, and compel us to measures we would gladly avoid. Hitherto have we been content to be charged with grievous and infamous titles, we have quietly suffered ourselves to be condemned as perjured rebels and unnatural traitors, rather than proceed to anything that might touch our sovereign's honour. But beware we beseech you, that your mistress, by her continual threats and defamations, by hostility, or by soliciting other princes to attack us, do not push us beyond endurance. Think not we will lose our lives, forfeit our lands,

and be challenged 'as rebels throughout the world, when we have the means to justify ourselves. And if there be no remedy, but your mistress will have war, sorry though we be, far rather will we take our fortune, than put our queen to liberty in her present mood, resolved as she is to retain and defend Bothwell, to hazard the life of her son, to peril the realm, and to overthrow her nobility."

"For your wars," he continued, "we know them well. You will burn our borders, and we shall burn yours; if you invade us, we do not dread it, and are sure of France; for your practices to nourish dissension amongst us, we have an eye upon them all. The Hamiltons will take your money, laugh you to scorn, and side with us. At this moment we have the offer of an agreement with them in our hands. The queen, your mistress, declares she wishes not only for our sovereign's liberty, and her restoration to her dignity, but is equally zealous for the preservation of the king, the punishment of the murder, and the safety of the lords. To accomplish the first, our queen's liberty, much has been done, for the rest, absolutely nothing. Why does not her majesty fit out some ships of war, to apprehend Bothwell, and pay a thousand soldiers to reduce the forts and protect the king. When this is in hand, we shall think her sincere, but for her charge to set our sovereign forthwith at liberty, and restore her to her dignity, it is enough to reply to such strange language, that we are the subjects of another prince, and know not the queen's majesty for our sovereign."

This is one of the few speeches of Scottish statesmen which deserve to be placed on record. This, however, if excellent, is not new; and we would rather point attention to the proceedings of the first parliament under the Regency, as containing some new facts and fresh illustrations of Murray's conduct in those difficult circumstances, which Mr Tytler is far from treating with his customary indulgence.

Some interesting and romantic particulars, connected with Mary's escape from Lochleven, are here first given, which were originally communicated to the King of France by John Beaton, brother to the Archbishop of Glasgow, and which are now in the MS. collections of the Prince Labanoff, who found the originals in the secret archives of the House of Medici. Beaton was on the spot watching for the escape of Mary, in which he was a contriver. To the collections of Prince Labanoff, Mr Tytler is indebted for other documents. The account of the Battle of Langside, and the escape of Mary into England, do not differ materially from the previous narratives, though reference is often made to fresh MS. authorities; nor is there much demanding the notice of the critic, until we arrive at the project for returning Mary, whose incessant intrigues had effectually alarmed Elizabeth, into the hands of her former subjects, for the avowed purpose of better maintaining tranquillity in both countries. In the petition to have Mary returned, Morton, Mar, and several of the nobility joined with the Regent; and John Knox supported their prayer in a very remarkable letter to Cecil; which, however, scarcely justifies the hard interpretation which Mr Tytler has put upon it, when he says:—

It appears to me that the expressions of this great reformer, whose stern spirit was little softened by age, go as far as to urge the absolute necessity of putting Mary to death: but his words are somewhat dark and enigmatical. The letter, which is wholly in his own hand, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"Benefits of God's hands received, crave that men be thankful, and danger known would be avoided. If ye strike not at the root, the branches that appear to be broken will bud again, and that more quickly than men can believe, with greater force than we would wish. Turn your een unto your God. Forget yourself and yours, when consulation is to be had in matters of such weight, as presently ly upon you. Albeit I have been fremedly * handled, yet was I never enemy to the quietness of England. God grant you wisdom. In haste, of † Edinburgh, the 2d of Janur. Yours to command in God,

"John Knox, with his one foot in the grave.

"Mo days than one would not suffice to express what I think."

The assassination of the Regent interfered with this project; and though the common tale of the assassin being actuated by revenge for private injury, is not discredited here, it is rightly assumed that Bothwellhaugh was also the tool of the Hamiltons, the bitterest enemies of Murray. It is affirmed by Calderwood, that, having twice failed, Bothwellhaugh was instigated by them to make the third and successful attempt; and the Regent's death appears, from Mr Tytler, to have been foreknown and calculated upon by the Barons of Mary's faction, some of whom were instantly in arms.

The presence of "their Queen" among the Scots now became as great an object of dread to the King's party as it had lately been of desire.

The story of that desolating civil war which English policy instigated, and in which, whatever party suffered, England triumphed, is recited with spirit and graphic effect from the materials found in the contemporary private correspondence, and also the ferocious "raids" of the barons of Buccleugh and Farnyhurst into England, with the cruel reprisal of Sussex, Elizabeth's lieutenant in the north; who, under the pretext of seizing the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and the other rebellious and disaffected English subjects who sought refuge in Scotland, concealed the real purpose of weakening and taking vengeance upon the friends and adherents of Mary; and, as Mr Tytler construes the draft of a letter from Cecil to Randolph, of inciting the rival factions to actual hostilities. At this time, Sussex destroyed, in the Merse and Tweeddale alone, fifty castles or fortified houses, and three hundred villages, by which we presume that *farm-touns* or small hamlets must be meant. The eastern and western Borders were afterwards invaded, burnt, and laid waste. Elizabeth appears at this time to have been infuriated by fears for her personal safety, kept alive by her ministers. Mr Tytler has taken his picture of the involved state of parties at this period chiefly from Lord Hunsdon's letters to Cecil and Elizabeth; and to Norris, Elizabeth's ambassador to the Court of France. Lord Hunsdon was then Governor of Berwick. The success of the intrigues and arts of Elizabeth's agents, and the misery of Scotland, are described by Sir James Melvil, in a manuscript of the time in the State Paper Office, which we regret that we cannot cite.

After giving Melvil's graphic picture of the

* Strangely. † At.

deplorable condition of the country, Mr Tytler continues:—

In such a state of things, repeated attempts were made to hold that Convention of the nobility, which had been appointed to meet early in March; but all proved ineffectual, and Argile, in a conference with Morton and Lethington at Dalkeith, bitterly reproached Randolph as the chief cause of their miseries. He appears to have taken the attack with great composure, and contented himself with writing a humorous satirical letter to Cecil, in which he amused the English secretary with a portrait of his Scottish brother: "The Lord of Lethington," said he, "is presently at Seaton to air himself before his convention. His wits are sharp enough, and his will good enough to do good, but fearful and doubtful to take matters in hand. He doubted some thunder-clap out of the south, (an allusion to Lennox's threatened coming,) for he hath spied a cloud somewhat afar off, which, if it fall in this country, wreckeith both him and all his family. * * * I doubt nothing so much of him as I do of the length of his life. He hath only his heart whole, and his stomach good, [with] an honest mind, somewhat more given to policy than to Mr Knox's preachings. His legs are clean gone, his body so weak that it sustaineth not itself, his inward parts so feeble, that to endure to sneeze he cannot, for annoying the whole body. To this the blessed joy of a young wife hath brought him.

These are relics worth preserving. It is out of our power even to enumerate them, though they are the salt of history. About the same period, Randolph, who was a perfect specimen of one type of statesman, wrote from Berwick, to his old friend, Kirkaldy of Grange, whose politics, like those of the Secretary Lethington, too often squared with his private interests or humours, bantering him on his acceptance of the priory of St Andrew's, with which it was said Mary had regained his services.

"Brother William," said he, "it was indeed most wonderful unto me, when I heard that you should become a prior. That vocation agreeth not with any thing that ever I knew in you, saving for your religious life led under the cardinal's hat, when we were both students in Paris."

A trait as characteristic and more honourable is given of Sussex. By this time Lennox, having the countenance and support of Elizabeth, to whom he shewed the utmost servility, had been appointed Regent of Scotland, and the King's party were again in the ascendant. His first use of power was to assemble a parliament to let loose on Mary's adherents all the vengeance of feudal forfeiture; and this introduces the anecdote of the gallant Sussex—

Elizabeth remonstrated, but in such measured and feeble terms, that her interference produced little effect. It was not so, however, with Sussex, a cruel soldier, but a man of honour, who on hearing a report that a sentence of treason was about to pass upon Lethington, wrote this sharp letter to Randolph:—

"Master Randolph. I hear that Lethington is put to the horn, his lands and goods confiscated and seized; if so it be, it doth not accord with the good faith the queen's majesty meant in the articles accorded between her highness and the Bishop of Ross, nor with the writing I subscribed; and therefore I have written to the regent and others in that matter. * * * And although I, for my part, be too simple to be made a minister in prince's causes, yet truly I weigh mine own honour so much, as I will not be made a minister to subscribe to anything wherein my good faith and true meaning should be abused to my dishonour, or any person trusting to that he shall accord in writing with me, should thereby be by fraud deceived."

Upon another occasion we find Randolph himself, with generosity and spirit, vindicating the memory of Murray against the calumnies of the nobles, who, he said, sought to make him

Odious to the world, spreading after his death such rumours of him as they think doth make most of their advantage towards their innocency in crimes that they are burdened with, and would fain be thought guiltless of, which is not only daily done here among themselves, but spread so far abroad, as they think to find any man that will give credit either to their word or writing."

The specific calumny was, that Murray was privy to the murder of Darnley; propagated by those who really participated in that crime.

Amid all these changes and heartburnings, nothing could change the stern but righteous feelings of Knox towards the "poor captive," Mary, whose conduct, during her long confinement, had testified neither repentance for her past crimes nor dignified resignation to her present sufferings. To her the peace of her native kingdom and the future prosperity of her son seemed as nothing when compared with her own aggrandizement. We have the less scruple in citing the following passage, as, in this instance, Mr Tytler has done ampler justice to Knox, so far as space is concerned, than even Dr M'Crie. The Reformer

Had bitterly deplored the loss of Murray, and, aware of Mary's application for succour to the Courts of Spain and France, two powers connected, in his mind, with everything that was corrupt and idolatrous, he denounced her intrigues in the pulpit, and inveighed against her as a murderer and an adultress, in his usual strain of passionate and personal invective. "It has been objected against me," said he, "that I have ceased to pray for my sovereign, and have used railing imprecations against her. Sovereign to me she is not, neither am I bound to pray for her in this place. My accusers, indeed, term her their sovereign, and themselves the nobility and subjects professing her obedience; but in this they confess themselves traitors, and so I am not bound to answer them. . . . . I am farther accused," he continued, "that I speak of their sovereign (mine she is not) as that she were reprobate, affirming that she cannot repent; whereto I answer, that the accuser is a calumniator and a manifest liar, for he is never able to prove that at any time I have said that she could not repent; but I have said, and yet say, that pride and repentance abide not in one heart of any long continuance." "What I have spoken against the adultery, against the murders, against the pride, and against the idolatry of that wicked woman, I spake not as one that entered into God's secret counsel; but being one, of God's great mercy, called to preach, according to his blessed will revealed in his holy word, I have oftener than once pronounced the threatenings of his law against such as have been of counsel, knowledge, assistance, or consent, that innocent blood should be shed."

The Reformer had been compelled to consult his safety by retreat, after the murder of Rizzio, dreading the vengeance of the Queen; and he did not venture to return to the capital until her imprisonment. On the Hamiltons taking possession of Edinburgh, after the assassination of Murray, he again fled; but though his habitation was shifted, nothing could alter his inflexible principles.

While on this subject, we are tempted to quote the following picture of Knox in his ex-

treme decay, which is both new and striking. It is found, by Mr Tytler, in a letter addressed by Killigrew to Cecil, when Elizabeth's scheme of sending Mary back to Scotland, and getting rid of her through means of the King's faction, was in agitation :—

"John Knox is now so feeble as scarce can he stand alone, or speak to be heard of any audience, yet doth he every Sunday cause himself to be carried to a place, where a certain number do hear him, and preacheth with the same vehemency and zeal that ever he did. He doth reverence your lordship much, and willed me once again to send you word, that he thanked God he had obtained at his hands, that the gospel of Jesus Christ is truly and simply preached through Scotland, which doth so comfort him, as now he desireth to be out of this miserable life. He further said, that it was not of your lordships that he was not a great bishop in England, but the effect grown in Scotland, he being an instrument, doth much more satisfy him. He desired me to make his last commendations most humbly unto your lordship, and withal that, he prayed God to increase his strong spirit in you, saying, that there was never more need."

From the original communications of one of Cecil's (now become Lord Burleigh) spies in Scotland, Mr Tytler is enabled to give a new version of the bold attempt, planned by Grange, to surprise Stirling. The Parliament had been assembled in the Castle of Stirling, in which the Earl of Mar had constantly resided with the young King under his care. The party sent out by Grange, who now, with Lethington, held possession of the Castle of Edinburgh for Mary, first took the road to Peebles, to mislead the opposite faction, whose camp was then at Leith. The bold attempt, which commenced so well for the assailants, was frustrated by the courage of the Earls of Morton and Mar, and the spirit of the townsmen, which turned the fortune of the day, and speedily converted the captors into prisoners; though the Regent, Lennox, was treacherously murdered in the affray, after he had surrendered himself a prisoner. The account of this daring exploit closes with a characteristic trait of the Border thieves :—

Buccleugh was taken, only nine of the Queen's party slain, and sixteen made prisoners. The loss would have been much greater, but that the Liddesdale and Tiviotdale borderers had stolen every hoof within the town, and not a horse could be found to give the chase.

Upon the violent death of Lennox, the Earl of Mar, the governor of the young King, was elected Regent of the kingdom. He had not long enjoyed this dignity, when the Massacre of St Bartholomew, "exhibiting," in the words of Mr Tytler, "in dreadful reality, the result of Popish principles and intrigue," shocked and appalled the Protestants of every country, drove Elizabeth to extremities, and suggested to her mind that plot to get rid of her dangerous prisoner, without incurring risk and odium from Mary's death, which has never, until now, been fully elucidated; Robertson seeming to have understood it but imperfectly, and Hume passing it over without notice. Mr Tytler has been enabled to elucidate this hitherto obscure point of Scottish and English history from Cecil's secret instructions given to Killigrew, when the latter went to Scotland for the ostensible purpose of negotiating with both the King's and the Queen's factions, but with the real object of relieving the fears of Elizabeth and her Ministers, by inducing Mar, Morton, and the Protestant party to receive back and execute the Queen of Scots. The critical condition of Elizabeth with her restless and intriguing captive, who, during her imprisonment, had been continually engaged in secret correspondence with the Courts of Rome, or of France, or with Philip of Spain, "names," observes Mr Tytler, "which, after the Massacre of St Bartholomew, could not be mentioned by Protestants without horror;" nay, the English Queen's well-grounded fears for her own life justified precaution, and, perhaps, a public trial; though not that dark and secret expedient which she judged a surer mode of getting easily rid of her hated prisoner. It was thought safest to send Mary into Scotland, that the Regent and his party "might proceed with her by way of justice." To effect this, the most elaborate directions were given to Killigrew, whose object, in the first place, was, if possible, to bring the Scottish leaders to demand Mary from the English council, and the sooner the better. Only, it was repeated,

It must be upon absolute surety that she should receive what she deserved, and that no further peril could ever possibly occur, either by her escape, or by setting her up again. To make certain of this, hostages must be required by him, and those of the highest rank, that is to say, children or near kinsfolk of the regent and the Earl of Morton. Last of all, he was solemnly reminded that the queen's name must not appear in the transaction; and Elizabeth herself, in dismissing him, bade him remember, that none but Leicester, Burghley, and himself, were privy to the great and delicate charge which was now laid upon him; adding a caution, that if it "came forth," or was ever known, he must answer for it. To this Killigrew replied, "that he would keep the secret as he would his life," and immediately set out on his journey.

All this appears from an MS. letter of Killigrew to Burleigh and Leicester. The English envoy entered Scotland while the country was still under great excitement in consequence of the massacre of the Protestants at Paris; and he immediately entered both on his public and secret mission. The latter did not advance so rapidly as Burleigh's anxious impatience desired, though his agent was not idle. Killigrew had "assured himself of Morton's cordial co-operation in the scheme for having Mary secretly executed;" and he had consulted with Knox on the interests of Protestantism, and probably availed himself of the Reformer's influence in exciting alarm against Papist conspiracies, which might promote his secret objects. There is no ground whatever for believing that he laid the plan for Mary's secret execution before Knox. Although the Reformer, in all probability, would neither have shrunk from her public trial, nor her public execution, he never dealt in dark and secret practices. And now we have recourse to the original text, in relating the most remarkable new series of facts contained in Mr Tytler's work :—

It was no doubt by Knox's advice that proclamation

was made on the 3d of October for a convention of the "professors of the true religion" to consult upon the dangers resulting from the conspiracies of the Papists. To the sheet on which it was printed,* there were added certain heads or articles, said to be extracts from the secret contract between the pope, the emperor, and the kings of Spain and Portugal, for the extirpation of the Protestant faith; and Killigrew believed that all these preliminaries would prepare the mind of the people for any extremities that might be used against their unhappy sovereign.

Meanwhile his tool, the Abbot of Dunfermling, was secretly trafficking with Morton and the Regent, and so far succeeded, that on the 9th of October a conference on the proposed execution of Mary was held at Dalkeith, in Morton's bed-chamber, he being still confined by sickness. None were present but the Regent, Mar, and Killigrew, who immediately communicated the result to Cecil and Leicester in the following letter:

"My singular good Lords—What has passed here since my last, touching the common cause, I have written to Mr Secretary at length.

"Now *for the great matter we wot of.* At my being at Dalkeith with my Lord Regent's grace, the Earl of Morton and he had conference, and both willing to do the thing you most desire—howbeit I could have no answer there, but that both thought it the only way and the best way to end all troubles, as it were, in both realms. They told me, notwithstanding, the matter was dangerous, and might come so to pass, as they should draw war upon their heads, and in that case, or rather to stop that peril, they would desire her Majesty should enter in league defensive, comprehending therein the cause of religion also.

"We came (he continued) to nearer terms, to wit, that her Majesty should, for a certain time, pay the sums that her Highness bestoweth for the keeping of her in England, to the preservation of this Crown, and take the protection of the young king. All this I heard, and said, if they thought it not profitable for them, and that if they meant not to will me to write earnestly at their desire, I would not move my pen for the matter; whereat the Earl of Morton raised himself in his bed, and said, that both my Lord Regent and he did desire it as a sovereign salve for all their sores; howbeit it could not be done without some manner of ceremony, and a kind of process, whereunto the noblemen must be called after a secret manner, and the clergy likewise, which would ask some time. Also that it would be requisite her Majesty should send such a convoy with the party, that in case there were people would not like of it, they might be able to keep the field; adding farther, that if they can bring the nobility to consent, as they hope they shall, they will not keep the prisoner three hours alive, after he come into the bounds of Scotland. But I, leaving of these devices, desired to know, indeed, what they would have me write; and it was answered, that I should know farther of my Lord Regent's grace here: so as this morning, a little before dinner, going to take my leave of him, as he was going towards Stirling, he told me, touching that matter, which was communed upon at Dalkeith, he found it very good, and the best remedy for all diseases, and willed me so to write unto your honours; nevertheless that it was of great weight, and therefore he would advise him of the form and manner how it might best be brought to pass, and that known, he would confer more at length with me in the same. Thus took I my leave of him, and find him indeed more cold than Morton, and yet seemed glad, and desirous to have it come to pass."

Killigrew proceeded to say, in the same letter, that some were of opinion the queen could not be executed without the meeting of Parliament.

The English envoy was impatient of technical difficulties, "a secret and speedy death" being the object desired by his mistress. His correspondence is thus continued:—

"Although there be, that do assure me that the regent hath, after a sort, moved this matter to nine of the best of their party, to wit, that it were fit to make a humble request to the Queen's Majesty, to have hither the cause of all their troubles, and to do, *etc.*, who have consented to him, and that I am also borne in hand, that both he and the Earl of Morton do, by all dexterity, proceed in the furtherance thereof, yet can I not assure myself of any thing, because I see them so inconstant, so divided. * * * I am also told, that the hostages have been talked of, and that they shall be delivered to our men upon the fields, and the matter dispatched within four hours, so as they shall not need to tarry long in our hands; but I like not their manner of dealing, and therefore leave it to your wisdom to consider if you will have me continue to give ear, and advertise [if] I shall: if not, I pray your lordships let me be called hence."

In this last sentence it is impossible not to see that the emphatic "to do et cetera;" the delivery of the Scottish hostages for the performance of the agreement upon the fields, and the "dispatching the matter," that is having the queen put to death "within four hours," all shew that both the regent and Morton had given their full consent to the proposal. Measures were to be taken to have the sentence pronounced (if indeed any ceremony of a sentence was seriously contemplated) and the execution hurried over with the utmost expedition and economy; and the only cause of delay, on the part of the regent and his brother earl, was the selfish wish of making the most profit of his cruel bargain.

Four days after this, on the 13th of October, Killigrew sent another secret packet to Leicester and Burghley. He had again been at Dalkeith, and found not only Morton "very hot and earnestly bent in the matter," but "the two ministers" equally eager in the business. From the cautious manner in which the English envoy wrote, the names of these two ministers are suppressed, and in such a case conjecture is unsatisfactory. We know that Mr Nicholas Elphinston, and Pitcairn, the Abbot of Dumfermling, were the instruments already employed by Morton and Killigrew in this dark negotiation, and it is possible that they are here meant. Two other facts also are certain, from a letter of the English envoy, the one that Cecil had enjoined him to avail himself of the co-operation of the Kirk in accomplishing the objects of his negotiation, the other that he had already consulted John Knox, who, even in "extreme debility," and as he describes it, "with one foot in the grave," was, in mind, as active as ever. From a letter already quoted, we have seen his convictions of Mary's guilt, and wishes for her execution: he may therefore have been one of the ministers to whom allusion was made. But this is speculation; and, after all, it might be argued, that from the words of Killigrew, the matter he spoke of to Knox was not the execution of Mary, as the former private interview may have solely related to the best method of exciting the people against France and the Romish faction in Scotland.

This last paragraph we consider the most objectionable in Mr Tytler's volume. It contains an insinuation altogether unsupported by fact or analogy. In what instance did Knox enter into the dark practices and cabals of the confederate lords? His hostility to Mary, or rather to her vices and what he deemed her religious errors, was, if violent, at all times open and above board; and Morton and Mar too well knew the character of the Reformer to invite him to their secret councils, although his dying condition had made his presence practicable. But, however it was with Knox, neither Morton nor Mar were found backward; though the conditions for which they stipulated were such as disappointed Killigrew and enraged Burleigh. At the same instant, the

* This sheet or broadside appears to have been printed at St Andrew's; no proof, surely, that it was by Knox's advice, who was then in Edinburgh, where he might have had the summons printed.

English minister was apprised of their impracticable conditions, and of the sudden death of Mar, which must, in any event, for a time have delayed the scheme; and time was precious. He, therefore, wrote to Leicester, intimating the failure of "the Scottish project," and remarking that his royal mistress must now fall back upon "her *last resource*" for the safety of herself and her kingdom—namely, the speedy execution of Mary. His letter is full of his wary, stern, and severe character. It contains, we may say, Mary's death-warrant, and thus concludes—

If her majesty will continue her delays, for providing for her own surety, by just means given to her by God, she and we all shall vainly call upon God when the calamity shall fall upon us. God send her majesty strength of spirit to preserve God's cause, her own life, and the lives of millions of good subjects, all which are most manifestly in danger; and that only by her delays, and so consequently she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble Crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it, God be merciful to us. . . . . .

Mary, in the meantime, was herself unconscious of the danger she had escaped: and indeed it is worthy of observation, that so well had the English ambassador kept his counsel, and so true were the conspirators to their secret, that, after a concealment of nearly three centuries, these dark intrigues, with all their ramifications, have now for the first time been made a portion of our national history.

Mr Tytler has added the following note:—

Dr Robertson, not having access to the St. P. Off. had not seen the letters of Killigrew and Burghley, which unveil this part of Mary's history. He consequently falls into the error of stating, that Mar, from his honourable feelings, instantly rejected Killigrew's proposal of bringing Mary to her trial in Scotland, pronouncing her guilty, and executing her. All subsequent historians, amongst the rest the acute and learned Lingard, have been misled by this view of the transaction. Killigrew's and Burghley's Letters have at length given us the truth. No trial, it appears to me, was ever contemplated—and Mar, though at first cold in the matter, at last, gave his full consent to Mary's being put to death as speedily and secretly as possible.

Every circumstance concurred, on the death of Mar, to point out Morton as the new Regent, to which office he was immediately appointed, by a Parliament assembled at Edinburgh; although the castle was still held by Grange and Lethington for the Queen, as they were confident of its strength, and expected speedy aid from France. Elizabeth, however, by the turn which affairs had taken, and the representations of her envoy, was ultimately induced to undertake the siege of the fortress. This we mention to introduce the message sent by Knox, on his deathbed, to his old friend and fellow-labourer Grange, whose defection from the Protestant cause he deeply lamented. In one of those remarkable predictions, which to his admirers looked like immediate inspiration, Knox foretold the fate of his renegade friend, and sent him a solemn warning to repentance, which Grange, who received it scoffingly, shortly afterwards called to mind on the scaffold. On this circumstance, Mr Tytler makes the following severe remarks, which, if his opinion is adopted, would represent John Knox as keeping up a blasphemous farce even on his deathbed, to glorify himself and serve party objects; and presumptuously arrogating to himself the character of a prophet, while the source of his inspiration lay in the secret correspondence of intriguing statesmen to which he was privy. "It appears to me," observes Mr Tytler,

That in this and other similar predictions, the dying reformer, who was not only intimately acquainted with, but personally engaged in the secret correspondence between his party and England, availed himself of this knowledge to fulminate his threats and warnings, which he knew the advance of the English army was so soon likely to fulfil.

In the Proofs and Illustrations, which form the appendix to this volume of Mr Tytler's History, and which embody a great deal of curious and important original matter, we find him strenuously attempting to fix upon Knox (and, if Knox, then Craig, for the facts, if they apply to one apply to both) the odium of being directly implicated in the assassination of Rizzio—"privy to the murder." It may be fairly assumed that Knox felt small regret at this event; and that he, on the contrary, expressed satisfaction at a providential riddance of one whom he considered an enemy of the commonwealth and of true religion; the pensioned agent of Rome, and the betrayer of Scotland. Such, in substance, is the opinion of Dr M'Crie, which Mr Tytler considers erroneous, from the Doctor not having had the advantage of consulting those letters in the State Paper Office, upon the evidence of which he considers himself justified in charging the Reformer with being privy to the plot for murdering Rizzio.

This charge he grounds chiefly upon what he terms an authentic list of "the names of such as were consenting to the death of David," in which, undoubtedly, appear the names of "John Knox and John Craig, preachers." This list accompanied a letter sent by Randolph to Cecil, and is in the handwriting of a clerk. It contains neither the names of Darnley, Lennox, Bothwell, nor others certainly and directly implicated in the murder, "consenting to the death of David," and present at that catastrophe; and it includes the names of Knox and Craig, the latter of whom was believed tender of the Queen, though jealous of her schemes and foreign intrigues; and who, after the murder of Rizzio, while Knox fled, kept his place in the capital unmolested. Though of a much milder disposition than Knox, Craig, instead of betraying the consciousness of guilt, displayed, in opposing Mary's marriage with Bothwell, the spirit of a Christian hero. A man who could act, on that occasion, in the manner described by Mr Tytler, was not likely to be, a few weeks previously, privy to a foul murder; yet if Knox was guilty so was Craig. Their names in the list given, are coupled up together.

After labouring, and, we regret to say, as it appears to us, *con amore*, to establish this heavy charge against Knox, Mr Tytler comes out with the opposing facts, or, as he terms them, the

facts in extenuation. The material fact, one which demolishes his whole argument, is, that, in the British Museum, there is a list of the individuals concerned in or consenting to the murder of Rizzio, in which neither the names of Knox nor Craig appear. And this, we assume, should be the more correct and authentic list, as it is in the handwriting of Randolph himself, and not of his clerk, and six days later in date; and, therefore, more likely to be correct than the list upon which Mr Tytler founds.

How Bedford's letter to Cecil, of the 11th of March, or two days subsequent to the murder, corroborates the guilt of Knox, we cannot imagine, and still less how that letter affords "evidence clear and direct" of Knox being privy to the murder; for the letter states nothing on the subject, save that "David is despatched and dead," as had been anticipated; and continues, "the manner and circumstances thereof I shall not now trouble you withal."

Mr Tytler founds another argument for his belief that Knox participated in the murder, upon the circumstance of Morton and Ruthven, leading conspirators, having made the following statement to Bedford, a fortnight after the completion of the crime. "And to the execution of the said enterprise the *most honest* and the *most worthy* were easily induced to approve and fortify the king's deliberation in the premises;" which "most honest and *most worthy*" he contends must include Knox, who was at all events intimately connected with the parties, his most dear and intimate personal friends being certain lairds who were consenting to David's death. Mr Tytler continues in the same strain:—

Another corroboration of his accession to this conspiracy, was his precipitate flight from Edinburgh with the rest of the conspirators, upon the threatened advance of the queen to the city. His colleague Craig, it is to be observed, who was afterwards accused by his parishioners as having been too much a favourer of the queen, remained in the city; but Knox fled precipitately, and in extreme agony of spirit, to Kyle, and, as we have already seen, did not venture to return till the noblemen rose against the queen after the death of Darnley. If he was not implicated, why did he take guilt to himself by flight?

But why did not Craig flee? who, by the evidence of the list, was as deeply implicated as Knox; who certainly had rendered himself sufficiently obnoxious to the Queen to dread her vengeance without the additional offence attempted to be fastened upon him. But he "fled," says Mr Tytler, "in extreme agony of spirit;" a fact for which we cannot find any authority, save that the preacher naturally suffered deeply on being torn from his family and flock, by apprehension of the Queen's violence, though certainly not from the anguish of remorse.

Mr Tytler, who contends that, in Morton's number of "the most honest and worthy" consenting to Rizzio's death, Knox must necessarily be included, afterwards demolishes his own argument, as he had previously done the value of his list of names by the second list, by that other extenuating circumstance which we shall give in his own words.

The second circumstance is this—When Morton and Ruthven fled to Berwick, and sent to Bedford a vindication of their proceedings, with the intent that he should communicate it to Cecil and Elizabeth, they positively denied that any of the ministers of Scotland were art and part in the conspiracy, and accused the Papists of having raised the report. "It is come to our knowledge (they say) that some Papists have bruited that these our proceedings have been at the instigation of the ministers of Scotland. We assure your lordship upon our honour, that there were none of them art nor part of that deed, nor were participate thereof."

We pause here—though we may say, in pointed terms, that the arguments by which Mr Tytler supports his belief in the face of the evidence which he has himself produced, appear to us inconclusive and sophistical; nor can any one perceive what object Morton or Ruthven could have had to keep the names of Knox and Craig out of the list to be laid before the Council of England, but the very reverse; unless the Earls were conscious of having previously used these names falsely and without authority. And it is not to the council of England, but directly to Bedford, that Morton and Ruthven make, and in writing, the above positive denial and assertion, on their honour, of the innocence of the ministers, Knox and Craig. This reduces Mr Tytler to the necessity of affirming that, according to Morton's notion of the signification of the words "art and part," and "participate thereof," the Earl may still have safely made this denial of the fact "upon his honour," and "yet may have been perfectly aware all the while that Knox was privy to the murder."

But, as this knotty subject is likely to be fully discussed by the admirers of Knox, we shall take leave of it, regretting that it has been started by Mr Tytler; especially as it must confirm the notion of his latent prepossession against the Protestant leaders, and, generally, his dislike to the King's or Protestant party in Scotland, as opposed to that of Mary, whom he never ceases to regard as the lawful sovereign of Scotland, and, by consequence, the Regencies as a succession of rebellious usurpations. With a clear understanding on this point, we now take leave of Mr Tytler, grateful for what his talents and industry have accomplished, in furnishing the most important additions which have for centuries been made to the national annals; and, while hinting at his unconscious high-prerogative prepossessions or sympathies, bearing warm testimony to his uniform candour and dispassionate fairness of statement.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.—*Continued from our August No.*

In London, for a space of fifteen or twenty years, the most interesting by far of all my friends, and, singly, a sufficient magnet to draw me in that direction, sometimes when I had no other motive for such a journey, was the celebrated Peripatetic, John Stewart, commonly called "Walking Stewart." This man was indeed, in many respects, a more interesting person than any I have known, amongst those distinguished by accomplishments of the same kind. He was by birth a Scotsman: but it was little indeed that he owed to the land of his nativity; for he had been early turned adrift, and thrown altogether upon his own resources. At school, as he often told me with high glee, and even with something of gratified vanity in the avowal, no boy except himself was considered an invincible dunce, or what is sometimes called a Bergen-op-zoom; that is, a head impregnable to all teaching and all impressions that could be conveyed through books. Erudition, in fact, and classical or philological learning of every kind, he thoroughly despised; nor could he have been won by kindness even to take an interest in studies from which his mind naturally revolted; and thus, like many a boy before him, he obtained the reputation of a dunce, merely because his powers were never called into action or tried amongst tasks in which he took any genial delight. Yet this same scoffing-stock of the school, when summoned away to the tasks of life, dealing with subjects that interested his feelings, and moving in an element for which his natural powers had qualified him, displayed the energetic originality of genius. He went out to Bengal as a servant of the Company, in a civil capacity, and, for some time, was viewed both as an aspiring young man and as a young man of great promise: but, suddenly, some strong scruples of conscience seized him, with regard to the tenure of the Company's Indian empire, and to the mode in which it was administered. Simply upon the impulse of these scruples, doubtless ill-founded, he quitted the Company's service and entered that of a native prince—I think the Nawaub of Arcot: him he served in the office of secretary. And, finally, quitting this service also, chiefly, I conjecture, because the instinct of migration and of rambling was strong upon him, he commenced that long course of pedestrian travelling which thenceforwards occupied the active years of his life: in fact, from perhaps the age of twenty-three to fifty-eight or sixty. A navigator who has accomplished the *periplus* (περιπλους) of the globe, we call a *circumnavigator*; and, by parity of reason, we might call a man in the circumstances of Mr Stewart, viz., one who has walked round the *terra firma* of the globe, from Kamtschatka to Paraguay, and from Paraguay to Lapland, a *circumperipatetic*, (or, if the reader objects to this sort of tautology in the *circum* and the *peri*, a *circumambulator*.) A terrestrial globe, representing the infinite wanderings of Mr Stewart, would have seemed belted and zoned in all latitudes, like a Ptolemaic globe of the heavens, with cycles and epicycles, approaching, crossing, traversing, coinciding, receding. No region, pervious to human feet, except, I think, China and Japan, but had been visited by Mr Stewart in this philosophic style; a style which compels a man to move slowly through a country, and to fall in continually with the natives of that country in a degree far beyond what is possible for the traveller in carriages and palanquins,* or mounted on horses, mules, or camels. It may be presumed of any man who has travelled so extensively, and has thrown himself so fearlessly, for five or eight and thirty years, amongst men of all nations and in all degrees of civilisation, that he must often have found himself in situations of great and sudden danger. In fact, Walking Stewart, like the famous Ledyard, used to look back upon the hardships, the sufferings, and the risks he had undergone, as too romantic for rehearsal. People would imagine, as he thought, that he was using the traveller's immemorial privilege of embellishing; and, accordingly, as one foremost feature in the character of John Stewart, was his noble reverence for truth, so that, to have won a universal interest with the public, he would not have deviated, by one hair's breadth, from the severe facts of a case; for that reason it was rare that he would be persuaded to relate any part of his adventures which approached the marvellous. Being so sincerely and profoundly veracious, he was jealous even of being suspected to be otherwise, though it were in a trifling question, or by a shadow of exaggeration. Yet, unwilling as he was to report his own adventurous hazards, or the escapes which, doubtless, he often owed to his own address, courage, or presence of mind, one general remark I have often heard him make, and with great energy; a remark abstracted from all his dangers collectively, though he would not refer to them separately and individually: it is a remark which ought to be put on record for the honour of human nature; and it should be viewed in the light of a testimony given by a witness, whose opportunities for collecting a fair evidence must far have exceeded those of all other men, making no exception in favour of any nation or any century. His remark was this—that, although in barbarous countries, with no police or organized provisions whatsoever, for the protection of human life and property,

* Dawk-travelling in a palanquin has been so much improved of late throughout India, that ninety miles a-day may be accomplished in favourable weather; and, if the bearers are laid carefully, one hundred. With this velocity, and this seclusion, little can be seen.

many violent and licentious aggressions would, doubtless, be committed, under circumstances of temptation or of provocation, upon the weak or defenceless stranger; yet that, in the whole course of his experience, he had never known one case where the rudest savage of the wildest tribes had violated an *understood* trust reposed in his forbearance. It was generally supposed, he said, that the civilized traveller amongst savages might lay his account with meeting unprovoked violence, except in so far as he carried arms for his protection. Now, he had found it by much the safer plan to carry no arms. That he had never found, and did not believe that in travels ten times more extensive he ever should have found, a human being so base as to refuse (provided he could be made *clearly to understand*) the appeal made to his generosity by a fellow-being, inboldly throwing himself upon his justice or hospitality; and if a different creed prevailed often amongst nautical people, it was owing (he contended) to the extreme levity and thoughtlessness of sailors. Indeed, the records of voyages, and, very recently, the records of our new settlements in Australia, teem with instances where feuds, through a whole generation, (wanton and causeless as they may seem to many of those who merely *inherit* the consequences,) have been originally provoked by a cruel or cowardly salutation from fire-arms to a party of natives, advancing, perhaps, in a tumultuous manner, alarming to the timid or the inexperienced, but with intentions perfectly pacific.

Walking Stewart was, in conversation, the most eloquent man—limiting the meaning to the eloquence of nature, unsustained by any range of illustration from books—that I have ever known. Nor was I singular in this opinion; for Mr Wordsworth, the poet, said something to the same effect, in speaking of the political harangues which he was in the habit of making about the time of the French Revolution. And little as he occupied himself with books as a reader, by a strange inversion of the ordinary human relations to literature, he—this rare and slight reader—was largely connected with books as an author. Apparently, he read little or nothing but what he wrote himself; books treating of man, his nature, his expectations, and his duties, in a desultory style; mingling much profound philosophy with many absurd or whimsical theories of physiology, or equally chimerical hypotheses of health and the modes of preserving it. Animal food or wine he never allowed himself to use; or, in fact, anything but the Brahminical diet of milk, fruit, and bread. It is saying little in favour of his system, to mention that he, in his own person, enjoyed a cloudless health; for so he would have done under any diet, with the same quantity of bodily exercise, and enjoying the same original hardiness of constitution and athletic frame of body. Latterly, his sole pleasure was music; and it grieved me to find, therefore, towards the close of his life, that he was growing exceedingly deaf: but this defect of hearing he remedied partially by purchasing an organ of considerable size and power.

Walking Stewart had purchased, in his younger days, an annuity, which, in fact, for many years, constituted his sole dependence. The tables of mortality were very imperfect at that time, and the Insurance Offices made many losing contracts; amongst which was Mr Stewart's. He had long been viewed by the office as one of their bad bargains; and he had a playful malice in presenting himself annually to establish his continued existence. The office was always in a roar of laughter when he made his entry: for the Directors protested that he had already lived too long by twenty years for their interest; and he, on his part, ascribing his robust health to his peculiar diet, threatened them with living at least twenty years longer. He did, certainly, wear all the promise of doing so; for his eye was as brilliant and his cheek as fresh as those of men forty years younger. But he did not quite redeem the pledges of his appearance. A few years before his death, he gained an important suit against the East India Company. How that should have hastened his death, I cannot conjecture; for so thoroughly had his simple diet become necessary to his comfort, and a matter of cordial preference, that no entreaties of a friend would persuade him to take a glass of wine or spirits. A man more temperate never existed, nor a man in all respects of more philosophic habits, or more entire independence. I and others, who would not have insulted him with the offer of money, yet, knowing at one time the extreme slenderness of his resources, attempted to send him books and a few other luxuries, by way of relieving the weariness (as we feared) of his long solitary evenings in the heart of tumultuous London. But, though taking our attentions kindly, he uniformly repelled them; nor ever, in one instance, would accept of anything that might bring his perfect independence into question. He died when I was absent from London; and I could never learn the circumstances: for he had, I believe, no relatives; and his opulence, during the latter years of his life, would be likely to throw him into the hands of strangers. His books are filled with extravagances on all subjects; and, to religious people, they are especially revolting, by the uniform spirit of contempt which he manifests for all creeds alike—Christian, Mahometan, Buddhist, Pagan. In fact, he was as deliberate and resolute an Atheist as can ever have existed: but, for all that, and although wishing, for his own sake, that he had been a more religious man, or at least had felt a greater reverence for such subjects, and a closer sympathy with that which, for so vast a majority of the human race, must ever constitute their sole consolation under sorrow and calamity; still I could not close my eyes to the many evidences which his writings and his conversation afforded of a true grandeur of mind, and of a calm Spinozistic state of contemplative reverie. In fact, he was half crazy. But his mind, like a shell taken from the sea, still echoed

had murmured to the multitudinous sounds and forms amongst which his former years had been passed. The many nations amongst whom he had walked, "passing like night" (as the Ancient Mariner describes himself) "from land to land,"—the black men, and the white men, and the "dusk-faces with white silken turbands wreathed,"—were present for ever, and haunted his inner eye with imagery of the noblest kind, and with moving pageantries, in the midst of silence and years of deafness. He was himself a fine specimen of the animal Man. And, in some directions, he was fine also intellectually. His books, which are past counting, ought to be searched, and a bead-roll of fine thoughts, or eloquent expressions of old ones, separated from the eccentric speculations with which they too often lie interwoven. These books contain, moreover, some very wise practical suggestions, particularly as to the mode of warfare adapted to the British nation. And for knowledge of national character he was absolutely unrivalled. Some time or other, I may myself draw up a memoir of his life, and raise a tribute to his memory by a series of extracts such as I have suggested.

Another eminent man of our times, whom I came to know in my later visits to London, was the Rev. Edward Irving; and, in some respects, he is naturally recalled by the remembrance of Walking Stewart; for, like him, he had a fervid nature, a most energetic will, and aspirations after something greater than he could find in life. Like him, also, he owed not very much to education or study. Mr Irving, unfortunately for his own reputation, sinned so enormously against prudence, and indeed against all sanity of mind, during the latter part of his career; his writings and his actions were so equally indicative of an unsettled intellect; that, with most people, this sad revolution in his nature has availed to extinguish the recollection of that unequalled splendour of appearance with which he convulsed all London at his first *debût*. He was, unquestionably, by many, many degrees, the greatest orator of our times. Of him, indeed, more than of any man whom I have seen throughout my whole experience, it might be said, with truth and with emphasis, that he was a Boanerges, a son of thunder; and, in a sense, even awful and unhappy for himself, it might be affirmed that he had a demon within himself. Doubt there can now be none that he was insane, or partially so, from the very first. Not many weeks after his first burst upon the metropolis, I had the pleasure of meeting him at a dinner party. He was in exuberant spirits; and he strode about the drawing-room, before dinner, with the air of one who looked upon himself as clothed with the functions of Jonah sent to Nineveh, or of Paul upon a celestial mission to the Gentiles. He talked a good deal of phrenology, and in the tone of one who had entirely adopted its great leading doctrines. My head, with a very slight apology for doing so, he examined: his report, being somewhat flattering, I shall not repeat, further than that "conscientiousness" was found in great strength, and "veneration," which were the chief *moral* indications that he detected. We walked homewards together; and, as it happened that our roads coincided for three miles or more, we had a good deal of conversation. In one thing he thoroughly agreed with me, viz., in disliking common literary society, by comparison with that of people less pretending, left more to the impulses of their natural unchecked feelings, and entertaining opinions less modelled upon what they read. One ebullition of his own native disposition was, however, not very amiable. Near Charing Cross, a poor houseless female vagrant came up to us and asked charity. Now, it was in no respect surprising to me, that Mr Irving should refuse to give her anything, knowing that so many excellent people systematically set their faces against street alms; and a man, the most kind-hearted in the world, whose resources are limited, may very reasonably prefer throwing whatever he has at his disposal into the channels of well organized charitable institutions. Not, therefore, the refusal, but the manner of the refusal, it was which surprised me. Mr Irving shook off the poor shivering suppliant, whose manner was timid and dejected, with a roughness that would have better become a parish beadle towards a stout masterful beggar, counterfeiting the popular character of shipwrecked mariner. Yet I am far from thinking, or wishing to insinuate, that Edward Irving was deficient in benignity. It was the overmastering demoniac fervour of his nature, the constitutional riot in his blood, more than any harshness of disposition, which prompted his fierce refusal. It is remarkable, and I mention it as no proof of any sagacity of myself, but, on the contrary, as a proof of broad and palpable indications, open and legible to him who ran, that from what I saw of Mr Edward Irving at this first interview, I drew an augury, and immediately expressed it to more than one friend, that he was destined to a melancholy close of his career, in lunacy. I drew my judgment from the expression and the peculiar restlessness of his eye, combined with the untameable fervour of his manner, and his evident craving after intense states of excitement. I believe that public applause, or at least public sympathy with his own agitated condition of feeling, and public attention, at any rate to himself, as a great moral power thundering and lightening through the upper regions of the London atmosphere, really became indispensable to his comfort. The effect of his eloquence, great as that certainly was, had been considerably exaggerated to the general estimate, by the obstacles opposed to the popular curiosity, in the mere necessities of the narrow chapel within which he preached. Stories of carriage pannels beaten in, chapel windows beaten out, as entrances for ladies of rank and distinguished senators—such stories to awaken the public interest, and then (as consequences of that interest, which reacted to sustain and widen it) stories of royal princesses, lord chancellors, and prime ministers, going, in spite of all difficulties, to hear the new apostle of the

North—these things procured for Mr Irving, during the early noviciate of his London career, if not great audiences, (which, numerically speaking, his chapel would not have admitted,) yet so memorable a conflict of competition for the small space available to those who had no private right of admission, that inevitably the result was misunderstood, or, at least, misappreciated by the public. The smaller was the disposable accommodation, so much the hotter was the contest: and thus a small chapel, and a small congregation told more effectually in his favour, more emphatically proclaimed his sudden popularity, than the largest could have done. Meantime, the presbytery, availing themselves of the sudden enthusiam called into life by this splendid meteor, collected large subscriptions for a new chapel. This, being built upon a scale proportioned to the money, offered ample accommodation to the public curiosity. That feeling could not wholly have subsided: but many, like Wilberforce, had found themselves sufficiently gratified by a single experience of Mr Irving's powers; others, upon principle, were unwilling to leave their old pastors —not to mention that, for the majority, this would have involved a secession from the particular creed to which they adhered; and, when deductions were made from Mr Irving's audiences, upon these and other accounts, those who still went as extra auditors were no longer numerous enough, now that they were diffused through a large chapel, to create the former tumultuous contests for admission. The enthusiasm of the public had now subsided and settled into a condition more uniform, and no longer capable of holding up a mirror which reflected Mr Irving's own intense state of exaltation. It was the state of collapse which succeeded in his mind, the want of correspondence which he found between the public zeal to be taught or moved and his own to teach or move; this it was, I can hardly doubt, which drove him into those crazy speculations which eventually cost him the general respect, and led to an open breach between himself and the trustees for the management of the property embarked upon the chapel. Unable to win the popular astonishment by the legitimate display of his extraordinary powers, he attempted to secure the same end by extravagance. The whole extent of this extravagance, it is true that he did not perceive; for his mind was unhinged. But still the insanity, which had preyed upon him from the very first, lay more in his moral nature and in a disease of his will than in the functions of his intellect. Disappointment, vexation of heart, wounded pride, and, latterly, perhaps, some tinge of remorse for the abuse which he had made of his magnificent endowments, all combined, with the constitutional fever in his blood, to sap his health and spirits. That he was very unhappy, latterly, I have no doubt; nor was I, for my part, ever called upon to feel so powerfully the conviction that here was a ruined man of genius, and a power in the first rank of great moral agencies, an orator the most Demosthenic of our age, descending rapidly to night and utter extinction, as during the whole latter years of Edward Irving's troubled existence. I am not singular in my estimate of him as an orator:—Mr Canning, a most accomplished orator himself, and, as a great *artist*, the first orator of our times, but perhaps, for that very reason, less likely to do full justice in a case of power that was altogether natural, and no way indebted to art, even he (when visiting Mr Bolton of Storrs, on Windermere) said something very nearly approaching to what I have here said. I did not hear it myself; but I afterwards heard it from many who did. He was the only man of our times who realized one's idea of Paul preaching at Athens, or defending himself before King Agrippa. Terrific meteor! unhappy son of fervid genius, which mastered thyself even more than the rapt audiences which at one time hung upon thy lips! were the cup of life once again presented to thy lips, wouldst thou drink again; or wouldst thou not rather turn away from it with shuddering abomination? Sleep, Boanerges! and let the memory of man settle only upon thy colossal powers, without a thought of those intellectual aberrations which were more powerful for thy own ruin than for the misleading of others!

London, however, great as were its attractions, did but rarely draw me away from Westmoreland. There I found more and more a shelter and an anchor for my own wishes. Originally, as I have mentioned, the motive which drew me to this country, in combination with its own exceeding beauty, had been the society of Wordsworth. But in this I committed a great oversight. Men of extraordinary genius and force of mind are far better as objects for distant admiration than as daily companions;—not that I would insinuate anything to the disadvantage of Mr Wordsworth. What I have to say in the way of complaint, shall be said openly and frankly; this is but fair; for insinuations or covert accusations always leave room for misconstruction and for large exaggeration. Mr Wordsworth is not only a man of principle and integrity, according to the severest standard of such a character, but he is even a man, in many respects, of amiable manners. Still there are traits of character about him, and modes of expressing them in his manners, which make a familiar or neighbourly intercourse with him painful and mortifying. Pride, in its most exalted form, he was entitled to feel; but something there was, in the occasional expression of this pride, which was difficult to bear. Upon ground where he was really strong, Wordsworth was not arrogant. In a question of criticism, he was open to any man's suggestions. But there *were* fields of thought or of observation which he seemed to think locked up and sacred to himself; and any alien entrance upon those fields he treated almost as intrusions and usurpations. One of these, and which naturally occurred the most frequently, was the whole theory of picturesque beauty, as presented to our notice at every minute by the bold mountainous

scenery amongst which we lived, and as it happened to be modified by the seasons of the year, by the time of day, or by the accidents of light and shade. Now Wordsworth and his sister really had, as I have before acknowledged, a peculiar depth of organic sensibility to the effects of form and colour; and to *them* I was willing to concede a vote, such as, in ancient Rome, was called a "prerogative vote," upon such questions. But, not content with this, Wordsworth virtually claimed the same precedency for all who were connected with himself, though merely by affinity, and therefore standing under no colourable presumption (as blood relations might have done) of inheriting the same constitutional gifts of organization. To everybody, standing out of this sacred and privileged pale, Wordsworth behaved with absolute insult in cases of this nature: he did not even appear to listen; but, as if what they said on such a theme must be childish prattle, turned away with an air of perfect indifference; began talking, perhaps, with another person on another subject; or, at all events, never noticed what was said, by any apology for an answer. I, very early in our connexion, having observed this inhuman arrogance, took care never afterwards to lay myself under the possibility of such an insult. Systematically I avoided saying anything, however suddenly tempted into any expression of my feelings, upon the natural appearances, whether in the sky or on the earth. Thus I evaded one cause of quarrel; and so far Wordsworth was not aware of the irritation and disgust which he had founded in the minds of his friends. But there were other manifestations of the same ungenial and exclusive pride, even still more offensive and of wider application.

With other men, upon finding or thinking one's self ill-used, all one had to do was to make an explanation; and, with any reasonable grounds of complaint, or any reasonable temper to manage, one was tolerably sure of redress. Not so with Wordsworth: he had learned from Mrs C—— a vulgar phrase for all attempts at reciprocal explanations—he called them contemptuously "*fending and proving.*" And you might lay your account with being met *in limine*, and further progress barred, by a declaration to this effect—"Mr X Y Z, I will have nothing to do with fending and proving." This amounted, in other words, to saying, that he conceived himself to be liberated from those obligations of justice and courtesy by which other men are bound. Now, I knew myself well enough to be assured that, under such treatment, I should feel too much indignation and disgust to persevere in courting the acquaintance of a man who thus avowed his contempt for the laws of equal dealing. Redress I knew that I should never get; and, accordingly, I reasoned thus:—"I have been ill-used to a certain extent; but do I think *that* a sufficient reason for giving up all my intimacy with a man like Wordsworth? If I do *not*, let me make no complaint; for, inevitably, if I *do* make complaint, that will be the result. For, though I am able to bear the particular wrong I now complain of, yet I feel that even from Wordsworth I could not tolerate an open and contemptuous refusal of justice. The result, then, if I pursue this matter, will be to rob me of Wordsworth's acquaintance. Reparation, already necessary to my feelings, will then become necessary to my honour: I shall fail to obtain it; and then it will become my *duty* to renounce his acquaintance. I will, therefore, rest contentedly where I am."

What then were the cases of injustice which I had to complain of? Such they were as between two men could hardly have arisen; but wherever there are women—unless the terms on which the parties stand are most free and familiar, so that, fast as clouds arise of misunderstanding, explanations may have full leave to move concurrently, and nothing be left for either side to muse upon as wrong, or meditated insult—I hold it next to impossible that occasions should not arise in which both parties will suspect some undervaluing, or some failure in kindness or respect. I, to give one example, had, for the controller of my domestic *manége*, a foolish, selfish, and ignorant old maid. Naturally, she ought to have been no enemy to the Wordsworths, for she had once lived as a servant with them; and, for my service, she had been engaged, at high wages, by Miss Wordsworth herself. These motives to a special regard for the W.'s, were not weighty enough to overrule her selfishness. Having unlimited power in all which regarded the pecuniary arrangements of my house, she became a person of some consideration and some power amongst her little sphere. In my absence, she took upon herself the absolute command of everything; and I could easily perceive, by different anecdotes which reached me, that she was jealous of any abridgement to her own supreme discretion, such as might naturally arise through any exercise of those friendly rights, claimed in my absence, by those friends who conceived themselves to have the freedom of my house, and the right to use its accommodations in any honourable way prompted by their own convenience. To my selfish housekeeper this was a dangerous privilege; for, if it had brought no other evil with it, inevitably it would sometimes lay a restraint upon her gadding propensities, and detain her at home during months when otherwise my great distance gave her the amplest privilege of absence. In shaping remedies for this evil, which, from natural cowardice, she found it difficult to oppose in her own person, she had a ready resource in charging upon myself the measures which she found convenient. "'*Master*' [which was her technical designation for myself] thinks thus," or "Master left such and such directions." These were obvious fictions, for a woman so selfish and mean. Any real friend of mine ought to have read, in the very situation which this woman held—in her obvious interest, connected with her temper—a sufficient commentary upon the real state of things. A man more careless than myself of the petty interests concerned in such

a case, could not exist. And it may be supposed with what disgust and what reasonable indignation I heard of opinions uttered upon my character by those who called themselves my friends; opinions shaped to meet, not any conduct which I had ever held, or which it could be pretended that I had countenanced, but to meet the false imputations of an interested woman, who was by those imputations doing to me a far deeper injury than to those whom she merely shut out from a momentary accommodation.

But why not, upon discovering such forgeries and misrepresentations, openly and loudly denounce them for what they were? I answer, that when a man is too injuriously wounded by the words of his *soi-disant* friends, oftentimes a strong movement of pride makes it painful for him to degrade himself by explanations or justifications. Besides that, when once a false idea has prepossessed the minds of your friends, justification oftentimes becomes impossible. My servant, in such a case, would have worn the air of one who had offended me, not by a base falsehood, but by an imprudence in betraying too much of the truth; and, doubtless, when my back was turned, she would insinuate that her own interest had obliged her to put up with my disavowal of what she had done; but that, in literal truth, she had even fallen short of my directions. Others, again, would think that, though no specific directions might have been given to her, possibly she had collected my sincere wishes from words of complaint dropped casually upon former occasions. Thus, in short, partly I disdained, partly I found it impossible, to exonerate myself from those most false imputations; and I sate down half-contentedly under accusations which, in the very solemnity of truth, applied less justly to myself than to any one person I knew amongst the whole circle of my acquaintance. The result was, that ever after I hated the name of the woman at whose hands I had sustained this wrong, so far as such a woman could be thought worthy of hatred; and that I began to despise a little some of those who had been silly and undiscerning enough to accredit such representations; and one of them especially, who, though liberally endowed with sunshiny temper and sweetness of disposition, was perhaps a person weak, intellectually, beyond the ordinary standards of female weakness.

Hence began the waning of my friendship with the Wordsworths. But, in reality, never after the first year or so from my first introduction, had I felt much possibility of drawing the bonds of friendship tight with a man of Wordsworth's nature. He seemed to me too much like his own Pedlar in the "Excursion;" a man so diffused amongst innumerable objects of equal attraction, that he had no cells left in his heart for strong individual attachments. I was not singular in this feeling. Professor Wilson had become estranged from him: Coleridge, one of his earliest friends, had become estranged: no one person could be deemed fervently his friend. And, with respect to Coleridge, he certainly had strong reason to be estranged; and equally certain it is that he held a profound sense of those reasons for some years. He told me himself, and this was his peculiar inference from the case, and what he made its moral, that married people rarely retain much capacity of friendship. Their thoughts, and cares, and anxieties, are all so much engrossed by those who naturally and rightly sit nearest to their hearts, that other friends, chosen, perhaps, originally for intellectual qualities chiefly, and seen only at casual intervals, must, by mere human necessity, come to droop and fade in their remembrance. I see no absolute necessity for this; nor have I felt it since my own experience of the situation supposed by Coleridge has enabled me to judge. But, at all events, poor Coleridge had found it true in his own case. The rupture between him and Wordsworth, which rather healed itself by lapse of time and the burning dim of fierce recollections, than by any formal reconciliation or pardon exchanged between the parties, arose thus:—An old acquaintance of Coleridge's happening to visit the Lakes, proposed to carry Coleridge with him to London on his return. This gentleman's wife, a lady of some distinction as to person and intellectual accomplishments, had an equal pleasure in Coleridge's society. They had a place disposable in their travelling carriage; and thus all things tallied towards the general purpose. Meantime, Wordsworth, irritated with what he viewed as excessive vanity in this gentleman, (for his plan of taking Coleridge to London and making him an inmate in his house, had originated in a higher purpose of weaning Coleridge from opium,) ridiculed the whole scheme pointedly, as a visionary and Quixotic enterprise, such as no man of worldly experience could ever seriously countenance. The dispute—for it took that shape—tempted or drove Wordsworth into supporting his own views of Coleridge's absolute incorrigibility, by all the anecdotes he could gather together illustrative of the utter and irredeemable slavery which had mastered the poor opium-martyr's will. And, most assuredly, he drew such a picture of Coleridge, and of his sensual effeminacy, as ought not to have proceeded from the hands of a friend. Notwithstanding all this, the purpose held amongst the three contracting parties: they went southwards; and, for a time, the plan was still farther realised, of making Coleridge, not merely a travelling companion, but also an inmate of their house. This plan, however, fell through, in consequence of incompatible habits. And, in the feud which followed, this gentleman and his wife upbraided Coleridge with the opinions held of him by his own oldest and most valued friend, William Wordsworth; and, perhaps as much to defend themselves as to annoy Coleridge, they repeated many of the arguments used by Wordsworth, and of the anecdotes by which he supported them; anecdotes which, unfortunately, vouched for their own authenticity, and were self-attested, since none but Wordsworth could have known them.

I have mentioned the kind of wrongs which first caused my personal feelings to grow colder to-

wards the Wordsworths; and there were, afterwards, others added to these, of a nature still more irritating, because they related to more delicate topics. And, again and again, I was provoked to wonder that persons, of whom some commanded respect and attention simply as the near connexions of a great man, should so far forget the tenure on which their influence rested, as to arrogate a tone of authority upon their own merits. Meantime, however much my personal feelings had altered gradually towards Wordsworth; and more, I think, in connexion with his pride than through any or all other causes acting jointly, (insomuch that I used to say, Never describe Wordsworth as equal in pride to Lucifer; no, but if you have occasion to write a life of Lucifer, set down that, by possibility, in respect to pride, he might be some type of Wordsworth;) still, I say, my intellectual homage to Wordsworth had not been shaken. Even this, however, in a course of years, had gradually been modified. It is impossible to imagine the perplexity of mind which possessed me when I heard Wordsworth ridicule many books which I had been accustomed to admire profoundly. For some years, so equally ineradicable was either influence—my recollection, on the one hand, of the books despised, and of their power over my feelings; on the other, my blind and unquestioning veneration for Wordsworth—that I was placed in a strange sort of contradictory life; feeling that things were and were not at the same instant; believing and not believing in the same breath. And not until I had read much in German critics, of what they were the first to notice, viz., the accident of *einseitigkeit*, or *one-sidedness*, as a peculiarity not unfrequently besetting the strongest minds, did I slowly come to the discovery that Wordsworth, beyond all men, perhaps, that have ever lived, (and very likely as one condition towards the possibility of his own exceeding originality,) was *einseitig* in extremity. This one-sidedness shews itself most conspicuously in his dislikings: but occasionally even in his likings. Cotton, for instance, whom, in one of his critical disquisitions, he praises so extravagantly for his fancy, has never found an admirer except in himself. And this mistake to be made in a field of such enormous opulence as is that of fancy! But, omitting many flagrant instances, the one which most appalled myself was the following:—The "Canterbury Tales" of the Miss Lees are sufficiently well known, but not sufficiently appreciated; and one reason may be, that the very inferior tales of Miss Sophia Lee are mingled with those of Miss Harriet. Two of those written by Harriet, viz., *The Landlady's Tale* and *The German's*, are absolutely unrivalled as specimens of fine narration. With respect to the latter, it is well known that Lord Byron travestied this inimitable tale into a most miserable drama; interweaving with the dialogue of his piece every word in the original conversations, unaltered nearly, and assuredly not bettered. And the very act of borrowing a plot from a tale in which so very much depends upon the plot, and where it is of a kind that will not bend to alterations, or modifications of any kind; this in itself bespoke a poor ambition, and the servile spirit* of a plagiarist. This most splendid tale I put into the hands of Wordsworth; and for once, having, I suppose, nothing else to read, he condescended to run through it. I shall not report his opinion, which, in fact, was no opinion; for the whole colossal exhibition of fiendish grandeur in Conrad; the fine delineation of mixed power and weakness in Siegendorf; and the exquisite relief given to the whole by the truly Shaksperian portrait of feminine innocence and nobility in Josephine; he had failed so much as to guess at. All that he wondered at was the Machiavelian insight into motives, and the play of human character; with respect to which he said, coldly enough, that it left an uncomfortable impression of a woman as being too clever. Schiller's "Wallenstein," again, was equally unpleasing to him and unintelligible. Most people have been enraptured with the beautiful group of Max. Piccolomini and the Princess Thekla; both because they furnish a sweet relief to the general harsh impression from so many worldly-minded, scheming, treacherous, malignant ruffians, meeting together, in one camp, as friends, or rivals, or betrayers; and also on their own separate account, even apart from the relation which they bear to the whole; for both are noble, both innocent, both young, and both unfortunate; a combination of advantages towards winning our pity which has rarely been excelled. Yet Wordsworth's sole remark to me, upon Wallenstein, was this: that he could not comprehend Schiller's meaning or object in entailing so much unhappiness upon these young people; a remark that, to me, was incomprehensible; for why, then, did Shakspeare make Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia unhappy? Or why, to put the question more generally, did any man ever write a tragedy?

Perhaps, to the public, it may illustrate Wordsworth's one-sidedness more strikingly, if I should mention my firm persuasion that he has never read one page of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Of this I am satisfied; though it is true that, latterly, feeling more indulgently to the public favourites as the public has come to appreciate himself more justly, he has spoken of these tales in a tone of assumed enthusiasm.† One of Mrs Radcliffe's romances, viz., "The Italian," he had, by some strange accident, read; read, but only to laugh at it; whilst, on the other hand, the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Le Sage—so disgusting by their moral scenery and the whole state of vicious society in which they keep the reader moving: these, and merely for the ability of the execution, he read and remembered with extreme delight.

Without going over any other examples, it

* It is quite unknown to the world that Lord Byron's poem of "Lara" had already contained a gross plagiarism from Miss H. Lee. The whole outline of the story, and many remarkable phrases, are borrowed from the *German's Tale*.

† "Yarrow Revisited."

may well be understood that, by these striking instances of defective sympathy in Wordsworth with the universal feelings of his age, my intellectual, as well as my personal regard for him, would be likely to suffer. In fact, I learned, gradually, that he was not only liable to human error, but that, in some points, and those of large extent, he was frailer and more infirm than most of his fellow-men. I viewed this defect, it is very true, as being the condition and the price, as it were, or ransom of his own extraordinary power and originality; but still it raised a curtain which had hitherto sustained my idolatry. I viewed him now as a *mixed* creature, made up of special infirmity and special strength. And, finally, I now viewed him as no longer capable of an equal friendship.

With this revolution in my feelings, why did I not now leave Westmoreland? I will say: Other attractions had arisen; different in kind; equally potent in degree. These stepped in to enchain me, precisely as my previous chains were unlinking themselves, and leaving me in freedom.

In these sketches (written with so much hurry as, in no one instance that I remember, to have allowed me time for once reading over a single paragraph of what I had written,) I have usually thought it best, in the few cases where I had afterwards an opportunity of correcting the press errors, simply to restore the word which it was probable or apparent that I had originally written; or which, at least, I must have meant to write. Changes more extensive than this it could not be advisable to make, in a case where I had no opening for a thorough recast of the whole. Even in those instances where a thought, or an expression, or a statement of facts, might be calculated to do me some little injury, unless it were expanded, or accompanied with an explanation, or more cautiously restricted, I thought it better, on the whole, to abide the hazard; placing my reliance for the redress of any harsh judgment on the absolute certainty that each successive month washes out of the public mind every trace of what may have occupied it in any previous month. But, in this sketch of *Walking Stewart*, there is something which demands a more instant explanation; for it happens that, at this moment of revising the press errors, an anecdote occurs to me, which illustrates the danger, in such a case, of a permanent misconstruction. Many years ago, I was spending a few days at the country-house of a foreign merchant. His wife, a very intelligent, and even intellectual person, came to me one morning with a book in her hand, of which several leaves had been torn into fragments. Her features, generally placid and amiable, wore an expression of matronly scorn. She blushed, but it was more with indignation than with feminine shame, as she put the book into my hands. It was mine, she said, my property; and therefore she had not tossed it into the fire. One of her infant children had found it, and had dealt with it as I saw: "and, if the child had destroyed the whole of it, she could not think that I was much entitled to complain." It was one of my Peripatetic friend's essays, under some such title as *The Apocalypse of Nature, or, The Revelation of Reason.*

This accident, directing my eye to the part of the volume which had been injured, reminded me of a fact which otherwise I had naturally enough forgotten, viz., that Walking Stewart had occasionally touched on subjects quite unfitted for a public treatment; or, at least, as questions for philosophic speculation, calling for the disguise of a learned language. I made my peace with the lady by assuring her, first, that (this particular volume being one of many by the same author) I had not been aware of the gross passages which appeared to disfigure it near the end; and, secondly, (which part of my apology it is that I now direct to my readers,) that my personal knowledge of the man modified to my mind the doctrines of the author. Things said broadly and coarsely, which could not but shock strangers, to *my* interpretation, were blunted and defeated in their effect by the private knowledge I had of the writer's ultimate object, and of the inartificial mode in which he dealt with his native language. Language was too complex a machine for his management. He had never been an accurate scholar; and his idiom had entangled itself with the many exotic idioms which at times he had used familiarly for years.

Under the spirit of this general apology, I beg to shelter whatever I may have asserted of Mr Stewart as a philosophic speculator. He was a man religious by temperament and the tendency of all his feelings; yet it is true that his mere understanding, yielding itself up to speculations which he could not manage, has prompted the most scornful expressions towards all doctrinal religions alike. He was pure and temperate in his habits of life beyond the common standard of men; yet his page was sometimes stained with sentiments too gross and animal. Ignorant of philosophy in its forms and terminology, he was, by capacity of profound reverie, a true philosopher—in the sense that he felt his way to truths greater and deeper than he could always explain; and, finally, though his books are filled with strong (oftentimes harsh) truths, he was, as a man, the most comprehensively benign, the most largely in sympathy with human nature, of any whom I have yet known. He passed his latter years in utter deafness: [in noticing which, let me observe that the image of the shell which I have used, though not consciously, at the moment of writing, taken from Wordsworth's "Excursion," or from Mr Savage Landor's "Gebir," must have been derived from one or other of

those poems:] he was deaf, as respected any music that could come to *him* from the world: and he was also dumb, as respected any music that could reach the world from *him*: so profound was his inability to explain himself, except at times, in conversation. Actually, therefore, he will be lost and forgotten. Potentially, he was a great man.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST. BY THE REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE.

(Concluded from our September Number.)

The Persians are a much more fickle and volatile race than the grave and dignified Turks; though it is probable that Mr Southgate labours under a slight Turkish prepossession, when he sets the hyperbolical Persians down as a nation of liars—"We always lie when we can," said an old man to him; and this he interperets literally.

Mr Southgate was now on his way to Tebriz; but he was very naturally tempted to diverge to Ourmiah, in order to visit the mission established there by the American Board. He spent a week with his countrymen, the missionaries; of whom four families live together in a beautiful seclusion. He says:—

During my visit, I had a full opportunity to become acquainted with the policy and the prospects of the mission. Although, from the reports which I had heard and read, I had formed very high expectations concerning it, they were surpassed by the reality. Its policy is highly conservative. It aims not at the overthrow of the Nestorian Church, to which its labours are almost exclusively directed. The missionaries do not interfere, in the least degree, with the religious practices of the Nestorians. Even those under their immediate charge are left free to attend the worship of their Church, and to observe its fasts and festivals. They aim only to impart religious knowledge drawn from the Word of God, and secular learning of a useful character. This is as it should be. It is the most politic, as well as the most catholic system. It is to be hoped that they will persevere in it.

The time may come when the Nestorians, enlightened by a spiritual knowledge of God's Holy Word, may find that their Church has, in some respects, departed from the purity of Apostolic faith and practice. A spirit of inquiry may rise, and this may be followed by a disposition to reform whatever is corrupt. That time will be a day of trial, when those who are now labouring for the welfare of the Nestorians, will need a double portion of the spirit of wisdom and love. They will not then be found, we confidently believe, either aiming at or countenancing any attempt to mar whatever is now sound. The Episcopal ministry and the liturgy of the Nestorian Church, are no part of its corruptions. The former they hold, like all the Churches of the East, from the Apostles; so they and we believe. The latter, if it is the same among the Nestorians of Persia as among those of Mesopotamia, is regarded as having been, in part at least, framed by the Apostles themselves.* With such institutions it were worse than impolitic, it were, in our view, sin to interfere. A blow struck at either would be more disastrous to the mission than to the Church. We do not fear that it will be struck on the plain of Ourmiah. We firmly believe that the missionaries will ever, as now, refrain from all interference with the constitution and government of the Nestorian Church.

But we fear that the time may come when this will not be enough, when missionaries among the Eastern Churches must not only abstain from the introduction of schism themselves, but, if they do their whole duty, must lend their aid to prevent its originating within the bosom of the Churches. The revival of spiritual religion we can hardly hope to see effected without agitation.

But Mr Southgate is not content with this. He fears

Our brethren of other denominations will fall short of what we hold to be the catholic rule. If they content themselves with merely a neutral position, they will, we believe, overlook the very point of danger. And yet, how can they in consistency go farther? Regarding the Episcopal ministry of the Eastern Churches as having no better foundation than expediency, esteeming their use of a liturgy as rather an imperfection than a praise, entertaining for them none of that sympathy and benevolent regard which arises from a similarity of ecclesiastical institutions, they may think it too much to ask, it is certainly too much to expect, that they should labour to uphold and preserve the unity and external order of the Eastern Churches. They will take, we are persuaded, the highest conservative ground to which their belief in the indifference of things that we regard essential will lead them; but they will go no farther.

The American Episcopalian missionaries are labouring to train native teachers, or preachers, to carry out their designs. When Mr Southgate was at Ourmiah, they had forty boys as pupils, ten of whom were learning English. These boys are wholly under their superintendence, and reside with them. Besides the boys, a bishop, three priests, and a deacon, were receiving instruction from the missionaries; and, although the bishop was but a learner, the greatest respect was paid to his official rank.

He and the other clerical pupils ate at the same table with the missionaries; where they appeared, besides their other gettings, to have acquired a competent knowledge of Western manners. One or another of them was invited to ask a blessing, or offer thanks, at every meal, which they did, in their own language, with great propriety. They had also a pleasant custom of repeating each a verse from the Bible in English or Syriac, every morning at breakfast. The simplicity and entire decorum of their manners were very gratifying. They observe punctually the duties enjoined by their Church, and keep their fasts as regularly and fully as if they were in their own families.

Prayers, in the modern language of the Nestorians, which is a corruption of the ancient Syriac, are said in the school. The apartment is in the basement of one of the houses, and is arranged after the style of American school-rooms. . . . . .

The Nestorians of Persia reside chiefly upon the plain of Ourmiah. There are but few of them in the city itself: but they form a large part of the population of the villages in the vicinity. They belong to the same

* The oldest member of the mission in Ourmiah assured me, that there was very little, if anything, in the liturgy of the Nestorians which he wished to see changed.

branch of the Nestorian Church with the independent and hardy population who reside among the mountains of Kurdistan. The seat of their Patriarch, Mar Shimon, is at Julamerik, a few days' journey from Ourmiah, in the heart of the Kurdish country. The missionaries have had some correspondence with the Patriarch, but, on account of the dangerous character of the country which intervenes, have never visited the region where he resides.

The missionaries are treated with reverence and respect; which is, however, imagined to be in part from the novelty and singularity of their work. On the heights around Ourmiah, mounds are seen, which the missionaries conjecture to have been the ancient places of worship of the Fire-worshippers. Mr Southgate visited the *Begler Bey*, or governor of the city, by whom he was received in the courtly Persian style, and entertained with tea of exquisite flavour. With one of the missionaries he also visited some of the villages around Ourmiah. The stranger received a most cordial welcome. Some of the old men embraced and kissed him. He relates:—

We were conducted to a roof, where carpets had been spread, and everything provided that was necessary for our comfort. Presently an aged bishop, Mar Elias by name, came up to see us. He inquired about my route through Kurdistan, which he had once travelled himself, and expressed great joy at my safe arrival, saying, "God alone has brought you safely over so dangerous a road."

Our dinner was served upon the roof where we sat, the bishop imploring a blessing in his own language. After the meal, conversation turned on various matters. At one time the clear blue sky above us attracted our attention. One of the company gave an amusing explanation of the milky way, which I omitted afterwards to record, and have now forgotten. The boy mentioned before as an inmate of the mission-families was present. As soon as he learned the subject of conversation, he broke forth in a hymn which he had learned from his teachers. The lines were commemorative of the works of God. . . . .

The bishop left us at an early hour; beds were brought and spread upon the roof; and we slept on the same spot where we had dined and talked. Before returning to the city the next morning, we visited the school-room, this being one of the villages where the missionaries have established a school. The apartment was remarkably neat, and the slates, hanging against the walls, gave it a very familiar appearance.

Mr Southgate, on leaving Ourmiah, fell into a track which Morier has described; and, in particular, the plain of Khoy; though that of Ourmiah, which Morier did not visit, in the opinion of Mr Southgate, far surpasses it, both in beauty and the variety of its products.

A gentleman, a missionary to the Jews, accompanied Mr Southgate to Ourmiah and Khoy, and his American friends escorted him for some distance. To their adventures we cannot advert, save, for the sake of the ladies, to this incidental description of the interior of an humble Persian harem, which was evacuated in haste, in order to accommodate the traveller.

It consisted of one large room with two smaller ones adjacent, the latter being intended as receptacles for the beds which at night are spread upon the ground. The principal apartment was neatly plastered, and the whole furniture consisted of the Persian carpets which covered the floor. The room was lighted by one large latticed window, which occupied the whole side of the room, looking upon the court. The doorways were screened by large heavy curtains hanging before them. In the centre of the ceiling overhead, was an inscription taken from the Koran, whose sacred words, according to the superstition of the Musulmans, are efficacious to preserve the person or place that bears them from harm.* In the niches of the walls were displayed all the articles of a Persian toilet; here a mirror, ornamented with the face of a Persian lady, there a bag of *surmeh*,† with a bodkin of sandalwood for its application; here combs and perfumes interspersed, and there one of those pieces of clay which the Persians use in their devotions, and which, in the present instance, seemed to shew that the place had some better uses than the display of worldly vanity.

Mr Southgate was much pleased with the fine and peculiarly healthy city of Tebriz, in which he remained during the greater part of August and September, 1837, earnestly pursuing those investigations which had brought him so far from home. He there engaged an empty house, consisting of two rooms on the ground floor—the only floor common in Persian dwellings—another in a kind of tower rising from the centre of the building, which he kept for himself, and a kitchen, cellar, and servant's room. For this he paid at the rate, in English money, of about a pound a-month. Furniture he hired from a bazaar, and the British agent lent him a chair and a table. His dwelling had a court adorned with a profusion of the beautiful *morning flower*, and a reservoir. The care of the purse and of household affairs was entrusted to John, who shewed himself a faithful and an able *maitre d'hotel*. The population of Tebriz was once reckoned at above a half million, and by the Persians themselves, at 1,100,000. It was probably never so large as even the lesser number, and cannot now be rated at above 80,000. The public buildings of the city have decayed with the population. Tebriz, like most of the Eastern towns, is still walled, though many of the inhabitants live without the walls. It boasts of many beautiful gardens. The citadel or arsenal, named in Persian the *Ark*, is its most remarkable building. It was originally a mosque, though now an arsenal; but, the Shah's finances being in a low state, the arsenal is imperfectly furnished; and the notes of the Government already paid to the contractor for the cannon supplied, are at a discount of 40 per cent., and not easily exchangeable even at this rate. In barracks, within the arsenal, Mr Southgate saw a number of unfortunate Russian deserters in a wretched condition; and, this more interesting sight:—

In another part of the enclosure, a company of workmen were engaged in the manufacture of shawls. They were from Kerman, and had been brought hither by Abbas Mirza, for this same purpose. The process was so difficult that they accomplished only half an inch daily, and six months, they said, were necessary to complete a shawl of one and a half yard in length. They said that they had been brought from their native coun-

* The reader will be reminded of the phylacteries of the Jews; the superstition of the Mohammedans, on this point, being one of the innumerable particulars in which their religion resembles corrupted Judaism.

† A powder used by Eastern ladies for staining the eyebrows and eyelashes.

try against their will; and, when asked about their compensation, replied that is was *enough not to die upon*.

This is hardly a shade better than the condition of our hand-loom weavers.

Mr Southgate here renewed the study of the Persian language, which he had begun at Constantinople. His teacher was a young man who had been the instructor of those German missionaries, who, before this, were recalled by the Basle Missionary Society; because, as we are led to conjecture, they had not pretended to work miracles of sudden conversion, but had attempted something better.

The plan which they had formed was, to establish a seminary of a high character, in Tebriz, for the purpose of training teachers for the nation. This plan they had began to act upon. Several young Persians had been under their instruction; the Governor of Tebriz himself was, at one time, a pupil; Abbas Mirza, during his lifetime, had patronised their undertaking; and the present Shah had declared his warmest approbation of the design, and had conferred upon one of them the unsought-for honour of the *Royal Order of the Lion and the Sun*. The foreign languages which they had taught were English and French. They had used Martyn's translation of the New Testament, as a text-book in Persian, and the same had been examined and approved by some Mollahs of the city. They had wisely avoided all controversy on doctrinal subjects, believing it inexpedient and useless. They trusted rather to the gradual impartation of knowledge, for those high and holy effects which they hoped their labours would, at length, attain. They had commenced translations of European works of science, and a volume on geography had already been laid at the foot of the throne.

In short, these missionaries set to work, in the only feasible way for ensuring success, and for this their constituents had no patience. The very weakness of the Persian character, together with their accessibility, frankness, and lively curiosity, render them far more impressionable than the Turks; and they are much less prejudiced and intolerant; but they have less perseverance than the Turks, and are more fickle and reckless. Mr Southgate considers Tebriz the most eligible place in Persia for commencing an effort at education and religious improvement.

Commerce has already acted there as the pioneer of civilisation. At Tebriz, there are several English merchants and handicraftsmen, and the bazaars are full of European articles. The Russians, who keep a very sharp look-out on the English in Persia, have a consul at Tebriz.

There is either a typographical blunder in the text, or some want of clearness; but, we presume, Mr Southgate means to say that the annual European trade with Tebriz consists of 15,000 packages of the average value of £30 each package. Six-eighths of the whole is English. The exportations of Tebriz are silk, the nut-galls of Kurdistan, cherry-wood pipe-sticks for the Turkish market, and dye-stuffs and gums. Shawls are also sent to Constantinople, and carpets, properly Persian, though called Turkey, to Europe.

The political revolutions and condition of Persia are foreign to Mr Southgate's design; but as the political state of the country must affect his ulterior objects, it is incidentally noticed. One fact and one character, a patron of learning, and a person who may be paralleled in many latitudes, will afford the reader a glimpse of the social and moral condition of Persia.

In my rides about the city, I used frequently to see two or three companies going through their drills under the instruction of an English serjeant. They were dressed in European military coats, made by one of the Frank tailors of the city, and large trousers, of an order between pantaloons and shalvars. I could not learn that this adoption of European costume had excited any prejudice, although the Persians are even more scrupulous than the Turks about the exposure of the natural figure of the body. It was first introduced, I was told, by Abbas Mirza, under the same impression which seems to have possessed the Sultan of Turkey, that European dress would make European soldiers.

On the tenth of August, I received a message from Melik Cassam Mirza, a Persian prince, and one of the numerous uncles of the Shah. Having heard of my arrival, and being partly informed of my design in visiting Persia, he sent, requesting to see me. I went immediately in quest of him. After having wasted the greater part of a day in following the false directions that were given me, I found him, at last, in an old dilapidated palace within the walls. The building had two courts, of which the apartments around the interior one were alone inhabitable. I found the prince in the midst of a room crowded with European articles of all kinds, from which he was making a selection of such as pleased him best, while a scribe sat by, recording the names and prices of those which he chose. He was himself seated in a chair, from which he rose upon my entrance, and saluted me with a hearty English shake of the hand, and a cordial *How do you do?* His English, however, soon ran out, and we turned to French, which, he said, he had learned from an old French lady travelling in Persia. He spoke it with fluency and tolerable correctness. His dress, excepting the Persian cap, was in the style formerly described as prevailing in the Turkish court; he had a handsome and intelligent face, and wore a short beard. I had long before heard of him as one of the most zealous friends of education in Persia, and I esteemed it a providential favour that he had visited the city during my stay. His own residence was in Shishevan, on the Eastern border of the lake of Ourmiah, and he had come to Tebriz for the laudable purpose of eating fruit.

He turned the conversation, at once, to the subject of education, and went on to detail his past efforts and his plans for the future. He had established a school, some six months before, in his own village, in which he intended that instruction should be given in Persian, Armenian, French, and English. The principal was an Armenian, who had been educated in Bishop's College, Calcutta; but, although a man of ability and learning, his management of the school had not been altogether satisfactory. He wished now to procure a teacher from America; he would prefer a physician, but would be content with any one competent to the duty. He had desired to see me, hoping that I might aid him in accomplishing his object. His school, he said, was only a commencement and a very humble attempt. He had not the means to accomplish all that he was ambitious to undertake. "This is a vile country," he exclaimed, "there are great difficulties in the way, and I am not Shah." He was determined, he said, to make a dictionary of the Persian and English, as soon as he was qualified for the undertaking. The Shah had written to him, approving highly the plan of his school, and he was entertaining sanguine hopes of royal patronage. He spoke freely of missionary operations in Persia, and expressed his opinion that we should not engage in personal controversy, or circulate books of a disputatious character. He said that much was to be feared from the Mollahs, and that the only safe course was to instruct

and enlighten the people gradually. I offered to visit Shishevan and examine the state of the school, promising, if I should consider the project a feasible one, that I would render him all the aid in my power. He demurred strongly to the proposal, and seemed to entertain some secret aversion to my knowing the exact state of things. I left him, therefore, with a general expression of my interest in his efforts, and of my desire to promote the cause of education in Persia.

A few days after this interview, the Prince's Armenian teacher made his appearance at my house. He introduced himself as a deacon of the Armenian Church, and produced very satisfactory testimonials from the late Bishop of Calcutta, and from the Principal of Bishop's College. His name was Mesrop David Taliatine. He spoke English fluently, and shewed me a copy of Bishop Heber's Palestine, with a translation in Armenian verse from his own pen. He had been partly educated at the seat of the Armenian Catholicos in Etchmiadzin, and he gave me a long detail of his trials among his own countrymen. He came, at length, upon the history of his recent residence with the Prince Melik Cassam Mirza, at Shishevan, and told a very different story from that of the Prince himself. The pupils in the school were the Prince's own boys, and the Prince, also, had received instruction with them. He had been engaged with an express stipulation as to the salary, but, after the first two or three months, no pay had been given him. The pupils were so irregular in their attendance, that they received little or no profit from his instructions. The Prince, who was fond of hunting, always took several of them away with him in his excursions, so that, of some fifteen who were nominally his pupils, only three had attended regularly. The Prince, he said, was no Mussulman, because he drank wine and ate hog's flesh.

The teacher affirmed that the peace of his own family was endangered by the habits of the boys, for they were all addicted to vicious courses. An Armenian female, connected with his family, had been enticed into the Prince's harem, and was detained there against her will. The Prince had written to the Shah, soon after the establishment of the school, and the Shah had sent him, in return, a letter full of sweet words, but without the more substantial accompaniment that the Prince had expected. From that time, his interest in the school began to decline. The teacher had long meditated an escape: but fearing lest the Prince should find means to detain him, he had not communicated to him his intention, and, at length, had found an opportunity of absconding privately. He declared that he would not return to the Prince until all arrears had been paid; and, as this was a hopeless condition, he was ready to try his fortunes elsewhere. I advised him to go to Constantinople, where his Armenian learning would be of service to him. He was pleased with the idea, but said that he could not command the means necessary for the purpose. He succeeded, however, in accomplishing his object, for, when I reached Constantinople the next spring, he was already there.

I found good reason, afterwards, to believe that his story respecting the seminary of Melik Cassam Mirza, was, in the main, true. I had, at first, felt a lively interest in it, as being the effort of a Persian noble, and the earliest of the kind of which I had any information as having been made in Persia. I was compelled, however, to conclude that the Prince had no just idea of the nature of his own undertaking, nor the stability of purpose necessary for its prosecution. Still, my conviction is that, in the hands of an efficient missionary, the Prince might be made the instrument of great good to his country; and his school, or a better one in its stead, might become, under the same direction, the germ of a noble work in Persia.

Such are the imperfect instruments which, in the commencement of a great and difficult work, must be used.

After long internal debate whether to curtail his wanderings, or, without an associate, to prosecute his projected long tour in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, our traveller decided to proceed. To note the condition of the Christians in Mesopotamia was, with him, an object of exceeding interest. His man, John, agreed to go on; and a medical friend, attached to the English embassy, gave Mr Southgate a supply of medicines, with directions for their use.

The Persians, from the natural liveliness and restlessness of their temperament, are, though less strict Mussulmans, much fonder of going on pilgrimages than the Turks. They have other inducements to the observance of this exciting superstition. Every pilgrimage performed entitles the devotee to some distinction of rank; until when he has performed the great pilgrimage to Mecca, he acquires the proud title of *Haji*, or Pilgrim. Fashion and notoriety lend their attractions; and many of the devout contrive to kill two birds with one stone, by doing a little business at some point on the route. "Thus, the pilgrim to Meshed brings back, besides his new stock of merit, a valuable supply of Bokhara skins."

Troops of mounted pilgrims, women as well as men, were frequently met going or returning to Mecca; the women slung in the fashion of gipsy children. The caravansaries, in some of the towns, are mainly supported, as of old was the *Tabard*, renowned by Chaucer. The American missionary, who often met them in these places of public resort, was far from admiring the character and manners of these devout personages, and heartily wished to see no more of them. They were noisy and brawling; and, to him, he says,

They appeared a compound of self-complacency, arrogance, and bluster. The old keeper testified that when they were on their way to Kerbela, they could be endured, but on their return they had become so important that they were absolutely intolerable. They never addressed each other without the title of *Kerbelaï*, of which they seemed extravagantly proud. The poor beggars who thronged the caravansera prefaced all their supplications for charity with the same honourable appellation, as if experience had taught them that no argument would prove more conciliatory and moving. Being among pilgrims, we were constantly saluted in the same way; and when every other plea had proved unavailing, they would stand at our door, and repeat, in supplicating tones, *Kerbelaï, Kerbelaï*. . . . . Thousands of pilgrims annually pass through the country, to perform their devotions at the tombs of Ali and Hossein in the vicinity of Bagdad. These pilgrims come back imbued with a more enthusiastic reverence for the founders of their sect, which they diffuse among those who first receive them on their return. Besides, multitudes of the people in this region have, on account of the proximity of the sepulchres, themselves performed the pilgrimage. The poorer sort sometimes undertake it on foot.

Two thousand pilgrims had that year gone from the city of Kazvin and its dependencies to Mecca; and the whole number, from all quarters, amounts to 25,000 or 30,000 in a year. We make no apology for lugging in the following brief and picturesque description of a scene quite new to Europeans:—

Soon after leaving Zenjan, we entered upon the extensive plain of Sultanieh. In front, as far as the eye could reach, was one broad sheet of seared herbage, up-

on which numerous herds, appearing in the distance like black spots sprinkled over the yellow surface, were feeding. The plain was bounded on the right and left by two parallel ranges strongly marked with the common features of Persian mountains, barren, dark, and presenting bold and sharp outlines, like the skeletons of mountains, as though nature had been interrupted while rearing them, and had left her work unfinished. We could just descry the extremity of the range on the left, breaking out boldly upon the hazy surface of the plain, like headlands into the sea.

Mr Southgate relates some diverting stories of the means taken to put an end to the impudent pertinacity of those religious mendicants, who, in virtue of their superior sanctity, assume the right to live in idleness upon the rest of the community, and to practise villanies of every sort. They obstinately *squat* before a house, and will not move; day after day, and week after week, continuing their importunity, until the money they demand is given, or they are beaten off. This deserved punishment the superstitious fears of the people prevent. One dervish sat for more than three months before the British residency in Bagdad. Another took post and commenced his importunity in a niche before the Ambassador's palace in the capital, Tehran; and it not being thought prudent to oust the *masterful* or sturdy vagrant by violent means, the Ambassador, after fair warning, gave orders that the niche should be bricked up. The dervish stood his ground until the wall got as high as his chin, when he thought it prudent to ask for his release. Another squatted under the flag-staff, and the English Resident fell upon the happy idea of ordering it to be profusely washed every day, by buckets of water being poured down from the top; which species of shower-bath made the holy intruder decamp.

Mr Southgate reached Tehran, the modern capital of Persia, without any dangerous adventure, and was comfortably lodged in the vacant house of an Englishman, which had been kindly offered to him. In the midst of the English in this city, he felt again at home, and rejoiced exceedingly in the sound of English speech.

Tehran, though the seat of royalty, is a less agreeable residence than Tebriz, and is, in many respects, inferior to that city. It has, however, not yet had time to improve in a region where the march of improvement is always tardy; for it has, from a small place, been raised to importance only since the accession of the present dynasty, when Ispahan was deserted by the Conqueror, who wished to be near his native tribes. The bazaars are numerous, but small and filthy: the dwelling-houses mean; and unsightly ruins everywhere offend the eye. But worse remains:—

Near the gate at which we entered the city, we passed an open space, by the side of the street, on which were several apertures leading to subterranean apartments. Some travellers have conjectured that the occupants are a remnant of an ancient race of the country, (the Troglodites, I believe,) who used to live under ground. It may be so, but it affects one strangely, on entering the city of the Shah, with his imagination, perhaps, full of splendid palaces and Oriental luxury, to see (almost the first thing as he enters the gate) a herd of human beings burrowing in the earth like moles. It was, perhaps some disappointment of this kind which made my whole impression of Tehran more unfavourable than it would have been, deprived of the association of royalty. Besides, for the most of the few weeks spent there, I was suffering with the intermittent, which, in itself, is no generator of bright emotions.

Fever was then prevalent. Mr Southgate was permitted to visit the *Ark*, or royal residence, and to examine its numerous courts. Some of the apartments are stuffed like ill-arranged curiosity shops, with the presents sent from the different Princes of Europe to the Shah. The bad taste and gross ignorance shewn in many of these royal gifts, can hardly be imputed to that potentate. The population of the modern capital of Persia is estimated at 60,000; of whom a small number are Jews and Armenians. There are also a sprinkling of European artisans, and a few English drill-sergeants.

The reigning Shah does not, in the opinion of Mr Southgate, make any adequate return to the English, who rendered him good service, if they did not actually secure the throne to him. But he is obliged to temporize with Russia; and it is not improbable that his genuine feelings are sacrificed to policy and necessity. He may also imagine, not without some cause, that, in serving him, the English merely sought to serve themselves. The affairs of the empire are considered to be in a bad and perilous condition; and the death of the Shah may, it is believed, be the signal for another revolution. The army is totally disorganized. The Shah is, by some of his friends, said to be possessed of great literary accomplishments; and it is believed that he has considerable knowledge of geography for an oriental. Soon after his elevation, it was proposed to send a select number of young Persians to England, to be educated.

Upon inquiry being made for what profession or service the young men were to be trained, it was replied that two of them were to be *candle-makers*, it being the opinion of the Shah that candles were a very useful article. An order was afterwards given for an estimate of the expenses, which, when presented to the Shah, so terrified him that the plan sunk at once out of notice and was never more heard of.

The only measure which seemed to indicate improvement was the establishment of a Gazette at Tehran, which commenced early in 1837 under the auspices of the Shah. It was printed in Persian, and, for want of types, was lithographed. Its principal object was to laud the Shah and his measures. Still its establishment must be regarded as a step in advance, and it may yet lead to important consequences. I could not learn that there was so much as a printing-press in the country, but two have since been introduced, and are in active operation at Tebriz.

Though tempted to visit Ispahan and Shiraz, Mr Southgate nobly resisted, scarcely turning aside from his main errand when objects of great interest were at hand. Even the great temptation of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, fortunately for his readers, gave way to higher duties, as he has more leisure to expatiate on more novel scenes, and on matters of deeper interest, after he fairly set his face towards Bagdad. Instead of tracing his route, we shall borrow a part of his general view of the condition of the peasantry: the

people, the mass of the population of Persia, on whom former travellers have bestowed comparatively little or no attention:—

A Persian village is always a collection of low mud-houses, with narrow paths running irregularly between them. A site is generally chosen near some water-course, about which trees are planted, thus giving to the scene, from a distance, a pleasant aspect. But there is seldom anything inviting within. The houses are poor and filthy, and the inhabitants often squalid and wretched in appearance.

The same national characteristics are not found so strongly marked in the villages as in the towns. The habit of lying is universal, but the villagers have not the same cunning and adroitness in deception as the inhabitants of cities. Neither have they the excellences commonly attributed to the national character of the Persians. They are exceedingly ignorant and debased in intellect, and a more stupid and witless people I have never seen in any country. The women, especially, seem to be at the lowest degree of humanity. They are, for the most part, poorly dressed, ugly and filthy, particularly the old. The children go clothed in rags, and generally without enough of these to cover their nakedness. Sometimes they are entirely destitute of clothing, and may be seen wallowing about in the dirt like little brutes.

To this description there are of course some exceptions, especially in the villages between Tebriz and Tehran. The peasantry in those parts are often in a better condition than those of Turkey, and even some of the European states. Though oppressed, they often contrive to live well. Their food, though simple, is good. They eat wheat-bread, and sometimes indulge in the luxury of a piece of meat. In some of the villages they are, for peasants, decently clothed, and the houses of the better sort are tolerably furnished, generally having one room neatly plastered and carpeted; and a good set of household vessels arranged on shelves or in cupboards.

In the villages between Tehran and Hamadan, however, I found such exceptions extremely rare. The people are evidently a Turkish race, but they have no affinity with nor love for the Turks of Aderbeijan. They are poorer, apparently more oppressed, complain more of poverty, are lower in their habits, more degraded in mind, and more wretched in appearance. Their soil is less fertile, their houses meaner, their villages generally unwalled, poorly constructed, and often half-ruined. The villages in other parts are sometimes walled and sometimes open, but in the last case they have often an inclosure or citadel near them to which the people may fly in case of danger, and from which they can defend themselves.

There is nothing which can be called education among the Persian peasantry. There is generally a Mollah in each village who teaches the children in winter: but the sum of the instruction is, as before said, to teach them to cantillate the Koran and the prayers without understanding them.

The common employment of the men is husbandry—an art which they pursue very well after their fashion. Their agricultural implements are mostly of wood, the plough, the shovel, and ground-forks being of this material. The women weave. The work is done out of doors, the woof being stretched along the ground, and the shuttle suspended on three sticks meeting at the top, which are pushed along as the work proceeds. In this way a piece of carpeting twenty yards long and a third of a yard wide is completed in three weeks.

It must be recollected that our traveller is from the happiest country, so far as the *people* are concerned, which the world has yet seen, and that he had previously little actual experience of the painful aspects of European society. When he shall have travelled in Ireland, and investigated the lower human strata of such towns as Manchester and Glasgow, he may find that the physical condition of the Eastern peasantry, in all that regards the wants of civilised life, is not more wretched. The Kurds are generally an exception to the common degradation and misery; and among this fine and energetic race it is worthy of notice that the condition of the women approaches more nearly to that of their sisters in Europe than among any other of the Asiatic tribes. "I have often," says Mr Southgate,

Remarked the superior importance of the Kurdish women in their families, when compared either to Turkish or Persian females. It was, indeed, one of the few things in the East which reminded me of the Western world,—I mean particularly the free and familiar manner in which they converse with their husbands, sometimes as equals, and sometimes even with an air of authority. There always appeared to me more of mutual confidence and of household sympathies among the Kurds than among their neighbours on either side of them. On leaving Maidesht I made, as was my custom, some compensation to my host who had so kindly entertained me. He immediately delivered it to his wife, in such a manner as shewed that she was ordinarily the keeper of his purse.

Next night he relates—

A Kurdish woman, whose husband was absent, received me into her house, and when she saw my weak state, treated me with great kindness. Her house had three apartments. One contained the cattle; another she gave to me; while she, with her four or five little children and my two servants, occupied the third. She seemed to have no question of the propriety of the arrangement, but long after we had all retired, kept up an animated conversation with Mohammed Ali, upon some subject that I could not understand.

The next day our course lay over a hilly country, and as we advanced, the ranges of mountains became more distinct, more lofty, and more steep. We were evidently approaching the great range which intersects the country from N. W. to S. E., and forms the natural boundary between Turkey and Persia.

This household was the most opposite imaginable to the silent, listless, sullen, or desponding Persic families with which he came into contact, and in which a whole day would pass without the husband and wife, though occupying the same apartment, exchanging one word. Mr Southgate repeatedly notices that the Kurds sing at their work, which is of itself a most significant trait of their national character and condition.

On the long and fatiguing journey between Tehran and Bagdad, the traveller suffered severely from bodily illness, aggravated by an accumulation of disasters and calamities. The people were rude and inhospitable, and the accommodation wretched. His travelling companion John, the Armenian, whom he had brought from Constantinople, was also ill and malcontent; his servant was sick; and, at Kermanshah, where he arrived more dead than alive, his funds failed. The three sick strangers obtained here a miserable, small damp room in a caravansera, and remained in a state which it is really painful to contemplate even after it is long and happily past.

I lay upon one side of our little apartment, John upon the other, and Mohammed Ali on the baggage in one corner. Between us was a little pan of coals, which we

caused to be replenished as often as any one could be found to wait upon us. . . . . .

The hour of trial now commenced in good earnest. For ten days I lay upon my carpet, almost without moving from it during the whole time. Being unacquainted with the nature of my disease, I administered for it at random, but finding that the medicine produced no effect, I abstained, and left it to take its course. There was no one to shew us any kindness. I begged the keeper of the caravansera to procure for me lodgings in a private house, but he declared it to be impossible, and there was no one else to whom I could apply. Occasionally some one would come in and look at us, but none could be prevailed upon to help us. Sometimes they would come in companies of three or four, when they almost invariably found something to amuse themselves with in our forlorn appearance and condition. They would then go out upon the porch before our door and read the Koran, for it was now Ramazan, when Mussulmans are particularly called to this devout and holy act. Could they have understood what they read, they might have found that humanity was among the virtues which it inculcated. . . . . .

I entreated the caravansera keeper, since he could not obtain lodgings for me, to procure me, from day to day, a little food fit for a sick man. But this request also failed. I could not even get a little milk warmed, and during ten days tasted nothing but the half-baked bread and fresh grapes which were brought to me from the bazars. These my palate so loathed that I sometimes passed twenty-four hours without tasting food rather than partake of them, and, at the best, I ate only so much as was necessary to sustain life.

The evils of our situation were aggravated by the state of my companions. John's disease increased, and his temper grew every day more petulant. He would lie upon his carpet and pour forth the most bitter reproaches against himself for having undertaken the tour.

To crown the whole, the little money which remained to them was lost by John, who was purse-bearer, and death from hunger, if not disease, was before them. We notice these things to introduce the singular or rather providential interference by which the traveller and his suite were delivered. Before leaving Tehran he had met with some provoking hindrances occasioned by the remissness of John, but the delay permitted the delivery of a letter of introduction to a native merchant in Kermanshah which ultimately was of great service, though Mr Southgate thought no more about it till, while languishing, day after day, in the miserable caravansera, it occurred to him like a forlorn hope. Fearing that, if he sent the letter, the merchant would not look near him, he merely sent intelligence that it was in his possession. The merchant immediately came. The interview, from the unfortunate position of the traveller, becomes truly affecting. He says—

I gave him the letter, and when he had read it, told him my story from beginning to end. What was my surprise to find that he listened to me with attention and interest! After what I had experienced for ten days, this trivial act of courtesy seemed strange and unaccountable. All whom I had yet seen in Kermanshah were Mussulmans; this man was a *Guebr*—one of the despised and oppressed fireworshippers of Persia. He was a good Samaritan nevertheless. He offered me his best services, and proved the sincerity of the offer by giving me a handful of silver as soon as I told him that my first want was money. He had known several English gentlemen in Tehran, and had had some dealings with them. My being a foreigner, therefore, and, in common with other Americans in Persia, under English protection, was a good passport to his confidence and kindness.

He proposed to obtain for me more comfortable lodgings. I gladly accepted the offer, but I was unable to avail myself of it immediately, as I could hardly move from the spot where I lay. He undertook then to nurse me for a few days where I was, and the next morning I enjoyed the luxury of a little warm milk. He came often to see me, attended to all my wants, and brought me nourishing food.

In brief, under the unfailing kindness of this benevolent fire-worshipper, Mr Southgate, over whom he watched with the tenderness of a father to a son, rapidly recovered. The *Guebr* then furnished him with money for the rest of his journey, for which, and his other well-timed advances, the traveller gave him a note made payable to his agent at Bagdad. His last act of confidence was to re-deliver the note to him to carry to Bagdad. John had, meanwhile, though better, become so alarmed for his own health, that he unhandsomely deserted his sick employer, and travelled with a caravan to Bagdad, in order to reach medical aid. On the morning of Mr Southgate's departure from Kermanshah, a poor Armenian, anxious to return to his home at Bagdad, begged permission to ride upon one of the baggage-horses, promising to requite the kindness by his services on the way. The request was granted, and to this grateful and faithful man, the traveller, who relapsed into illness and encountered many difficulties, was subsequently greatly indebted.

The narrative of the journey from Kermanshah to the borders of Turkey and Bagdad, abounds with interesting and novel information to which we cannot refer, farther than copying this brief notice of one of the many monuments of antiquity scattered over the whole route pursued by the missionary. They were in a bare mountainous region beyond Kerrend, and fell into a long and difficult Pass.

At length our course was suddenly intercepted by high peaks rising before us in the very mouth of the gorge. Before I could discover how we were to get beyond them, we were ascending and winding among them by a path as tortuous as the trail of a snake. From the highest point which we reached our descent was effected by a good road, evidently of ancient construction, built against the side of the mountain.

The singular defile through which we had thus worked our way was, doubtless, no other than the *Zagri Pylæ*, or the Median Gates of the Romans. It is well worthy of the name, inasmuch as it affords an easy passage through a line of mountains which stand as a great natural barrier between kingdoms. Without having made any considerable ascent or descent, except at the termination of the gorge, we had passed from Media into Assyria, from the Persian into the Arabian Irak, and by a path which had, doubtless, often been trodden by armies.

Until to-day my strength and health had been improving, but the exposure of yesterday had brought back some of the symptoms of my disorder, and I expected no improvement from being compelled to clamber over mountains to-day. The ride proved extremely painful, but I congratulated myself, on reaching the level country beyond, that I had passed the Zagros, and was fairly within the limits of Chaldea. My faithful Armenian, who had thus far been unwearied in his service, comforted me by the assurance that there were no more mountains before us, and that I should now enjoy a milder climate.

At last the long desired city of the Caliphs was reached; and Dr Ross, the physician at-

tached to the English embassy, on hearing that a foreigner or a European lay ill at the khan, hastened to his aid. Mr Southgate was at once removed to the house of the British Resident, Colonel Taylor; and the month spent in Bagdad still appears to him like a rich oasis in the lonely desert of his solitary wanderings. There his investigations into the theologies and the heresies of the different sects of the East, and especially those of the Mussulmans, were renewed, and prosecuted with ardour and success which have never, as we think, been surpassed even by the Jesuit missionaries in the East; but with this important difference, that what was by the Jesuits committed to the safe keeping of their superiors, is here laid open to the whole intelligent world. An exceedingly interesting and curious paper might be drawn up from this work alone, upon the sects and heresies of the East, and the corruptions of Mohammedism and Islamism. Such inquiries were properly the first object of Mr Southgate, and we have only adverted to those that were regarded by him as secondary or subsidiary. According to him, monasticism is not more an original institution of Mohammedism than of Christianity. Both are the devices of subsequent ages; yet convents are found in most of the Turkish cities, though not under the strict rule of those of Catholic countries. The dervishes of all orders are permitted to marry, and to live at home. The private habits of some of the orders indicate no peculiar sanctity.

The historiographer of the late Sultan, in his history of the destruction of the Janissaries, records that, when their convents in the capital were searched, there were found in them jars of wine, stopped with leaves of the Koran.

Mr Southgate's work affords the most ample and complete description of Bagdad which we have met with in any book of general travel; and with deep interest have we contemplated his picture of the enchanted ground of the Arabian Nights' Tales, the City of the Caliphs, of Haroun Al Raschid and Zobeide. But we have already trespassed so far, that for this also we must refer altogether to the original work; for every paragraph here is of importance, and to extract is to mutilate. In 1831, nearly two-thirds of the population of Bagdad were swept away by the plague. The city has not yet recovered from the effects of this awful visitation, and of the inundation which immediately followed it, and occasioned a great loss of life and property. Famine next appeared to complete the misery of the devoted city.

The state of the despised Jews, wherever they were found in the places that he visited, interested Mr Southgate. Their condition is, in general, as miserable as the oppression and degradation which they suffer might lead us to conjecture. Yet they are numerous in many towns of Persia as well as in Turkey. A piece of information given by Mr Southgate will be new and pleasing to many of his readers. We have heard, as who has not, Russian conquest of Turkey vindicated, and spoken of as a blessing, even because it would pave the way for the introduction of Christianity, and at once raise the condition of women by the abolition of the curse of polygamy. But save, as in one form or other, a privilege of the great in all countries, polygamy does not, it would appear, generally exist in Turkey more than in Russia. The incident quoted below occurred at a place between Bagdad and the city of Mossoul.

The post-master was governor of Kifri and of seven other villages on the plain. He came in and spent the afternoon with us, and his presence gave me a rare entertainment. Every half-hour some one entered to present a complaint against his neighbour, which was always done in the most vociferous tones. The Bey settled their difficulties in the most summary manner, the complainant seldom staying more than five minutes. One case was of a more delicate nature than the others, but it was despatched with almost equal celerity. A man, having divorced one wife and married another, wished to take the first again, retaining the second. The former having the liberty of refusal, declined the re-union, and the man had urged his suit with unbecoming pertinacity. The offended woman had now come to claim protection from the governor, and standing without, unseen, screamed forth her complaint. When her story was ended, the Bey replied, "The man has one wife, why does he want another?" The question seemed a strange one to come from a Mohammedan judge: but in truth it was not so strange as it appeared, for everywhere in Turkey polygamy is rare among the Mussulmans, and not, as I had been accustomed to suppose, a common thing.

Upon this, as upon many other topics relating to the domestic condition of the Turks, my opinions underwent an essential change; and so gross did I find many of my former errors to be, that it seems to me now hardly less than a duty to acknowledge them, and to avow those which have arisen in their stead. I cannot, however, pretend, that my present information is by any means perfect. It is a subject upon which I hope yet to learn much: but whoever knows the difficulty of gaining anything authentic on such topics, will preserve even his gleanings with the most assiduous care. A part of what I have gathered I will now offer to the reader.

The student of Islamism will often find occasion to remark that it holds a middle place between Christianity and Paganism. This is not only true of its doctrines, which, in some points, approach the eminent spirituality of the Bible, and, in others, border upon the fantastic follies of heathenish superstition, but its precepts also partake throughout of the same mingled character. Thus it is with the rank and duties which it assigns to woman. It neither exhibits the elevating influence of Christianity, nor the degrading tendencies of Idolatry. It raises her above the rank which any other system, excepting our own, has ever assigned to her, but it leaves room for much higher improvement.

The institutions of *Mohammed in this particular are worthy only of praise.* The remark may create surprise, but I do not utter it incautiously. We are not to judge of the false prophet of Islamism by our standard, but by that which he had before his own eyes. He was an Arab, born a pagan. The religion in which he was nurtured was as unfavourable in its influences upon woman as any form of heathenism that ever existed. It was, throughout, debasing and polluting. He undertook its reform. He raised the Arab female from her degradation. He made distinct provision for her relief from many of the wicked prejudices to which she had been subjected. The evils which he could not remove he suffered to remain. They reappear on the pages of the Koran, but they are not original there. They are only copies transferred from the immemorial usages of his people. He tolerated them, but he did not create them. On the contrary, in most instances he impliedly condemns while he allows them. Thus he gives permission to husbands to chastise their wives, if disobedient, but he recommends, at the same time, that they avoid all causes of quarrel. Divorce,

too, although allowed, is strongly disapproved. Reconciliation is pronounced preferable to separation, and mediation is set before chastisement. Even here is improvement, the design being to abate evils which probably could not be removed.

If now we turn to the other side of the picture, and observe the positive institutions of the Koran, we shall find still higher reasons to free its author from censure, however much its precepts may fall below the benign institutions of Christianity. Its prescripts with regard to the female right to inherit property, and the safeguards for female honour and happiness which it raised in the institution of dowries, were, doubtless, a great advance upon the barbarous usages of the ancient Arabs, which recognised no rights nor privileges whatever. These dowries were to be bestowed by the husband, and must be relinquished to the wife in case of divorce, unless the request for a separation came from her. It was intended to operate as a penalty for divorces, and thus to prevent an evil which it could not absolutely remove. Besides this, the general precepts of the Koran with regard to the treatment of females are more than could be looked for in the system of a man himself acquainted only with the gross manners of pagan ignorance. Husbands are forbidden to mealtreat their wives in order to compel them to take the first step towards a divorce, and they are required to cherish them with kindness and love. "If ye hate them," saith the prophet, "it may happen that ye shall hate that in which God has placed much good."

The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to woman in the other world, has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being, and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of "believing women," commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says, "In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again." She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory, of which I have formerly instanced one in the case of voluntary fasts.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers; but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as insusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an Oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek Churches, the females are separated from the males and concealed behind a lattice, and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia. . . . .

Among the Jews, and also the Quakers, and some other Christian sects, the sexes are separated during public worship. But more: a Turkish woman, instead of having no soul, may officiate as an *Imam* or priest to an assembly of women.

Her usual place of worship is the harem. There, in the midst of her maidens, she reads the Koran, and performs her devotions at the regular hours. I am aware that some Mohammedan writers have given a less favourable prospect to the future state of woman. They teach that she will hold the same place in Paradise that she now holds on earth, that her employment there, as here, will be to wait upon the pleasure of her lord. One writer reports as a traditional saying of Mohammed, that when he once looked down into hell, he saw the greater part of the wretches confined there to be women. That opinions like these have been promulgated, the writings of learned Mussulmans sufficiently prove; that individuals may be found who believe that females will be annihilated with the brutes, I know; but that such views are authorized by the Koran, sanctioned by the Sunneh, or widely embraced among the people, is not true.

Let us then never again hear that Russian domination would elevate the moral condition of the Turkish women. They are already in a better state than the bulk of the women among their prospective masters.

We are tempted by this passing view of a Chaldean village, a few miles beyond the ancient Arbela, near which, that famous Waterloo, the decisive battle between Alexander and Darius, was fought. The village is called Enkiva. Our traveller says—

We arrived there at noon, and I entered the village with a heart bounding at the thought of spending half a day among a Christian people. I soon found a place in a family, and felt myself entirely at home. Everything appeared different from what I had so long been accustomed to see. There was none of the distance and arrogance of Mussulmans. The women, with unveiled faces, were attending to their domestic duties. The husbands were aiding in the care of the children, and conversing freely and kindly with their wives. It seemed something like Christianity, and, though but a slight token, I could not help feeling it deeply.

There were several Kurdish families in the village, and about sixty Christians. The latter had a Church, which I visited just at the close of the evening service, shortly before sunset. Two of the three priests of the village were present, who shewed me the interior. It was very plain, and I observed no pictures. The building was more than a century old, and altogether respectable for a village Church. It was surrounded by a high wall, the door to which was so low that it could not be entered without almost getting on one's knees.

I was surprised to find that a large number of the villagers were blind, or had diseased eyes. Having some sulphate of zinc with me, I prepared it, and delivered it to the Kiahya of the village, with orders to administer it to all who might make application. This gave me at once the name of Hekim Bashi, and patients began to flock in. . . . . .

The people of the village spoke a corrupt dialect of their ancient tongue, and many of them knew Turkish. They appeared contented, and described their situation as every way easy and comfortable, excepting occasional visits from the lawless soldiers of the Pasha. I noticed in them the same cheerful, open, and frank disposition which had so much impressed me among the Nestorians of Persia.

There were two families in the house where I lodged, and we all occupied one apartment. I was amused at the distribution which was made of us when we came to seek our quarters for the night. The two families were stationed at the inner extremity of the apartment, Mohammed Agha, with his son Ahmed, in the middle, and myself on the outside. The Tatar, solely, as he protested, on my account, entered frequent complaints of the crying of the babies, but to no purpose, for one family had hardly become quiet before the children in the other corner began, so that we gained little sleep the whole night.

Mr Southgate was travelling under the guidance of one of those Tartar government couriers who constitute the mail-gigs of the Turkish empire. While he was at Bagdad, letters had been received from London in the space of forty-five days, sent by steam, and Tartar couriers. This office of courier is a regular trade to which an apprenticeship is served. The couriers must at least be presumed Tartars born; and from the confidential nature of their office, they are persons of no small importance. They are famed for their hardihood and powers of endurance; and will often ride for many successive days and nights without sleeping, save in the saddle. If not in all respects the purest of moral characters, they are at least honest and trustworthy.

Strongly are we tempted to linger on the banks of the Tigris, and amid the ruins of Nineveh; but we have already exceeded our limits, while the interest of the work increases; for now the traveller has reached Mossoul, after which town, the ladies should know, that *muslins* are named, and which, to conjoin great things with small, is at present the seat of an active Papal Mission, the operations of which, in the grand attempt to bring the Oriental Church into union with the Church of Rome, we leave to the reader—together with the present state of the Nestorian Church. The Virgin Mary has been an eminent patroness of Mossoul, which she miraculously delivered from its Persian besiegers only about a century ago; for which good service the Pasha erected two churches in her honour.

The trade between Mossoul and Bagdad is partly carried on by rafts floated down the Tigris. The manufacture of all sorts of cotton stuff was considerable here, until European importations—the produce of the spinning-jennies and powerlooms of Manchester and Glasgow—diminished it. The heat of the climate is so extreme at Mossoul in summer, that subterranean apartments are used as in Bagdad. The dress and customs of both cities closely resemble each other. The town is improving under the hereditary administration of a succession of Christian Pashas, though, of late, several destructive insurrections have broken out.

We have, in the former part of this paper, seen something of the religious state of the people here, so far as that may be inferred from the primitive and apostolic character of the Syrian Archbishop; but the entire account of Mossoul, as of Bagdad, is highly interesting. We cite but one paragraph, which may teach a lesson of charity to those who have the *Beast* and the *False Prophet* continually in their mouths.

There is no subject upon which a Mohammedan is more apt to converse with a Christian than the nature of Christ. Among the Persians especially, it is even difficult to avoid it, for it is to them the great stone of stumbling and rock of offence. They almost always contrive to turn the conversation to it, and they are never weary of disputing about spiritual entities and metaphysical abstractions.

I never heard a Mohammedan speak irreverently of Christ. They acknowledge that they receive him as we receive Moses, a true prophet from God, but of a past dispensation. They use his name with titles of respect, as for their own prophet. They hardly ever fail, when speaking of him, to fall upon his divinity, which is exceedingly offensive to them. The only thing, however, which makes it so, is their own misunderstanding of the doctrine. They suppose, as Mohammed did, that it involves the idea of a natural sonship, like that among men. . . . . .

The doctrine of the Koran with regard to the nature of Christ, is very explicit. It declares that those who say, "God is Christ are infidels," that "God could destroy him if he pleased," (Chap. V.,) that "he is a man like Adam," (Chap. III.,) that he is only "the Minister and Apostle of the Most High," (Chap. V.,) and that, "in the day of judgment, he will deny he taught men to regard him, or his mother, as God," (Chap. V.) He is acknowledged to be chief of the prophets before Mahammed, and to have been produced miraculously, "by the breath of God's spirit," (Chap. XXI.) Hence he is called "the Word of God," who will again appear before the judgment, "strengthened by the Holy Spirit," which the Mohammedan commentators suppose to be the angel Gabriel, (Chaps. II. V.)

We must now stop, however abruptly, warmly recommending this work to the attention of our readers, and to popular book clubs and subscription libraries, as the best general work that we know on the present social and religious condition of Turkey and Persia.

Mr Southgate returned to Constantinople by the ancient Nisibin and Dara, and by the towns of Mardin and Diarbeker.* At Mardin he saw the Chaldean prelate, a noble and dignified looking personage, who, when he heard of the government of the country of Mr Southgate, expressed strong dislike of a Republic. Like prelates near home, he could not

Be made to believe that a people might ever become fit to govern themselves. He inquired whether it were true that the new sovereign of England was a woman, and, when informed of the fact, commented upon it in a manner which shewed that he felt like an Oriental upon the subject.

At Mardin there is still a remnant of the worshippers of the sun, who conform externally to Christianity, but secretly practise the rites of their own religion.

Having fairly got our traveller out of Mesopotamia, we must leave him to find his own way to Constantinople, and finally to New York, which he reached on the 3d December, 1838, having performed a most meritorious service to literature, and, we trust, to the best interests of mankind.

* For the benefit of the Horticultural Societies, we give this note. At Diarbeker, among other fine fruits, excellent melons are raised. The land on which they are cultivated is enriched with pigeons-dung, for which purpose immense numbers of pigeons are kept in the neighbourhood. The delicious melons of Persia are raised in the same manner. At Bagdad and Tehran, Mr Southgate saw the potato introduced by the English Ambassador and Resident in their gardens—a small beginning which may have a great end.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

CHAPTER XIII.

We took leave of our friend Mr John Quintin Cryppes, junior, in a somewhat unpleasant predicament, though, as all mortal ills are relative, one in which he had, upon the whole, some reason to congratulate himself. Contentment was, however, so far from being Jack's prevailing feeling, that, in answer to Mistress Marion's good night, now become quite desperate, he implored for release from the apartment she had so lauded; but Marion was inexorable; and calmly bolting, first her window, and then her shutters, she sat down to meditate on the terms of capitulation which it would be proper and safe to dictate to her captive. His tale of the fortune, or of a discovery worth a fortune, she would have considered of no value save for the pillaged trunk. Of having pillaged it, she gave the full credit to Monsieur Eustache; though she made no doubt that Mr John Quintin Cryppes was not ignorant of its contents.

The watchman, in passing, called "Half-past eleven!" not indeed that the words, if to be called articulate language at all, bore the remotest resemblance to what should have been the sound; but Marion, like the other inhabitants of London, from long custom, and the intimations of her own clock, knew what was meant by those gutturals; and also that the industrious tailor below, who rose with the lark, must have been asleep for an hour; and Mr and Mrs Herbert's solicitor, after his day's labour, tasting the sweet of the night in a certain tavern near his nightly rendezvous, Covent Garden Theatre. He was a gentleman of the old school; and so far true to his character as an old bachelor, an attorney, and a playgoer, as to be rigidly regular in what men of more modern times were pleased to call his irregularities.

"I could trust to my ain judgment in the matter," thought Marion; "but what is the soundest judgment, ay Solomon's itsel', to the quirks and wiles, and nonsense and clavers, o' the English law—common law or statute law—for they are baith alike clean contrar to common sense; so I'll e'en, Pussie, lock up my Jack-in-the-box, and take a step Mr Gryphon's length. I am no' a bairn; and I have been on Lon'on streets at a' hours, and ne'er saw waur than mysel' yet, an it be no' thae miserable waifs o' women, causey-paikers. Lord look on and help them!"

The old Scotswoman was not of a character to dally in any good purpose once fixed; and in her present errand great and pressing interests were involved.

Though the soberly carousing attorney could scarcely be made to understand her design, when his head was once fairly penetrated, and he found that Marion was resolute to tell no more than that she had young Cripps in "*safe* custody," and at her mercy, he formally wrote a document, in which father and son jointly gave up every right to prosecute Miss Hamilton or her friends, for the recovery of the large damages laid for the loss alleged to have been incurred by the Professor from his pupil abandoning her engagements. Fain would Marion have admitted Mr Gryphon, whom she knew to be a humourist, into the delicious secret of her "Jack-in-the-box," but prudence and real kindness of heart restrained her.

"He 's a funny gentleman, nae doubt, Mr Gryphon," was her rumination as she wended home, "and wad half kill himself at the joke of the first prisoner in my Tantallon; but will the sly cat let the silly mouse slip alive through her clutches, after having tossed it up and played with it? I trow no. Now I wadna scruple to let the shabby-genteel swindler rub shouthers wi' the gentle gallows; but, save and bless us! it's an awful thought to see e'en a Jack Cripps dangling like a sea-tangle at the end of a tow; and as the bit lassie, Miss Stocks, has got skaith-less out o' their fingers, the daring villains! else I wad have helped to hang them wi' my ain hands! and as Jack promises fair to our Miss Violet, his blood shall no be on my head; besides he placed himsel' in my mercy, under the shelter o' my roof or at least o' my beef-stand, whilk was aye a plea for protection, even to an enemy fleeing wi' blood on his hand, in the gallant auld times of my ain country."

And thus, for reasons and considerations, personal, friendly, chivalrous, and patriotic, Marion resolved to be, on certain conditions, merciful in her future dealings with her prisoner. Her first care, on her return, was, therefore, to allay his fears for personal safety, by opening her ventilating pane, and giving assurance that her Safe would stand ten times his weight; and this done, after receiving his parole of honour for good behaviour, she supplied him, on a fire shovel, with a tumbler of negus, a biscuit, and a slice of cheese; all most gratefully welcomed, both for their own sakes and as a token of the friendly dispositions of the giver.

Yet long and weary passed those hours to poor Jack in his cage, in which, in spite of his confined position and the continuous caterwauling of the cats on the neighbouring roofs, strange to say, he dozed from time to time, until day fairly dawned, and the sparrows began to chirrup, and the tailor below arose, and, opening the window of his chamber, almost immediately under Jack's place of durance, for a breath of air, commenced talking to his wife as he dressed himself.

"The fellow never ventured back to the old nest all night: too good a thing to come our way—£100 by the young lady's papa, and another from the Home Office. Now, if you had had the sense, Ju., to tip him the wink ere he bolted, he would have drawn like a well-waxed thread, as soon as the coast was clear; but that would be too much to expect of you, Julia."

"To sell Cripps' blood d'ye mean, Snippy?

No; thank Heaven, I am too much the lady for that. He is a clever, genteel young fellow, and paid handsomely when he had it; and where was the great to do about running off with a girl, as if such things were not done every day in the year?"

"D'ye think I'd touch blood-money, mum?" retorted the tailor. "But you may fancy it better the blood-hounds lick it than that it come to your family of small children, Mrs Snipson. . . . . How the deuce, after all, could the fellow get off? the street door was watched—Gad, I suspect that cunning graunie above still. It was like her to pretend to be out, and leave her door open."

"How you do talk, Snippy dear. Do let me sleep, will ye? No doubt he ran down stairs into the back kitchen, and scrambled over the wall of the courtyard. Was there a place in Lady Linton's garret they did not poke into, even that great box which it is thought she has full of silver plate. Catch *her* shewing her keepings to any neighbour."

"Well, if you must sleep, lovey, I'll watch, and hope still. But do remember to lock the door after you when you come down stairs; and that Mrs Deputy Dubbin's cap for the *Day June à la for chat*, at Queenhithe, must be sent home with the Deputy's velvet vest, by ten o'clock at the farthest."

"Umph," growled the drowsy milliner.

"Egad! she is a jewel of a creature that bandy-legged tailor's wife; she deserves promotion," thought the unseen listener above. "Could I but venture to swing myself down with any chance of safely entering her room, generous creature! and so escaping by her connivance; for this old hag!"——

"Shut the window will ye Snip; do ye mean that I should catch my death of cold?" came from below. "My compliments to Mrs Deputy Dubbins, and she may either wear her second best cap, or stay at home. If that don't please her, let her whet her beak and fly up," and with this respectful sentiment to her very best customer, and death to the newly-conceived hope of Jack Cripps, the tailor shut the window, and the saucy milliner committed herself for another two hours to the arms of Morpheus.

It was not until she had descended to adorn and despatch the head-gear of Mrs Deputy Dubbins, whom she was far from seriously intending to disappoint on so momentous an occasion, that Marion fairly opened parley with the prisoner, to whom at dawn she had handed her document for signature, with silent menaces against any attempt to escape. Jack would, by this time, readily have signed the warrant for his own execution to effect his release; and Marion, first sarcastically telling him that he had passed the night as snugly as if a passenger by the York mail, with only six insides, promised him the indulgence of jumping into the kitchen window, in which apartment he was to remain locked up until the treaty was fairly concluded and guarantees given.

"But if ye dare to stir a peg out of that till I give the signal "*once, twice, thrice,* and a *jump*," I'll raise the house about ye; and ye are as sure to be in the gled's clutches as ever Gilderoy was. I am aware it would not, now that broad daylight is up, either suit your purpose or mine, to keep ye langer swinging out by there, so once, twice, *thrice!*" And while Marion, as nimbly as when at fifteen she had played at bogle about the stacks, during her first service at Branxholm Mains, ran out, and turned the key, she rewarded her own and Jack's feats of agility with another burst of laughter, while he stretched his limbs in her kitchen, and flew to her bit of looking-glass to see if it were indeed Jack Quintin Cryppes who had passed so extraordinary a night, and now stood here in safety, but with the skin off his nose and a horridly long beard.

Mistress Marion had him still at vantage, and was not likely to lose an inch of ground, or abate in her demands one jot; so the parley was renewed, but now more safely through the key-hole of the kitchen-door.

Jack, for his own part, was quite ready to sign any paper she pleased; but the signature of his father—the Professor's surrender—was of ten times the importance, and by ten o'clock Marion sallied forth with Jack's letter to his father, specifying, quite to her satisfaction, the only conditions on which his freedom could be secured, and pathetically alluding to the peril in which he stood, unless the demands of Mistress Linton were instantly complied with. This Marion did not fail to expatiate upon to the father, though she absolutely refused to say where the fugitive son lay concealed, or, more than that, she would come bound for his safety, and to get him smuggled off for Leith in a Berwick smack, where he might lie bye for a while, if the Professor frankly and at once dropt the action against Miss Hamilton. She finally intimated, that she was not to be begging or praying longer: "It was their own affair."

"I must first consult my daughter, Mrs Burke Barker," said the perplexed father, with some hesitation.

"And I maun off to Bow Street," cried Marion, decidedly, and wrapping her shawl energetically round her. "I have neither leisure nor liking for this shilly-shally off-putting work. Mrs. Burke Barker, as ye ca' her, is as deep i' the plot as your son Jack, if no deeper, though not like to smart sae sair for her doings, which may darken her judgment o' his case."

"Where is my son, woman, my dear boy?" cried the mother, now entering. "My Edmund in a gaol and his brother skulking! Was it for this, Crippes, that you left your respectable employment to set up for a fine gentleman in Lon'on, and ruin your family, sir; was it for this, sir?"

"Dinna let me stand in the way o' family matters," interrupted Marion, in a dry tone and going off; "I made ye a fair offer, sir and madam, and I have my mends."

"Stay, woman!" thundered the Professor, "Where is my son? I will apply to the Magi-

strates; I will issue out a habeas corpus! How dare you thus trifle with the feelings of a lady and a mother?"

"Ye'll no need to fash their honours the Magistrates," replied Marion; "for I'm just going their way mysel'. So ye have no answer to your *dear* son's letter? He may go to the gallows for you. Na, ye *are* a vera Roman Brutus."

"The gallows for my son, you impertinent, audacious woman!" exclaimed Mrs Cripps; "Mr John Quintin Cryppes!"

"Ay, just Mr John Quintin Cryppes, mem. I ken him weel eneuch; mair by token he got a snug night's quarters in my good meat-safe last night, where a' the beagles in Lun'on could not have found him: but that's my thanks for my hospitality."

Passion had now betrayed Marion's prudence. The astonishment and horror of the Professor and his lady at this intelligence were prodigious.

"My boy! my dear, unhappy boy! disgraced for ever!" cried the Professor, in violent emotion. "The abduction of an heiress—what is it?—'tis but a boyish trick, pardonable under the ardour and excitement of youthful passion; but, heavens and earth, in a—a meat"——

"A meat-safe!" added the stronger-hearted mother; "and very lucky it was too. And now, good woman, if you do get my Jack fairly off till this business blow over I don't care, Crippes, what becomes of that odious girl, who has been at the bottom of every mischief that has ever happened to my family. Give the letter Jack wisbes for, Crippes—give it instantly, I say. Who shall dare touch a hair of his head?"——

"The gallows-tree has small respec' o' persons, mem," said Marion. "But let the Professor take his mind o' the matter. Only, understand this, and for the last time, this false action against the young lady, whose name ye profane, either drops, or Mr Stocks proceeds against my friend i' the place yonder, which shall be nameless, since it offends ye sae sair, sir."

"My friend, General Wickam, was saved, in the shipwreck of the *Penang*, by riding for five hours on a hencoop," said the Professor, half in soliloquy, and as if soothing his own wounded pride by the instance or precedent which lessened Jack's or the family's degradation. "Surely, my good woman, you can never be so cruel and inconsiderate as disgrace my family—a family of talent and distinction—by mentioning that awkward incident in the life of my eldest son? Ridicule, Mrs Crippes, my love; ridicule, ma'am," and he turned to his lady, "in a position like ours, is more fatal, much more ruinous to our prospects in a certain grade of society, than any youthful indiscretion chargeable upon our boys."

"Weel, this dings dinty!" thought Marion, indignantly and contemptuously. "The auld, vain, donnert, doited born-idiot, is more mortified at his good-for-nothing gett being saved in this queer fashion, than pleased that the scamp has escaped. I'll put up with this nonsense nae langer.—I'll give just one other half hour, Mr Cripps, mair for your runagate son's sake than your own, let me tell you," she said, aloud, once more tendering Mr Gryphon's paper for signature.

"Crippes, *I* bid you do as the woman desires, I say! Is my Jack to be brought into trouble and disgrace for that girl? I don't believe Mrs Burke Barker or her high and mighty husband care one farden what becomes of my boys, if they were well out of the scrape themselves. Sign, I say, sir, this minute."

"Give up a just claim to £5,000, my love?" replied the embarrassed Professor.

"No such thing, Cripps. If she sell her shift, we shall have the damages off her yet; but let my Jack be saved," replied Mrs Cripps, whose reasoning was not at any time what is termed consecutive.

"What sacrifice is there which I am not prepared to make for my dear children," said the Professor, in his very grandest manner, as he affixed his signature to the paper, which Mistress Marion, who liked a reasonably good bargain, eagerly seized, thinking "Half the ransom is paid."

Bent on a high mission, Marion, with less than usual ceremony, demanded an audience of Mrs Herbert, who was both highly amused and delighted with the manner in which she and her son had been thus unexpectedly freed from their threatened entanglements and lawsuit with the Professor.

"'Twas impossible that a claim so unjust and unreasonable could have been sustained in any Court," she said: "but I am, nevertheless, always glad to see the end of a lawsuit. I shall instantly write Charles of our mutual deliverance, and the amusing means by which it has been effected by Sergeant Linton."

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough," said Violet, pressing the old woman's hard, hot hands, and loosing the strings of her bonnet, "You are indeed, Marion, my good angel."

"Your *brownie*, hinny—your faithful, industrious *brownie*. But had you seen me and pussie yestreen, Miss Violet, when our 'Jack-in-the-box' first cheepit! I thought I would have cracked my sides wi' even-down gaffawin'—ye might have bound me wi' a strae; I was just powerless wi' lauchin. But I'm no done wi' the rogue yet. When I have swallowed this dish o' chocolate—this is the right sort, Mrs Herbert, mem, a real cordial—ye maun shew me the bits of odds and ends o' papers left i' the kist; for I have a notion that I am on the right trail o' the plunderers; and, by my certy, if it be sae, I'll work them!"

Violet reddened all over, and became exceedingly agitated. She had by this time perused several disjointed fragments of the papers remaining in the double bottom of the trunk, which had whetted her curiosity to see more.

"They are chiefly written by my mother, whom I can scarcely remember," she said. "She died while we were in America, during the late war. After the peace, I was sent to a French convent, until we went to Scotland, and finally settled in Jersey. I believe my father never

had the courage to read these writings left by my mother; yet if I can believe their imperfect evidence, though it seems like dreaming, my mother must have been the sister, by the second marriage of his mother, of—you must think it very strange, ma'am?—of your friend the Earl of Tarbert."

"Good heavens, Violet! you the niece of the Earl of Tarbert! Laura Temple's cousin! How very extraordinary! But, my dear girl, had you no previous idea of this yourself?"

"I had a general idea that my mother was highly connected:—that much I understood, or perhaps divined, from my poor father's conversation. His pride resented, perhaps too strongly, the neglect shewn by my mother's noble brother, whoever he may have been; and he accordingly repaid coldness with haughty scorn. You must have heard of the family pride of the Scotch, ma'am," continued Violet, smiling. "If my mother was highly connected, my father, with few or no powerful living relatives, was far-descended, and had his share of the national failing."

"The blude o' kings ran in the veins o' Claude Hamilton," said Mistress Marion, who was also deeply imbued with the national fantasy." And Violet, graciously, yet with an expression of comic humour, smiling to her, continued—"It might have been unwise in my father to hold so completely aloof from my mother's family; but they were rich and powerful, and he poor and proud, and morbidly sensible to the miseries to which, as a child and a boy, he had been subjected from poor relationship. While labouring to advance my education, as the only means of independence within my power, I have often overheard him say, to our good friend the Rector, that he would rather prefer for his little Violet the lot of a maid-servant in a humble Jersey farm, than that of the tolerated hanger-on in the saloons of great relations, although they had been willing to receive me. In these ideas was I educated, and I thank Heaven for it."

"It seems altogether so extraordinary," said Mrs Herbert, attending more to the facts than the philosophy of the case, "so romantic, almost—yet I cannot believe the Tarberts knowingly capable of ungenerous conduct to so near relatives. It must have been in ignorance."

"Nay, I do not accuse them. If it shall turn out that the Earl was really so nearly connected with my mother—for even that point, by the abstraction of these papers, is left in doubt—I am inclined to think that he may still be ignorant of the death of my father, and of my existence altogether. My mother's death was formally notified to him; but if he ever wrote in reply to her husband, or made any inquiry about us, such communications never reached my father."

"The Earl was long absent from England; for many years in Germany, and at one time at Constantinople," said Mrs Herbert, as if in palliation.

"Nay, we too were drifting about the world, and more likely to miss letters than a person in the distinguished station of the Earl of Tarbert; though nothing could induce my father to make a second attempt at explanation, when he subsequently learned from the newspapers that my uncle was at Vienna. Children have quick ears, and, where their feelings are interested, quick wits: though no particular Earl was named in the conversations with the Rector, I learned that I had an uncle of that rank, and, perhaps unwittingly, to share in my father's prejudice against him; so far, at least, as to disdain dependence. The pecuniary claims my mother had, in right of her mother, he forbore to press, unwilling to risk our little all on the uncertainties of a Chancery suit."

"Had not Mr Gryphon better get a glisk o' your bits o' fragments o' papers, Miss Violet?" said Marion, pricking up her ears at pecuniary claims. "If ony man in Lun'on can unravel sic mysteries of iniquity, its himsel'; though he has his weak side in hankering after plays and play-actors."

"Alas! I fear the case is more hopeless than ever;—the most important papers appear to be abstracted, if they ever existed."

"Hopeless, hinny! na, ne'er ye say that word. I have got you out o' one scrape the day, and, with the blessing o' the Almichty upon our poor endeavours for the orphant, we'se get ye out o' this too. I ken now what the vagabond meant by bragging o' what he had in his power. But I'll make little out of him, unless I can frighten him back into his Patmos, and compel him to surrender on my ain terms. Troth, it would be gude sport too." said Marion, chuckling at the amusing idea rising in her mind, and on which she speedily acted.

Bustling up her own stair, she began to talk aloud to the tailor's children, so as to be overheard by the impatient Jack:—"So the police have been back again after your mother's lodger—have they, bairns? Ye are playing there at *hide-and-seek* little Jacky? or is it—*key-spy!* Hide, Jack—hide, up there—

> 'Keep in, keep in, wherever ye be,
> The greedy gled is seeking ye,'"

continued Marion, apparently addressing Jack minor on the stairs, while aiming to frighten Jack major, now above, earnestly listening. He had not been without strong suspicion that the protracted absence of his jailor was for the purpose of betraying him and securing the whole of the reward to herself. But, at present, she seemed to be playing fair to him; and in this opinion he was confirmed, when he heard her shout to the tailor who had come forth—"Watch my door! search my house again, the blackguards! do they dare to propose that? But let them! I make them welcome. Call them up from the tavern, where they are carousing, keeping watch on my motions, and if Mr Jack Cripps, or ony other Jack, is found under my roof or on my floorhead I'll come bound to eat him. Watch me, indeed!"

The reply of the tailor was imperfectly heard, though it seemed a broken lament for so much

good money being lost to the house; but Jack's motions were quickened by Marion's distinct reply:—

"Certainly, come up yourself; seeing is believing." Jack pulled up the window. "Satisfy yourself." Jack wheeled round the safe. "But surely this is the wrong key?" and Marion fumbled about the lock, while her warned lodger once more snugly ensconced himself—though with a beating heart—secretly cursing the tailor, and not even sparing Marion, who he thought should have stood on the defensive, till actually compelled to give in.

When Marion concluded that her plan had taken effect, she found the right key of the outer and also of the kitchen door, which she threw open widely; and ostentatiously invited the tailor in, while she quietly pulled down and secured the window, and drawing its muslin half-screen, took her seat by it, inviting the tailor to sit down by the fire.

"It is an awful business, to be sure; and hard to see £200 gang bye ourselves; for, I reckon, ye would have shared and shared the reward alike with me, had it been my luck to have secured the chap up here?"

"On honour, mum; to the last farden, Missis Linton. And as some un must get it, as well us, mum, as another."

"Certainly; but I'm mair like to lose than make by him. I bestowed a penny but e'en now, coming along the Strand, for his last dying speech and confession, puir fallow! No doubt the hue-and-cry is hot after him; but I hope its no just come to the last speech yet; that is, if he does his best to make amends for a fault: ne'er ower late to repent, Mr Snipson. But wad ye like to take a look o' my apartments? Na, nae excuses; just open the doors, and look about yourself."

Mr Snipson protested entire disbelief of any one being concealed here, but, nevertheless, did as he seemed to be desired; all the while, as he opened one cupboard after another, declaring how utterly impossible it was that the culprit should be concealed there, or that a person of the known substance and respectability of Mrs Linton was capable of concealing him.

"And losin' the reward, too, ye ken, Mr Snipson," said Marion, in a sarcastic tone. "'Deed twa hunder is not a soom I wad like to fling ower my shouther; and I cannot but think that if so be the villain were ta'en by my means, and in my ain hoose, I would have a gude right to the maist feck, if not to the whole of it."

Mr Snipson seemed reluctant to surrender his claims to the shadowy substance, and in some doubt about how much sterling money the Scotch "maist feck," which Marion claimed, might amount to.

"Ye see, Mr Snipson, I would not only have a title as first informer, but the rights of my own rooms, and of my easements and appurtenances, providing he were found here; and also my hypothec rights as landlady and overlord of the whole premises, down to the street and the sunk story."

"Hang her, old devil!" thought Jack; "she surely delights to torture me."

"You Scotch are such scholars, and so up to trap, Missis Linton; but I venture to think, that nothing could be claimed by either of us until conwiction were certificated, mum, by the judge, nor, pr'aps, till the hexecution were hover."

"D——n him!" groaned Jack, gnashing his teeth, "if ever I walk London streets again I'll victimise that low blackguard. A good part of my wardrobe remains in his beggarly lodgings, too; which, save to give a centrical rendevouz to Eustache, I had never entered."

"Indeed, its a reserved point for lawyers that same, Mr Snipson," said Marion; "but, at any rate, the time between sentence and hanging is never lang in your country; little time for a puir sinner to make his soul's peace; and this unhappy chield is but young, too; not much ower five-and-twenty, I should think."

"Thirty, I'll swear for him. Bless you, mum, Jack Cripps has been on the town, and spunging on the Trade this dozen years at least."

"It a lie, you rascal," muttered Jack, gnashing his teeth in his lair. "I have only been four seasons on town, and am not twenty-seven till St Crispin's day."

"Its lucky that ye will, after all, lose but little by him, Mr Snipson," said Marion, in her dry manner; "his bits o' duds—for he was aye fond of dirty bravery, come from where it would—will clear you, I reckon; especially as Mrs Snipson was sae prudent as aye to insist on a week's rent beforehand."

"Trash, mum; mere seedy trash; a Jew would not accept a gift of 'em. Dress shoes you might throw to the dustman; and a pair and a half of fancy silk socks, washed and worn to mummy; the top pulled down to the heel."

"Scoundrel! my olive surtout, lined with Lyons silk serge; my new, light-blue, brocaded waistcoat—bill not sent in yet—my my"—— Jack sputtered with rage, and almost shook his airy asylum, while Marion laughed heartily at the tailor's *catalogue raisonée* of a decayed dandy's belongings.

"But there will be some other property?" she then said; "a bit dask, or a pickle books or papers; he was a great auwthor, ye ken, for the prents and the play house."

"A greasy, thumbed copy of Life in London, mum, with half the plates torn out, and some trash of old plays, which I mean to cut up into measures."

Marion was now all alive, and wary.

"Really, Mr Snipson, the funny way in which ye describe the dandy's duds, makes me long to see his kit:—were they locked up, the bits o' manuscript plays?"

This question seemed scarcely necessary, since, whether locked up or not, the property of the lodger had been subjected to scrutiny by his landlord; yet it rather puzzled the tailor, who, however, answered boldly—

"Not a bit of them—a filthy mess altogether:

a pink gingham shirt, never washed since first bought, and yellow kids, smelling. I made the girl throw the whole out this morning in the ash-box."

"All save the measures," said Marion. "Gae awa', for ony sake, and bring up an armfu' o' the plays, and we'se have a screed o' them. It will be gude sport; and ye'll take a snack o' luncheon at the same time. I have gotten a famous Bologna sausage, and hae a cold green goose out in the safe there—maybe ye wad prefer it devilled, and well peppered?"

"You are too good, mum: 'Bolonga sassenger is Snipson's weakness,' as my Ju. remarks; but any way you prefer, mum; beggars must not be choosers; really I have no choice; you make my mouth water, Missis Linton; the Scotch are halways so 'ospitable, mum—as I always say to my missis, after your little neighbourly treats—the Scotch are a most hobligin', 'ospitable people."

"For our ain ends, it's sometimes alleged, Mr Snipson."

"O Lord, mum, never minchin it," replied the tailor, chuckling at this home truth, to which, in secret, he heartily subscribed.

"And there might be worse reasons, too; so, while I get the tray—na, I must put down one bottle o' my brown-stout; I ken ye like my bottled porter, and a single bottle between two is surely no great debosh: but do bring up Jack's bits o' sangs."

"Plays, mum."

"Weel, be it plays, that will be the better diversion; but, gude sake, ye maun not let Mrs Snipson get jealous o' us."

And the tailor, laughing heartily at the joke, which, such as it was, had the merit of coming from his entertainer, went off.

Marion was aware that her tenant of the first and second floors, though a first-rate fashioner among the second-rates—for he was no Stultze, nor Doudney—was no great scholar, though it was probable that his lady might have made something of written papers. Indeed, Marion had an idea, that while she herself, in virtue of her Scotch schooling, could make out all manner of crank inventories submitted to her inspection, the tailor, though not wanting in ready address to cover his deficiencies, could not tell a B from a bull's foot. Before his return, Marion had placed her refection on the table, and donned her spectacles, utterly regardless of the agonizing "Hist, hist!" which issued from the safe, save to cry, "Are ye mad? Be quiet there pussie." Mr Snipson speedily returned with his commission.

"Eat ye a bit, and as I have my nose ready saddled, I'll try my hand at Mr Crippes' nonsense. But such a scart o' a hand, Mr Snipson. It's liker a hen's scraping among dirt than a Christian's hand o' writ," said Marion, handing over a page, which Snipson, between mouthfuls, sagaciously surveyed, holding the top downmost, and remarking, "All hands come much alike to me, mum."

"I would like to pick out something very funny to divert us, since we are at it, said Marion, examining every separate paper. "But will ye win to the board," and, while warmly pressing him to eat, she secretly admired the style in which her Bologna sausage was being mowed down.

"Something funny, eh? to be sure; but, aloud, pray ma'am," for now Marion's attention was fairly riveted on the paper she examined.

"Surely, surely, I'll read aloud;" and she thought to herself, "Weel, no ane kens what they may need, or what may bestead them at a pinch in the weary journey o' life. When I learned these blethers of Allan Ramsay's, little did I think"——

"You can't make 'em out, ma'am? nay. I felt the hand deuced crabbed myself. Admirable sassenger this; your health, ma'am."

"Make him out? fine that! But will ye care to hear the nonsense; its a' poetry; now, the sassenger is gude, plain, savoury prose."

"Poetry! Missis Snipson quite doted on poetry before marriage, but marriage makes a difference with you ladies, mum." Marion now appeared so wrapped in her silent studies, that a strange feeling of suspicion crept into the tailor's mind.

"P'raps I'd better tie up Cripp's pot hooks, and not bother you, ma'am," said he, reaching over his arm to sweep away the papers.

"Bother *me!* I could read them were they a' black print; but, troth, I'm mair tempted to throw them in the fire, did ever mortal hear such downright clavers;" and Marion alternately read aloud and silently, or, as the Scotch say, "off her loof," with admirable presence of mind and precision. Thus the real phrase, "And to the said Gabrielle Violet, the reversionary disposition of £15,000, accruing to her by the death of her mother, the above named Sophia Amelia, widow of Charles, second Earl of Tarbert," was rapidly translated into—

> This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
> And puts all Nature in a joyful mood;
> How wholesome 'tis to snuff the caller air,

Silently—"Secured upon the said Earl's estate of Coombe Flory, parish of Dundon, county of ——."

"Go on, mum," urged the munching tailor, "what a blasted rigmarole! What can the feller be after by 'caller hair?' I've heard of caller 'errings."

Sorely did Marion blame her traitorous memory, which, when she was alone, as she now thought, would be wickedly suggesting all manner of nonsense of old tales and ballads, but completely deserted her in this strait, though she boldly dashed into a very extraordinary medley or cross reading, depending a good deal for success upon the tailor's ignorance of the Scotch, and every other literature. She commenced, by drawing upon her earliest reminiscences, while seeming to read—

> "Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion?"
> "In London was young Bekie born,
> And he longed strange countries for to see;
> So he passed through many kingdoms great,

Until he came to great Turkie.
Oh, they rode on, and on they rode,
And by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"'Get up, lady mother,' he says"——

And here Marion fairly floundered, but bravely bolted into the tragedy of the "Laird of Wariston," after that the Douglas tragedy, and a few broken stanzas of "Johnnie Armstrong."

"Cussed rigmarole!" ejaculated the tailor, between a bite and a draught.

"Ye may say it," replied Marion, contemptuously throwing down the manuscript among the cushions of her easy chair. "The Last Speech will be better diversion than that poor stuff. Jack Cripps has but sma' ingine as an awuthor, I'm jalousing."

Marion having dexterously secreted the paper she considered of the greatest importance, trusted the remainder to their fate, though resolved, if possible, to secure the whole; and took up the '*Hue and Cry*,' in which, to the manifest delight of Mr Snipson, she, amidst peals of laughter, read the following description of the culprit:—

"Five feet seven inches in height"——

"Demmed lie," muttered Jack in his place; "I'm five feet eight and a quarter—I am."

"Sallow complexion; muddy, greasy skin," read Marion; "sandy-coloured, thin moustaches, but may probably have shaved them off."

"No, curse them!" thought Jack, with some difficulty drawing his hand fondly over the most cherished ornament of his face, and soothed by feeling that all was right there, "I have my moustaches still."

Marion continued:—"Very large red ears, placed low on the head."

"Na, faith, Mr Snipson, but the lang ears may be useful to him at this present creesis—ha! ha! ha! Weel, puir Jack comes out here nae beauty."

And she resumed:—"Swivel-eyed, and squints strongly with both eyes, as if looking to his nose."

"Demnition!" thought Jack; "and this atrocious libel is publicly hawked through the streets of London."

"I must have a read of this for my missis, mum," said Snipson. "Missis Snipson has a fancy that the chap is 'andsome, or 'as a genteel hair. I saw from the fust that he was a seedy scamp."

"Some leddies have odd tastes, Maister Snipson; but for one with a buirdly, personable, good-looking husband like you:—weel, weel, every one to their liking, though I'm sure ye're no aboon five or six inches shorter than the vagabond."

"Not an 'alf hinch, mum," cried the tailor, starting to his legs, and drawing himself on tiptoe up to, and beyond, his full height; while Marion dexterously secreted another document.

"Cursed shrimp!" muttered Jack. "Want but half an inch of *my* height! the Cockney pigmy! By Jove, my first deed shall be to massacre that tailor and run off with his wife."

"Ye shall get a loan o' the speech—or is it a *Hue and Cry*?—for the special benefit of Mistress Snipson," said Marion. "For that matter, ye may keep it a'thegither for her behoof when I have finished perusing Jack's beauty marks." And Marion again read aloud:—"Very large nose, a little awry, and the skin at present off the bridge. Usually dresses in a shabby blue or olive-coloured surtout, with braid and frogs much worn; gay-coloured, dirty figured-silk waistcoat; and sky-blue satin cravat; tight plaid trowsers, and gaiters. Had on, when last seen, rather dirty linen; morocco boots, much too small for his feet, which makes him waddle or shuffle in his gait; a union shirt-pin, turquoise and mock diamond; and mosaic-gold watch-chain, but, it is believed, no watch. If any pawnbroker," &c. &c.

"Waddle in my gait! the libellous monsters!" thought the nearly distracted gentleman; at that very moment, as indeed all night long, writhing under the torture of the 'bootikins,' of which he had been unable to rid himself.

Jack, between torture of limb and irritation of mind, was wound up to the most desperate attempt; even to knock down Marion, assassinate the tailor, rob the house, and escape; when a loud ringing at Marion's door-bell, and an unusual bustle, at once changed his mood, and made him hastily draw back into his shell.

"Its Mrs Herbert and my young lady," said Marion.

"It's the police, p'raps, mum," added Mr Snipson, excited.

"Then never a foot o' them enters here," cried Marion. "My blood is up, and I'm on honour." And, much to the relief of Jack, she prepared for active resistance.

"Mr Gryphon, the solicitor, only, after all," said Snipson, who opened the door. "Could you," he whispered, "to serve a neighbour, be so hobliging, mum, as get his idear of the law of the case as to the few rags, and hodds and hends, Crippes left in the place below?"

"Mr Gryphon! and Maister Charles at his back! Welcome back again, sir! I thought ye were ower the salt sea. This is a sight for sair eyne; and I ken of one fair lady, or maybe twa"—and Marion winked sagaciously with one eye, while she unconsciously placed chairs—"who will thank the wind that blew ye back this way. But, Lord sake! what am I about! ye must not sit down in my kitchen. The best of my house is no good enough for you.—Ye'll excuse me, Mr Snipson. Business will not brook delay, and I have business with these gentlemen," she said sharply, to the curious and impertinent tailor, who seemed strongly disposed to remain at the conference, which he somehow connected with the tempting reward of £200 for the discovery of Jack Cripps.

"Let me fust tie my papers in the 'ankercher, mum," he replied sullenly, and trying to collect

them; but Marion, made bold by her fresh backing, now stood on high vantage ground.

"Take away the papers! I dare you to do that at your peril! Stolen goods, Mr Gryphon; family papers plundered from Miss Violet Hamilton's charter-kist, by some unkent villain thieves, and found in the custody of his lodger, Jack Cripps. Away! away Snipeon! and think yourself lucky if ye be not called to strict account anent these documents. I am advising ye as a friend, and promise ye, to set your mind at ease, before these gentlemen, that if I make plack or bawbee by the wierdless wight's hanging, ye shall get the half o' it; will that content ye?"

The tailor, pale and trembling, on learning the awful predicament before the law in which he stood with the papers, and reading his doom in the stern brows of Mr Gryphon, the well-known lawyer, sneaked off, in his heart cursing the Scotchwoman, who always, he alleged, got the better of him in the long run.

And now the distant voices and loud laughter of the three who sat in Marion's parlour in counsel on very momentous affairs, however merrily they were discussed, fell dismally on the "large red ears" of the hungry listener.

"Will the witch starve me alive in her hole," thought Jack. "That bloated imp regaling on bottled brown stout, and a full half yard of Bologna sausage, and I"—— And, with this, Jack made a desperate clutch at some eatables lying near the window: a tremendous rumbling noise and smash of glass was heard; the cat squeaked; and Marion, followed by the two gentlemen, rushed back into the kitchen, where stood the fugitive in much worse plight than he appeared even in the *Hue and Cry*.

Housebreakers was the first idea that presented itself to Mr Gryphon, the only individual present who did not at once understand how matters stood; though, after a moment's observation and reflection, he affected acquiescence in Mistress Marion's dry announcement of "a friend of mine, Mr Gryphon; a stranger to you, gentlemen, who wishes to be private. Pussie, ye misleared limmer!" continued she, affecting to beat the cat, "was it you made this stramash, and broke the window? Be so kind as accompany Mr Gryphon back to my bit parlour, Mr Charles, and I'll attend ye there presently."

Charles took the hint; and he gave no direct token of recognition when Jack squinted towards him and then at Gryphon, in a very agony of terror; but kindly drew off the lawyer, leaving Marion to deal alone with her guest.

"I see how the land lies with our hostess and her lodger," said Gryphon, not choosing to shew his sagacity and quickness of apprehension at fault. "But such affairs are not my province. Let the law make its own of Mr Crippes, when it gets its claws over him: I shall make my own of him while time serves. The fellow, if he have not Miss Violet Hamilton's papers, must at least shew us where they may be found, or it shall fare worse with him."

"I do not affect to deny that yonder queer-looking customer is the veritable Jack Cryppes, after whom the pursuit of justice is hot," replied Charles Herbert; "yet, to connive at his escape—almost to compound a felony—to gain a private object,"——

"Make yourself perfectly easy, Maister Charles," said Marion, advancing into the parlour, after a short and sharp, but most satisfactory parley, with her prisoner in the kitchen. "Ye are both gentlemen"—and she looked fixedly at the lawyer—"and did not come of your own free will under my roof-tree, to interfere with my guests; or, to speak it plainly, to hear or to see aught that it was not intended you should see and hear. I'm on honour with him, gentlemen, and so are ye; reckoning, however, on a reasonable satisfaction."

"Unquestionably," replied the lawyer, with a significant smile, "otherwise we were most unreasonable persons: so now, ma'am, for your satisfaction. I confess that the scraps of certain writings which have been so singularly recovered, whet my curiosity exceedingly for what is behind or missing. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this young lady is heiress to at least as pretty and promising a Chancery suit as I ever happened to advise withal, were there but funds to prosecute it with spirit; for I make no doubt but that resistance, aided by a long purse, may be anticipated."

"A promising plea!—and you really think so," said Marion, earnestly; her head giving the little nervous shake, which, with her, denoted intense interest, while she fixed her eyes keenly on the lawyer. "Ye have a good opinion o' the case, which is a sure sign, sir; and, if an orra hunder pounds, or, what though we should say twa, could help it on, it 'll no be ill spent. It may not become the like o' me to interfere in affairs so far aboon my commission; though, in anither sense, and that a better ane, it weel becomes me, in faute o' grander freends, to step forward in behalf o' an orphan gentlewoman, my countrywoman and my auld maister's bairn. So, wi' you to back us, sir, we'll venture to bell-the-cat e'en with that proud yearl, and try whose purse stands langest out, when justice, and nothing more, is the commodity sought for."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the lawyer, laughing heartily. "This is frank. You volunteer to supply the sinews of war; and I shall be answerable for the results, if the missing documents—most important links in the chain of our evidence—still exist."

"Exist!" exclaimed Marion. "There's a half peck o' them; o' auld papers—I mean writs and evidents—stowed, at this blessed moment, under my easy chair." And, to the best of her memory and ability, Marion described the nature of the documents which she had secreted; while the solicitor rubbed his hands, as if chuckling in prospect over a gained case.

"Fetch them, ma'am—fetch them into court. I begin to fear I shall have no work. The case is so clear that the enemy won't shew fight. That £16,000, left at the disposal of the Earl of

Tarbert's mother, and which she very naturally devised to her daughter by her second marriage —the mother of the young lady I saw last day with Mrs Herbert—must now, by accumulated interest, be more than doubled. The Earl's niece, or half-niece, will, eventually, be a more considerable heiress than his daughter; and a charming young creature she is too." Here Marion ventured a sly look of congratulation and intelligence at Charles Herbert, while the lawyer proceeded:—"Is Miss Hamilton, my fair client that is to be, related to Mrs Herbert, Mr Charles, or merely her friend through the Tarbert family?"

"Miss Hamilton is my mother's friend and present guest, but on a quite different footing from what you suppose," answered Charles. "You forget that she is, probably, still entirely unknown to the Tarberts. But, excuse me for a moment: since law is to be given to the vermin in the next apartment, I may at least satisfy my conscience, by trying to make him impeach his rascally foreign confederates."

"Let *them* hang as high as Haman," said Marion; and while Charles was admitted by her into the locked kitchen to confer with Jack, she returned to take what she fancied the right course with Mr Gryphon.

"I think ye have, as well as professional regard, a fatherly likin' to that young gentleman, sir," said she; "and that ye will not be a bit less zealous in this cause when I make bold to spare his modesty, and tell ye how matters really stand with him. The plain fact is, that, heiress or penniless, he is troth-plighted to Miss Violet Hamilton, and to wish him the husband of Lady Laura Temple is to wish him nae good. And this is really a remarkable dealin' o' Providence, that, after his step-mother had been so ill-advised as, in spite of your opinion, sir, to will away to Lady Laura the fortune which, as I have heard, was, in spite of your sound and judicious advice, left in Mrs Herbert's power by her husband, it should as good as come a' back, by another righteous dispensation, to the right owners; and that is just Mr and likewise Mrs Charles Herbert that is to be, otherwise Miss Violet Hamilton that now is."

"O ho! I perceive," returned the lawyer, gratified by the implied compliment paid to his judgment in the opinion which he had, on both occasions, most disinterestedly given to his clients, indifferent to the effect which his advice might have upon Mrs Herbert. She, however, had been so just or high-minded as not to resent his interference; resting, in the proud consciousness that, whatever the world might say, she had, in making the extraordinary settlement of her fortune, been guided by the single-minded motive of advancing the prospects and securing the happiness of her husband's son. She had, moreover, until within the last few days, never doubted that what she had intended for the best was really the best; but the devoted attachment of the youthful lovers, when brought more immediately under her notice, assumed a higher and more sacred character than she had been disposed to assign to what she wished to consider as the violent, but boyish and fickle admiration of a young man for a pretty new face; and the disposition and manners of her guest, at once gentle and lofty, sweet, modest, and ingratiating, confirmed the conquest of a naturally affectionate heart. The first indication of her change of opinion, or imperceptible yielding to the genuine feelings of her kindly nature, and the innocent fascinations of Violet, was seen in her delight to find the latter so nearly connected with the noble house which had awakened that worldly ambition, which was saved from being unworthy because it was principally felt for another; and in her avowed delight that Violet had a fair chance of being handsomely provided for. A feeling of heartfelt satisfaction mingled with a secret tingling of shame at her own rashness, while she half owned to herself—"If such is to be the destiny of Charles, ought I not to rejoice that the effects of my precipitance may be atoned for in so singular a manner, though not atoned for by me." Other recollections unwillingly forced themselves upon her. Though the proud, high-minded Lady Laura had openly and strenuously opposed the inconsiderate pecuniary arrangement, the Earl, affecting the same reluctance, had, in reality, shewn a very different disposition, thinly veiled by the assumption of generosity, and, finally, by the repeated declaration of—"Well, well, my dear madam; since you will have it so, to your determination we must submit. Do as you will about Lady Laura *Herbert's* pin-money, and the additional provision of her younger children; it certainly, as you remark, comes to the same thing in the end for our young folks."

The remembrance of these and similar expressions, and also of the occasional, and certainly unconscious, aristocratic hauteur of Lady Laura, were also not without their effect; and yet, so complicated are the feelings of this poor human nature, even in the best characters, that some taint of bitterness mingled with the mortification which Mrs Herbert experienced, when, a few days afterwards, Mr Gryphon, at a sort of family conference, laid before her the opinions of a celebrated counsel whom he had consulted on the claims of her protegée. She checked the unworthy feeling; and, though her pride shrank from confession before the keen and, perhaps, triumphant man of business, whose warnings she remembered, when alone with Charles and Violet, she said, with tearful eyes, and that warmth and candour of manner which to her son atoned for all her sins against himself—sins incurred by true if mistaken affection—

"Charles, don't wholly despise me, while you saucily fancy you have obtained a well-born and well-dowered charming wife, in spite of my small intrigue for your advancement."

"How can you, dearest mother, do such injustice to yourself—to me," replied Charles, respectfully and tenderly kissing his mother's hand. "Fortune as it may be; but you have

learned to appreciate Violet, and my feelings for her—that is enough."

Mrs Herbert was deeply affected. Turning abruptly to Violet, in a strange mood of self-reproach and confiding fondness, she said—

"You are aware of the injury I have done or attempted to do you? But yet I bid you heap coals of fire upon my head; repay mistrust and dislike—which, however, after knowing you, I have found it impossible to entertain—by generous kindness. I have, I begin to fear, rashly made our Charles poor: dearest Violet, you must, for my sake, make him rich. I am now convinced that you alone can make him happy: for his sake, I need not ask that of you."

Violet hastened to seat herself on a low stool by the sofa on which Mrs Herbert sat; burying her proud and happy blushful face in the lap of the lady, whose hand she covered with kisses of love and gratitude for the thrice-welcome if oddly-expressed consent. Mrs Herbert clasped her in a silent embrace; and, after a moment, as if half disconcerted at having given so far way to her feelings, and of being involved in that horror of English people, a *scene*, she rose, whispering, as she withdrew—"We understand each other now."

Charles detained her to explain why, finding himself so near London, when he restored Miss Juliana Stocks to her school, he had stolen a day for "more last words."

While the lovers were thus left to their own concerns, Mrs Herbert assumed the delicate and, to her, in the peculiar circumstances, difficult task of preparing Lady Laura Temple for impending events. She secretly accused herself of having formerly represented or insinuated to this young lady that the attentions and gallantry of Charles were already of the serious character, which she hoped they might take rather than what his feelings really were—namely, respectful admiration for a handsome and highly accomplished woman, into whose society he had been intimately thrown, while no other young man was present to pay her those little attentions which it was grateful to himself to shew, and which were always well received. The long epistle, which it cost Mrs Herbert infinite pains to concoct, so as to announce the engagement of her son and not wound the pride of Lady Laura, went by the same mail which carried the formal announcement, made by Mr Gryphon to her father, of Miss Violet Hamilton's various claims.

Lady Laura, who had been disposed to look favourably upon the implied suit of Charles Herbert, was more alarmed and agitated by the mysterious letter she received, than she had believed possible; but it was not until her father informed her of the strange communication which had reached himself, that she understood the full bearing of the case, or began to suspect that she had been misled, if not betrayed, by the ambition of her *parvenue* friend. Her pride, her sense of personal dignity, and those gentler affections which lurked under a cold and lofty bearing, were outraged and wounded; but whatever were her secret sufferings, no visible sign of them was permitted to appear. Urged, probably by her pride, she at once wrote to her rival, frankly acknowledging the relationship, courteously offering her friendship, and regretting that the absence of her father from England, for probably a long period, must withhold from her the happiness of being known to so near and amiable a kinswoman, whom she gaily congratulated on the joyful event at which her friend Mrs Herbert—to whom she begged to be remembered—had delicately hinted. The Earl of Tarbert, to whom, before sealing it, she handed her letter to her new-found cousin, secretly admired the strength of mind, and also the female *diplomacy* of his daughter; but he was too much absorbed in his own concerns to have much time to bestow upon hers, until, with the greatest apparent calmness, she informed him that the gentleman to whom their new-found cousin was engaged was Charles Herbert. The surprise of the Earl could not have been greater, though the previous secure disposition of Mrs Herbert's fortune in his daughter's behalf probably made his chagrin much less at this intelligence than otherwise it might have been at losing a desirable match for a daughter now almost thirty years of age.

"I fancied, Laura—so indeed did my friend Mrs Herbert—that you were, at one time, disposed to shew the young man some small degree of favour," said the Earl.

"All the case required," replied Lady Laura, carelessly. "But now that the lady you mention has had her freak out, and finds her grand project frustrated, I presume she may have back her money; which, if we had not saved it for her, might have been thrown away in some other matrimonial scheme for her step-son, which would have yielded even less return."

"I have no reason to suppose that Mrs Herbert regrets the settlements which she pressed upon you, Lady Laura; forced upon us, indeed. To return that money—even if you had the power, which is placed in your trustees, Sir George Lees and myself—would look as if you had trepanned the silly woman into the arrangement, and were now ashamed of yourself"——

"Which, perhaps, I am," replied Lady Laura, coldly. "In those settlements I unwillingly acquiesced when my prospects or my ideas were somewhat different from what they now are. May I now beg to know what you have learned of my cousin? Are her claims just?"

"Just or unjust, I am afraid they will be pertinaciously maintained: that fellow Gryphon made himself exceedingly troublesome and disagreeable on a former occasion."

"When he wished to prevent Mrs Herbert from committing a folly into which he probably fancied that the Earl of Tarbert's artful daughter had betrayed her. . . The matter, altogether, has become exceedingly unpleasant, and the sooner we are rid of it the better. I shall not lose a moment in doing my part."

"Stay, Laura," cried the Earl, stopping his daughter, who moved to leave the room. "This must be left to those who better understand business than we can pretend to do."

"Oh! surely, sir: we give the orders; they properly execute them."

The Earl became peremptory and even harsh, until, after a protracted discussion, he forbade his daughter's interference, and dutifully expatiated on the folly of his own mother, who not only made a second marriage, but settled or attempted to settle, at accumulating interest, a sum, nearly equal in amount to the half of his yearly rents, upon the daughter born of that marriage, and his own only sister.

"When my grandmother bequeathed this money to her child, your Lordship's sister, I conclude she had the power to do so?"

"That remains to be tried; at all events the affair must be thoroughly investigated by the big wigs. Are you aware, Laura, that, with my growing embarrassments, this girl's claim, if sustained, would involve me in difficulties probably for the whole brief remainder of my life? Have I not double reason to rejoice that, whatever may occur, you at least, through the just partiality of Mrs Herbert, are independent and wealthy, and able, as I know you are willing, to be generous to your father."

"At the expense of *those* Herberts?—of injustice to the son, and now, I doubt not, of regret and remorse to the foolish mother? No, dear father; we may be poor together; but we shall not be mean, nay, *dishonest*."

The Earl made a peevish ejaculation about women's romance, and ignorance of the world and of business; and his daughter, accustomed to think and, by his indulgence, to act for herself, at once wrote to Mrs Herbert, warmly congratulating her upon her son's approaching marriage, and informing her that the fortune, which she affected to consider as a toy, placed by the caprice of a spoiled child in the keeping of a favourite, and then pettishly reclaimed or desired back, was now at her service.

Mrs Herbert was both gratified and deeply mortified by this letter. It proved Lady Laura the noble creature which she had always believed and maintained, in the face of the suspicious lawyer, Gryphon; and also, that her confidence had not been misplaced. In the vacillation of the moment, and charmed with the sentiments of Lady Laura, she almost sighed that the choice of Charles had not been fixed before he had seen one possessed of much greater feminine attraction, softness, and gentleness, though not of a more elevated mind. Nay, she even boasted to Violet of the conduct of Laura, when the former ran in, full of delight, to shew Mrs Herbert the letter from Laura to herself, to which we have already alluded.

"Noble, indeed, she is, as people of the world may think," said Violet; "though only what one might expect in a right-hearted woman. But how happy I am that she does not love Charles so much as you supposed, else she never could write me thus. I can bear Juliana Stocks to be in love with him, but not Lady Laura, who, if she had loved Charles as I do—and, I am sure, seeing him so much, I wonder how she escaped it—could never speak thus of him, so kindly; and so handsomely congratulate me on my prospects."

Yet Violet was a little discomposed when Mrs Herbert, in the enthusiasm of the moment, boasted to Charles of her magnanimous and admirable friend; and she was also a little surprised, in her simplicity, at Mrs Herbert shewing no hesitation at taking Lady Laura at her word in returning the fortune. A consultation of lawyers followed, and then one of the lovers; each of the pair alike disposed to do homage to the exalted virtue of Lady Laura, and anxious to make the sacrifice as light as possible.

Ten days later, the Lady Laura, who had been at open feud with her father, entered his apartment as he was about to proceed to Court, having just received important despatches from England. Letters had come to his daughter by the same opportunity.

"Well, Laura, is it peace or war?" asked the Earl, attempting to be gay.

"Peace, if you choose it, sir," replied his daughter; "and I am now in a condition to offer you advantageous terms. My cousin, Violet, though the youngest, is the ablest diplomatist among us." Lady Laura pointed to the open letter which she held in her hand. It was written by Charles, in the name of his affianced wife, and, as he stated, at her suggestion. The scheme of adjustment proposed was hers. "You cannot, even by the admission of your own lawyers, who are anxious to see the affair in the most favourable light, hope much longer to ward off the claims of my cousin," said Laura, "although you wished it."

"Have you come to congratulate me on that score?" returned the Earl, sharply.

"No, my Lord; but to announce that, during your lifetime and mine, we shall have no trouble, on condition"——

"Ay, the condition?" demanded the Earl, eagerly; the letters which he had just received disposing him strongly to any measure by which the repayment of nearly £50,000, to which his mother's original bequests had now mounted, might be evaded or deferred.

"On condition that justice is done by us to my cousin's future husband," said Laura, with the forced emphasis and slightly tremulous tone of voice which betrayed her feelings. "That Mr Charles Herbert receives back from us the smaller fortune of which the world thinks we have deprived him, by working on the facility or vanity of his father's widow."

This was said with bitterness; for Laura Temple could no more forgive her own weakness, than the conduct of Mrs Herbert which had encouraged it.

"Hang his father's widow!" cried the Earl, yet somewhat relieved. "Shew me the letter, La. What will Gryphon say to it? 'Tis quite impossible that the Lord Chancellor would have

saddled me with that monstrous amount of interest, where I was perfectly unconscious of any existing claim. You give up £40,000, Laura. The claims of this girl would, in all likelihood, be extinguished by £30,000. Are you aware of what you surrender?"

"Perfectly: a burthen and a disgrace I surrender, for incurring which I shall never forgive myself. The generosity of these young persons shames us, papa."

"Not quite so generous or disinterested as you may suppose, Laura. After my apotheosis—when the title and estates have gone—to the devil—by the law of entail, Herbert's and his wife's claim will still, I imagine, hold good against the said estate of Coombe Flory, on which my sensible mother's money was secured. Much good may it then do them! My pretty niece is surely as near and dear to me as that sneaking black rascal down at Glo'ster, who will inherit the honours of the Tarberts; because my great-grandfather's younger brother, being half-witted, chose to marry the gamekeeper's daughter."

"Both nearer and dearer, certainly, papa. Then this is fixed. I may write to—to Charles Herbert. I conclude that he now surrenders his appointment in your suite."

"That I leave to his discretion. Herbert has now another claim on me: and his pretty little wife would make a charming addition to your society, Laura."

"Leave it rather to my discretion, father," said Laura, with a sigh, which the father felt; "and write Charles that his appointment is otherwise filled up. You are going to court?"

"To the Minister; to solicit, among a hundred and fifty things, for the arrest of some blackguard travelling Count or other, who has been coming it rather strong over honest John Bull, and even going the bold length of running away with his heiresses. If my excellent countrymen insist upon being gulled by these gentry, I cannot see why they should be baulked in their fancy. But the girl's father has some parliamentary, or, I ought rather, now-a-days, to say *constituentary* influence; and he insists on having a Count Rodolph Zandersehloss hanged, for the protection of English heiresses. What idiots the admiration of titles makes the half-caste British gentry. Any man, not of our nation, must have known that a person with so preposterous a title must be an impostor—never could be a German noble. My Count, I find, was originally a barber, and afterwards an itinerant dealer in spurious Eau de Cologne, and other quackeries, about the watering-places of his own country; but, in mine, he emerged a magnate of the first grade."

"And where is the unfortunate young lady?"

"Ah, there is the beauty of it. He did not even get her; nor, what is worse, a stiver from her papa's money-bags: and yet papa must have his revenge. It has been altogether a losing bargain to the Count, who has, moreover, been blown and driven from England before he had fully reaped his harvest."

Lady Laura smiled, as she remarked:—"Yet the vanity or credulous folly of the one, cannot excuse the villany of the other party; nor, though the scheme of this person has failed, is his guilt the less. I do hope your application for his arrest will be successful. I presume this is the case to which Mr Charles Herbert referred, where he rescued the young lady, when lately following you through Kent?"

"The very same distressed damsel and *preux chevalier*. But now, Laura, I insist upon you getting rid of your three days' *migraine*, and appearing in the circle to-night. He is, though a travelled and accomplished Hungarian, no mock Count who would glory in placing you in the van of the march of improvement in his semi-barbarous principality."

The Lady Laura turned away with an expression of pain on her countenance, which warned her father not then to press the topic farther; but her appearance at court that evening proved that she was not indifferent to what gave him pleasure.

CHAPTER XIV.

We have, as is not unfrequent with the members of our craft, dropped a stitch in our knitting, which it is now necessary to pick up. In plainer terms, we left Mr John Quintin Cryppes safe in the custody of Mistress Marion, who, on many accounts, was desirous to be handsomely rid of him; though Jack, now tolerably reassured by her hospitable treatment, began to fancy that he might be in much worse quarters, and to hint that he could pass the night with great comfort in her leathern arm-chair. This Marion would not understand; and a plainer intimation of Jack's desire drew forth a point blank order to tramp.

"I have done my part by you," said Marion; "that you cannot deny: and I am ready and willing to fulfil the conditions of my pactios, and get you smuggled to Leith along with my meal ark, which goes doon once a-year to be filled; and on it, or in it, ye may go and lie as snug as a thief in a mill."

"To Scotland; cut off from my London resources!" said Jack; "my wardrobe in so bad a condition, and my finances exhausted."

"Your resources! My certy, they are to brag of!" returned Marion; and Mr Jack, who seldom lost anything, for want of bold attempt to obtain it, changed his tactics.

"Without some small temporary supply, your goodness to me—that noble dealing with a foe, which distinguishes your ancient and gallant nation—were worse than lost."

"So ye would butter us up, would ye?" returned Marion, scornfully; but either her heart was somewhat mollified, or else the kindness which, for excellent causes and reasons, she had already shewn, naturally disposed her towards the farther benevolence which might render it available to its object; and she said—"It's no

to be thought that I will supply your profligate extravagance, even for an hour; but as I have, thanks to mysel, made my own of you, I would not grudge a trifle to put you in a way of winning honest bread, by industry, and of forsaking the wicked courses that must lead you to the gallows. Ye are but a young chield yet; and, they tell me, no altogether without tawlents and capacity, if ye had steadiness. As a dancin'-master, now; or, say that ye united singin' wi' dancin'; and the tunin' o' pianofortes, and cleaning clocks and mending broken china, the like o' you might make a shift from dale to dale amang the store farmers that have families to educate, and are far from market towns, and respectable instructors of youth: though, I'm sure, I ken not how I durst venture to recommend you."

There was much that appeared to Jack so exquisitely ludicrous in such a scheme, as connected with a person of his own importance and pretensions, that his pride was not offended; and, in his present pinch, anything was better than remaining lurking where he was, so thoroughly well-known to the police; and, besides, the idea diverted him. After a moment of hesitation, he replied—

"Egad, it might be an amusing lark enough: see something of life—eh, old lady? As good as a tour with the tinkers, or a campaign with strollers. And then I could write my Travels in Scotland, with Illustrations:—perhaps induce some of my keen-scented friends in the Row to advance a few pieces on the spec. Were you, ma'am, frankly to advance me twenty, or say twenty-five pieces, now, I should at once give you an order upon my publisher for thirty or forty, a month hence, which I consider a handsome profit."

"Greatly obleeged," replied Marion, in her driest tones; "but I could not think of robbing you. Ye must surely consider us Scotch clean Jews and usurers, that we would take such advantage of a gentleman in distress. Besides, I am no money-changer, young man: what I give I give."

Jack found that he was on the wrong lay.

"Hearty that, egad! I like it. Well, ma'am, a lady of your penetration and sagacity can easily comprehend my present pinch. I should, as matters stand, be most happy to embrace the romantic scheme you have suggested of making a raid into Scotland, if furnished with a trifle and a *carte du pays*."

"I may not object to *pay* whatever I consider needful to your frugal and sober, but decent, maintenance between this and Berwick or Newcastle, and a cast beyond; and if ye make a bonfire of these Rag-Market duds, that would make the very craws in my country tak' ye for a potato-bogle, I maybe have a couple of shirts and a suit of second-hand blacks in my drawers, to make ye a thought more respectable, and liker a dominie."

Jack laughed outright. The very absurdity of the scheme, its imaginary monstrous incongruity in relation to himself, served to recommend it. He had also heard of young men of title and rank (whether real or pretended) travelling as wandering pipers, and faring luxuriously under the assumed character. Nay, heiresses had been honestly, or, at least, safely, achieved by gallant gentlemen thus disguised. He became even impatient to embark; and less from apprehension of the danger which really menaced him than anxiety to commence his adventures as a chevalier-errant in the north.

The munificence of Mistress Linton fairly exceeded his expectations, though displayed in a manner quite characteristic of the caution of her country. To the most comfortable stock of linen and under-clothing which Jack had possessed for some years, she added another and another pair of her own substantial, knit woollen hose, and silk handkerchiefs; and drew forth another and another half-crown, that he might not, she said, require to change one of his five sovereigns until fairly landed, and advancing on his inland march.

"After ye get up among the hill-farmers, ye will need for nothing," said Marion, "and be in the way of makin' instead o' spendin'. I have kenned a well-behaved man, who could give instruction both in psalmody, and foursome reels and high dances, carry off a matter of five-and-twenty or thirty shillings from a clachan, after a sojourn of six weeks, or two months, in a winter."

This to the accomplished son of Professor Cryppes, who, for a musical lesson of twenty minutes, had lately received five guineas, and might have had ten! But Jack, clinging to the idea of a lark into Scotland, and, at least, two volumes of illustrated travels, was not dismayed.

"Hang money!" cried Jack; "I have a soul above pelf—always had. I shall have shooting and fishing, romantic and magnificent scenery to sketch, ay, and pretty Scotch lasses to court—eh, old lady?" And Jack leeringly squinted inexpressible meanings.

"Forgie me for letting loose such a swindlin' profligate on my native land!" thought Marion: and she said aloud—"An' it had not been, Mr Cripps, that I have ta'en my ain out o' you, and that I consider your bonny tittie, Mrs Burke Barker, a greater loon in the matter of stealing the heiress than your worshipful self, who were likely to suffer the haill penalty and dirdum, it should have been long ere I had sent such a roving blade among my young countrywomen, though I consider the muircocks in no great danger frae cockney shots."

Jack, under the first implied accusation, smiled most complacently; which, provoking Marion, she added—

"Howsoever, those who see you London dandies in daylight, will not be ower ready to rin off wi' you in the dark, Mr Jack; and to make ye less killin' and more safe, I must have aff these moustaches. My pussie really envies you o' them;—but they are beauties!"

"My moustaches, ma'am?" cried Jack, petrified, and fondly drawing the forefinger and thumb of the left hand over the cherished appendages. "Be assured I shall not part with my moustaches."

"Not part wi' them!" cried Marion, rising, and flourishing her scissors; "then, be ye assured, the police will no part wi' you. If ye did not hear me read that description of your beautiful person which the tailor's lady below has gotten to keep for a love-token, ye might have heard it. Come, come, no nonsense. This is as much as your neck is worth."

"If it were necessary to disfigure my face in this horrible style, I would require an expert *friseur*; or, at any rate, a razor to perform so delicate an operation myself."

"There's no razor here, were it wanted to sned your weasand," cried Marion; while Jack warded off the threatened assault of her sharp instrument. "Ye surely do not mean to insinuate that I have a beard? And, as for shaving, I have clipped a twated sheep mony a time ere now, and may surely perform on you. But if ye should prefer to perform the task yoursel, I'll just owerlook ye."

Finally, Jack's hairy honours—such was his hard fate—fell beneath his own hands, Marion looking exultingly on.

"There now, ye are no altogether so like a monkey and a mountebank as before. If the half of the whiskers were sent to the fire in company, there might be some kything of a human face about ye still."

"So you really think, old lady, I look handsomer?" said Jack, complacently regarding his denuded upper lip in Marion's small looking-glass. "Gad a' mercy on the poor Scotch girls!"

Marion's temper could scarcely stand this, diverted as she had been by the infliction of the late awful punishment.

"Get along with you," she cried. "The tailor's gay lady is sleeping by this time; and, Adonis as ye are, might think a good £200 better than your bulk; and, I have reason to be thankfu', I am ower auld to fall in love with you, though I maun convoy ye safe as far as the wharf. It will be a sight for sair eyne to see auld Marion Linton linking east Fleet Street arm-in-arm wi' a fashionable dandy."

Though Marion's stomach rose at the degradation of the public exhibition, she submitted, the better to elude the suspicions of the watchmen and police; and Jack, also overwhelmed with confusion at being so accompanied, consoled himself with the recollection that the hour was late, and the quarter unfashionable.

"No one can detect me," said Jack, aloud.

"It's no that like," returned Marion, as they turned off from the street door. "With me by your side, a clean shirt on your back, and the hair off your mouth, forbye that pair of stout shoon on your feet—they cost me nett 5s. 6d.—you are mair decently disguised, I dare say, than since the day ye were first breeched. But ye'll keep quiet now. The skipper expects ye. Ye sail wi' the tide. And, whatever he may jalouse, he will be canny wi' ye for my sake, or—for reasons as substantial."

They proceeded quickly and quietly along the nearly deserted streets, not without that sense of danger which, for the moment, established a feeling of common sympathy in bosoms so discordant.

"My poor mother," whispered Jack, in a natural and softened voice, as they drew near the appointed spot, and found a man like a sailor or porter waiting to receive them. "The old lady is so fond of me," he continued, in a whisper to Marion, "I wish I could have sent her or the governor some token of my dutiful remembrance of them."

"No doubt ye are her bairn, whatever else she or you be," returned Marion, somewhat melted. "And now the Lord pardon and guide ye, and forgie me, if sae be it is sin to try to save your young blude frae the gallows, and gie ye time for repentance and amendment of life; especially as ye hae tried to make some small reparation to Miss Violet. Stay: there's a bit Glasgow pound-note in my hussey-case. It's no easy getting silver for them in this toon without losin' a shillin' or a sixpence by the job. Take it wi' ye, and be a wiser and better man. It's ne'er ower late to repent. I'll maybe see your parents the morn, and set them at ease about you."

"Thank you, old lady. Remember me to Miss Violet and my friend Charles.—Gad, I might, in an hour or two more, have wheedled her out of another five pounds," thought Jack, going on with his guide. "What the deuce can all the women, old and young, see in me! There's that tailor's handsome wife, too: devilish hard to be shipped off so critically. Thanks to my charming sister, Poll, who would have stored the harvest, and left me the stubble for my share, like a goose as I am. And now for beggarly Scotland, ho!—where I cannot have worse fortune than the cursed hag chalked out for me." And Jack continued—"Stay,—I might be a Polish refugee noble, or an Italian picture-dealer, or twenty characters. None, however, to start with, fairer than a young nobleman travelling incognito, and tuning pianos, for a frolic, to gain access to the pretty performers upon them. If the vulgar Rodolpho, with his ugly phiz and broken English, humbugged the Warwickshire folks in style, why may not I charm the Scotch. London, though, as my sage governor was wont to say, is, and ever will be, the grand mart for talents. Adieu, Alma Mater! If I prosper, it shall not be long till we meet again."

And with this the good old Smack, the *Eydent*, began to drop down the Thames, bearing to Scotland a cargo of bones, empty oat-meal bags, and Russian bristles, together with Jack Cryppes and his fortunes.

(To be continued.)

SCENES ABROAD AND THOUGHTS AT HOME.—No. III.

By JELINGER C. SYMONS.

THERE is no country in Europe so deficient in statistics as Switzerland; especially as regards those indices to national wealth, imports and exports: the reason is, that there are no customs, no protecting duties, and no other tax on the importation or exportation of goods than a toll called a "*transit due*," which is almost entirely levied by weight, and which, corresponding in principle to our turnpike tolls, is sufficiently heavy in amount to defray a very large portion of the light taxes of Switzerland.

The evidences of the growth or decay of national wealth are, however, to be read elsewhere than in the records of custom houses. And I am very sure that every traveller, especially in the northern or German cantons of Switzerland, who has taken the pains to examine the industry as well as the scenery, the men as well as the mountains of Switzerland—I say, I am sure that all such will bear me out in the assertion that a more well-conditioned, happy, prosperous peasantry, than that of Switzerland, are seldom if ever seen in other countries; whilst the middle classes, who constitute the only aristocracy, are no less signally remarkable for amiability of character and ease of circumstances. To these outward evidences of the social and industrial progress of the Swiss people, I must recur, after a brief glance at the exact condition of their manufacturing progress, and, indeed, their productive arts in general.

Of all the countries of Europe, there are few, if any, more unfavourably situated than Switzerland, both as regards the indigenous or natural sources of wealth, and as regards facility of transport for foreign trade. So mountainous is the country, that the corn grown in Switzerland does not suffice for the wants of two-thirds of the population. She has, with a trifling exception, no mineral produce: she has but very little coal, and scarcely any timber; whilst the chief valuable produce she has, may be summed up in flax, fruit, and grass. The latter is the staple territorial wealth of the land; and the herds and flocks fattened in Switzerland, certainly form a very lucrative commodity of exchange, as well as of food for internal consumption: but in manufacturing material, with the sole exception of flax, Switzerland is perhaps more barren than any other country in Europe: and a glance at the map will shew that, begirt with alps on one side, and hemmed in by foreign land, severing her widely from the sea on all sides, no country is so completely cut off from maritime facilities to commerce. Nevertheless, the manufactures of Switzerland are rapidly on the increase, not only in the production of linen goods, for which she has territorial advantages, but, positively, still more remarkable is her progress in *cotton* manufactures, in which she labours under every conceivable topographical disability. Every one who has visited the environs of St Gall, which has long been the centre of this branch of fabric, or who has skirted the Lake of Zürich by Uznacht to Lichtensteig, and from Zürich to Baden, and into Argovia, will, I am sure, have been struck by the size and beauty of the cotton mills, both for spinning and weaving, which are arising or just completed in various parts of these districts. The extent of spinning mills is estimated by the number of spindles in each; and their efficiency by the quantity of yarn spun on them per day—thus shewing the goodness of the machinery. In 1836, a census was taken, and it was found that there were then 608,000 spindles in activity in Switzerland; since which time, mills, containing no less than from 140,000 to 150,000 spindles, making upwards of 750,000, have been opened. In Austria, where raw cotton can be directly imported into Trieste—and the Emperor does his best to encourage and protect (after his fashion) the cotton spinning trade—there were, by the last census, not 700,000 spindles throughout that immense territory; and of these mills, no inconsiderable portion belong to the Messrs Escher of Zürich, who have large factories on the Austrian side of the Rhine, purely to avoid the wise protecting duty which the Austrian goverment levies on Swiss yarn. These gentlemen, with whom Mr Peter Kennedy from Manchester is in partnership, were very lately erecting several new mills in the Tyrol, for themselves and others; and one of our commercial Members of Parliament, who has lately returned from the spot, informed me, the other day, that he had personally inspected the machinery; which, especially in the important branch of the carding apparatus, he had found to be excellent.

Cotton-spinning has, for long, been carried on in Switzerland, as well as in the neighbouring parts of central Europe; but a far more rapid progress is observable in Switzerland than in any other Continental nation, not only in extent of enterprise and of industrial energy, but equally in the immense improvement in quality, or rather, to speak more correctly, in the fineness of the thread they now spin; and which results unquestionably from the effect of our Corn-Laws, which drive so many of our most skilled mechanists, and even many of our manufacturers, abroad. The spinning of Switzerland was mostly confined to No. 30s, 40s, or 50s. Seldom did their mills attempt the higher and finer numbers.* Latterly, owing to the vast improvement in their machinery, they are spining No. 80s, and 90s, and 100s, in all the new mills; and I have myself seen some No 120s, as good and evenly spun as the medium quality of Manchester twist. They spin still higher numbers

* Yarn is estimated, as regards fineness and price, by its weight; which is ascertained by the number of hanks, of a fixed length, which go to a pound weight. Hence, yarn, of which 60 hanks weigh a pound, is technically termed No. 60s, and so forth.

in the most recent mills, and, as I am credibly informed, so successfully as to meet a good sale in the Leipzic market. It may be asked, what difference it makes to us whether foreigners spin high numbers or low, fine or coarse thread. All the difference in the world! It is the fine yarn which we have the greatest capacity to produce, and which chiefly constitutes our immense export trade in twist; for the price of carriage enters so greatly into the coarse yarn, and the superiority of our machinery so little, that the profit is very trifling indeed on the exportation of coarse twist; but, for the same reason, very great on the exportation of the fine twist, of which the value varies inversely with the weight and cost of carriage. As an instance of the value of our fine-twist trade, I may state, that at Tarare, near Lyons, in France, where the finest French muslins are woven, so necessary is English twist to them, that one house there purchases immense quantities of English yarn above No. 120s—which, up to No. 170s, is prohibited from being sold in France at all—passes it through France, under the custom-house seal, paying the transit due to Switzerland, whence it is smuggled into France, and back again to Tarare! Now, this valuable trade is precisely what we are daily losing, by the erection of improved machinery abroad. I never have, and never will exaggerate the growth of foreign competition. I am of opinion that, in no part of the Continent can they spin yarn so fine as we can, or produce such evenly wove *power*-loom cloth; and quite confident am I that, in whatever department of mechanism, we have superior machinery here to any yet made abroad. A first-rate cotton-mill will, under the most favourable circumstances, cost, abroad, one-third more to erect than it will here; and the best mules I ever saw abroad, will spin the same quality of produce at ten per cent. dearer than ours; but, at the same time, I cannot forget that, five years ago, when our machinery and mills and their produce were certainly but very little inferior to what they are now, foreign mills cost, not one-third, but one-half more to erect; that their machinery was not to be compared with what it now is; and that, of the same quality, their cotton twist was not ten, but, at the very least, thirty per cent. dearer than ours. It must not, however, be inferred that the improvements in the industry, and the additions to the natural produce of foreign countries, are disadvantageous to our own. Far from it. We have the same interest in the prosperity of the countries with which we trade as a shopkeeper has in the wealth of his customers. The evil consists, not in the developement of other nations' *natural* powers of production, but in the prohibitions wherewith we discourage those natural powers, and force their industry into channels in which they have a less capacity to enrich themselves, and are constrained to compete with us instead of ministering to our mutual progress, by the free interchange of what each can easiest produce and best spare. As it is, we have been the pioneers of their progress: they have no mysteries to unravel: no new discoveries to make; no impediments to perfection, of which they as yet know not the remedies: they know them all; and all they want is practice in the application, which they are fast acquiring; and capital, which their progress is itself creating. It may be asked, Can we not outrun them in the race? The answer is, The landed interest forbids it. They are, year by year, coming up with us; and, year by year, driving us out of all markets near enough to them, and distant enough from us, to be supplied with less cost of carriage; for so small is the difference of prices, that even the cost of carriage turns the scale against us. It is very natural that the growth of population and of civilisation, and the additional wants, as well as means of gratifying them, which these call forth, should create a general and marked progress in the arts of production; but, seeing the immense increase of population in this country over every other in Europe, it is a demonstrable fact, that, although productive powers may be increasing here, they are increasing in a less proportion to the growth of numbers than among the competing nations of the Continent. I have taken cotton twist as an instance, because, in this country to which I more particularly allude, it is a more signal instance of the growth of foreign productions than any other, owing to the inadaptibility of the soil and position to their perfection. In silks, linens, or watches, the same progress is, however, alike remarkable. I must not, however, forget one powerful element to the success, not only of cotton, but of all other power machinery in Switzerland and the Tyrol, namely, waterfalls. I have seen a small stream, having a fall, perhaps of 300 or 400 feet, from the precipice of a mountain, immediately behind a mill of fifty or seventy horse power, and never failing. This, certainly, gives a great advantage to the industrial progress of Switzerland; and so rapid are the falls, that the streams are seldom, if ever, known to freeze.

In weaving, whether silks, linens, or muslins, Switzerland has, for some time, attained very considerable eminence. The mode of carrying on this important branch of her industry, forms a very important feature, not only of her industry, but of the domestic and social economy of the Swiss people. I allude to their constant intermixture of agricultural pursuits with weaving. Although we have no returns (neither do there exist any official data) of the amount of the produce of Swiss looms, it is known to be very considerable; for their muslins and cotton goods, of all descriptions, find their way to most of the European, and even to the Brazilian markets. And yet, considerable as are these productions, there scarcely exist any regular weavers by profession in Switzerland. All blend agriculture with weaving. There are not many large estates: the land is sub-divided, by the laws regulating the descent of property, into very small possessions. The consequence is, that almost every head of a family is the owner of a small piece

of land, generally pasturage, which there exists a strong desire to possess. When a man marries, and has not the means to buy land on his own resources, if he have a decent character, he is at once enabled to purchase a mortgage, (as I stated before,) a system universally practised, and found to answer well. There is, in fact, so much facility for acquiring land in this way, that a family without any incurs some degree of stigma from the fact.

As the land belonging to the peasantry in the northern cantons (where, indeed, almost the only extent of cultivated land is situated) mostly consists of pasture, only a portion of the time of a family and their servants is occupied in agricultural pursuits, and the tendance of the flocks; the rest is almost invariably devoted to the occupation of weaving, whether of muslins, silks, or damasks: the consequence is, first, as regards economy, that they are enabled to work extremely cheap; almost, if not quite as much so, as the miserable class who drag out a life of slow death, by exclusively following the calling of weavers in this country. It has been contended that, by this intermixture of two species of employment, an inferior degree of proficiency must be attained than by an adherence to a single occupation. I am convinced that this general principle does not apply to the artisan peasantry of Switzerland. Skill in weaving does not depend nearly so much on undeviating practice in the art, as on certain mental and bodily qualifications. Among the latter are health and cheerfulness; and to this nothing can more powerfully contribute than the intermixture of out-door and in-door work. The English or Scottish handloom weaver, confined, from year's end to year's end, to the monotonous and deadening labour of the loom, and eternally cooped up in the same damp room, without variety or intermission, loses the elasticity of spirit and healthfulness of mind so essential to dexterity, even in a manual art; whilst the Swiss artisan, whose body and mind are alike invigorated by the variety of a healthful exercise in the open air, returns with far more mental aptitude, as well as bodily vigour, to the sedentary handicraft of the loom. The personal appearance of the weaver of Lancashire and the weaver of St Gall, forms the strongest conceivable contrast; nor is it possible to contemplate the haggard, wan, and deathlike features of the former, and then turn to the robust frame and happy countenance of the latter, without perceiving at once the practical effects of the two systems, without the aid of political economy to decide their relative merits: and I am of opinion, that a Swiss weaver, setting *con amore* to his work, will accomplish more in a given number of days, intermixed with out-door labour, than will an English weaver, by confining himself exclusively to the loom.

The factory labourers in Switzerland are less healthy and happy than the artisan peasants; but, owing to causes on which I shall presently touch, they are much more so, generally speaking, than in this country: I say *generally speaking*, because I have invariably found that the unhealthiness and relaxed frames of our factory work-people depend less on the necessary confinement, and the character of their occupation, than on the want of proper ventilation and moral habits; and I may cite, among several instances where these essential points have been attended to, the factory of Mr Edmund Ashworth of Egerton, near Bolton, one of the very largest cotton-spinners in England. I have stood and watched the whole body of his work-people leaving his enormous factory; and so healthy was their appearance, that a person accustomed to visit factories would imagine that every one of these work-people were new hands just caught fresh from the country, and turned for the first time into the mill. The factory is well and thoroughly ventilated; and, besides, if I mistake not, the village of Egerton belongs to the Messrs A., and they will not tolerate gin-shops. The utmost attention is paid to the morals, as well as the minds and bodies, of the people; and, as in Switzerland, where similar care is generally taken, labourers are looked upon and treated by their employers as fellow-beings, in whose happiness they have a Christian as well as a pecuniary interest; and not, as in too many cases here, like mere machines, from whose sinews and muscles the utmost possible exertion is to be wrenched as long as they last.

It matters not whether we regard the condition of the labouring population of the northern and German cantons, or the somewhat inferior condition of those in the Italian and French, or southern cantons: both are superior to the condition of the labouring classes here, as regards mental and moral, as well as physical well-being.

The beauty of the pastoral and simple life, especially of the northern peasantry, almost surpasses description. You may travel, for days together, without seeing a single cottage without its full store of comforts; the abundance of the meals, and the activity and healthiness of the inmates giving plenary evidence of the abundance of their *means*, however low the nominal amount of their wages.

In a country which, as I have already stated, has scarcely any of the natural elements of prosperity, this flourishing condition of the people affords a problem which it is essentially useful to solve. I attribute it, first and foremost, to the high moral and mental cultivation of the people; to their well-informed and highly-educated minds; and to those restraints over the passions and vices which a thorough religious training can alone permanently secure. The religion of the Swiss people, especially in the Protestant cantons, is not a mere Sunday garb of formal observance; not a cold assent to the lip service of a professed creed; but a living principle of action, inherited from the very sources of the Reformation when Protestantism sprung from the mountains of central Europe, and where it has since dwelt in its stern and simple spirit; handed down,

from generation to generation, in that unalloyed purity which first vindicated its authority, and which has imparted the impress of its character to the disciples of Calvin.

They who question the influence of moral habits on the industrial progress and physical prosperity of a nation, have yet to learn the elements of political economy. There are, unquestionably, some occupations which can be performed without much difference as to the moral habits of the workman: but there are a great majority which cannot. Take, for instance, watch-making. The delicate hand requisite for the formation of the finer wheels, can alone be found among men of moral habits. Owing to this circumstance, and to the almost certain connexion between high wages and drunkenness, where education and religion do not act as a restraint, there is the utmost difficulty in obtaining anything like a due supply of workmen for this manufacture in England; and those who are fitted for it consequently charge a high price for their labour; and, though our watches are of very superior quality, yet the trade is, from the circumstances I have stated, almost a monopoly; and, at any rate, very far from being the material addition to the amount and value of our productions which it otherwise would, were the manufacture not limited by the fewness of competent workmen. Now, in Switzerland, on the contrary, watches form a most material element of national wealth. They are made by the peasants in the western cantons, and even in the mountainous districts; and Dr Bowring, whose intelligent and acute investigation was especially directed to this branch of Swiss trade, reports that it is making rapid increase, and that it is pursued in all its branches, by the workmen of several districts he names, almost to the exclusion of every other pursuit. Now Switzerland has no one single advantage over England, in the *materiel* of this manufacture. Her atmosphere is less well suited to it, owing to its sudden vicissitudes; and as regards both brass and steel, they are better here than there; and so, decidedly, is the inventive talent of the art. What, therefore, is there to account for the difference, if we trace it not to the superior moral and mental qualities of the Swiss workmen, which impart an aptitude to them for the manufacture of that delicate machinery, which, of all others, requires a cool temperament and a steady hand. Again, as regards muslins, it is well known that the value of muslins, as, indeed, of all the finer tissues, depends greatly on the evenness of the weft, and on the number of shots, or cross threads, bearing throughout the same proportion to the warps or longitudinal threads. Now, in mulls, jaconets, &c., the proportion of shots to warps in a given space is, for instance, fifteen shots to every twelve or thirteen warps, as the case may be. In book muslins, the shots and warps are equal; so that, if viewed through a magnifying glass, the web ought to consist entirely of perfect squares. The warps are passed through the teeth of a reed—an instrument like a long small-tooth comb; and are therefore, fixed at their proper distances: but there is nothing but the dexterity of the weaver to cause the shots to be placed at even distances across the warps: this is effected after they have been shot *under* every alternate warp, and *over* the others, by a blow with the lay; which is an instrument with a row of wires passing through the warps, and which plays backwards and forwards, and with which the weaver strikes the shot home, nearly up to the last shot. Now on the equality of the force applied does the evenness of distance between the shots and the beauty of the web depend. But this is doubly necessary in book muslins, where the exact square has to be observed each time; and it so happens that the Swiss and Scotch book muslins are remarkable for their peculiar superiority in this respect, and also for the rareness of mended threads, which, when the shuttle is not evenly thrown, frequently occur, and are also a cause of great blemish to the cloth. Again, I do not hesitate to attribute the superiority of these nations in the fabric of book muslins to the acknowledged pre-eminence of the people of both in the acquirements, moral and mental, which preserve the equanimity of the mind and the steadiness of the hand. Instance might be multiplied upon instance, to prove the direct and inseparable effect of morals and mind on the skill of handicrafts, and hence on the positive wealth of a country.

There is, however, another powerful element of national wealth, in which the Swiss people, owing entirely to their shrewd perception and intelligence, have had the good sense to supply their deficiency in the territorial sources of production. I allude to her perfect absence of customs, and to those barriers on exchange which are so facetiously termed protection to trade. On the contrary, she exchanges what she can best produce and spare with what other nations of different capacities can best produce and spare. The result is, that industry and talent seek the channels in which they have the best means of success, and in which they can realize the largest amount of any given commodity; and which, having an exchangeable value, will realize a larger amount of any other commodity, by barter, than could have been produced at home, with less capacity for its production. This is the theory of free trade; and for its fruits, where it is alone in practice, we may well point to the prosperity of Switzerland. Not a single country in return reciprocates her freedom of customs—not one admits her goods free of duty. But what is that to her? Does it prevent her from buying what she will from whom she will, and enjoying what she buys at its cost price, without enhancing it by a duty protecting a trade which can't make what people will willingly buy at the expense of those who can? And if foreign countries, which must eventually be paid in Swiss goods, choose to put difficulties in the way of their own merchants realizing their money and getting paid, what is that to Switzerland? She gains the difference in value and

actual wealth, between what she can make well and what she could make ill. Having a greater capacity for making watches than for growing corn, she has the sense to see that she can with less cost make the number of watches which will exchange for fifty quarters of wheat, than she could, by forcing bad soils, grow the wheat herself. She perceives that, in the one case, she can, by means of watchmaking, procure the fifty quarters of wheat with twenty day's labour, whilst to grow the wheat, would cost her, say, twenty-five days' labour. She therefore produces watches instead of wheat, and pockets the difference! The Swiss people believe that if a trade cannot support itself, that is a sufficient reason, not why the trade should be protected, but why it should be abandoned; the fact that a trade wants protection, being the best possible reason why it should not be protected. It is not suited to the capacities of the people, so well as other trades, which do not want protection; and if it be not suited to the capacities of the country or the people, it will manifestly yield a less quota to the general fund of produce which constitutes *national wealth*. These principles may be erroneous: but if they be, it has first to be shewn how it happens that Switzerland, which alone practises them, enjoys eminent prosperity, where all physical circumstances seem calculated to produce peculiar poverty. Her soil even refuses to furnish, with one or two exceptions, the material of the chief productions in which she excels; she is begirt by a frontier bristling with foreign custom-houses, while she dispenses wholly with them herself: and yet are her people blessed with abundance, eminent for social and mental cultivation, famed for artistical skill, and sending the products of their industry to the most distant markets of the world.

On this point, juster views and a more enlightened policy are fast gaining ground. Men are beginning to find that the interests of nations are common, and that it is not by selfish endeavours to improve our own interest, or by injuring another nation's, that we can permanently flourish. The prosperity of empires is coincident with concord, and coextensive with the sphere of mutual sympathy and assistance. In freeing trade from its fetters, the advantage to other countries is conferred through the advantage to ourselves. It is a self-benefiting philanthropy. By remitting duties which impoverish us, we compel the countries which supply our consequently increased demand to remove the obstacles which obstruct their reception of our goods in return, and by which alone they can be repaid. If there be one fallacy at once more groundless and more prevalent than another, it is the reciprocity plea for continuing protecting (impoverishing) duties—a plea clearly founded on the assumption that we are enriched by the wealth which leaves us, and of which we are primarily bound to facilitate the reception abroad, by getting foreigners to alter their tariffs, instead of the fact that it is what we receive that alone concerns us, and which we ought primarily to set about increasing. An evidence of the strength of this error has been recently exhibited by the anxious efforts we have made to induce France to make several petty reductions in her ridiculous tariff, as if that were an indispensable preliminary to the benefit to ourselves of reductions in our own. That interchange should be as easy as possible on both sides is indeed desirable; but if France be reluctant, there is no way half so sure of obtaining the removal of her fiscal obstructions, as that of abolishing our own.

Monsieur Delesalle—one of the most acute-minded of the Industrialists of the Continent—in the course of a long discussion I held with him on free trade, said, that, though he admitted the theory, he did not see what a country could do under an entirely free-trade system, which had no superiority of any sort in any productive art. I admitted that such a country must necessarily be poor; but the question is, how would it mend matters by protecting duties, which compel its people to buy dear what they might otherwise buy cheaper? A country, under such circumstances, must bestow more cost and labour in raising the exchangeable value of its productions than any other; but this leaves the question as it was, whether those productions shall be exchanged to the best or to the worst advantage; or, in other words, whether the powers of the country, be they great or small, shall be applied to that in which their capacities are the largest, or not.

I am not among the number of those who despond at our present commercial posture. I believe that the energies of England are sound and her powers unimpaired; but, sure am I, that if she is to maintain her proud position in the front of national progress, it must be by dispelling selfishness from her policy as a state, and ignorance from the minds of the people: it must be by rendering trade *free* and education universal.

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Our minds produce the Upas tree that kills
The doves which seek its shade! One thought of sin
Is as a seed whence, sprouting forth, begin
Foul plants that grow a wilderness which fills
The air with desolation. Hatred's chills
Creep coldly o'er the lakes of Love, that win
Their waves from springs of rank voluptuousness;
And Pride, that knows no touch of tenderness,
Fawns at the foot of gilded wealth. Within
The brooding breast let not the seed of ill,
Sown recklessly in passion's mad excess,
Thus germinate, to slay all goodly things
That fain would seek, with bright unsullied wings,
What *seems* to shelter while it *means* to kill!

BURSCHEN MELODIES.—No. IV.

A NICHE FOR KOERNER.

"Ich war ein freier Jäger in Lützow's wilder schaar
Und auch ein zitterschläger, mein schwertlied klang so klar;
Nun reiten die Genossen allein auf ihrer Fahrt
Da ich vom Ross geschossen, und hier begraben ward."
RUECKERT.

"A song for the death of the brave;
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword his bride!"
FELICIA HEMANS.

Our gallant septagenarian soldier-Bursch, Marshal Blücher, whose "helmet pressed hoariness," sleeps now on the roadside between Breslaw and Schweidnitz, tented by the blue heavens and three solitary lime-trees. Beneath an oak at Wöbbelin, (a mile from Ludwigslust in Mecklenburg,) sleeps another hero of that heroic war; and the lyre and sword upon his tomb, symbols of Tyrtean glory, teach the passing traveller that here is the grave of Theodore Körner.

It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to say again what has been said about this gallant poet-soldier a hundred times. He was not a man of words. With him every word was either the prophet, or the accompaniment, or the memory, of a deed; and such words only have truth, and with truth immortality, in them. But we cannot, in justice to those who have honoured our Burschen melodies with their patronage, exclude Körner altogether from the fellowship of that noble company of patriotic singers, where, properly, he stands as a Coryphaeus. The Burschen are no exclusives; the greater number of their songs, and much of the music, indeed, is composed by themselves; but Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland, frequently lend words to their inspiration; much more Körner, who had scarcely dropt his "mossy honours"* when he died, and was, when at Leipzic, honoured with the esteem of the *Burschen*, and the oblique frowns of certain university authorities. A "Rennomist," or genuine academical swashbuckler, his biographer piously informs us, he was not; but he was "*ein tuechtiger kamerad*," "*ein erzfideler kerl*," and "*kein camel*;" a substantial hearty fellow, as we say in English, and no methodist.

Those who wish to inform themselves about Körner, personally and poetically, can complain of no lack of English aids. Mr Richardson, Mr Chorley, and Tait's Magazine, (first series, I., 732, and second series, I., 701,) will gratify the most comprehensive curiosity. All that remains for us to do is, to connect Körner with the general history of the Liberation War, given in our last number, and enable the lover of music to sing, with understanding, the celebrated "black troopers' chase," which appears first (No. X.) in our present selection. We shall thus have given our readers as complete a historico-lyrical sketch of the famous Liberation War as our periodical limits will admit. For something more detailed we think we may refer our readers, with confidence, to the forthcoming volume of Mr Alison's "History of Europe."

The army of the Allies, in 1813, the reader will recollect, after the breaking up of the armistice, (17th August,) advanced against Napoleon in three directions: Schwartzenberg, with the Kings and Emperors, from Bohemia; Blücher from Silesia; and Bernadotte from Berlin. Covering Bernadotte's extreme right, over against Holstein, stood a corps of some 22,000 or 25,000 men, under a commander, whose full name, according to the self-comprehending German fashion, is written "The Russian-Great-Britannical-Lieutenant-General-Von-Wallmoden-Gimborn." Facing Wallmoden, on the French side, stood Davoust, leagued with the Danes; his headquarters Hamburgh. A line drawn due south from Lübeck on the Baltic to Lauenburg on the Elbe, in its southern half almost identical with the course of the river Stecknitz, marks, nicely enough, the position of the two corps, the one eastward and the other westward, at the recommencement of the war. The advantage, in respect of number and organization, was altogether on the side of the French; and, so far as generalship was concerned, the young glowing heart of Körner, who served here, might beat with no ignoble expectation of fronting in fight the stern and taciturn tyrant of Hamburgh, whose eyes looked mill-stones, (as Shelley says that Lord Eldon wept them,) and tearing the bloody laurels from the brow of the hero of Auerstädt, Eckmühl, and Wagram. But Davoust, whose hat had been struck off, and his coat literally riddled with ball, at Auerstädt, seemed, on the marshy banks of the Stecknitz, to have sunk into a total dullardness and stagnation of soul. His obstinacy, indeed, for which he was so famous, did not desert him; but its virtue, which the poor Hamburgers had so often felt to be positive, was here merely negative; he seemed obstinate only *not* to fight. Various conjectures have been made as to the cause of the Frenchman's backwardness on the present occasion. He had certainly no commands from Napoleon to that effect. An intercepted letter, on the contrary, shews that the Emperor wished him to assume boldly the offensive, and push on to

* The students call a Bursch in his last session, "*ein bemoostes Haupt*"—a mossy head.

Berlin.* Why, indeed, should he have delayed?—there was every reason for expedition. A single well-fought battle might have cleared the north of Germany of insurgents, hemmed in the rear of the Swedes, lent a right arm of strength to Oudinot at Grossbeeren and to Ney at Dennewitz, and driven the timid Crown-Prince into Stralsund, there to look through the spy-glass of diplomatic possibilities anxiously towards Christiana and the Dodrefield mountains. Mr Alison, in his history of the campaign of Wagram, says, the arrival of the Archduke John, from Presburg, three hours sooner, would have saved Austria, roused Germany, and anticipated Leipzic by four years. We believe this—of such consequence is despatch in business; and we say, in like manner, that if Marshal Davoust, in the month of August, 1813, with his 30,000 French and 10,000 Danes, instead of hiding himself, like a hermit,† amid the lakes, and marshes, and woods of Mecklenburg, had come out boldly as Germans were accustomed to see Frenchmen come, and struck home sternly as the Duke of Auerstädt might have been expected to strike, Grossbeeren and Dennewitz might have been converted into the preludes of some French Leipzic, and Marshal Ney made King of Berlin before the Bourbon saw Paris. But it is merely a *might*, a possibility, of course; and, at best, a matter of delay. For the soul of the German people was up; and, while Austria and Prussia held together, the show of French supremacy in Germany, for a few years longer, could only have been the pledge of a more terrible prostration.

As it was, however, Marshal Davoust did not advance; and the consequence was, that he, in Silesia, who was determined, at all hazards, to advance, Marshal FORWARDS, was allowed to give a decided character to the whole war. After the glorious victory of the Katzbach, the French were forced to act throughout on the defensive. At Leipzic, the concentrated Allies girded them round with inevitable destruction; and Davoust stood cooped in at Hamburgh, as useless, if not altogether as inglorious, as General Mack (in 1805) at Ulm.

Of Wallmoden's corps and Lützow's black troopers, one of its most remarkable component parts, we translate the following account from the German historian:—

"The corps was composed, indeed, of the most heterogeneous elements; but the majority were men of education and high respectability. The English, the Hanoverians, the Russo-German Legion, the Mecklenburgers, Dessauers, and Hanseatists, were mostly all volunteers; and many of them had drawn the sword for Germany and Europe at their own cost. The same may be said of the regiment of Cossacks commanded by the famous General Tettenborn. The Cossack, indeed, is never a soldier on compulsion. All these troops were animated with a spirit of courage and determination that might well compensate for lack of training and organization. The great aim of the struggle was here, if anywhere, recognised in all its importance; and the event shewed how much the spirit of patriotism, in a truly popular war, is superior to the mechanics of soldiership.

"These remarks apply with peculiar force to Lützow's volunteer corps. The Cossacks called the Crown-Prince of Sweden 'The eye of the army'—rather a satirical sort of compliment, implying that the merit of the Swede did not lie in his *deeds*. But with the utmost truth may we say, that in Lützow's volunteer corps lived the *idea* of the war. The universal enthusiasm elevated itself here to a noble self-consciousness. In the other corps, this and that individual might attain the same high intellectual position that was the property here of the whole body; the soldier entered with full sympathy into the dignity each man of his personal mission, and fought from clear conviction, not from a blind impulse. Those loose and roving adventurers that, to a certain extent, will always mix themselves up with a volunteer corps, were kept in check here by the number of high and noble spirits with whom they found themselves in daily communion. Here, whatsoever glowed with holy revenge against the recklessness of a foreign tyranny; whatsoever, in other parts of Europe, had manifested itself to be animated by a spirit of unyielding animosity to Napoleon's despotism; whosoever had learned, under long-conquering banners, to curse the conquests and to despise the conqueror, were gathered together in one knot of many-coloured, but one-hearted, fellowship. These men were all penetrated by the conviction that, in the nature of things, no power merely military, no cunning of the most refined despotism, can, in the long run, triumph over native freedom of thought and tried force of will. These men looked upon themselves as chosen instruments in the hand of the divine Nemesis, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to do or to die. These men were virtually free, while Germany yet lay in chains; and for them the name of 'Free Corps' *(Frei-Schaar)* had a deeper significancy than that of free (volunteer) soldiers. Here the deed of the individual was heralded by the thought that measured inwardly, and rejoiced in the perception of its own capability. Here the triumphant spirit of patriotism broke forth in song, in poetry, which is the outspread wing of enthusiasm. The prince, the philosopher, the bard, served under Lützow, as volunteers, in the humblest capacity. The Prince of Karolath, Steffens, Jahn, Theodore Körner, and many

* Je suppose qui aujourd'hui (17th August) ou demain vous avrez attaqué ce qui est devant vous: si l'ennemi vous est inferieur en force ne vous laissez pas masquer par un petit nombre et par une CANAILLE, telle que les Anseates, la legion, (our German legion,) et les trouppes de Wallmoden. Il n' y a de bonnes trouppes contre vous que les Swedes, et a peu pres le quart de ce qui a Bülow, qui est trouppe de ligne." NAPOLEON.—*Beamish's History of the King's German Legion*, vol. ii., p. 183.

† *Hermite de Ratzebourg* was the nick-name he got at this period.—*See Von Ense's Denkwuerdigkeiten*, vol. iii., p. 452.

other consecrated names, belonged to this noble body. Nay, even females, under well-concealed disguises, came boldly forward to share with this brave band all the toils and hardships of the sterner sex.* The enemies of France, from Spain and the Tyrol, joined themselves to this corps, trusting to find here, at length, that revenge of their righteous cause which a mysterious Providence had hitherto delayed. Riedl and Ennemoser commanded a body of Tyrolese sharpshooters; and, among them, was the son of Andrew Hofer. From the French armies, Dutchmen and Saxons, Westphalians and Altmarkers,† rejoiced to belong to the 'Black Corps,' *(Die Schwarze Schaar,)* as these troops, from their uniform, were familiarly named. In the whole body, there was scarcely an individual that, on the plea of personal history or qualities, might not claim peculiar distinction. And so free were they from all prejudices of class, so jealous in a high self-respect, that no person was admitted into their number who refused to serve as a common Jäger. Their fame has remained. Among the printed records of the war, a separate volume eternizes the exploits of a small body of not more than 3,400 warriors."‡

So much for one division of Wallmoden's "CANAILLE;" but we are not to imagine that in this eulogy lies the grand secret of Marshal Davoust's inactivity. Far from it. Varnhagen von Ense, (*Denkwuerdigkeiten*, iii., 401,) tells us, that there were too many men fit to be officers in this corps; and that, with a less proportion of princes, philosophers, and bards, it would have done more notable service. The fact is, that when the war first burst out in Silesia, Major von Lützow undertook the formation of this corps, with the view of acting in the rear of the retreating French, as a partisan force, and rousing the whole population of Germany, as he scoured along victorious; but more regular and local arrangements having been afterwards effected, Lützow's corps, which should have been the nucleus of a great division of the Allies, and a seminary, as it were, of young officers, lost its significancy in the great tactics of the war—became a little finger instead of a right arm; and, despite of the inspiring presence of Körner and the son of Andrew Hofer, might, by such a scientific mower-down of serried thousands as Napoleon, not improperly be termed a CANAILLE!

The thing which frightened Davoust, if we may hazard a guess on the matter, was the Cossacks. Tettenborn was a man with moustachios more fierce than Blücher's, and studded magnificently with all manner of Austrian and Russian stars; a man also who, as von Ense tells us, had been honoured (like Madame de Staël) with the special hate of Napoleon, for daring to appear, in a polite French drawing-room, with these same terrible moustachios.——"I do not think," says the Emperor, "that these moustachios square well with this court-dress," (which the Emperor had specially ordered.) "I do not think," replied Tettenborn, coolly, "that this dress squares well with these moustachios!"——Such a man, nimbly strong, and adventurously valiant, had, in the spring of the year, drifted from Petersburg to Wilna, from Wilna to Berlin, from Berlin to Hamburgh, like a succession of thunder-plumps; and before his presence and his fleet swarms of weather-beaten Cossacks, mounted on "tiny goat-like steeds," men seemed to retreat as women do from rain to save their dresses. Here he was again, in the lattor end of August, with the gallant Lützowers and our German legion, and the other motley items of the *canaille*, now standing on the east side of the Stecknitz with an imperturbable front, which made Davoust imagine that his hundreds were thousands; and now wheeling, God knows whither, to the right hand and to the left, intercepting letters,* stopping supplies, rifling it through woods and thickets, gifted apparently with ubiquity. This man, we imagine, robbed Davoust of his enterprise and Körner of his laurels. It is a sad story. Here was a Tyrtaeus, as noble a one as ancient or modern story can boast, inspired with the purest poetry, striking with the most patriotic sword—and there was literally nothing for him to do! Davoust, checked at the first move, ensconced himself doggedly on the banks of the Ratzeburger-See, unreachable; and when, at length, driven out of that position, he shut himself up in Hamburgh. Meanwhile Körner was sent out to do what small things were to be done, in the way of petty annoyance. He came upon a few waggons one morning, laden with munition and provisions for the enemy; the waggon-men were forced to give up the spoil, but not without a price: on their first dispersion, some of them ran into a wood adjoining, and from behind the brushwood, laid the impetuous-rushing young horseman low, with a rifle. The base shot

* The most remarkable of these Prussian heroines was Leonora Prochaska, daughter of a music-master in Potsdam, who served in Lützow's corps disguised as a young man, under the name of Augustus Rentz. Her tall figure and noble bearing had preserved the secret of her sex. Her obliging manners, modesty, and good conduct, in every respect, had secured her the friendship of her fellow soldiers and the esteem of her superiors. On the day of the 16th September, in the affair of Gördewalde, she was one of the first who rushed on the squares of the enemy, and was struck by a ball on the left thigh, which laid her on the ground. She now discovered herself to the officer who was engaged in procuring the assistance of a surgeon. The surgeon declared her wound dangerous, on which she entreated him to leave her to her fate, and to devote himself to those for whose recovery there was rational ground of hope. She was carried to Dannenberg, where, under the most painful agonies, but with the most perfect composure of mind, she expired on the second day.—*See Richter*, i., p. 477.

† The inhabitants of the Old Mark, or westermost march of Brandenburg. The name indicates the ancient limits of the German empire, and the boundaries of the Sclavonic and German races.

‡ Richter, vol. i., p. 465. The title of the work referred to is "Geschichte des Lützowschen Frei-corps." Berlin, 1826. Costs three shillings in Germany.

* Here, perhaps, more immediately the cause of Davoust's inactivity lay. Napoleon says that he was a good marshal, but not of the best. Perhaps he could only act well at Napoleon's arm. Left to himself, he became undecided, cautious, inactive.

pierced to the spine; and a few hours beheld the noblest warrior of the Liberation War breathless; lost for ever to German patriotism and to European literature, in a manner *le plus bêtement du monde*, as Napoleon elegantly said of his own twin-favourite Marshals, Duroc and Bessieres, who fell awkwardly in the early part of the campaign. Such is the wicked chance of war!—of *modern* war, at least, since the introduction of balls and gunpowder, where the event of the contest (so far as the individual is concerned) may have as little to do with valour as honour has with the issue of a duel in high life; and where it may be the cruel lot of a whole line of Agamemnons to stand stupidly and be shot by some poltroon of a Thersites, from behind a bush. Körner's life was brief and glorious. That he fell by such a base death, is a sad damper to the romance of modern soldiership. It is truly one of the most melancholy histories that military biography records.

We add an interesting trait of patriotism, from the combat of the Göhrde, (16th Sept.,) where the Lützowers distinguished themselves greatly:—"Among those who fell at Göhrde, a few days after the death of Körner, the Oberjäger von Berenhorst deserves particular mention. As he was charging the enemy's squares, he received a shot in his side: he checked his speed for a moment; but instantly collecting himself, he wrapt himself in his mantle, and, with the cry, 'KÖRNER, DIR NACH!' (Körner, after thee,) cheered on his comrades to the charge; when he was struck by another shot in the breast, and instantly fell." Thus Körner had not fallen in vain: his soul inspired the victorious huzzar-charge of the Göhrde, which check-mated Davoust at Hamburgh, and opened the whole of Napoleon's left to the irresistible onset of Marshal FORWARDS.

The three songs which we have selected from Körner, are at once among the most popular and the most characteristic that could be selected from his works. The first (No. X.) describes Lützow's celebrated corps, which must be conceived in its original character, as a partisan force, drifting, Cossack-like, in the rear of the French army, in their retreat from Moscow, and rousing the heart of Germany to the great combat that was to follow. The other words, which we have given to the same air, are not Körner's. We do not know the author; but their historical, if not their poetical value, seems to entitle them to preservation.

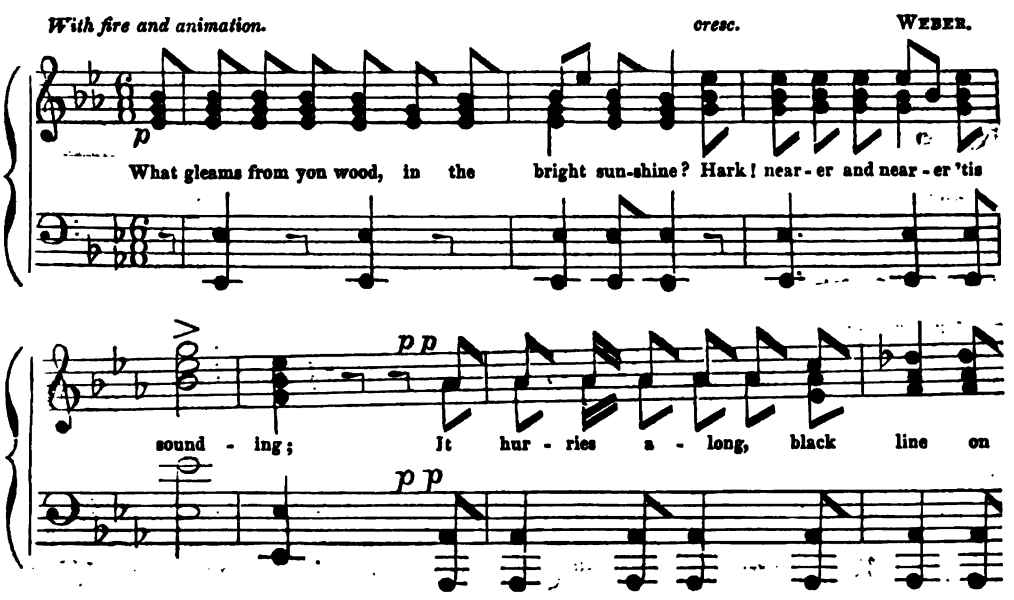
The second (No. XI.) presents one of the most sublime unions of the devotional and the war-element in poetry that any literature can boast. The third (No. XII.) is universally known; it was composed by the poet only a few hours before his death. Mrs Hemans has made it, in name at least, familiar to every reader of English poetry—

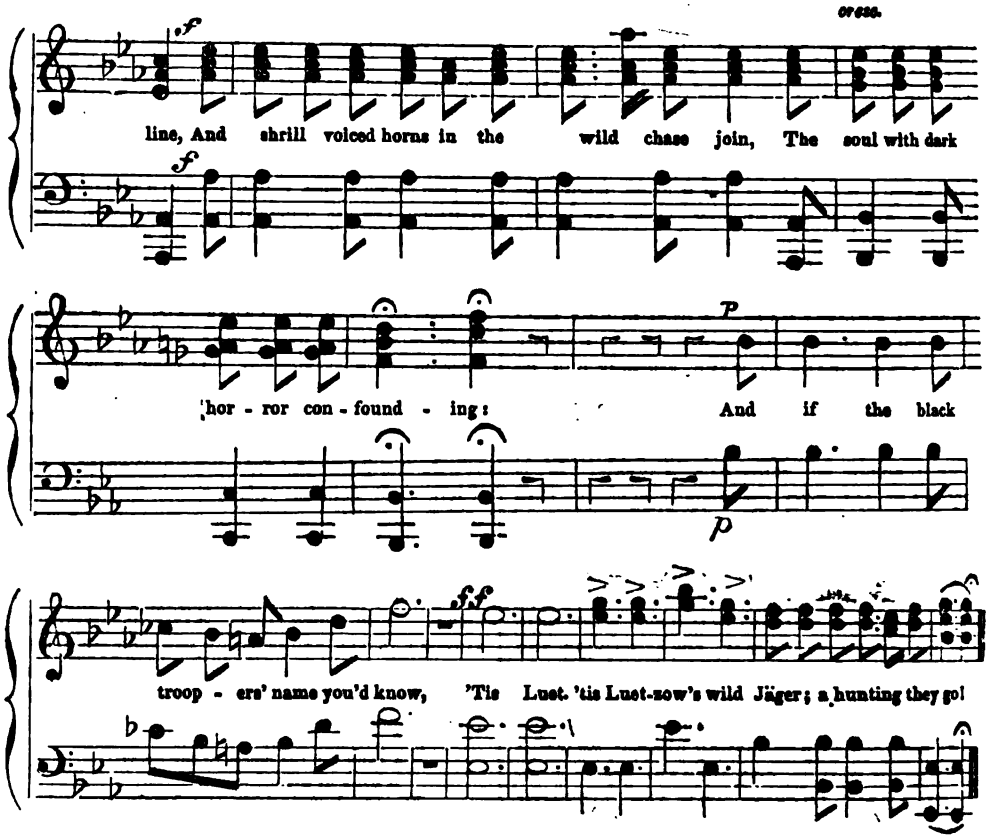
"A song for the death of the brave!
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the SWORD his BRIDE!"

WAS GLAENZT DORT VOM WALDE?—*Melody X.*

LUETZOW'S WILD CHASE.

(*Composed at Leipzic, on the Schneckenberg, 24th April*, 1813.)





What gleams from yon wood, in the bright sunshine?
Hark! nearer and nearer 'tis sounding;
It hurries along, black line upon line,
And the shrill-voiced horns in the wild chase join,
The soul with dark horror confounding:
And if the black troopers' name you'd know,
'Tis Luetzow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!*

From hill to hill, through the dark wood they hie,
And warrior to warrior is calling;
Behind the thick bushes in ambush they lie,
The rifle is heard, and the loud war-cry,
In rows the Frank minions are falling:
And if the black troopers' name you'd know,
'Tis Luetzow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

Where the bright grapes glow, and the Rhine rolls wide,
He weened they would follow him never;
But the pursuit came like the storm in its pride,
With sinewy arms they parted the tide,
And reached the far shore of the river:
And if the dark swimmers' name you'd know,
'Tis Luetzow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

How roars in the valley the angry fight;
Hark! how the keen swords are clashing!
High-hearted Ritter are fighting the fight,
The spark of Freedom awakens bright,
And in crimson flames it is flashing:
And if the dark Ritters' name you'd know,
'Tis Luetzow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

Who gurgle in death, 'mid the groans of the foe,
No more the bright sunlight seeing?
The writhings of death on their face they shew,
But no terror the hearts of the freemen know,
For the Frantzmenn are routed and fleeing:
And if the dark heroes' name you'd know,
'Tis Luetzow's wild Jäger—a-hunting they go!

The chase of the German, the chase of the free,
In hounding the tyrant we strained it!
Ye friends, that love us, look up with glee!
The night is scattered, the dawn we see,
Though we with our life's-blood have gained it!
And from sire to son the tale shall go:
'Twas Luetzow's wild Jäger that routed the foe!

* We observe that our English authors generally write Yäger, following the pronunciation. But, on the same principle, we ought to write Yena, not Jena; which is never done. The better plan in such cases seems to be, to observe a uniform spelling of foreign words in all languages, and leave the pronunciation to be learned from those who give the rule. No person thinks of writing *Boorsch* in English because the German *Bursch* is so pronounced, or *Doitschland* for *Deutschland*. We write Leipzic, however, not Leipzig, because custom has ruled it so.

SONG IN CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIC, 18TH OCT. 1813.—

(To the same Air.)

What fires from the night-clad far heights flare,
Like flames from the altar ascending?
A burden of prophecy hangs on the air,
As a heralding angel were treading there,
And voices of triumph are blending:
On night's dark wings rides Victory—
Leipzic, sing ye! sing ye the fight of the free!

Our hoary sires of the ancient day,
When Varus was routed by Hermann,
The Kaisers that taught haughty Rome to obey,
That hunted the Huns and the Turks away,
And made Europe free by the German:
They echo the strain with solemn glee,
Leipzic's thunder pealeth—the nations are free!

Brave hearts, that believed in bright freedom's day,
When Deutschland in slavery languish'd,
Who at Lützen, at Bautzen, stood stiffly at bay,
Till Dennewitz covered the Frank with dismay;
Who at Katzbach the elements vanquish'd;
The hope of your hearts your eyes now see,
Leipzic, sing ye!—Leipzic and Germany free!

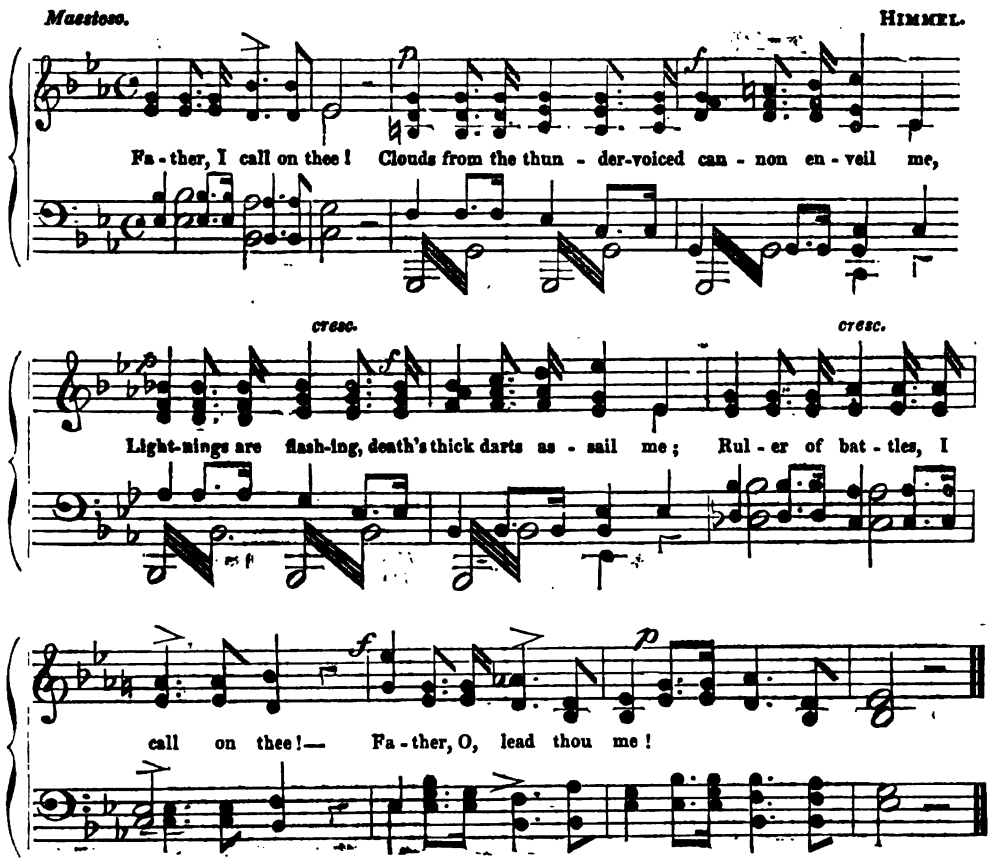
And they in the dubious morn who fell
In fight for the land of their fathers,
The praise of the valiant our hymns shall tell,
And when our tongues name whom we loved so well,
The fire in our bosom gathers;
While they from heaven's high canopy,
Sing triumphant—Germany, Europe, is free!

Ye sons of strong sires, who for Germany stood,
When the axe was uplifted to smite her,
Where God marks the spot to the brave and the good,
This night be the oath of the freeman renewed,
While mounts the flame higher and brighter!
No more shall the tyrant rule Germany!
Leipzic's name shall pledge her for ever—THE FREE!

Then bright may the flame from the dark heights shine!
The fire in our hearts brighter flameth!
Let German with German in brotherhood join,
Till the Frank shall retrace his strange step from the Rhine,
And his pride the fell Corsican tameth!
And aye as ye measure the march with glee,
Leipzic, sing ye!—Germany, Fatherland, FREE!

VATER ICH RUFE DICH!—*Melody XI.*

KOERNER'S BATTLE PRAYER.



Father, I call on thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me;
Ruler of battles, I call on thee!—
Father, O, lead thou me!

Father, O, lead thou me!
Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what thou hast decreed me.
God, as thou wilt, so lead thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!
Where, in still autumn, the sear leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle its thunder appalling;
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge thee!
Father, O, bless thou me!

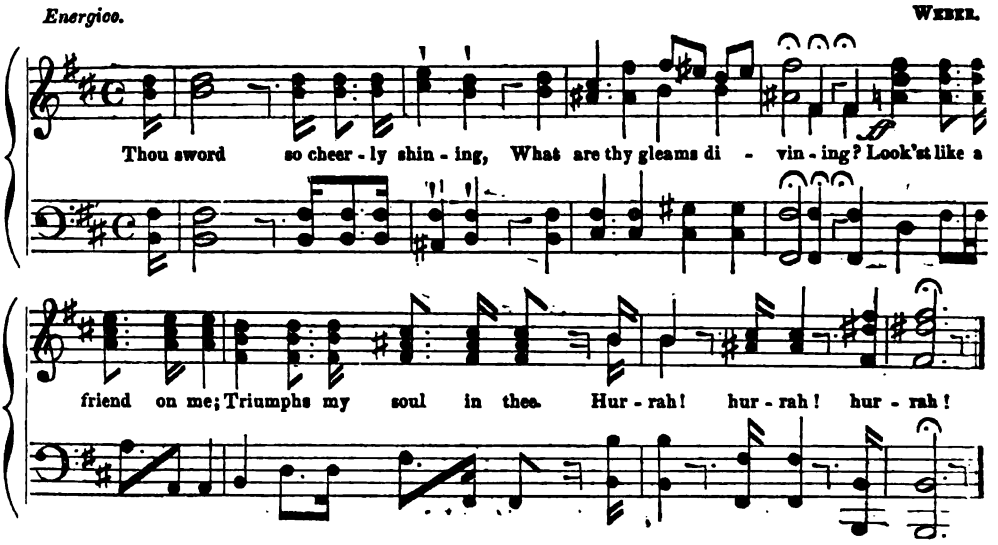
Father, O, bless thou me!
Into thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal, as thou wilt, with the life that is thine, Lord.
Living or dying, O, bless thou me!
Father, I praise thy name!

Father, I praise thy name!
Not for earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The hollest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I thee!
God, in thy name I trust!

God, in thy name I trust!
When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God, in thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on thee!

DU SCHWERDT AN MEINER LINKEN.—*Melody XII.*

THE SWORD SONG.



Thou sword so cheerly shining,
What are thy gleams divining?
Look'st like a friend on me;
Triumphs my soul in thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!*

"I love my brave knight dearly,
Therefore I shine so cheerly.
Borne by a gallant knight,
Triumphs the sword so bright."
Hurrah! &c.

Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
A true knight thou shalt prove me.
As my beloved, my bride,
I'll lead thee forth in pride.
Hurrah! &c.

"My iron-life, clear-raying,
I gave it to thy swaying.
O, come, and fetch thy bride!
Lead, lead me forth in pride!"
Hurrah! &c.

The festal trump is blaring,
The bridal dance preparing.
When cannon shakes the glen,
I'll come and fetch thee then.
Hurrah! &c.

"O, blest embrace that frees me!
My hope impatient sees thee.
Come, bridegroom, fetch thou me;
Waits the bright wreath for thee?"
Hurrah! &c.

Why in thy sheath art ringing,
Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
So wild with battle's glee,
Why ray'st thou eagerly?
Hurrah! &c.

"I in my sheath am ringing;
I from my sheath am springing;
Wild, wild with battle's glee,
Ray I so eagerly."
Hurrah! &c.

Remain, remain within, love;
Why court the dust and din, love?
Wait in thy chamber small,
Wait till thy true knight call.
Hurrah! &c.

"Then, speed thee, true knight, speed thee!
To love's fair garden lead me;
Shew me the roses red,
Death's crimson-blooming bed."
Hurrah! &c.

Then, from thy sheath come free thee!
Come, feed mine eye to see thee!
Come, come, my sword, my bride,
I lead thee forth in pride!
Hurrah! &c.

"How glorious is the free air!
How whirls the dance with glee there!
Glorious, in sun arrayed,
Gleams, bridal-bright, the blade."
Hurrah! &c.

Then up, true Ritter German!
Ye gallant sons of Hermann!
Beats the knight's heart so warm,
With 's true love in his arm;
Hurrah! &c.

With stolen looks divining,
Thou, on my left, wert shining.
Now on my right, my bride,
God leads thee forth in pride.
Hurrah! &c.

Then press a kiss of fire on
The bridal mouth of iron.
Let wo or weal betide,
Curs'd whoso leaves his bride!
Hurrah! &c.

Now, break thou forth in singing,
Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging!
Walk forth in joy and pride!
Hurrah! thou iron-bride!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

* To relish the measure of this poem, the reader must attend to the music. The first two lines are accented on every second syllable; the metrical series being preceded by a start-syllable. The second two lines are more wild and rapid; and, setting out with a dash from the accent, proceed by threes. The *hurrah* is accompanied with the clashing of swords. So *real* songs are sung; not *shams*, as we dress up for our drawing-rooms.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Religion and Education in America. By John Dunmore Lang, D.D.

This active and industrious member of the church militant, whose works on Australia have gained just celebrity, has been induced to direct his attention to America, in which country this book records his travels. Dr Lang is one of the few of his brethren who deserve to be accounted genuine and zealous Presbyterians; not in the one point which at present concerns their humours, but in the whole matter. He makes short work of a measure in which, we fear, it will be long before the dwellers in the snug manses, the receivers of the chalders' victual stipend, will clearly see their way. He affirms:—

The freedom and independence of the Church of Scotland can no longer be preserved along with its temporalities. The Lords of Parliament are determined that the holders of the latter shall not be the free servants of the Lord Christ, the only King of Zion, but the "hereditary bondsmen" of the State. In such circumstances it becomes the bounden duty of all who value the freedom and independence of the Church, and who would maintain their allegiance to her only King and Head, to renounce the temporalities altogether, and to throw themselves at once upon the Christianity of the people. In short, it is not mere agitation and empty declamation about non-intrusion, but self-denial and sacrifice that the time calls for. . . . . .

They can retire in a body to the holy hill of Zion, and entrench themselves *there*, where the wall of fire will still surround them, and God, even our God, will dwell in the midst of them as of old. In short, they can tell the Parliament that the Church of Scotland shall be free and independent from henceforth, and leave them to dispose of her State endowments as they please.

Dr Lang's work on religion and education in Voluntary America is intended to shew, from the example of the United States, that the Established Clergy of Scotland might, with entire carnal security as to food and raiment, follow the course of the Presbyterian ministers in America.

After a general historical view of the state of religion and ecclesiastical establishments in the United States, and the growth of the Voluntary system, which he admires, Dr Lang proceeds to state the advantageous results of that system, which some of his Established brethren at home have represented as so disastrous and deplorable. Dr Lang believes that, by the free operation of the Voluntary principle alone can the means of religious instruction and the public observance of its ordinances be maintained in America. He has been able to collect a number of statistical facts in confirmation of his opinion. In summing up his statistical enumeration of churches and ministers in the New-England States, he remarks:—

In a tract of country, therefore, in the United States of America, of half the extent and with half the population of Scotland, and in which, moreover, the circumstances and general character of that population, are remarkably similar to those of the people of Scotland, we find an amount of church accommodation, and a supply of evangelical ministers, even under the operation of the Voluntary System, such as no part of Scotland can equal. I have only, indeed, given the number of the resident clergy of one of the leading denominations —the one that was formerly the established church of the country; but I have every reason to believe, that the 318 Baptist, and the 215 Methodist, and the 123 Episcopalian churches of the three States in question, are just as well supplied with a resident ministry as the 608 Congregational Presbyterian.

Dr Lang mentions another fact which ought to have its weight; though he, probably, lays out of view the difference in the value of money since assessments for the support of ministers were abandoned. He says:—

I have already observed that there was formerly an assessment for the support of religion in New England; and Captain Marryat ascribes the religious and moral influence still observable in that portion of the Union to this fact. The fact is, (for I took particular pains to ascertain it,) that the salaries of the New-England clergy have improved materially since the assessment was abolished; the sum contributed for the support of religion being considerably greater now than it ever was in that country. The influence of an establishment, however, could surely not have operated where no establishment ever existed; but such was the case, not only in the state of Rhode Island, as I have already remarked, but in the city of Boston also, the capital of New-England. The first minister of that city, and author of the New-England Ecclesiastical System, was "the famous Mr John Cotton," as he is styled by his worthy descendant, the Rev. Cotton Mather. Mr Cotton was settled at Boston in the year 1633. Some time thereafter an assessment for the support of religion was voted by the legislature; but as Mr Cotton had objections to this method of supporting religion, and expressed his desire that Boston should be left under the operation of the Voluntary System, which he had found to work sufficiently well, that city was accordingly exempted from the public assessment.

But, if the clergy are respectably maintained, the churches are also, under the Voluntary system, handsome and convenient.

The church edifices in Boston, especially those of the Congregational and Episcopalian denominations, are of a highly creditable character; most of them having lofty spires or towers, and bells. Besides the Unitarian churches expressly enumerated above, the people, who call their meetings Christian Societies, are, I understand, Baptist Unitarians. It is worthy of remark, however, that the first church in Boston that became avowedly Unitarian—that did so also thirty years before the heresy was acknowledged in other quarters—was an Episcopal church, called "The King's Chapel,"* The incumbent of this church, and his whole congregation, openly avowed Unitarianism in the year 1785. They still retain the English Liturgy, expurgated, of course, according to the approved maxims of Socinian theology.

Finally, there is not a town in Scotland so well provided with what Dr Lang considers "orthodox places of worship" as Boston. While the heterodox churches are also very numerous, Boston boasts thirty-four "orthodox and highly evangelical" places of worship; and yet its population is hardly equal to that of Dundee or Paisley. One most useful appendage to many of these churches, whether orthodox or heretical, is a lecture-room, and Sunday-school room, generally on the basement story. Some people may be tempted to think that, in some of the towns of Voluntary America there is "too much church."

Fortunately, for his readers, Dr Lang, in the course

* This church was erected at the expense of the British Government, previous to the revolutionary war. It has a singular and unsightly appearance, having a row of very small windows on each side, with a row of much larger ones above them. The small windows look like gun-ports in a ship's side; and a New Englander, on seeing them for the first time, accordingly observed, that "he had often heard of the *canons of the church*, but had never seen her *ports* before."

of his tour, does not confine himself to churches. He picked up, at first-hand, a great deal of miscellaneous information wherever he went. In the state legislature of Connecticut he was present at a debate, where the iniquity of imprisonment for debt was allowed, though compulsory power to oblige the debtor to submit his affairs to inspection was deemed necessary. The petition of a wife for divorce from a husband imprisoned for felony was refused; and, Dr Langthinks, properly; as one of the most astute of the senators remarked, that they had sometimes granted such applications, and generally had reason to regret having done so.

In North Carolina, Dr Lang saw a railroad, certainly a humble but useful one, which had been constructed at the cost of 7,500 dollars a mile, while, in Britain, highly finished magnificent railways will sometimes cost double the number of pounds sterling.

Dr Lang, as those must be aware who have read his former works, is not one who minces matters, nor is he in the least a meally-mouthed divine. He spares no one that falls in his way, not even his own corps. He highly admires, and warmly extols Dr Chalmers, while he considers him entirely wrong in his advocacy of Establishment; into which error he conceives the Doctor has been led by seeing the spiritual destitution of the numerous and neglected population in the outskirts of Glasgow, where thousands, and tens of thousands, who had, nevertheless, grown up under the shadow of the best Church Establishment in Christendom, were perishing for lack of the bread of life; and where there was no demand for spiritual nourishment, and no supply. Now, to this state of things, Voluntary America, to Dr Lang, presented a striking contrast; and he remarks, "The difference, I soon discovered, originated in the totally different development of American society, under the influence and operation of the Voluntary system." And he, in many instances, contrasts the Voluntary clergy of the United States with his Presbyterian brethren of the Scottish Establishment, in a manner not the most flattering to our worthy pastors. We shall cull a few instances. In Philadelphia, Dr Lang attended a weekly lecture given by the Rev. James Adger, a young presbyterian clergyman just returned from Palestine, to which he had travelled at his own cost. Upon this Dr Lang remarks:—

I had been present at the meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, held at Edinburgh, in the month of December last, when two of the Members of the Scottish Deputation to the Jews in the East gave some account of their journey. I confess, however, I found the narrative of the young American preacher, who had gone to Jerusalem of his own accord, and *at his own charges*, and who delivered his personal narrative without any previous flourish of trumpets, and apparently unconscious that he was doing any thing extraordinary, much more interesting, and much better calculated to make a deep and salutary impression upon the heart.

Dr Lang believes, that the "self-denial" of the Voluntary clergy of America might be advantageously imitated by the Scotch endowed clergy, among whom self-denial does not seem to rank highly as a Christian virtue, or a clerical grace; and that there may be no respect of persons, he remarks:—

And in saying so, I do not refer merely to the High Churchmen in England, or the old Moderate party in Scotland, whose whole connexion with *the venerable establishments* to which they respectively belong is a matter of thorough and unmingled secularity; I refer to the professed *evangelical* clergy of both communions In reading, for example, the life of the late Bishop Heber, of Calcutta, I confess I was mortified and vexed beyond measure at the good man's hesitation on his appointment to that important station, *on account of the salary and other emoluments*, which he did not think sufficient, and at his higgling and manœuvring for more! I confess this single circumstance spoiled the whole book in my estimation, and damaged the bishop's character exceedingly.

He mentions the case of the present Bishop of Michigan—whom some of our readers may remember, in Mrs Jameson's "Canadian Sketches"—having, as rector of St Paul's Church, in Philadelphia, given up a salary of 2,500 dollars a-year, to go forth to the wilderness, in the true guise of an Apostolic Bishop, with the pittance of 800 dollars. Another primitive American Bishop may frequently be seen trudging along, on foot, with his staff and scrip. Several more instances of liberality in ministers, or, we ought to say, of true Christian principle, are detailed, before Dr Lang contrasts the American modes of Church Extension and those of Scotland; remarking, in conclusion:—

In short, Church Extension in America is managed on totally different principles from those on which it is sought to be promoted by the whole orders of *Friars Mendicant* in Great Britain. All that is required for the accomplishment of the object is self-denial and self-devotedness on the part of the clergy. It is painful, however, to contrast the state of things, even among the Evangelical portion of the clergy of Scotland, with these splendid examples of apostolic devotedness in the Transatlantic churches. The idea of seriously proposing to a minister in Scotland to leave a place with a larger for one of a smaller salary, on any account, would either be regarded as a personal insult or treated with derision. The general conviction of the people of Scotland as to the mercenary character of their clergy in this respect is embodied in a thousand little anecdotes, that are always repeated with evident gusto, and in which the native humour of the nation is ever and anon seen overlying the sentiment of bitter scorn. "So ye 're gaun to lea' us," said an old Scotchwoman to her parish minister, who had just got a presentation to a neighbouring parish with a larger stipend. "Yes, Janet," replied the pastor, with a solemn air; "the Lord has given me a call up the water." "But what," said Janet, rather incredulously, "what if the Lord had gi'en you a call down the water?"—where the stipend was much smaller. Of course there was no answering such an argument as this.

An eminent Scotch clergymen, now of Greenock, (for I shall not touch the case of a single second-rate man,) was originally settled in a country parish near Edinburgh; but, having received an invitation to one of the city parishes of Glasgow, he accepted it, and was accordingly settled in that city. This was not at all wondered at, in any quarter; for the city of Glasgow, being the largest in Scotland, was one of the most important stations, for a clergyman, in the kingdom. But when the reverend gentleman subsequently received a presentation to the pastoral charge of a parish in Greenock, where the stipend was much larger than the one he had in Glasgow, and deserted his large and affectionate congregation in the latter city, for a less important station in an inferior town, was it possible for the Christian people to assign any other reason for his removal, than the mere difference of salary; and was such a reason, so long as the salary in Glasgow afforded an adequate maintenance, sufficient for a minister of Christ? . . . . . .

Another distinguished Scotch clergyman, now of Edinburgh, was originally settled as the pastor of a parish church in the town of Greenock, the congregation of which was one of the largest and most exemplary in Scotland. The members of that congregation were exceedingly attached to their pastor; and when he received a call to one of the city churches in Glasgow, where the

stipend was somewhat larger, and declined accepting it, they were so much gratified at this *uncommon instance of self-denial* in a Scotch clergyman, that they presented him with a handsome gold watch and seals, in testimony of their gratitude and respect. Unfortunately, however, before the inscription on the watch was finished, Mr —— got a call to a church in Edinburgh, most probably on the strength of his refusing the one in Glasgow, and forthwith accepted it. In short, if every man has his price, so had Mr ——; for, I desire to know, what principle of duty could have influenced the refusal in the one case, that did not plead as powerfully in the other? I should be told, perhaps, that Mr —— went to Edinburgh to agitate for the maintenance of the establishment principle. If so, I must acknowledge that the object was praiseworthy; especially when the principle in question produces such results as those I am enumerating.

I might also instance the cases of the Rev. Mr ——, of L——ton, and the Rev. Mr ——, of Paisley, two very young men, who have been somewhat eminent for some time past, as leaders in the Anti-Voluntary Church Extension and Non-Intrusion agitations; but who, I am sorry to add, have been hopping about, themselves, ever since they were ordained to the Christian ministry, from parish to parish, and from church to church, trifling with the best feelings and affections of the Christian people, and setting them at nought! But I forbear.

The Presbyterian church in London was once in great vigour and efficiency. It has fallen, however, during the last half century, into utter insignificance; chiefly, if not solely, from the churches of that communion in the metropolis being regarded by young Scotch clergymen, *holding the establishment principle*, as mere stepping-stones to parishes in Scotland.

A reverend friend of Dr Lang's was settled in London Wall Church, which he romantically called his "first affection." On the Doctor's return to Europe, after a short absence, he found that this loving pastor had shaken off his "first affection," and espoused a comfortable parish in Scotland; stepping off by the steam-boat without even the ceremony of bidding his first love adieu. In short, continues the Doctor—

While one never hears of the covetousness of the clergy, under the Voluntary System, in America, it is undeniable that the burden of the song of the great majority of the clergy who have been trained up in Scotland, under the Establishment Principle, for a whole century past, has been—

"Any man a sixpence more,
And whistle o'er the lave o't."

But, according to Dr Lang, "under Establishments liberality flourishes neither among ministers nor people, the Christian energies of the Scottish laity having been borne down and annihilated under the enormous pressure of their effete Establishment;" and his illustration is apt and forcible. Dr Chalmers, under it, has but the paltry endowment of £100 a-year, and is obliged to see fees exacted from the poor theological students, whom he instructs; while in Voluntary America, his chair would be splendidly endowed in one fortnight. In short, the American system is, in all respects, exalted above that of "the best Establishment in Christendom."

We can go no further with Dr Lang, nor even touch upon his account of education, and his sketch of the various religious denominations in the United States, or his remarks upon the Slavery Abolition agitation, which are practical and rational. He cherishes his old dislike, shall we say detestation, of Catholics on the one hand, and Unitarians on the other, and denies that the Catholics have increased with anything like the rapidity alleged by Miss Martineau. He bears honourable testimony to the spirit and manliness of Dr Channing's successor, the Rev. Mr Pierpoint of Boston. This gentleman advocated the temperance or tee-total movement; but the richest members of his Church chanced to be distillers, and they bade their pastor be gone. He acted with becoming spirit, though with the utmost propriety. He would not resign his charge on such grounds: he refused the "notice to quit;" and, in reply to the vote of his hearers for his removal, remarked:—

"The question is, whether in this country, where the pulpit is not propped by a Bishop's staff, and does not lean upon a throne, it can stand *upright* upon the basis of the people's hearts. Is a *pliant* pulpit the only one that can be sustained upon the Voluntary Principle?"

After reminding the voters that it is "not what they wish, but what they want," that is best for them, Mr P. proceeds as follows:—But, gentlemen, this vote discovers not only some misconception on your part, as to the object of the Christian ministry; it shows also a great misapprehension both of my rights, and of your own powers. You seem not to have learned, or to have forgotten, that there are two parties to the contract between you and myself; and that, in the eye of the law, these parties are equal; that if you have rights, so also have I—that if I am under obligations to you, so also are you to me—and that you can no more dissolve the relation based upon this contract, without my consent, than I could either dissolve it, or constitute it, without yours."

We cannot follow the argument which shews that the Voluntary ministers are not the abject dependents upon the caprices of their congregation which is asserted. Mr Pierpoint has stood his ground; and there is no prospect of his being ousted from his charge. Nay, he exhorts the distillers among his flock, to give up that part of their business which has been the cause of the controversy; and to give him praise for his labours in the cause of tee-totalism. We have, we imagine, done enough to call the attention of our readers to Dr Lang's new work, and must abruptly take leave of it in the middle.

Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner.

Sir Arthur has, it would appear, been, for many years, ill-manneredly boring the Bishop of the diocese in which he lives—the Bishop, to wit, of Gloucester and Bristol—about the distress and wants spiritual and educational of his parish of *Leigh*; and the Bishop having given "abundant reason" for declining all further correspondence on so troublesome a subject, Sir Arthur, after trying the Churchwardens, has turned to the Archbishop. Sir Arthur is himself a member of the Church, which may give him a better right to complain. The case of the parish of Leigh is thus stated in extracts of a letter to the Churchwarden, dated May, 1840, which Sir Arthur includes among others sent to the Archbishop:—

"Dear Sir, * * * *Leigh Parish.*

"Should you see no objections, it strikes me that some matters contained in the following remarks would be proper objects to be presented in your paper (viz., the presentment at the approaching Visitation) if you have not already inserted them.

"The first is the want of a resident Pastor. This evil we have been suffering for some time, and as yet I have not had any certain intimation when it will be remedied.

"Ever since I came to this parish (about fifteen years ago) we have never been able to reckon but upon the most precarious residence. During this period we have had two resident Curates, so called: one resided about a year, the other rather longer. Although many strong representations on the subject were made by myself, years passed away before we could get a clergyman resident; and what I regret and complain of still more, when he came his services were not only miserably short of what they should be, but even far below what is required by

'the Constitutions and Canons of the Church," or the terms of our diocesan's charge. Indeed, if the whole truth may be told, I should say his ministrations were *scandalously* below what is necessary to save the barest appearance of duty, that is, if we allow there are six days in the week, besides Sunday, needing a clergyman's services. And when any cause deprives us of such an apology of a minister, a most inconvenient length of time elapses before a successor is appointed.

"All these things, and many others of no less grave a character, have been pressed by me on the Bishop's notice, repeatedly, from year to year, and in the strongest terms; the result of which was a frank confession from his Lordship that he had no power to relieve us; the Overseer confessed he had no authority over his shepherds to feed his sheep, so that he receives (I am told) £9,000 a-year for overseeing that the shepherds are idle and the sheep rotting. On our part, we are compelled to put up with the mere Sunday services of Curates living at a distance, the other six days being little better than absolutely blotted out of the pastor's calendar. Of course, those among us who may be overtaken by sickness or sorrow are alike neglected on Sunday and Saturday; contrary to the Bishop's own requirement, 'counsel can neither be given to the young, nor consolation to the old,' nor comfort to the penitent, nor warning to the reprobate; and should any dying person ever so anxiously desire to receive the sacrament from the hands of a Clergyman, he may either not be found, or he comes too late, or it is not known where he resides, or when he is accessible; the consequence of which is, that the people seldom think of sending for a Clergyman at all, in any of their needs or distresses, however urgent. This treatment of the people surprises me the more, as the Bishop has so expressly intimated, indeed plainly stated, that the Clergy have duties on the week days as well as on Sunday.

"My second complaint is of the want of a parsonage house.

"The two Curates who have resided in the parish have been successively accommodated at two carpenters' shops, to which they were a kind of appendages; for as the carpenter flitted so did the Curates, always true to the sign of the handsaw and mallet. Is this right, in a living of nearly £300 a-year, possessed by a Vicar having other preferment? If the old parsonage, which his Reverence rents to a butcher, cannot be made habitable for a modern parson, I believe you know there would be small difficulty in having a piece of ground in the lower part of the parish exchanged for a most eligible site contiguous to the church.

* * * * * *

"The Bishop having laid it down as a rule that there should be a parsonage in every living of £300 a-year in his diocese, it puzzles one to understand why his Lordship, taking into account the preferments of our Vicar, should waive his rule in respect to this parish, especially when we find him frankly admitting in his charge that 'there is no way of getting resident Curates except building or purchasing parsonage houses.'

"The next subject for presentment is the incompetency of the Teacher of the Sunday School. The Clerk of the Church, a rustic labourer and stonebreaker, has long acted in this capacity. The objection to him is, that he needs instruction as much as his pupils; the fact, I believe, is not denied by the Vicar himself who appointed him. Now, I put it to you as a Christian, is it quite right that such a person as this should be charged with so solemn a matter as the religious education of the children? rather is such trifling with one of the most important trusts not as discreditable to the Church as it is to the Minister who confers the responsibility? and surely it is not very complimentary to the piety and common sense of the people that their contributions should be sought, for the support of a functionary so notoriously incapable as this Abecedarian.

"This being the fashion in which our Church educates, with what grace can our Bishop inveigh as he does against the press for poisoning the people's minds against the establishment, which he says "has ever been the most zealous and effective promoter of public instruction!"

. . . . . .

"The last complaint that I will offer is of the state of the churchyard.

"The canon law requires it to be 'kept in a decent and fitting manner as becometh the House of God, clear of all rubbish, muck, &c., or any thing that may annoy the passengers.' The churchyard, like the old parsonage, is let by the Vicar to graze sheep at a certain rent (somewhere about 8s. a-year,) while no one is responsible to keep it swept. It is, of course, often in a filthy condition from their dung and other nuisances; besides, as the gates are not locked, other animals are at liberty to enter, when, from any accident, the gates are left open. I have, myself, caught pigs tearing up the turf of new made graves during divine service on Sunday. In many places the graves are almost wholly stripped of their turf or obliterated altogether for want of care which; is said to be chiefly occasioned by the children inhabiting the house in the church-yard, commonly called the Church-house.

. . . . . .

"I submit, too, whether by getting rid of the present occupants of the Church-house, we should not abate a great *moral* nuisance. I am assured by many, but the impression on my mind chiefly rests on your own authority, that it lodges no less than five families, consisting of twenty-eight persons, huddled together in the most promiscuous disorder. . . . .

Such, my Lord Archbishop, is the way in which the people are treated by a Church consuming five millions a-year—such the provision for 'nourishing' what Burke calls 'the public hope,' the 'public ornament,' the 'public consolation.' How men can be found to stickle for a system of Ecclesiastical Government, which in reality offers not one atom of security for the services of its ministers, is perfectly astounding, and what makes it more so, some who affect an ardent zeal for the Christian Religion are among the loudest of its advocates."

Our farther extracts must be disjointed.

"If the spirits of the air had consulted to root Christianity out of the land, I put it to your Grace, could more effective means have been devised than a ministry under no sufficient control, and with every temptation that wealth, and power, and impunity can offer, to allure them from their duty? Why, my Lord, if we were to allow this to be the sort of government which our Saviour designed, it would positively follow, that he came not to suffer for the sins of mankind, not to root out the cupidity and carnal passions, but to foster and promote them; and though of all these passions he denounces avarice most severely, yet that he really intended Mammon should be the god of the world, the establishment of a wealthy, luxurious, indolent hierarchy, as the whole end and object of his mission.

"Do I exaggerate this wealth? Look at the overgrown revenues of some of our bishops and clergy. My own bishop, who has acknowledged himself so powerless in his vineyard—this successor of the Apostle "who would be chargeable to no man"—besides possessing, as I am informed, other very lucrative preferment, has had Bristol grafted on his Gloucester diocese, thus multiplying the chances of his impotence, while his remuneration is enormously augmented.

"Be so good as to mark how far my vicar may deserve being rated as a labourer worthy of his hire, after what has been brought to view. Beside other preferment, he receives from this parish not very far from £300 a-year. The population is between four and five hundred, and the parish church may, on an average, be attended by thirty adults—often not half that number—so that he receives not much short of £10 a-head for every sheep he starves upon a Sunday sermon; I say *starves*; for perhaps not above a dozen out of the thirty have English enough to comprehend half-a-dozen sentences of its meaning,—a circumstance that need scarcely surprise us, while the said vicar frankly avows his opinion that educating the poor is one of the greatest evils, and we see him accordingly selecting for a schoolmaster the very *beau idéal* of the

thing fitted to carry out his reverence's principle. In both these cases, you have pretty fair specimens of the stewards of the vineyard; and yet such consecrated worldlings have the courage to lift their face to heaven, and, without the slightest fear of provoking the long suffering of the Almighty, exclaim with St Paul, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, *and I unto the world.*' When we see this pride, and avarice, and indolence of churchmen, everywhere staring us in the face, was it any great exaggeration in one of our writers of the last century, (for it seems things were pretty much in the same state then as they are now,) when he alleged that 'a stranger knowing nothing of our religion, and judging only by our actions, might infer that poverty, charity, and humility were forbidden by our religion, by threats of eternal punishment, and that our clergy were commanded to attend exclusively to their worldly interests on pain of damnation.'"

The clergy must, no doubt, think it extremely impertinent in Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner to be, in these widely different times, and more differing circumstances, continually twitting them with the example of our Saviour and his Apostles.

Macnish's Works.

The ANATOMY of DRUNKENNESS; the PHILOSOPHY of SLEEP; and the Collected Scraps, published by Macnish in periodical works, and entitled APHORISMS, have been brought out in Glasgow, in three neat small volumes, forming at once separate treatises and nearly a complete edition of the author's works. A brief Sketch of his Life is prefixed by some friendly hand. These works are too well known in Scotland to require notice at this time of the day. They have probably already gathered in their fame, though their sale, it would appear, remains; which is a good test of popularity. They are stated, in the Life, to be popular in America, to the taste of which country they appear peculiarly adapted.

Manual of Botany.

To the numerous elementary works which have appeared of late on this popular and fascinating science, the above Manual has been added by Mr Macgilivray, the author of the "History of British Birds." It is more strictly scientific than some of the late elementary works on botany; and is, consequently, if less adapted to a large proportion of the modern amateur botanists—those, namely, who like the science without cultivating it systematically—better fitted for the severe student.

Mode of treating Bees, Pigeons, Rabbits, and the Canary Bird. By Peter Boswell.

This work is not so much meant for an assistant to the economist as a guide to the young in their management of their favourite animals or pets. The directions, however, far exceed what can be necessary for a boy's limited number of furred or feathered favourites, unless they are to supply the family with honey and pigeon-pies; though, no doubt, they are all very good of their kind.

Table-Wit and After-Dinner Anecdote.

Mr Tilt's selection might more fitly be called a common-place book than christened *Table-Wit.* It, however, contains many smart sayings, picquant anecdotes, and morsels of wisdom.

Desultory Sketches and Tales of Barbadoes.

In embodying his recollections of Barbadoes, the author of this little volume is actuated by the desire of indirectly conveying accurate information of the real state of the emancipated negroes; which, upon the whole, is pretty fairly done, so far as the writer enters into the subject. His bias is, however, against the blacks.

SERIAL WORKS AND PAMPHLETS.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE, Part XXIII.—King Richard III.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL and STATISTICAL DICTIONARY, Part VII.

TYAS' NAPOLEON, Part XX.

TYAS' SHAKSPEARE, containing the end of "Cymbeline," and beginning of "The Taming of the Shrew." Part XXII.

HEADS of the PEOPLE, No. X.

THE WORKS of JOSEPHUS, Part VII.

DR SKINNER'S AID to PREACHING, in WARD'S LIBRARY of STANDARD DIVINITY.

ABRIDGEMENT of Sir FOWELL BUXTON'S WORK on the AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE and its REMEDY.

OUTLINE of a SYSTEM of LEGISLATION for SECURING the PROTECTION of the ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS of all COUNTRIES COLONIZED by GREAT BRITAIN. By Standish Motte, Esq., Barrister. Drawn up at the request of the ABORIGINES' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

THE SANATORIUM. [A project for a self-supporting institution for boarding, lodging, and curing sick persons of the middle classes, of both sexes; an object well worthy of attention and patronage, especially in great towns.]

NEW SCHOOL-BOOKS.

INITIA LATINA, A GUIDE for BEGINNERS. By the Rev. J. Edwards, M.A., Second Master of King's College School, London, and Classical Examiner of Christ's Hospital; and William Cross of Trinity College, Cambridge.

BOILEAU on the GERMAN LANGUAGE. New edition.

A GRAMMAR of the GERMAN LANGUAGE. By Henrich Apel.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR in a NEW FORM. By John M'Knight.

A TREATISE on ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Richard Hiley.

NEW POEMS.

LLEWELLYN; A TALE OF CAMBRIA. [This Tale of the last of the Welsh Princes, is written and printed in India, quite by accident, as usual. Of this poem as of some of the above, we may conscientiously say, that the notes are as amusing as the text; the highest compliment which an eminent critic, now deceased, could pay to be poems of Scott himself.

ORIENTAL MUSINGS. By P. Scott, Esq.

HEBER, RECORDS of the POOR, LAYS from the PROPHETS, and OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Ragg. [We have met with this poet before, and admired his writings. We sincerely wish that the encouragement he shall meet may be worthy of his merits.]

ERRO, a Romantic Poem. By Edward Noyce Browne.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

RURAL SCENES; or, a PEEP at the COUNTRY; for CHILDREN. [A clever little work, though rather babyish; with very pretty cuts, representing rural sports and occupations.

MORAL FABLES and PARABLES. By Ingram Cobbin. [An excellent juvenile book.]

TALES of TRAVEL. By F. B. Miller. With engravings.

JUVENILE ANECDOTES, FOUNDED on FACTS. By Priscilla Wakefield. New edition.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

WAR WITH FRANCE.—Whig Government was ushered in with the promise of *Peace, Retrenchment, Reform.* The progress of Reform is now opposed by the Whig Ministry, as constantly as by the Tories. For Retrenchment, the issue of Whig government is found to be an addition to the Public Debt and the Taxes. And, to crown all, the nation, by Whig management, finds itself at war with China, at war with Egypt, and threatened with a war with France. The war with Egypt is one entirely of aggression on our part. We are neither injured nor threatened with injury by Mehemet Ali. On the contrary, our relations with him have been altogether friendly. But the integrity of the Turkish Empire is in danger. The Sultan's rebellious vassal, not satisfied with the virtual sovereignty of Egypt, wishes to extend his dominions at the expense of his nominal master. And, as usual, British blood and treasure must be poured out in the quarrel, no matter how little interest the People of Britain have in its result. The pretext for British interference, in the quarrel between the two Turks, is not even known to the bulk of the People of Britain; so little interest do they take in subjects, which, to judge from their prominence in Royal Speeches, seem to constitute the chief concern of the Sovereign and her Ministers. And what is the pretext, after all? Nothing but alarm at the old bugbear, Russia. The "balance of power" is threatened with being once more destroyed; and Britain must fight for the *status quo* of the balance. Not being a match for his encroaching vassal, the Sultan, it is said, cannot choose but call in Russia to help him; and Russia having done that same, Lord Palmerston maintains that the falling of the Turkish capital and the Dardanelles into the hands of Russia, follows as a matter of course; by which addition of territory Russia will be rendered so powerful, that the precious *balance* will be disturbed; the commerce of the Black Sea interdicted to us; and our Indian Empire, perhaps, wrested from our grasp. Therefore, to preserve the integrity of Turkey from a new violation, by Mehemet Ali of Egypt, or from absorption, by its overgrown neighbour Russia, and to prevent the possibility of Russian aggression on our commerce and empire, we are ourselves to make an aggression on Mehemet Ali, and run an imminent risk of a war with France, an ally of Mehemet Ali, and possessing as good a right to aid him, as we can have to aid the Sultan.

Can such an interference on our part be described as a just and necessary war? We deny it; and are sceptical if there is such a thing as a just and necessary war. None of the many wars this nation has been engaged in for the last century and a half certainly deserves that title.

The balance of power we regard as a phantom, a mere idea. There can be no balance of power, unless all the nations of Europe were equally powerful, and remained in that condition, or made exactly the same progress. The superior growth of one state in intelligence or in population would destroy the balance, were there such a thing, equally with an acquisition or a loss of territory. If it were really necessary to maintain the balance, any state that is outstripping the others in population, wealth, or civilisation, ought to be attacked by all the rest, and reduced to its original condition, before the balance was disturbed by the irregular growth.

If we are to fight for the maintenance of our commerce on the Black Sea, or for the defence of our Indian Empire, it would surely be wiser to postpone the combat until either be menaced by Russia—an event which may never happen—than to rush into war just now. We would then have the advantage of a palpable cause; and the sympathies, probably the aid, of the other powers of Europe. Or, if the *Peace, Retrenchment,* and *Reform* Government will insist upon going to war at the present moment, taking part in the war between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali; it deserves consideration whether it would not be more decorous, more prudent too, for a People and a Ministry professing Liberal and Reforming principles, as opposed to Legitimacy and Conservatism, to stickle for Mehemet rather than for the Sultan. In the one case, we should have Liberal France as our ally: in the other, we have the Despotic Governments of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The company in which Britain is found is not good. In close alliance with France, Britain need fear none of the despotic countries, nor a combination of the whole of them. With France, we might hope to effect something for the cause of freedom; with Russia as our ally, we can hope for nothing but participation in mischief. That we are embarked in the wrong cause, may be farther presumed from the approval of the whole Tory press of the part we are acting.

The danger of a war with France ensuing, is, we fear, undervalued. No doubt it would be very foolish in the French people to take part in the Turkish quarrel, and come into collision with Britain and her three despotic allies. America would commit no such folly. But it is very possible that the French people may lack wisdom as much as our own Government; and that will be quite sufficient for mischief. Two letters, (published lately in the *Edinburgh Observer,*) from an intelligent correspondent of ours, who has been for several months in France, represent the state of the public mind as exceedingly irritable, and hostile to Britain, on account of the supposed affront offered to France, in the manner of announcing the treaty which formed the new Holy Alliance in support of legitimacy and the integrity of the Turkish Empire, as opposed to Egypt and Mehemet Ali, to which France could not be a party. A war with France we regard as a calamity of the most serious nature; as an evil not to be carelessly provoked, but to be avoided by every means in our power. The People of England and Scotland should protest against the act of their Government. Meetings should be held in all the large towns, to declare for the maintenance of Peace with Egypt, with France, with China, and with all the world. The people of Ireland, the Repealers at least, can scarcely be expected to join in the opposition to a war, which would enable them to call out the Irish volunteers once more, and make Daniel O'Connell King of Ireland, or President of the Hiberaian Republic.

THE QUEEN'S PARTY—COALITION.—The press has, for the past few weeks, been perplexing itself with the fear of some change, in the higher political regions, which shadows itself forth to their perplexed eyes in some ominous, but certainly very indistinct form. We pretend to the possession of no data, either through hint or information, from which to argue what is going on in the arcana of those high quarters. We know nothing of what is about to be, but what we can gather from the ordinary public course of politics; and though we think we can see these pointing in a certain evil direction, yet the indications are by no means very distinct—not even so clear as that much-abused index, a straw in the air. There is, in the first place, a rumour of the formation of a "Queen's party," consisting of some six members of the Lords and twenty of the Commons, who, like the *squadrone volante* of the Union Parliament, are to stand on the middle of the beam, and press their weight to one or other of its nicely balanced ends, as interest or caprice dictate. We would be as ready as others to give credit to the rumour, if we could see, in the first place, how such a party could be foolish enough to give itself a place and name; and, secondly, how it could do anything after coming into existence. The days for a monarch's party are long past. With the Stuart dynasty such a party was *the* Government: an Opposition could hardly be said to be legitimised. The Guelphs retained so much of "consideration," that they never were without a word to say in the affairs of the State, though Chatham did sometimes treat interference with a little wrath. George III.

was in the habit of marking every man who divided against him, that he might pay him off by a surly reception at Court. By his personal influence and interference, he defeated Fox's India Bill, and fought the battle of Pitt. Twice he defeated the Catholic claims by the same means. The reign of George IV. shewed how this influence waned. The Duke of York proclaimed the monarch's personal resistance to the same Catholic relief measure; yet it was carried. In the reign of William IV., the personal power of the monarch disappeared. From 1835 to his death, he lived in a ministry to almost every member of which he was in personal opposition. There was to be sure something like a resuscitation of the ancient spirit in the bed-chamber question; but it was as unlike the old exercise of royal influence as the petulance of a displeased spouse is less ominous than the calmer denunciations of a warrant-armed peace-officer. No, no. That branch of anti-popular power has been effectually levelled. To express fear of its machinations would be leading the People on a wrong scent, at the risk of their missing the real power they ought to fight against—that of the Aristocracy. We do think that there are symptoms, though we must admit not very positive ones, of something like a coalition of the two great Aristocratic parties against the people. The thing is quite natural. The difference between them is slight—one of them cannot govern alone—at least, not without experiencing daily humiliations; but the two joined together can command a working majority; therefore, &c., Q. E. D. We know that there are individuals connected with the Ministry, who would not be parties to such an alliance. Lord John Russell would probably not be so. The temptation would not be sufficient to overcome his hereditary enmity; and, however ready he may be to head a motionless and powerless government, his rank and position, and his own somewhat honest, if narrow mind, place him beyond the temptation of an alliance involving positive infamy. But, if Lord John, finding it impracticable longer to continue the struggle, see policy like his own worked by other and stronger hands, can he refuse his support, because, while one half are friends, the other were foes? The Whigs, if they could hold out through their own innate strength, would no more propose a coalition, than the capitalist will propose a partnership with a needy rival; but, as a body, we have no doubt that they will be perfectly ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Leeds Reform Association.—Since the days of the Political Unions, there has been no Reform Association so worthy of public attention as the one recently formed at Leeds. It is composed, not of the middle classes alone, nor of the operatives exclusively, but of both classes conjoined. It numbers in its ranks some of the best Reformers in England—men whose names have become familiar beyond the bounds of their proper locality; and its principles go beyond those of any association in which the middle classes have taken an active interest. The Leeds Association has assumed for its basis the principles enunciated by Lord Durham, on Glasgow Green, and then enthusiastically responded to by the tens of thousands congregated around him—viz., Triennial Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and Household Suffrage; with the important addition of A New Distribution of the electoral districts, No Property Qualification, and the Abolition of the Corn Laws. The Leeds Reformers declare that the present House of Commons does not truly represent the People; that, to produce the great object of real representation, not less than the first five of the above measures is necessary; and that nothing less will content them. An important meeting of the association was held on Monday, the 31st August; J. G. Marshall, Esq., a magistrate of the Riding, in the chair. The speakers were, H. Stansfeld, Esq., another magistrate; Mr Alderman Goodman, Mr Councillor Bower, Joseph Middleton, Esq., Mr Councillor Burrows, Mr Craven, surgeon; Dr Smiles, the able editor of *The Leeds Times*; Mr Martin, Mr Robinson, Mr Anderson, Mr Green, Mr Heaps, Mr Cummins, Mr Atkinson, and Mr Wright. The speeches were all Radical—that is, independent of party, and going to the root of every abuse; although only a few of the speakers go the length of the Charter. More truly liberal speeches we have seldom read; and the ability displayed was worthy of the holy cause for which the speakers contended. But the question arises, Will this new agitation succeed? We are sorry, indeed, even to appear to discourage so praise-worthy an attempt. The agitation will not be thrown away. Agitation in a good cause never is. But we fear that this advocacy of the Durham principles, even with the three important additions we have stated, will have no immediate results. The middle classes will not take up the agitation in other parts of the kingdom, while the Whig Ministers remain in power, and set their faces, as they will continue to do, so long as they are in power, against all Radical (that is, real) Reform. And of the working classes only a small number will join heartily in any agitation for less than Universal Suffrage; while the Chartists will even endeavour to defeat the agitation. Behold the effect of concessions made too late, which would have been eagerly grasped at, if made in time! Had Lord Durham, after declaring for Household Suffrage, Ballot, and Triennial Parliaments, in 1834, continued to agitate for these principles, he would have had almost the entire population of England and Scotland at his back; for the Tories and mere Whigs are as nothing to the rest of the People, in point of numbers. But what would have been easy in 1834 or 1835, is, we fear, impossible now; we mean, while the (so called) Reform Ministry are in place. When their steadily decreasing majority shall have become a minority, and power have departed from them, an agitation based on the new Leeds Reform Bill, may very possibly be warmly engaged in by the middle classes, with many of their old Whig leaders at its head. And then, as it would have a fair prospect of succeeding, large bodies of the operatives, probably the whole, would join the agitation. Without their aid, the middle classes could effect nothing like the Leeds Reform. For, whether the Chartists know it or not, the aristocracy know well that, for the destruction of all unjust privileges, for the abolition of all bad laws, and the enactment of all good ones; in short, for the complete substitution of the democratic principle of government for the aristocratic, the Leeds New Reform Bill would be as effectual as the Peoples' Charter. And both, therefore, will they resist, to the very verge of revolution. A revolution in this country, with the working classes hostile to it, or even without their enthusiastic concurrence and their eager assumption of the most dangerous part in the enterprise, the aristocracy also well know to be impossible. To the middle classes alone, therefore, the aristocracy will not yield up their monopoly of the powers of government, by permitting a real reform of the House of Commons to take place. If the middle classes alone cannot effect that object, it is next to impossible that the working classes could be more successful, opposed by the middle classes and the aristocracy. These two orders, besides greater intelligence, greater wealth, and greater steadfastness of purpose, would have on their side multitudes of of their servants, tenants, labourers, and dependents; and the army would be with them. We repeat that the working classes alone would find it next to impossible to carry Parliamentary Reform by violence, or the fear of violence. If, then, such a reform be necessary, and if neither the middle classes nor the operatives alone can hope to effect it, what should they do? The first duty of the individuals of each class is to make themselves acquainted with the principles advocated by the other class. The middle classes should consider attentively the justice of the claim of the operatives to the suffrage, and calculate the effect of Universal Suffrage, if obtained. And the unenfranchised operatives should, in like manner, calculate the effects of a successful agitation for Household Suffrage, a £5 franchise, or the Knowledge Qualification. If the operatives come to the conclusion, with us, that any one of these extensions of the franchise would have the same effect in securing good government as Universal Suffrage; or if the middle classes find reason to believe Universal Suffrage to be as safe as it is plainly just; they have only to act on their new conviction, to secure the grand object, real representation in Parliament.

SLAVE EMANCIPATION AND ITS PRICE.—"The two great and important triumphs which the Christian morality was to achieve, and which, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, are now, we trust, proceeding to their accomplishment, are the Abolition of Human Slavery and the Extinction of War. Out of these two intellectual victories, is dawning the 'Hope of the World.' Despite of all her bigotry, and 'with all her faults,' Britain, for her leading share in the establishment of these great principles, is worthy of all her children's love and the world's reverence. We know not that history, from its commencement, presents any nation, at any one moment, in such an attitude of moral grandeur as that of Britain, on the day when an all but unanimous Parliament, representing an all but unanimous People, freely voted twenty millions of the money, which for all other purposes it doled out with such a niggardly hand, for an object in which no selfish interests were involved, purely to do a great moral right, and redress a great moral wrong. For that one unalloyed act alone, she is foremost among the nations; and the world is her debtor too, for all that she has done to establish the principle of peace. A fearful debt on that head, as on the other, she had indeed to wipe off."

When matter of this sort appears in so intelligent and esteemed a journal as *The Athenæum*, it is worth noticing. In the sentiments expressed by our contemporary, we most heartily concur; so far as they convey his joy at the prospect of the Abolition of Slavery and the Extinction of War. But the praise of Britain for what she has done to accomplish these desirable objects is unmerited in the one case and premature in the other. We have a Peace Society, indeed; we have many lovers of peace among us, besides the special professors of the love of peace, the Society of Friends; we have many thousand parochial preachers of the religion of peace, paid by the State; and, since 1831, we have had a Government professing, as its leading and distinctive principles, PEACE, Retrenchment, Reform. But we have not yet learned to be at peace. During the nine years sway of the "Peace" Government, we have had a little war with Holland, a little war with Spain, a ditto with Portugal, with Canada, with Affghanistan; and, at this present time, we are engaged in what the Duke of Wellington will hardly call "little wars" with China and Egypt; with the prospect of one, entirely respectable as to size, with France. We have abolished black slavery in our colonies, it is true: but five-sixths of our adult male population at home are retained in what is really slavery; subject to military service, to impressment, and to taxation, without a voice in the election of the men who make the laws and impose the taxes. The maxim, "Taxation without representation is tyranny and oppression," is of good report; but it is entirely disregarded in practice. The British operatives in very truth are slaves; slaves with only the choice of their master. But the £20,000,000; was it not a munificent act? Not a bit of it. The £20,000,000 were "freely voted" by what should be the People's representatives; but the People were not consulted when the proposed loan of £15,000,000 to the slave-holders was converted into a gift of £20,000,000. The slave-holders got the money: but there was small merit in the "freely voting" it. Several of the voters or their near connections touched a trifle of the sum voted, being West India proprietors. Still is it said that the £20,000,000 was a magnificent payment for a noble object; a grand self-sacrifice for a great moral purpose? It was no sacrifice at all. Not a shilling of the millions has been paid by those who "freely voted" them, or who grumblingly submitted to the vote. The money has not been paid by anybody; it is all due at this moment. If it ever be paid, it must be by posterity; by people who will have had nothing to do with the "freely voting;" no merit in the noble work of emancipation; no concern with the price given the slave-holders, but to pay it. "A fearful debt," indeed, Britain "had to wipe off," as *The Athenæum* says. And this "free vote," so much lauded, has added £20,000,000 to it; which posterity will have to "wipe off," or pay, while we of the present generation take all the credit of the magnificent deed.

But although the principal sum, the £20,000,000, are thrown on posterity, the interest is, in the meantime, paid by those who claim the merit of the free vote, and the free consent? Not so. The interest is paid by taxes levied on the necessaries of life; taxes which fall chiefly on the industrious and unrepresented five-sixths of the people. On the white slaves chiefly falls the interest of the sum voted for the emancipation of the black slaves.

HARVEST—CORN LAWS.—During the past month, with some very few exceptions, the weather has been highly favourable for harvest operations—a few heavy showers and some rainy days; but the majority sunny and breezy. The consequence is, that, by the middle of the month, the reaping, even in the high and exposed lands, was generally concluded, and the greater proportion had been carted in. The general character of the crop is above average, and it has a peculiarly rich appearance, from the largeness of the straw occasioned by the rains of the earlier part of the season. During the earlier quarter of the month, the averages of the wheat were 72s. 3d., and the duty, consequently, was so low as 2s. 8d. The consequence of this was naturally a large freeing from bond; and thus, at the commencement of a superabundant harvest, the farmers see the already large supply thus increased in their hands by their favourite Corn Laws. For three years, the People at large have been the sufferers—it is now the turn of the farmers to get a slight twinge. There is no doubt that the high prices of the two past years have caused a more than ordinary breadth of grain to be sown for the present year. Here there are three sources of a glut—a large field, a good harvest, and a foreign supply. Everybody knows the well-established doctrine, in political economy, that, when supply exceeds the demand, the same sum cannot be got for the whole quantity in existence that would have been obtained for a smaller quantity, meeting or falling short of the demand. Each holder is afraid of part of his stock remaining unsold; so they undersell each other. Such will be the favours which those instruments of gambling and dangerous speculation, the Corn Laws, are likely to proffer to the men for whose good they are professedly established. Nor will this evil be compensated by a corresponding advantage to the rest of society. We may have grain cheaper for the ensuing twelve months; but the mischief accomplished during the two preceding years cannot be undone. The bankrupt manufacturer cannot be reinstated. The starving artisan has already drank in the poison of anarchy, and will not again be reconciled to the constitution under which he has suffered so bitterly. As to foreign countries: when they had difficulty enough in feeding their own population, and were not anticipating our custom, we then pressed upon their supplies. The past two years may have led them to provide for our market;—we will now leave the grain to rot on their fields. Such are the capricious results of a law made to enrich a class. If it had been an open and avowed robbery, it might have been more individually exasperating, but would have produced far less misery.

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PREFIX POLITICAL

TO

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

No. LXXXIII.

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1840.

THE WHIGS AND WAR.

WONDERFULLY has the Ministry kept its bargain with the public. It proclaimed three great principles of action—Reform—Economy—Peace. It cheated Reformers; it has laughed at Economists; it has invited WAR.

Occasions have already been found, and many more will offer themselves, to shew how the cause of Reform has been betrayed and abandoned by the Whig Cabinet. The questions of increased taxation, diminishing revenue, and enormously augmented expenditure, demand separate and special notice: they are minor evils growing out of the major, the monster evil, with which the nation is now menaced, and of which we are about to speak; the last precious gift; the last, in a double sense, if the eyes of the nation will but be opened; the last precious gift of Whiggery—*War!* Ay! we are to be leagued with the despots—with the oppressors of nations; leagued with those who partitioned Poland, and have subjugated Italy, and have hunted down freedom and good government throughout the world; with those are we leagued for WAR.

WAR! the very idea, after a quarter of a century's repose, during which commerce and improvement were pursuing their tranquil, and moralising, and happiness-creating course—the very sound has horror in it. War! Yes, War! with all its abominations. War! the folly to which all other follies are wisdom. War! the crime to which all other crimes are virtues. We are to have war; and we owe it to the Whigs.

Though it would be difficult to find justification for the greater number of the wars in which this country has been engaged; and no justifications could be discovered, were the amount of sacrifice and suffering weighed against the amount of benefits which have resulted from them; yet it will be easy to shew that a more wanton, wicked, and (if the word may be allowed) un-British war was never waged than that into which we are about to plunge.

For our *interests* as well as our duties are all on the side of peace. The difference between us and France is reduced to this simple question—Shall we make war for the purpose of driving an old man of seventy-three from a country which he has been able to govern, and which Turkey, for whom we claim it, was *not* able to govern? Our *interests* are clearly with the Egyptian, and not the Turkish disputant; for, under the Turks, we had no trade with Syria; there was no security for persons or property; no overland communication with India; no safety for travellers. Under the pacha, the country has been covered with British merchants and British merchandise. Tribunals and police have been introduced. Our mails from India pass with as much certainty as through civilised Europe; and, until of late, when our incendiaries have been charged to kindle the flames of civil war, every part of Syria might be visited without any the slightest molestation.

And, duped by the pretty words "Integrity and independence" of the Ottoman empire, we are about to destroy this state of things, at the risk of a war with France and of a general conflagration. The work has been appropriately begun. A flourishing city, which has grown into importance within the last ten years, which has become one of the great depôts for distributing our manufactures over Western Asia, has been bombarded by our ships, and its peaceful inhabitants sent as houseless wanderers into the mountains of Lebanon or the plains of Palestine, as

the first act of the tragedy in which our Cabinet has chosen to play the principal part.

We are pledged, it is said, to maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; and a grievous task have we undertaken. For the last century, the Ottoman empire has been crumbling into ruins. Portion after portion has fallen away, from mere exhaustion and decay. It has been long perishing, and is destined to perish:—it has no vitality—no living principle. But our Ministers see no difficulty in working miracles. They can give strength to imbecility, beauty to deformity, opulence to poverty; they can cure mortal diseases; they can awake the dead.

Where is this infatuation to end; beginning as it does in ignorance and blindness? M. Thiers has wisely said, that "the force of facts is stronger than the resolutions of cabinets." To give back the colonies of America to Spain, to re-establish the ancient authority of papal Rome, to enthrone the Moguls on the sovereignty of India, would be projects as chimerical, but not more chimerical than that we have undertaken, and are bound, as our rulers tell us, to accomplish. More sweat is to run down the brow of the British labourer, more money is to be taken from the pocket of the British capitalist, more blood is to be shed by the British warrior, because, in the absence of Parliament, and in the silence of public opinion, our foreign minister has chosen to guarantee "the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire under the reigning dynasty."

What then if the Pachas of Bagdad or Erzeroum, of Tunis or Tripoli, of Bornia or Albania; what if the Annassees, or the Khurds, or the Turcomans, the Wahabees, the Druses, or the Maronites, break out into successful rebellion? are we to fight the Sultan's battles, and interfere, as we are interfering in Egypt and Syria? The people have a right to know, and will insist on knowing, how far they are committed by the dexterous diplomacy of the right honourable Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The question remains, as yet, unanswered: Why have we meddled at all with this Mussulman quarrel; why have we prevented a settlement which both Turks and Egyptians were eager to arrange? But there is a far more alarming inquiry behind: Into what regions of darkness may we not be led by our pledges to uphold "the integrity and the independence of the Ottoman empire?"

And even in Syria, at the very outset of our Quixotic jactancy, many unforeseen difficulties may arise. What if the invading Turks be defeated? What if the Syrians refuse to "listen to the voice of the charmer," and hesitate about bending their necks to the old Ottoman oppressor, against whose authority their forefathers so often revolted? What if they prefer the tyrant who represents their language, the tyrant who is strong, to the tyrant who speaks not their language, who is a stranger, and who is weak? And, even should we succeed in driving the Egyptians from Syria by the arms which we have placed in the hands of the Syrian mountaineers; what if these mountaineers should employ those very weapons, as they infallibly will, to drive the Osmanlis away? are we ready to give effect to our promises, and to re-establish the "integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire?"

Look at our present position. It was the boast of the Ministers, in the Queen's speech of 16th January, 1840, that "the concord of the Five Powers had prevented the renewal of hostilities in the Levant." Their glory now will be, to declare that, not only is there *no* concord, but that the utmost discord exists between the Five Powers; and that, so far from having "prevented hostilities," two of the Powers—and Great Britain the more prominently of the two—have entered upon war, have destroyed an unoffending commercial and prosperous city; have armed the Syrian population for civil broil, and let loose the hell-hounds of rapine and of murder.

But what ground of quarrel has *England* with Mehemet Ali? Has he wronged her citizens; has he damaged her trade; has he intrigued against her possessions; has he undermined her influence? Really, to look at the passionate diatribes which, from time to time, fill the pages of our newspapers, one would suppose the Egyptian viceroy had been pursuing us with unbounded and implacable hatred; that he was an enemy alike to be dreaded and trampled on; a nuisance to be extirpated at any sacrifice.

Is it because Egypt, which, before the time of the pacha's government, was almost without a British settler or a British merchant, has become a country in which our commercial men are carrying on a large and a lucrative trade?—Is it because the desert, which, previously to his reign, could not be crossed without numerous difficulties and countless dangers, has now, under his influence, become as safe and as easily traversed as any highroad in Europe?—Is it because we who of all others have received the greatest benefits from the overland communication with India—we for whom the power of Mehemet Ali has reduced the period which enables us to correspond with Hindostan from months to weeks?—Is it for services such as these that we are

clamouring so loudly for his downfal and his destruction?

The plea, the sole plea, which has been put forward to justify the policy of the treaty, is, that Mehemet intended (unless checked) to march upon Constantinople. The averment is an invention; and, were it not, surely we might have waited till the danger were real. Are we to rush upon present and positive evils, evils of enormous magnitude and incalculable extent, in order to escape from remote, uncertain, and even doubtful ones? The French Government has repeatedly avowed that it would cheerfully have come to an understanding with our own Government, in order to resist any encroachment by Mehemet Ali beyond the territories granted to him by the Convention of Kutayah; and be it remembered, for it is too often forgotten, that the Convention of Kutayah gives to Mehemet Ali the whole of Syria and the province of Adana. It was Turkey who sought to violate her own engagements. She attacked the pacha within the Syrian territory; she was defeated: but Mehemet had the prudence not to cross the frontiers. Turkey is recompensed for her outrageous folly, by obtaining the assistance of Great Britain, in order to carry out the plans in which she was thwarted; and Mehemet Ali is to be punished for his moderation, by the hostile intervention of our Government.

Suppose Mehemet Ali, supported by the enthusiasm of the Mussulman races, and welcomed by the popular opinion of Constantinople, had made his way to the capital of the Turkish empire; has England an interest—has civilisation an interest—has Turkey an interest in restraining him? Yes!—if the strength of Turkey consisted in her being ruled by the present dynasty. No!—if her strength were to be represented by the developement of her resources; by giving full play to her remaining energies; by gathering up the fragments of her nationality; and by associating her future hopes with the remembrance of past success.

Constantinople might have been better defended by Mehemet Ali than it can be by European interference; interference which, in the nature of things, must alone be Russian interference. The Russian is the only power in a condition to carry out the treaty. Hers is the adjacent, the ever-present influence. Hers is the real ascendancy; and, amongst all the meddlers, her meddling will be discovered to be the most busy.

The question, indeed, may well be discussed, whether it is not for the general interest and happiness of man that Russia, instead of Turkey, should be the mistress of Constantinople? There is much to be said in favour of such a theory. Barbarous as is the government of Russia, it is less barbarous than that of Turkey; backward as are Russian agriculture, arts, and sciences, literature, manufactures, and commerce, they are more advanced than those of Turkey. As a mere question of pecuniary profit, it might perhaps be demonstrated that Turkey in her hands would be made more productive, and become more opulent; and that, in the developement of her resources and of her wealth, Great Britain would necessarily be a large participator. The Christian population—excluded now from all official functions, though incomparably the most instructed and the most aspiring—would be called into activity, and would gradually assume ascendancy over the Ottoman races. The perpetual outbreaks, the anarchy, the disorder, which exhaust, depopulate, and destroy, the provinces of the Turkish dominions, would probably cease: for the Government would be armed with the power of repression; and despotism would at least bring with it some security for labour and for property. Even though good government should be wanting, there would be peace and safety, and there would be progression.

But no one ventures to aver that it is the purpose of the treaty to transfer Turkey to Russia. Russia well knows that the treaty is slowly but most surely accomplishing that result. Her anxiety for the treaty; her dexterity in bringing it about; her returning, again and again, to the charge, after her first failures; shew with what perseverance and singleness of purpose she pursues her course; a course marked out to her by all her authorities, by all her statesmen, by all her publicists; a course from which she has never swerved for an instant. And is *she* to be blamed? Crippled and confined to the Euxine and the Baltic by the Sound and the Bosphorus, what Russian but must desire to be emancipated from the maritime prison-houses of his country? Millions of her population condemned to "the cold, uncomfortable" regions of the north—who can wonder that her national and natural instincts lead her children to look towards and march towards the sun? She arranges nothing, she proposes nothing, but with a view to carrying out her long-conceived, her habitually-indulged project. Is she to be blamed? Let us change positions with her. Were Russia occupied by Englishmen, what would be their policy?—Clearly, to tend towards the south. There is no important international act, no convention, no treaty, with which Russia has had to do for the

last century, in which this object has not been kept in view; and never has it been more distinctly kept in view than by the treaty of 15th July; for the negotiation of which the Russian Minister has received, and has well deserved, the highest honours and distinction.

It is plain that Russia, clear-sighted and alive to her own interests, sees those interests promoted by the treaty; for, in Russia, the treaty has been unanimously welcomed. And the treaty would be intelligible, if it were frankly avowed that we *meant* to consolidate the policy and promote the views of the Tsar. This is, however, not averred; but the contrary. It is *we*, say the advocates of the treaty, who have thwarted Russia; it is we who have diverted her from her course. How? How, indeed? Why, by listening to her councils, by welcoming her projects, by signing her treaties, by accepting her conditions; by doing that which, above all things, she desired we should do!

The phrase "Integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire" in the mouth of a Russian, and as descriptive of Russian policy, has in it something so indescribably ridiculous and burlesque, that no Russian statesman could possibly maintain his gravity, on seeing it introduced, or on himself introducing it, into any engagement, protocol, convention, or treaty. Even when used by any other power, it is strange and startling enough; and sadly serious must be the thoughts of a Turk, when the representatives of the great Christian robber powers talk to him of their affection for his sway, and their wish to preserve the "integrity and independence" of his country. To Austria he would naturally say—"Who drove me from my old possessions on the Danube?"—To France, "You helped yourself to Algeria."—To England, disinterested England, "You plundered me of Adin, only the other day;" and to Russia, greatest and most rapacious of the leagued banditti, "Your concupiscence has been all-devouring: the Caspian, the Euxine, Bessarabia, all testify to your enormous cravings; while Wallachia and Moldavia, if not wrested by force, have been filched by fraud." Admirable antecedents have these friendly Giaours to offer to the confiding Mussulman. But, poor man! he has not read history—not he!

Can any one seriously suppose that the Russians are such traitors to their true interests as really to desire the consolidation and strengthening,—"the integrity and independence," of the Ottoman empire? and what must be the policy grounded on so outrageous a supposition? Now this supposition is the groundwork of the treaty of the 15th July.

We have again solemnly to ask how it happens that the mighty influence of Great Britain has been employed, not to prevent, but to precipitate hostilities? When the belligerent parties were on the point of friendly arrangements, why has our diplomacy, twice at least, incurred the awful responsibility of putting a veto upon the treaty of amity?

Why, at the risk of a European war, with all its terrors, are our titled aristocrats, our mad ambassadors, to entail upon a suffering and commercial community the frightful consequences of their pride, their ignorance, their folly? They think, perhaps, that there are no limits to popular patience; like the brutes who halloo other brutes to furious onslaught, that they have only to engage the passions of the nation; and that the nation will not inquire into the cause of the quarrel. But they may be mistaken. The game of war cannot now be so safely played. But supposing—and Heaven grant the prayer!—that the calamities of our present policy are confined to some burnings, and some murders, perpetrated on the guiltless Syrians by British hands, and that the "peace of Europe," as it is called, is not farther disturbed; was it no offence to have called again into the international field those heartburnings, and jealousies, and hatreds; those fiery words of scorn and hate; those defiances and menaces, which defile and disgrace the newspapers of France and England? in which work of mischief, we confess, with bitter sorrow, *The Morning Chronicle* has been one of the foremost leaders. A few months ago, and it seemed as if the ancient animosities of the two countries were fusing into a common feeling of confidence and respect: in their friendly understanding, there was security for the peace of the world. Shame upon the inconsiderate men, be they who they may, who have thought it necessary to appeal to the dissocial and malevolent passions, in order to carry out their reckless policy; and a curse upon the policy that demands such auxiliaries!

B.

TAIT'S
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CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POOR, AND THE MANAGEMENT OF PAUPERS IN SCOTLAND.

In the course of our advocacy of a Poor Law for Ireland, and discussions on the condition of the working classes, we have frequently adverted to the state of the paupers in Scotland as the worst in any civilized country; Ireland, pre-eminent in misery, always excepted. We have formerly had occasion to examine, more or less cursorily, the condition of the poor of France, Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, from statistical information and other authentic sources; and have been compelled to acknowledge that, wherever a Poor Law exists, which is the case in all the above countries, the destitute, the aged, the impotent, and the orphan poor, are in a better condition than in Scotland; where the form of a Poor Law is too often found the most efficient instrument of evading whatever ought to be contemplated by the spirit of a Poor Law. A variety of circumstances have lately concurred to awaken attention to the real condition of the indigent in Scotland; and, among others, the rapidly increasing wretchedness of the great towns, and the appalling rate of mortality from contagious fever. A number of tender-hearted and benevolent persons, placed, themselves, in comfortable or affluent circumstances, have, it appears, been taken quite by surprise, and are not a little shocked to learn that, in the very heart of enlightened, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland, nay, around their own habitations in the metropolis, there exists an aggregation of misery, an extent of absolute destitution, with the unfailing concomitants—filth, low vice, mendicity, disease, and a high rate of mortality—which is not to be paralleled in any civilized country, save, again, by the sole exception, the blot of Christendom, Ireland. These facts, in few words, are what Dr Alison has lately, and, as a matter of conscientious duty, told the people of Scotland; and certainly no one has had better opportunities of acquiring intimate knowledge than he has found during his long and daily rounds of unwearied philanthropy. The student and reasoner of the closet or the pulpit, however benevolent, has, in this painful search, no chance whatever against the medical explorer of the lanes and blind alleys, the scaler of the garrets, the excavator of the cellars,

> Where sickening anguish pours the moan,
> And lonely want retires to die.

To him human misery, in its most painful form, is hourly familiar, yet without indurating the heart, or abating the hope that, through God's blessing on simple and practicable means, this complicated mass of suffering may, in the first place, be assuaged, and, in the next, effectually alleviated by the steady application of preventive remedies. It did not require great penetration to discover the actual state of things among the poor of Edinburgh; though considerable moral courage was necessary to announce the unwelcome and unpleasant fact, that social evils of such magnitude and portent were existing and increasing, and must be abated, unless our fellow creatures were to be left to perish before our eyes in lingering misery, and the social fabric eventually shaken to its basis. How the renovation is to be accomplished, by what element of healing, by what class of remedies and course of treatment, is the point in dispute between parties who may be represented by Dr Chalmers, with those who adopt his theory, and the majority of the landowners of Scotland, on the one side,—and, on the other, Dr Alison and the public; for the party wedded to the old system, whether by prejudice or selfishness, or, at least, to some visionary modification of it, profess to have the very same object in view with Dr Alison—namely, the raising of the poor from their present acknowledged state of degradation and physical suffering, and the permanent improvement of their social and moral condition.

The extent of destitution in the great towns of Scotland, and the consequently high rate of mortality, especially in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, &c., from fever, is fully established by statistical evidence; and, when contrasted with

the healthy state of the towns of England, where the necessitous have the provision of the poor law to fall back upon, becomes not more alarming than it is reproachful to a Christian land:—but fever has one good effect, in somewhat quickening the apprehensions of the more affluent classes, and teaching them, from their own danger, to take greater interest in the sufferings of their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Under the influence of such motives, and of humane sympathies which only required to have their natural object presented to them to be quickened into life, a meeting of highly respectable gentlemen, of all politics and religious denominations, was held in Edinburgh some months back, and an Association formed to promote inquiry into the causes and extent of the alleged suffering, and generally into the management of the poor of Scotland. As it is, and will, we apprehend, ever be found impossible to institute any extensive and efficient inquiry of this nature without the authority of Government, the Association, it was surmised, proposed to pray the Executive for an official inquiry into the nature and administration of the poor law of Scotland, which, it was imagined, might be conveniently and appropriately conducted by the Poor-Law Commissioners for England. At this the Scottish *heritors*, as the landed proprietors are called in their parishes, took instant and angry alarm. A meeting, called by circulars, issued to all parts of the kingdom, was held in Edinburgh, of which the Earl of Lauderdale was chairman, and at which as many of the nobility and landed gentry as could be conveniently mustered, attended, to protest against official inquiry, or any inquiry that should, in plain terms, not be conducted by themselves; but, above all, to oppose the main object of the Association—"efficient inquiry"—which, as we have said, to be efficient must be official. The existence of considerable distress was not disputed: but there was no destitution which the poor law of Scotland, as administered by the kirk-sessions and heritors, did not meet, or was not empowered by law to meet. The noble chairman opened the meeting in a decided speech; the Earl of Dalhousie also addressed the meeting; the Marquis of Tweeddale, who could not attend, cordially approved of its object; and Mr Dempster of Skibo, a proprietor of land in Sutherlandshire, in moving a resolution which had been allotted to Dr Chalmers, announced that the meeting had been occasioned, not by the distress of the poor, not by the increase of pauperism and the spread of disease, but by the formation of an Association for inquiry into the causes of these acknowledged evils; which body he charged with wishing to introduce the English Poor Laws into Scotland, and "to put the Poor Law of Scotland, as it were, upon its trial for life and death;"—as if it were not already, over half the kingdom, a dead letter. If inquiry were necessary, "the landlords, and citizens, and clergy of Scotland, could enter into a full inquiry:—it was their duty to do so, and he had not heard it said that it was not their inclination." Farther, this proprietor observed, that, "as to the amount of destitution, he (Mr Dempster) was of opinion that, with the exception of *some parts* of the western coasts, the amount of destitution in the mainland of the Highlands was exaggerated. Destitution, however, undoubtedly existed in the islands." This could not well be denied, in the face of the subscriptions going on over all the country, but especially in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, for the relief of the starving Highlanders in the islands; but destitution did not end with them. In the parishes in which this speaker's estates lie, and where he has his residence, (those of Dornoch and Criech, in Sutherlandshire,) there is extreme destitution. And there has also been inquiry, which has brought a part of the existing misery to light, and that through means which Mr Dempster will not impugn:—it is by the established clergy of Scotland. During the sitting of the General Assembly in 1838, the Lord High Commissioner communicated a letter from the Home Secretary, having, for its object, to obtain returns in regard to the maintenance of the poor in Scotland, for the years 1835, 6, 7. This could not decently be resisted, although there had been an inclination to do so; and the result is before the world in the Report given in to the General Assembly in 1839, containing the returns made by the ministers of all the parishes in Scotland. Though furnished in every instance by parties deeply interested, those who almost universally approve of the existing poor law, and who are by statute appointed to administer it, this singular Report furnishes of itself, to every impartial mind, a body of evidence condemnatory of the existing law, and goes far to supersede any farther inquiries into the Scottish system; of which, in the words of a correspondent of Dr Alison, "The grand object kept in view, by almost every parish, is the possibility of *evading* the duty of relieving the poor. The point most earnestly sought after by them [the kirk-sessions] is not whether there is a certain amount of pauperism, calling for an equally definite amount of relief, but what is the smallest practicable amount which they can possibly be obliged to give."—The same gentleman, Captain Thomson, who is Treasurer to that most useful supplementary charity, the House of Refuge, in Edinburgh, remarks—"I have frequent, almost daily occasion to observe the apathy, indifference, and total disregard of the poor laws, manifested on the part of the parish functionaries towards persons having claims on them for relief."

The Report of the ministers of the different parishes, drawn forth by the General Assembly giving effect to the Secretary of State's letter, enables us, among other facts equally remarkable, to ascertain that, however it may fare with the poor on the west coast and in the islands, there must be destitution in *Criech*, the parish in which Mr Dempster resides, and of which he is a large heritor, since, by the tables of the Report, 137 paupers, the number, on the average, for the three years specified, have had £17:4:10 divided among them annually; or, on the average, they have been allowed, at the lowest rate,

something less than *one farthing a-week*, and those who have the highest allowance less than *three-fourths of a penny*. In the exact terms of the "Report by a Committee of the General Assembly, *on the Management of the Poor of Scotland*," page 98, the paupers of *Criech* have, at the highest rate, 3s., at the lowest, 1s. a-year each! To this parish our special attention has been called by its heritor who so warmly repudiated a Government inquiry—"a commission perambulating the Highlands"—but surely in gross ignorance of the condition of the poor of his own neighbourhood, which urgently requires looking after; and of the clerical returns recently published. We shall afterwards have occasion to notice the specialities of the parish of *Criech*, and the state of the poor in some of the other parishes, in which the principal orators at that meeting are heritors—the "natural guardians of the poor"—"deeply interested in their welfare." The meeting at Edinburgh was followed up by county meetings in several quarters, some of which decided that nothing could be better than the existing law and its administration; and no time was lost in endeavouring to defeat, in Scotland, such an inquiry as had been instituted in England and Ireland; very strong opinions being everywhere expressed of its danger, impolicy, and insulting character to the country.

Scotland will never, unaided, obtain an efficient inquiry into the management of the poor, though the measure may be enforced by the British Legislature; and, in the meanwhile, we shall avail ourselves of the strong case for inquiry which we conceive to be made out by the Scottish clergy,—if their Report, when properly sifted, does not indeed make farther inquiry unnecessary. We have, it is true, but one side of the case before us:—no poor man, no labourer, no dissenting minister, no schoolmaster, no medical man, no one whatever conversant with the actual condition of the poor, has been examined or consulted in that Report, which consists of mere tabular details; and yet, by an impartial inquirer, it will be held conclusive against the perfection of the existing system. Having first given a very imperfect glimpse of the depth and width of the all-pervading wretchedness which has arisen under that system, with a very few illustrations, we shall endeavour to describe its nature and tendencies, and then get to the Report itself, and to its commentary, the NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND.

The destitution and suffering among the working classes in the great towns of Scotland, but especially in Edinburgh and Glasgow, have been frequently brought before the world by philanthropic individuals, but never more efficiently than, this year, by Dr Alison, an eminent physician, and a medical professor in the University of Edinburgh, who, after more than twenty years of daily experience among the poor, and the poorest of the poor, has become convinced that their sufferings "here and in Glasgow, and in the other large towns, are much greater and more general than in any towns of equal size in the well-regulated parts of Europe." His ultimate conclusion was, that the opinion generally entertained in Scotland as to the best mode of relieving the poor—namely, by church collections and what are called voluntary assessments—is very erroneous. Under this mode of relief, destitution is, as Dr Alison proves, increasing; disease is spreading; mendicity and vagrancy are growing; and the poor-rates are becoming, in the great assessed towns, an intolerable burden, though the destitute inhabitants are very inadequately supported. Dr Alison has come to the farther conclusion, to which every man, who looks abroad on society as it is, must come, as soon as the glowing, poetic visions of youthful benevolence are dissipated, that, if the poor are to be effectually relieved at all, it must be systematically, and by compulsory assessments:—he farther considers that, even in most of the legally assessed parishes of Scotland, and they amount to 238 of the entire parishes, the amount raised for poor-rates is, in general, quite inadequate.

The operation of the present stringent poor law, or mockery of all law, in the country parishes, has tended to throw a great additional burthen upon the towns; in which, as throughout the whole kingdom, the amount of destitution has been swelled by a variety of causes. We shall not here enter into questions affecting the wages of labour, and the price of the principal necessaries of life, nor yet the unequal burden of taxation. It is enough that the wages of agricultural labourers, in the most highly improved districts of Scotland, average, by all that we can gather from the New Statistical Account of Scotland, about 8s. 6d. a-week. The wages of *hinds*—that is, farm servants hired by the year—amount, when all their perquisites are reduced to money, by the Reverend Reporters, to from £20 a-year—the lowest rate which we notice for East Lothian—to £28, which is the highest anywhere: £23 is the sum most frequently named. This includes their whole emoluments in every shape; and it is not easy to point out how a married farm-servant and his family can manage "to enjoy a reasonable share of the comforts and advantages of society," and provide, out of this income, against illness, casualties, old age, and infirmity. With the common day-labourer and rural artisan, fever and failure of employment,—both the cause and consequence of destitution,—considerably swell the amount of pauperism. So do the families of the able-bodied, who, from profligacy, or, as often, from want of employment, desert their wives and children. Cholera left a legacy of misery to the great towns; and the fluctuations and depression of manufactures produce, even in the legally assessed towns, where temporary want is but inefficiently met by scanty relief, great distress, and keep a large class of labourers constantly on the verge of pauperism. The ejectment of small tenants, and the consequent throwing of many farms into one, and sweeping away the cottages, is another cause of pauperism which has long been in operation, and of which the consequences are not yet overcome.

There is one universally operating cause of destitution, in old age, leading to pauperism, which no prudence or foresight can avert. It applies to women. Female labourers in the country are even less able to provide against seasons of illness and the wants of old age than males; and, in consequence, a great many of the paupers, now half-starving on parish allowances, are single women, who, in youth, and while vigorous, may, in field-labour, have earned from 6d. to 9d. a-day when employed; but who, in premature infirmity, are often compelled to apply to the parochial charities, niggardly as they are. Formerly such persons, when in advanced life, earned a part, or the whole, of their subsistence, by spinning, in their own houses, flax or wool, or knitting stockings. This source of employment, by the improvement of machinery, has utterly disappeared, and no substitute has been found. Even when such females, in their days of youth and vigour, might, by rigorous self-denial, save a little in service or at out-door work, some aged parent, or widowed sister, or orphan niece or nephew, generally require all they can spare; for parochial help is never so excessive as to render such aids unnecessary. The widows of aged labourers, and the widows and children of those cut off in the prime of their days, by the fevers now so prevalent—and which are too often to be attributed to the meagre maintenance of the labourer, and to what we consider the neglect of a secondary but most important object of a poor law—must become paupers.

But it is needless to enumerate all of even the obvious causes of poverty, destitution, and pauperism in Scotland; since no one longer denies that these exist to a frightful excess, however they may differ about some of the causes and nearly all the remedies. The source from which the mendicity and pauperism of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the other great towns, are continually fed, are the country parishes, whence the poor come in quest of employment, and from which they are as often literally starved out; the superiority of our poor law to that of England being, as one of its warmest eulogists says, "*the smallness of the sums paid in Scotland*" to the poor when they are allowed anything at all.

In the parish of *Criech*, the paupers are only one in nineteen of the population, whereas in the city of Edinburgh they are one in seventeen; but then the far greater number are strangers, who, from the easy law of settlement which, in the meanwhile, fortunately for these wretched outcasts, exists in Scotland, speedily establish a claim to parish relief in the places to which they resort. From a statistical table, drawn up by Professor Wallace, it appears that, of 871 out-door paupers in the old city, only 259 are natives; while of 432* inmates of the work-house, only 143 have a claim from birth. Of 282 inmates in the House of Refuge, last spring, only ninety-one were natives of Edinburgh, and most of the others had come but recently to the town, and when past their labour. The same thing holds of all the towns in Scotland, and of all the charities, and especially the medical charities. Thus the native poor, or those having a claim, are half-starved even in the highly-rated towns; because upon them is thrown so much of the burden of the previously half-starved in the country parishes. Thus vagrancy, mendicity, recklessness, low profligacy, and disease, perpetuate each other in the bosom of society, and amidst scenes of want and suffering, often originating in causes which neither human industry nor virtue could avert, and which it is impossible to contemplate without the deepest compassion, not untinged with shame that such things should be. Localities and houses once occupied by the aristocracy of Scotland, or the respectable of the middle class, and, until within the last twenty years, occupied by the decent poor, are now become the common receptacles of the squalid misery thus described in Dr Alison's pamphlet:—

"In many of the closes leading from the High Street to the Cowgate, every stair and every vacant apartment becomes the depository of everything that is filthy. One flat alone, situated in Foulis' Close, may give an idea of the extent to which dunghills within doors and in houses inhabited by poor families are sometimes carried. However dirty and confined this close is, it is, in many respects, superior to Blackfriars' Wynd. Every attempt at a description of the latter would come so far short of the truth, that we must abandon it for the present, in the hope that some curious visiter will, at a future day, contrast its former splendour with its present filthy and wretched condition, and give an idea to the world to what stage misery and wretchedness may be brought."

The next is from the evidence given by the Rev. Dr. Lee, minister of the Old Church,* before the Commissioners of Religious Instruction, 18th February, 1836, on the state of another portion of the Old Town. "I have seen much wretchedness in my time, but never such a concentration of misery as in this parish. Some of the Irish in it are very wretched, but by far the most wretched are Scotch. I have seen a mother and five daughters, with another woman, in a house where there was neither chair nor table, stool, bed, or blanket, nor any kind of implement for cooking. She had the largest allowance given by the Charity Workhouse, 2s. 6d. a-week." "I frequently see the same room occupied by two married couples, neither having a bed." I have been in one day in seven houses where there was no bed, in some of them not even straw. I found people of eighty years of age lying on the boards." "Many sleep in the same clothes which they wear during the day. I may mention the case of two Scotch families living in a miserable kind of cellar, who had come from the country within a few months, in search of work. Since they came they had had two dead, and another apparently dying. In the place they inhabit, it is impossible at noonday to distinguish the features of the human face without artificial light. There was a little bundle of dirty straw in one corner, for one family, and in another for the other. An ass stood in one corner, which was as well accommodated as these human creatures. It would almost make a heart of adamant bleed to see such an accumulation of human misery in a country like this."

We might multiply such cases; and we might cite, from many other sources, similiar facts; but the great extent of pauperism in Edinburgh is as nothing when compared with the actual mendicity, and, above all, with the silent, patient, unrelieved destitution; and of this mass of suffering, fever too often forms the climax. It is

* Thirty-one of these are from the thinly populated distant county of Sutherland.

* Now Principal of the University.

remarked by the Irish physicians, and corroborated by Dr Alison, that when the Scottish and Irish epidemic raged among the poor, "it was the heads of families who, almost without exception, became the victims, while the rest escaped," and were, of course, left too often miserable widows and orphan paupers. Dr Alison states—

In the last situation in which I have seen fever prevailing epidemically in Edinburgh, (new land at the foot of the Old Fishmarket Close,) I find, on inquiry, that five families, out of the inhabitants of twelve rooms in the two upper-flats of the house, have been rendered fatherless by it.

Some of the most eminent of the medical faculty, and many medical students connected with the University of Edinburgh, have been, within a few years, cut off by this scourge of the poor, originating so often in destitution, and always extended by privation and want; and every other distress of the poor is aggravated by fever, which, by the testimony of a medical inquirer in Glasgow, is believed "to present great obstacles to the improvement of their condition, and an amount of human misery credible only to those who have witnessed it." Dr Alison, after shewing that fever uniformly follows extreme want, contrasts the health of the great towns of England, where fever is little known, with those of Ireland and Scotland, and argues—

I presume it will not be denied that the ordinary diet, and all the comforts of the lowest orders of society, in those English towns which are so little liable to fever, are much better than in Scotland; and that, in Ireland, where the disposition to fever is strongest and most constant, the diet and comforts of the lowest class of people are habitually the worst. The simple fact of the habitual *cleanliness* of the English poor, as compared either with the Scotch or Irish, is sufficient evidence on this point. That there are differences in nations, as in individuals, in this last respect, independently of their differences in other comforts, is admitted; but that the lower ranks of a whole people should be habitually cleanly, and yet much impoverished,—or should be habitually destitute, and preserve any habits of cleanliness,—may be fairly asserted to be moral impossibilities. The Chief Secretary of Ireland, in describing to Parliament the great epidemic fever of Ireland in 1819, expressed a hope "that the lower Irish would be better prepared in future to guard against such a calamity: that they would be *more cleanly* in their persons and *domestic habits, fumigate their houses*, and *change their bedding and clothes*." This really recalls the remark of the French princess, who expressed her astonishment that any of her father's subjects should not have lived on bread and cheese rather than have died of famine. A medical observer of the disease, more practically acquainted with the poor Irish, observes with perfect justice: "It may be asked, 'How can those wretched beings, scarcely able to procure a 'meal's meat,' be expected to be more cleanly in their domestic habits; or how can they, who have scarcely a rag to cover them, and who are obliged, for want of bed-clothes, to sleep under the raiment they wear by day, 'change 'their bedding and clothes?' Before we can be justified in using such language towards the poor of Ireland, we must remove the causes of their poverty, and then allow half a century to eradicate the bad habits of ages."

But fever is not the only disease which want engenders, and under which the virtuous, and temperate, and provident poor of Scotland, are doomed to suffer through causes which the wise and benevolent believe may be removed—and among the principal means, by an efficient poor law.

We are no admirers, in the abstract, of poor laws, and still less of workhouses and compulsory assessments; but perceiving their utility, nay, in the present condition of society, their absolute necessity, we have repeatedly, upon former occasions, exhausted the most cogent arguments which knowledge and experience have adduced, for their adoption, both as correctives and preventives of the many ills to which, the more that the relations and interests of society enlarge and complicate, it is the more exposed. But, in Scotland, it may be said there is already a poor law, fondly clung to by the people of that country, and esteemed superior in its principle and tendencies to any known system. We apprehend that, when fairly probed, the great recommendation will still be, that it imposes no burden on those who should contribute for the maintenance of the poor which it does not, at the same time, enable them to elude. Again, many Scotsmen object, on principle, to all legal provision for the poor, save in times of sickness, which, under such a system, would undoubtedly occur pretty frequently. We fervently wish that society were in, or could be brought to, that sound and wholesome state which would give force to their really specious objections to this mode of alleviating social ills.

Meanwhile, we have a poor law which presents many strange anomalies; and it is the main purpose of this article to shew, from the accredited Report of its administrators, what are its nature and susceptibilities, and how it operates. Ere we have done, we anticipate that a good many of our readers will be convinced that the Scottish clergy have already, of themselves, satisfied every rational mind as to the inefficiency of the present poor law; that the case is complete and closed even by their own shewing; and that the country may, without farther inquiry, go to the Legislature for reform of the system, either in its principle or its administration, but more probably in both.

The poor of Scotland have been virtually, for above two centuries, at the mercy or caprice of "their natural guardians," the heritors and the clergy:—it is about time that they were placed under the protection of the law. For the present, we leave to others to adduce general arguments for the utility of poor laws:—we need not repeat them ourselves; and our case is with the cruel abuses practised under the poor law existing in Scotland, and extolled as the perfection of human wisdom.

The poor law of Scotland is nearly as old as that of England, from which it differs in being under the control of the rural clergy in their respective parishes, with the assistance of the church functionaries named elders, (who, with the minister, form the kirk-session of each parish,) and of the magistrates in boroughs. The maintenance of the sick and impotent is made compulsory by statute; but between the Scotch and English poor law there is this grand distinction, that the able-bodied are not legally entitled

to a maintenance, or to be "set to work," as in England; though this difference is more apparent than real, as a very considerable amount of the funds collected for the poor is, in fact, distributed among what are described as *occasional* or industrious poor, which signifies able-bodied persons suffering under illness, or accident, or who are out of employment. A poor law which rigidly, and in all circumstances, excluded the able-bodied, it is plain, would not work. Thus, in the Report for the years 1835, 6, 7, the *occasional poor* amount to more than a third of the whole paupers on the permanent roll; but the higher rate at which the occasional or able-bodied poor are relieved, would make the proportion higher in the funds than the numbers, save for the temporary nature of the supply which they obtain. In the statutory denial of relief to the able-bodied poor, one main excellence of the Scottish poor law is imagined to consist; they have no *legal* claim, but practically they are relieved; not adequately, indeed—few of the poor of Scotland are so—but at a higher rate than widows, deserted families, or the impotent poor. Thus one boasted provision of our poor law is practically dormant; for the able-bodied are relieved. The relief to all classes of paupers is universally out-door, there being no workhouses in Scotland, save in Paisley and in Edinburgh; in which, however, only a small proportion of the whole paupers are maintained.

The number of paupers admitted on the parish rolls, whether permanent or occasional, seems to rest entirely at the discretion of the kirk-sessions, the numbers not being necessarily measured by destitution, age, or infirmity, but by the amount of funds voluntarily contributed, or that can be easily obtained without having recourse to legal assessment. We notice some of the ministers in the New Statistical Account saying that there are in their parishes many more necessitous persons, paupers in short; but the funds are too small to divide, and so they cannot be enrolled. In the parish of Kilmuir, in Skye, for example, the minister reports that the whole funds of *two years*, amounting to £6 : 3 : 6, were divided among sixty-eight paupers; but, had the funds been sufficient, instead of restricting the number of paupers to sixty or seventy, it would have been found necessary to admit 200 paupers on the roll! In many districts, the clergy make a merit and boast of "keeping down the roll;" and this, not by the proper sifting of the claims of applicants, and the necessary discrimination of character, means, and condition, and the causes which have produced poverty, but often with a view to the parochial funds. To measure the actual destitution of Scotland, therefore, by the number of paupers either on the occasional or permanent roll, is quite fallacious. Let the reader keep in mind the parish of Kilmuir, where the sixty-eight ought to have been 200, had it been practicable, at the end of two years, to divide £6 : 3s. among 200. Relief may also be, and, we have no doubt, often is, matter of favouritism, and especially the amount of relief granted. When a pauper is at last admitted on the roll, he makes over all his effects to the kirk-session; and the value received for the goods and chattels of deceased paupers, occasionally forms an item in the parochial funds. These funds arise from many sources, but principally in non-assessed parishes, which are still nearly two-thirds of the whole number, from the weekly church collections and extraordinary collections at the sacrament; from small fines for the commutation of offences incurring ecclesiastical censure; and mortcloth dues—*i. e.*, a trifle paid for the use of the pall at funerals, and the rent of seats in churches which belong to the poor. All this, of course, comes chiefly from the poor themselves. Part of the funds sometimes arises from bequests and gifts of money, or meal and coal, to the poor; and from the interest of what are called *mortifications*, or sums sunk in perpetuity, by benevolent individuals, for the use of the poor of any particular parish. Happy are those parishes in which there are *mortifications;* for there the heritors, the "natural guardians," are relieved of their "onerous duties to the poor." The object of the donor, generally some adventurous and lucky Scot, sprung from the poorer classes, may have been to increase the comforts of the aged and disabled poor of his native parish; but the relief of the heritors seems the only interest consulted in the disposition of these funds. The poor, no doubt, get them—for there is no jobbing in the slender parochial funds of Scotland—though not as an extra gratuity, but solely as a portion of their scanty allotted pittance. These funds are, in short, employed, as if the gratuities to schoolmasters, from the Dick Bequest, were paid over to them, in lieu of their salary from the heritors of the parish, instead of being a reward and encouragement to learning and the discharge of their duty. We can now see the propriety of so many of the English specifically devoting part of their benefactions to an annual good dinner to the parish poor. When the church collections, fines, dues, mortifications, and legacies, fail to supply the lowest possible number of poor at the lowest possible rate, recourse must be had to assessments, which, in general, are, in the first instance, what are called Voluntary; that is, each heritor agrees to contribute according to the extent of his property in the parish, or, at least, he promises to do so, leaving, however, in general, his tenants to pay the one-half, as proprietors and renters seem to pay exactly at the same rate. But when misunderstandings and collisions—the natural growth of selfishness put into activity—proceed a step farther, the voluntary are converted into legal assessments. It is then that, in general, the heritors first step in; for, while they have little or nothing to pay, they permit the kirk-sessions to manage the poor exactly as they see fit; aware, probably, that they could not, with good grace, manage half so economically themselves. It is, at least, evident that, in legally assessed parishes, where the heritors, feuars, &c., step forward, the allowance

to paupers is rather more adequate to their maintenance than in the parishes where the heritors, not being troubled, leave the kirk-session to act as a vanguard in defending them from the encroachments of the poor, and never interfere. The expense of raising the assessments and of managing the funds is very inconsiderable, even where the poor are not managed gratuitously; which economy is one good feature, though it does not necessarily belong to the system. That the poor are somewhat better provided for in the legally assessed parishes than in the others, is seen by the tables of the Report; and this higher rate of allowance, low as often is that higher, is made an argument against legal assessments. In the 238 legally assessed parishes, the average rate of annual allowance to each pauper on the permanent roll, in the three dear years 1835, 6, 7, was £2 : 14 : $9\frac{5}{12}$; certainly no very extravagant sum, when it is remembered, too, that, of those receiving, a considerable number have children and others depending on them. But, in the voluntarily assessed parishes, the rate was only £1 : 19 : $1\frac{3}{12}$; while, again, in the non-assessed parishes, which are by far the most numerous in Scotland, the rate of annual allowance sinks to £1 : 0 : $4\frac{7}{12}$. Until the rate of allowance shall be, on the average, at least doubled, and some approach made to equalization, we shall, in this consequence of legal assessments, see a strong ground for preference, not for condemnation. The *occasional* poor also are rather better supplied in the legally assessed parishes. Indeed, the tendency of legal assessments is, as stated in objection to them, in the Report, to create "a more liberal expenditure." The maintenance of pauper lunatics from the assessed parishes of the Merse and Tiviotdale, in asylums, now costs, on the average, £19 : 3 : $5\frac{1}{2}$, whereas we see their expense in non-assessed parishes is about half that sum, and often less. We have no doubt that these tables will prove exceedingly alarming to many of the Scottish heritors and other rate-payers, and confirm every argument used against compulsory assessment; though the true national question is not which mode is lowest in actual expense—for there non-assessment has every advantage,—but which is the system best adapted to the end in view;—the relief of the miserable, the improvement and elevation of the moral and physical condition of the labouring poor, and the keeping down of pauperism.

The price of the necessaries of life is nearly the same over all the country parishes of Scotland; but we see the extraordinary operation of the existing poor law in the rate of annual allowance to permanent paupers, varying from 1s. a-year, as in the parish of Criech above cited, to £4, £5, £6, £8, £10, and, in some cases, to so high as £12 or £13 a-year, which is allowed in some of the parishes of the south—though the rate of pauperism is often very high in the south—amounting, in the old city of Edinburgh, to one in seventeen of the population. Yet, in the legally assessed parishes, the annual burden to each individual of the population is only 1s. $4\frac{5}{12}$d.! small, indeed, compared with England, even under its amended poor law. The burden on every individual in some of the non-assessed parishes, it would be somewhat difficult for an expert algebraist to calculate. But legal assessments, it is said, in particular parishes, lessen the amount of church collections for the poor; and so they ought, when it is no longer the poor who are left almost unaided to support the poor, and sink themselves into the degradation of pauperism, while striving to relieve paupers. The poor law of Scotland, or rather its administrators, do not, save of special favour, exempt a common labourer at 1s. 6d. a-day, and with a family to maintain, from also supporting, or in part-supporting, his aged parents; though, in doing so, he should pauperize his children. The grand and vaunted principle is, that the parish is to pay as little as possible, by whatever means the pauper is subsisted. The expense of maintaining paupers in the few workhouses of Scotland is, comparatively, not low, because there they must be solely maintained; and the rate, a-head, consequently appears magnificent, when compared with that of out-door relief; because, in the latter case, the paupers are expected to scramble about for the greater part of their wretched subsistence—to work if they can, to obtain the aid of friends, or to beg, thieve, or do anything that may lessen the burden on the funds.

The Report of the General Assembly notices what is called another "striking peculiarity in the system." It is this: that "in all cases *remarkably moderate*, [certainly so,] it varies according to the situation and circumstances of the parties to be assisted;" as if this were not the regulating principle wherever out-door relief is given. But it certainly has some peculiarities. When a pauper is to be admitted on the roll, after agreeing to give up all his property to the parish, the kirk-session first considers the amount of his claims on his relations, and the sums he receives, or may receive, from the charity of his neighbours, before the rate of aliment—always "remarkably moderate"—is fixed. And this, we are told, cherishes a spirit of independence; it being less degrading, we imagine, for a poor disabled person to burden his charitable poor neighbours, than to claim his *right* from a body of wealthy heritors! We are told, in a former Report, that, "even in cases of extreme poverty, the relations and neighbours of paupers *have a pride in providing for their necessities*, either in whole or in part." We do wish they could communicate something of this pride to landlords, whether resident or absentees; that they too, instead of throwing their natural dependants upon the charities of great towns and the bounty of England, shewed any feeling of pride in their comfortable condition, and in relieving their necessities. If it ever was the case that relations and neighbours, in extreme poverty themselves, felt this pride, we are convinced that such feelings have wholly ceased, even where the spirit of independence is kept alive by its present

potent supporters—non-assessment and scanty allowance. Pride and tenderness may combine to induce relations and kind neighbours to preserve a respectable indigent person from soliciting from the parish the miserable pittance which it yields; but once he receives any parish aid, that either relative or neighbour desires longer to bear any part of the burden, is extremely unlikely. In a former Report to the General Assembly, it is this pride, taken by the poor in bearing those burdens which ought to fall on abler shoulders, which is said to explain the fact "of the sums given in many country districts being so disproportioned to what the real necessities of the paupers would require." This must, therefore, we presume, be accepted as a key to explain the state of the parishes of Kilmuir and Criech, and many more, in not quite so happy a condition as regards the independent feelings of their poor, to which we shall have occasion to refer. Any one but those grave reporters would imagine that true independence did not consist in leaning to the charity of a poor but generous neighbour, but in depending on that wise law which secures to the industrious poor, when disabled, the humble means of subsistence. The Scottish poor law, as practically expounded, and, indeed, as formally set forth, is one to give the impotent poor a right merely to what they cannot obtain by any other means, and no more: not a right to a subsistence, but to a half, a fourth, a sixth, or fiftieth part of what is considered a subsistence; leaving them to scramble for the rest in any way they choose; the charity of their poorer neighbours being especially recommended to them.

It is now our purpose to shew what the actual average condition of the industrious poor and of paupers is, over all Scotland. In so wide a field, we can be at no loss; and it shall be our endeavour to deal impartially, taking the best with the worst.

In selecting a few samples from the bulk, we seek no better authority than the Old and New Statistical Accounts of Scotland, so far as the latter work has yet gone; and the "Report to the General Assembly on the Management of the Poor of Scotland" referred to above, and drawn up by a committee of the Assembly; in which it is understood that David Monypenny, Esq., of Pitmilly, took an active part, wrote out the Report, and superintended the tables drawn up from the Returns to the Queries addressed by the Assembly to the ministers of the different parishes. Our authorities are thus unimpeachable; and the cases are selected, in the fairest way possible, from parishes in every locality, and under every variety of circumstances. We may premise that, as a body, the clergy of the Church of Scotland are opposed to the principle of a Poor Law which shall enforce compulsory assessment, or withdraw the management of the poor from the kirk-sessions; though there are many exceptions, chiefly among those who have given themselves the trouble to think upon the subject, under the guidance of actual observation and experience; and it must not be forgotten that Mr Monypenny is the earnest advocate of the existing system, sincerely believing it the best that the world has ever seen.

The richest and most highly improved agricultural districts in Scotland, are the shires of Haddington, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries. In these counties, husbandry has been carried to great, if not to the highest, perfection; produce has been doubled and trebled; and rents have risen, within from forty to twenty years, in the same, or even in a greater, proportion. From the county of Dumfries, we, in the first place, select the parish of Ruthwell; as, among its other advantages, this parish has been, for forty years, under the pastoral care of Dr Duncan, who, besides the discharge of his sacred functions as a parish minister, is understood to be thoroughly versant in rural and social economy, and who has the honour of having introduced Savings' Banks into Scotland, an establishment of this kind having existed for thirty years in Ruthwell.

Dr Duncan describes his parishioners as "a sober, virtuous, and well-informed population," possessing and improving the means of ordinary and religious education. The population of Ruthwell is 1216. The real rental is not stated; but the annual amount of the raw produce is £10,000. The landed proprietors, of whom the principal is the Earl of Mansfield, are, with one exception, absentees. The wages of labour are not stated—an important omission; but they are probably the rate of the country, which seems, over all Scotland, to be, on the average, about from 1s. to 1s. 8d. a-day, according to the season. No attempt is made, in any of the parochial returns, to estimate the number of idle and of broken days, from the state of the weather and other causes, which go to be deducted from the labourers' wages in the course of the year; though these must be very considerable. The number of paupers, out of the population of 1216, is twenty-six; and these are mostly very aged and infirm women. But as Ruthwell, from the long incumbency, and the character and peculiar acquirements of its minister, may be considered as a pattern or model parish, where the poor are managed as well as the existing system admits, we shall go fully into Dr Duncan's report; nor would we desire a better illustration of the condition of the Scottish poor, and the working of the Voluntary system, than the details before us. The first entry on the roll of twenty-six, is a woman, of eighty-one, "old and feeble, and no children," who receives from the kirk-session £1 : 5s. a-year, and whose other means of subsistence are "*lodging vagrants.*" The second case is another woman, of eighty-five, with one son, and no means of support, who was allowed £1 : 2s. a-year; which the session afterwards recovered, by legal process, from the son. The third case is an old, blind woman, with one married daughter, who receives £1 : 19s. a-year; from which comparatively liberal allowance we

must infer that the daughter is unable to assist her mother, save, perhaps, by offices of kindness in domestic affairs. A feeble woman of seventy-four, with a daughter deaf and dumb, gets £1 : 9s.; another, with a widowed daughter, £1 : 5s.; and a paralytic woman of sixty-one, whose "children work a little," receives £1 : 9s. A woman of eighty-nine, "feeble and blind," with "a son who has a large family," receives £1 : 5s.; another woman of forty-seven, in very delicate health, and with no relations, receives £1 : 4s., and "spins a little," which may probably double her income, though this is a high estimate. These are specimens of the manner in which parish paupers are maintained by Voluntary charity, in what may be presumed one of the best parishes for the poor in the south of Scotland. We are also permitted to see what is deemed sufficient, or at least what must suffice for the entire maintenance of one of the most helpless of human beings.—"A man of eighty-one, blind and paralytic, who has no relations," and who, of course, requires constant attendance or nursing, is "chiefly supported by the kirk-session" paying £3 : 18s. to the persons who take care of him; the smaller proportion—the above being the chief maintenance—coming from some unnamed source. The highest sum paid in any case, by the kirk-session of Ruthwell, is £7 : 16s. for the maintenance of a female lunatic, aged sixty-one, who has no means, and who requires constant attendance. To meet the expenditure for relieving these and the other paupers, there are the church collections, amounting to £25, and about £28 contributed by the five heritors. But £47 in all is divided among the twenty-six paupers. From the condition of this parish and the persons on the pauper-roll, who are nearly all aged females, there must either have been mendicity, or the destitute must have resorted to the great towns, increasing the burdens of those assessed by the addition of some of the poor of Ruthwell; or else applicants must have been rejected who were really in destitute circumstances. Dr Duncan complains that two of the five absentee heritors pay very little to the support of the poor; yet the kirk-session "choose rather to throw themselves upon the generosity and good sense of those who are willing to give them, than by calling legal meetings, to bring a permanent and necessarily increasing poor rate on the parish." There does, however, seem an immediate necessity for, not an increase, but an instantaneous doubling or quadrupling, by compulsory assessment, of the present scanty sum extracted from the pockets of the generous, who are much less able to contribute, to save those of the heritors; and it will be time enough to talk of an "increasing poor-rate" after we start from the point which affords anything like an adequate subsistence to paupers. Of the labouring population of Ruthwell, when in their best state, Dr Duncan remarks:—"The day-labourers, especially those who have families, suffer numerous privations with exemplary patience. They are, in general, sober, active, and industrious; but the want of constant employment prevents them from acquiring many of the comforts and conveniences of life, and not unfrequently subjects them to severe distress." To arrest the prevalence of this distress, and to improve the condition of the poor creatures who languish out the last years of a hard life on the pittances specified above, Dr Duncan suggests no remedy.

Our next parish shall be taken from nearly the opposite boundary of Scotland; and it also ought to be a very favourable specimen of Scottish parishes. It is the parish of Golspie in Sutherland, in which stands Dunrobin Castle, and which is under the immediate care and auspices of the munificent family of Sutherland, the late Duchess Countess having usually spent the summer months there.

The Duchess of Sutherland was, when the Report was written, the sole owner of the parish, as she was, indeed, latterly, of nearly the whole county. When the old Statistical Account was written, the rent of this parish was estimated at about £700; the population was about 1600, of whom sixty-five were considered paupers, and among whom was divided £6 : 10s. a-year, being the amount of the collections at the church-door, and also the interest of £60, making in all about £9. The writer of that report says—"The trustees of the poors' money sometimes find a difficulty to give as much money as will purchase a pair of shoes to enable them to go about to beg their bread."—"The farmers and others, of every denomination in the parish, serve their indigent fellow-creatures as liberally as they can afford with food." When the noble family arrived at Dunrobin, besides contributing part of the £6 : 10s. of church collections on Sundays, "the poor got a fat meal on different days of the week at Dunrobin." During a year of scarcity, the agents of Lady Sutherland purchased and sent home grain to the parish; and it is observed "that, whatever she might have lost in interest of money, she gained as much in having relieved the distressed." In short, Golspie was thus, in many respects, in the condition of an Irish parish before the institution of poor laws, save that the noble proprietors were sometimes resident. Since that period, the population has decreased by the ejectment of the small tenantry; and, beyond a doubt, the destitute of this parish, and of Sutherland generally, must have swelled the mendicity, vagrancy, and, finally, the pauperism of the towns of the south. But the population is again increasing, and already amounts to about 1200. The wages of labour are stated in the New Statistical Account at 1s. 6d. in the long, and 1s. 3d. in the short day; the number of idle days, from want of employment, is not mentioned. Mechanics get from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a-day. The real rental of the parish is not stated; and, indeed, a good deal of it is in the hands of the proprietor: but the annual value of the raw produce, exclusive of a salmon fishing, is stated at £10,030—which indicates a great increase since the rental was £700 a-year. The husbandry is of

the best description ; the breeds of cattle are excellent ; and everything has improved rapidly, save only the condition of the poor, and the funds for the alleviation of their distress. The number on the roll of paupers, which, it must be remembered, in no part of Scotland is, by any means, the measure of the real poverty and destitution, is sixty, who receive, on the average, "8s. a-year," and "*occasionally* some meal." The funds divided arise from the church collection, £19, £7 interest of money belonging to the poor, and £6 a-year subscribed by the Duchess of Sutherland to the parochial fund. From this slender fund, however, the precentor, kirk-officer, and treasurer, get a small annual stipend, so that very little can remain for the occasional dole of meal. It would appear that the same sum of £6 was the regular amount contributed by the late noble proprietress to each of the parish funds in the county in which she had property, "but all depending on her good will:" in fact, a voluntary contribution, which may or may not be continued by the present Duke. Among the other parishes in Sutherlandshire, we find Criech, where from 1s. to 3s. a-year is given to 140 paupers, from the church collection and the interest of £150. The Duchess does not appear to have contributed her usual £6 to this parish, though the gratuity was given to *Rogart* parish, where eighty-four paupers, from that and the church collection, received 4s. 9d. a-year. Of *Lairg*, another Sutherland parish, we were glad to read, on the authority of the minister, that "the poor are comparatively well provided for;" that is, 137 paupers, with their children, get £12 of church collections, and the Duchess' £6 is divided among them besides: but the main source of their good provision is an annuity of £25, left them by a Captain Hugh Mackay, the son of a former minister of Lairg, who made a fortune in India. Curious to see to what the comparatively good provision might come in sterling money, we turned to the Report of the General Assembly, and find that it is 19s. a-year at the highest rate of allowance, and, by the lowest, 4s.; that is, one set gets 4½d. a-week, and the others less than one penny! In *Farr* parish, to which the Duchess has for twenty years given her stated gratuity of £6, £27 are annually distributed among, on the average, seventy-six paupers; so that the rate at which they are maintained may easily be reckoned. In the parish of Durness, forty-five paupers receive among them £20, to which it does not appear that the Duchess of Sutherland contributed anything; her benefaction of £6 having been limited to those parishes which were solely or chiefly her own property. The annual value of the raw produce of Durness is £8,000; the real rental is estimated at £2,550. From the reports of all the Sutherland parishes, we gather, that the noble proprietress contributed gratuities to the parochial funds of the county, managed by the kirk-sessions, for the maintenance of the poor, to the amount of about £50 a-year; though, as this sum would cover eight parishes, probably less.

From the proceedings of the public meeting in Edinburgh, referred to above, we were led to hope that, however it might be with the paupers in the remote Highlands and islands, in Sutherlandshire, but especially in Criech and Dornoch, they were in the land of Goshen. Mr Dempster is the principal resident proprietor, though Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Sutherland family, is in the adjoining parish.

Dornoch, from its position, possesses several both natural and artificial advantages. Agriculture and rural economy, in all departments, have been immensely improved in that district. We see no attempt made in the returns to estimate either the annual value of the raw produce or the real rental of the parish; but take as data, that, on the estate of the Sutherland family alone, there are 4,000 acres arable, 2,000 acres in course of improvement, 2,500 acres planted, besides 300 acres of natural wood, and the fact that the rent of arable land is £1 : 5s. on the average, and of the land under improvement, 5s. The rate of wages is rather lower than in the south; "able-bodied men for day-labour get from 1s. to 1s. 6d.; women 6d., save at harvest-time, when they get 1s.; but no victuals in either case." So that Dornoch is another of those parishes where everything has improved rapidly save the means of the labourers, which bear no proportion whatever to the general march of improvement. "Potatoes have become the principal article of food here," says the minister, as indeed they are throughout the Highlands. "They serve as the chief subsistence of the people during half the year, and with some two-thirds." Many of the people come from a considerable distance to gather cockles, of which abundance may be had on the sands of Dornoch. To this circumstance we alluded when mentioning the natural advantages of Dornoch. It is always a great blessing to the poor Highlanders, as to the Irish, to be near the sea-shore, where they may pick up shell-fish to "kitchen" their potato-diet. It must not be forgotten that potato-diet has kept exact pace with the improvement of the soil, by the labour of the potato-feeders, and with the growth of those abundant crops of wheat, oats, and barley now sent to Leith. Yet, in spite of ejectments, considerable voluntary emigration, and vagrant destitution, the new population of potato-feeders has, as in Ireland, increased. As among the Irish, "there is," says the parson, "a general inclination to marry young. When *out*-farm-servants, (the occupiers of the bothies,) of whom the number is considerably increased by the erection of large farms, get *barracks* for themselves, they marry; when a young man gets a croft he marries; when a fisherman becomes possessed of a quarter of a boat, he builds a house (query, hovel?) and marries." Nay, the Dornoch people not only marry all, and marry young, but they marry a second, and third, and one couple, (and both parties,) married a fourth time, "and contribute to increase the population." Nor is such reckless improvidence in the labour-

ers at from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-day—the potato-feeders and cockle-gatherers namely—to be attributed to a legal assessment, which encourages them to marry improvidently, knowing they have the parish to fall back upon. No such thing is known in this highly-improved and spirited locality, where "the natural guardians of the poor" provide for paupers in this wise:—The population in 1831 was 3,380, and was rapidly on the increase. Of this number, from 120 to 130, on the average, receive parochial aid. This they obtain from the rate of less than 1½d. a-week, to the extent, in some cases, of rather less than 6d. a-week; or, in the words of the minister, the lowest is 6s. (a-year)—the highest £1 : 5s.; and even at this very moderate rate, there is "a strong tendency, among the lower classes, to apply for relief to the parish funds." These funds consist of £39 : 10s., arising from the church collections on Sundays, marriage and mortcloth dues, and are, consequently, chiefly contributed by the poor themselves; with the £6 a-year contributed by the Duchess to each parish where she was the sole or principal heritor, and from £25, the interest of £500, left to the poor, not by the "noble family," or the fact would have been certified at full length; and we are very characteristically told "that the late Duke, who did not need to borrow money, very humanely took this sum from the kirk-session, and allowed the above liberal interest for it."

Such is the condition and prospects of the poor, and the state of pauperism in the parish of Dornoch; and we leave our readers to judge whether or not one of its principal heritors, Mr Dempster, was warranted in so warmly resenting the alleged intermeddling of the enlightened and humane in Edinburgh with what was properly the concern of "the natural guardians of the poor," the landed gentry, who display such tender concern for their natural charge, the labourers on their estates. But a considerable extent of Mr Dempster's property lies in the neighbouring larger parish of Criech, where, in a population of (in 1831) 2,562, there are 140 paupers who receive, as was stated above, from 1s. to 3s. a-year; or from less than one farthing to rather more than a halfpenny a-week, from the small sum collected at the door of the church and mission station. It was unhappy for this gentleman to come forward so prominently in the metropolis as the mouth-piece of the Scottish system. We include one more Sutherlandshire parish, Assynt, where, out of a population of 1760, about sixty are admitted as permanent or occasional paupers, and have £14 a-year divided among them, or, on the average, about a penny a-week.

It happens that several of the parishes of Berwickshire are included in the same volume of the New Statistical Account which comprehends the above parishes of Sutherland; and they are thus placed together before us:—One parish is Lauder, which, in 1831, contained 2 063 inhabitants, an increase of 222 from 1821, or in ten years. Yet here there is no legal assessment, the paupers being supported by what is called a voluntary assessment; *i. e.* the heritors and kirk-session meet together every half-year, and arrange, as in other parishes, how much (or, more correctly, how little) may suffice for the paupers for the next six months. The annual value of the raw produce of this parish is estimated at £29,270. The real rental is not stated. Here there are three resident great proprietors, the Earl of Lauderdale, the chairman of the Edinburgh meeting, and two more. The parish, like the whole county, is highly improved. Wages are, what we consider, low; the wages of a *Hind* or farm-servant being, "with all its advantages fairly computed, 9s. a-week, or £23 : 8s. a-year; each Hind being, besides, bound to keep a *bondager*," or woman, to be, according to the system of the south of Scotland, at the call of the farmer, to work at hay, turnips, &c., at the rate of 8d. or 9d. a-day, *when* her labour is required. In many cases, the keeping of a *bondager* must deduct considerably from the wages of the Hind; and it is generally considered a hardship and grievance, though, as a condition of the bond, it must be submitted to. The *bondager* system is also considered a source of domestic heart-burning and even immorality. In the parish where the raw produce is of value £29,270, and the inhabitants amount to 2,063, there are twenty-two persons receiving parochial relief; "one, fatuous, 4s. per week; one, 'old and feeble,' 3s. 6d.; and another, with a young family, also 3s. 6d.: these being the highest sums given to any of our paupers," says the minister whom we quote. "The remaining nineteen get from 1s. 3d. to 2s.; and the whole expense of maintaining the paupers—fatuous, old, and feeble, and those burdened with young families, included—is £119 : 3 : 4 a-year; though, with expenses of management, the heritors really assess themselves in £150. But it is," continues the minister of Lauder, "an object steadily kept in view by the managers of the poor to keep down as much as they can the legal assessment, [meaning the voluntary contribution, to ward off assessment;] and their efforts have hitherto not been altogether unsuccessful. The assessment is, indeed, still considerable, but at no distant period it was larger;" and he acknowledges that as yet, in general, the poor of Lauder "do not seek parochial relief till involved in real indigence."

Fuel is dear in this parish. The minister gives the people the character of being contented with their condition; and affirms that "they enjoy, in a reasonable degree, the comforts and advantages of society," which, by the way, seems the stereotyped answer from the great majority of parishes to the query regarding the physical condition and comforts of the working class. They do not *poach* very often in Lauder; and they go to church on Sundays pretty regularly when they do not go to the Seceder Meeting. They send their children early to school; though we should think them not very able to bear the expense of education. There was a Friendly Society,

but it has been given up; and the only thing which their minister appears to desiderate for the poor of his flock, is what we should reckon, save in the case of house-servants, a perfect superfluity:—it is "a Savings' Bank, to promote the industry and frugality of the labouring classes, and nourish in them the spirit of independence." Where are Hinds, with 9s. a-week, and children to feed, clothe, and educate, and day-labourers with less—where even are married artisans, with 12s. a-week, when in employment, to find money to deposit in the Savings' Bank, if they indulge in "the comforts and enjoyments of society?" Throughout Scotland, we find that the depositors, where there are Savings' Banks, in the rural parishes, are unmarried servants, living in their masters' houses, and principally women. We may farther notice, that Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, the founder and zealous promoter of Savings' Banks, now doubts if they be really so useful to the poor as they were once imagined; because, as he justly remarks, "it is to be feared that these institutions have, in many instances, operated to the injury of the Friendly Societies—kindred establishments, which every person acquainted with the circumstances and wants of the lower orders must regard as useful auxiliaries, not as rivals. The latter are, in truth, the only protection to individuals belonging to the labouring class of the community, in the event of their being overtaken by sudden illness or disability before they have made any considerable accumulation in a Savings' Bank." It here appears that the originator of the Savings' Bank would have the Friendly or Mutual Assurance Society preliminary, though an adjunct, to the Savings' Bank; and, while the able-bodied poor are almost wholly left to their own resources, as at present, the opinion is sound.

To shew how the system varies, we take a neighbouring parish, Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, where the paupers are maintained, as in Lauder, by the heritors and kirk-session meeting twice a-year and agreeing to a certain rate of contribution. The annual value of the raw produce of this parish is not equal to half the produce of Lauder. It is £13,160. The real rental is £6,836: 3s, and three times more than it was fifty years since. Wages are stated as rather higher than in Lauder, to the extent of 2d. a-day for hired labourers, whether men or women; and masons and carpenters, 2s. 4d.; tailors 1s. 6d. a-day, without food. In a population of 1442, there are, on the average, 28 paupers, who receive, on the average, 2s. a-week; whereas the rate of Lauder is from 1s. 3d. to 2s. But yet the voluntary assessment for the poor of Greenlaw amounts to only sixpence in the pound on the real rental; which, though more is given in a week than in the northern parishes in a quarter of a year, or in a whole year, is, after all, no alarmingly heavy burthen.

To prove the fallacy of the assumptions regarding legal assessments, we would request that instances of its truth may be adduced from the Report of the Assembly and the New Statistical Account. In what parishes, legally assessed, has pauperism rapidly advanced, unless under very extraordinary circumstances; or what warrants the general charge of improvidence in assessed parishes more than in the voluntary? One of the earliest of the assessed parishes is Yarrow, which locality has since been exposed to the suffering ever attendant upon the consolidation of farms; yet there has been no increase of pauperism, no marks of improvidence in this parish, which we shall now describe.

There has been a legal assessment for the poor of Yarrow for nearly a century. The population, kept down by throwing a number of small farms into one, and sweeping away cottages, was, in 1755, reckoned at 1180. In 1831, it was 1221. The number of paupers appears to have fluctuated with dear years, and from other temporary causes which cannot be now ascertained; but, in 1751, it is stated at twenty-eight; and, six years later, at fifty-one: in 1800 and 1801, both very bad years, the number of paupers was sixty; while the average of the last seven years is thirty, (given in the New Statistical Account.) on a larger population. But neither have the assessments risen to any alarming extent; nor, when the changed value and the price of wages and food are considered, have they risen at all. In 1757, the assessment of Yarrow was £90. In one year, 1800, it had increased to £360; when owing, probably, to the dearth, a high rate of allowance, £6, was temporarily adopted; but the average assessment of the last seven years is lowered to £160—a much smaller sum, relatively, than £90 in the year 1757, though there is a larger population. The average allowance for the last seven years has been £5: 7s. a-year for each pauper; which is very high as compared with the average of the parishes of Scotland. The minister of this parish, though affected with the contagious horror of legal assessments, acknowledges "that pauperism has not made much progress in Yarrow." It has made, we should say, a retrograde progress. The persons on the pauper roll are chiefly old women, or widows with helpless young families, and persons weak in body and intellect. In the face of the actually decreased amount of pauperism, the Chalmerian theory, so generally admired by heritors, leads the writer of the account of the parish to affirm that "the tendency of the system, however, has been partially felt in relaxing industry and encouraging improvidence; in loosening the ties of the nearest kindred and lowering the tone of independence; and leading to insolence and ingratitude." These are serious consequences, evolved after the experience of a century; and, if they mean anything, should lead to the total abolition of stated relief to the poor in any form, whether compulsory or voluntary. The rental of this parish is now £12,000; and must have been at least quadrupled since the period, 1757, when £90 a-year, now increased to £160, was levied for the poor.

Very frequently, in the former Statistical Account of Scotland, do we find the clergymen re-

commending assessments. Thus, in Dornoch, then a miserable and still a miserable parish for the poor, many of the people, as in most of the Highland parishes, were mendicant vagrants. The clergyman who had witnessed their condition and its consequences, says—"It is to be wished that the poor were universally confined to their own parishes; that, by *assessments* upon heritors, tenants, and others, in proportion to their several interests, holdings, and circumstances, a certain provision were made for their subsistence; and that employment were furnished them, suitable to the measure of strength and ability they may possess." This wise prayer remains unanswered to this day. The paupers of Dornoch have, however, in these improved times of production and rent, (though without scope for begging, as of old, among the small farmers,) from 1¼d. to 5d. a-week, instead of less than 1d., which was the maximum in 1791; so true it is that poor-rates are rising: here they are quadrupled in fifty years! The former minister of Dornoch concludes these hints by remarking that, "by his plan, the condition of the poor would be improved, and the burden fairly divided among all ranks and characters, in place of falling chiefly or solely upon the humane and benevolent, and often on those least able to bear it." The present minister, according to his Report, appears quite contented with things as they are; the church collections, the Duchess' donation of £6 a-year, and the young people marrying as early as possible, with the prospect at worst of a fair supply of potatoes and cockles in their wigwams; parish pay offering here no encouragement to improvident wedlock.

One parish of the Merse, St Bathan's, has been legally assessed for 115 years; the population is 122; the yearly value of the raw produce is estimated at £2,555; and £4:18s. is levied for the support of the two parish paupers, in addition to £3 of church collection. This is not appalling, after above a century's experience. The only objection is, that the two aged female paupers cannot be very well off, though allowed twice as much as in many rich and respectable voluntary parishes, and ten times as much as in Sutherlandshire. But this objection could easily be removed, by at once doubling the rate levied, and no great hardship be incurred by the rate-payers after all. In the parish of Bunkle and Merton, rents have lately risen from £3,200 to £8,000: the population is 740; of whom, on the average, about eighteen or twenty are admitted on the roll of paupers; and for their maintenance the heritors and tenants are equally assessed in £70 yearly. The paupers receive, on the average, 1s. 6d. a-week. £70 for the poor on a rental of £8,000 is surely a very moderate assessment. Lord Douglas is here the principal heritor. Some of the farmers of Bunkle pay £1600 a-year in rent. What a stride between the farmer and the hind, since the recent days when the same roof covered them, and when they ate at the same board! And is it surprising that, while society is in this state of violent transition, destitution and pauperism should increase? One of the temporary causes of this increase in the country parishes is the diminished number of small resident proprietors, as well as of small farmers.

In the neighbouring parish of Chirnside, the writer of the old Statistical Account was in amazement at the rent of land having, in his time, risen from 3s. to 12s.; and from 5s. to £1 per acre. Now it has risen to £2, £2:10s., £3:15s., £4:4s., and sometimes more, per acre. But how have wages risen? In what corresponding ratio have the comforts of the producers increased? There is a tablet in an old wall in the church of Bunkle, a church as old as the days of Popery, on which is inscribed, "HELP THE PVR." Its lesson is thus attended to:—Out of a population of 1248 there are fifty-five paupers, for whose maintenance, on a real rental of £8,504, the sum of £270 is levied by legal assessment, and in equal proportions from landlords and tenants. This parish has been legally assessed beyond the memory of man. In speaking of *Bunkle*, and several other assessed parishes, we are far from meaning to speak disparagingly. On the contrary, we say, once for all, that the rate of allowance in them is, comparatively, to be highly commended. In many circumstances it may even be ample; for £5 a-year must be a great sum indeed to an individual pauper, when the whole income of a married common day-labourer, or a *hind*, ranges from £18 to £23: 8s. a-year.

The minister of Ayton, a Border parish, legally assessed, complains loudly that the labouring poor will not avail themselves of the Friendly Society and Savings' Bank established at Eyemouth, and thus spare the heritors, instead of looking to them for parochial aid in their destitute old age. The wages of a labourer are here 1s. 6d. a-day; those of an artisan, that is, a mason or carpenter, 2s. to 2s. 6d. But in every year there must be many idle days, materially reducing the apparent amount of wages, so that, upon the whole, if the labouring class of Ayton, like their fellows throughout the Lowlands of Scotland, "enjoy a fair share of the comforts and advantages of society," it defies our calculation to discover how they can, to any extent, accumulate for old age. This parish is sadly annoyed and burdened by vagrant poor, "sent back in cart loads from England, to the tender mercies of their 'natural guardians' in Scotland." The minister of Ayton speaks very reasonably on this subject; and cases like those which he cites should lead the country clergy to have some consideration for the oppressed rate-payers of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the other towns which form the refuge for those destitute persons who wander from the country, either to seek employment, and with the hope of bettering their condition, or because, however urgent their distress, the rural kirk-sessions cannot afford to raise them into the happy state of parish paupers, without having recourse to a compulsory assessment.

The Duke of Buccleuch is an extensive proprietor in Dumfriesshire. He is generally, and,

we believe, very justly, esteemed a liberal landlord; or, if he cannot be called exactly a liberal landlord, while the political existence of his tenants is annihilated, and they are puppets in his hands, then as a kind and indulgent *Chief*, gratified to witness the happy and prosperous condition of his dependents. But the poor and destitute worn-out labourers on his estates do not always share in this prosperity. We have elsewhere noticed several parishes, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is an heritor, such as Hawick and Yarrow; but in Dumfries he is sole heritor of some parishes, and in others nearly so. The parish of *Kirkmichael* is of the latter description. Since the last Statistical Account was published, the rental of Kirkmichael has risen from £2,500 to £6,445; value of raw produce, £20,917. The population is 1226, of whom twenty, on the average, are paupers, receiving, on the average, less than 6d. a-week, or £1 : 4s. a-year.* The minister of the parish states that "very great, judicious, and expensive improvements have been made by the Duke on his beautiful and valuable barony of Ross, in this parish, by building very excellent and even elegant farm-steadings, &c., &c., &c.;" but the above are the amount of funds raised by collections for the destitute and infirm poor.

Of Morton parish, in the same county, the Duke of Buccleuch is sole proprietor. The population is 2,140, of whom thirty are paupers, who are supported by £40, contributed in church collections, and the interest of £60 belonging to the poor, which, with other occasional contributions, allows the paupers, on the average, from £1 : 4s. to £4 each, a-year. We need not say that, in all such cases, by far the greater number rank under the lesser sum. By the Report to the General Assembly, the permanent poor of this parish receive from 9s. to £6 : 4 : 4 a-year; and both accounts may be correct, the latter probably referring to the late dear and severe seasons.

Of Moffat parish, the real rental has risen, since 1791, from £2,300 to £8,000. There are fifty paupers, among whom are divided £50, and £60 raised by assessment. This is somewhat better.

Parish of Applegarth: value of raw produce, £21,291; population, 999; paupers, 10; among whom £30 : 10s. of collections, which, with other aids, amount in all to £44 : 2 : 8¼, are divided. The rental of this parish, which, forty years since, was between £2,000 and £3,000, is now £7,000, and was lately £8,000. The poor here are better maintained than in Kirkmichael or Morton, and yet their pittance off that increased rental is not much to boast of.

There is another Kirkmichael, besides the above—in the north—*Kirkmichael* and *Cullicuden* in Ross and Cromarty—which is blessed with a number of proprietors, chiefly absentees, not one of whom gives a farthing to the parochial charities, so far as appears, save one gentleman, who, in lieu or recompense of the share he obtained of a common lately divided, allows the poor of the parish two bolls of oatmeal a-year, for which the minister, the Rev. Mr Sage, lauds him, as, comparatively, he well deserves. In this parish, somewhat less than £30 a-year—raised by the *ladle*, that emblem and only efficient implement of voluntary charity in the Scottish landward parishes—is divided among the fifty poor; need we say to those who know these districts, the miserably poor.

In Logie Easter, a neighbouring parish to the above, about £25, chiefly arising from the same potent implement, the *ladle*, is annually divided by the kirk-session among seventy stated and occasional poor. The minister of this parish states that the funds "are utterly inadequate to afford the poor any material relief." This clergyman seems to feel for the poor of his flock, who have no "regular employment except in harvest." The agriculture of this parish is in a very advanced state, and wheat of excellent quality is now grown by those whose principal food is potatoes. The rental of Logie Easter must have been trebled within the last forty years. The principal proprietors are Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Mrs Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty, and Hugh Rose Ross, Esq.

As a relief from these chilling latitudes, we shall come back to Fife, which ought to be taken as rather above an average county as respects the condition of the peasantry, and, generally, of the working class.

Forgan.—Estimated annual value of raw produce, £16,490. Wages of labourer, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. Ploughmen, with all their perquisites, from £20 to £28 a-year.* Population, 1090. Of the regular paupers, from four to six, on the average, receive an allowance of from 1s. a-week up to 1s. 6d. or 2s. Twelve or fifteen more receive occasional relief in money, and regular supplies in meal and coals; which, taken altogether, are not likely to come to so much as the lowest allowance of the permanent poor. The value of the raw produce of this parish is, as above stated, £16,490; and the annual cost of the support of its paupers, and of two pauper lunatics in the Dundee asylum, (which are a "heavy charge,") and a fatuous person—is altogether £87 : 17 : 1, collected at the church door, which, if collected by assessment, would be no great per-centage on the above amount of produce.

Kilmeny.—With some feeling of curiosity we turned to the statistical report of this parish, in which, from happy experience, Dr Chalmers may be presumed to have imbibed his strong opinions on the wisdom and goodness of leaving the destitute, impotent, and aged poor, to volun-

* We find the above at page 76 of the Statistical Account of Dumfriesshire, which we mention, as there is an apparent discrepancy betwixt it and the Report to the General Assembly, which makes the paupers, occasional and permanent, fifty-three; among whom £55 a-year are divided: the highest being allowed £2, and the lowest, 12s.

* When the wages are as high as £28, the person is generally a kind of overlooker or confidential servant on the farm.

tary alms, but securing a legal and ample endowment for the clergy. Kilmeny is a favourable specimen of a rural Scottish parish: it is compact and productive. The proprietors are small, and are generally resident, and several of them farm at least a part of their own estates; and are thus brought into immediate contact with the labouring class and the destitute. Within the last forty years, agricultural improvement has made rapid advances; and the annual value of the raw produce is now above £20,000; the real rent from £8,000 to £9,000. The population, which has been decreasing, amounted, in 1831, to 701 souls. The people have ever received the highest praise from their successive pastors. They "are temperate, healthy, and strong; possessed of much natural talent, great industry, and pious and amiable dispositions." Wages are stated as about the average of the country; common labourers from 8s. to 9s. a-week in winter, and in summer from 9s. to 11s. But there are destitute persons to be found even in Kilmeny; and though they, like many of the other destitute of Scotland, long endure the utmost privation, some at length are forced to bear the brand, and avail themselves of parochial aid. Among fourteen permanent and occasional poor, the sum of £23 : 11 : 5 was distributed in the dear and severe year of 1837-8, and 15s. 6d. was paid for medical advice. "Call the average," says the minister, "£30; and this sum cannot be said to be extravagant upon a rental of from £8,000 to £9,000, although the heritors paid every farthing of it;" but that they do not. They have taken warning from their former minister, Dr Chalmers, and they do not voluntarily pay one farthing of it, save, perhaps, some trifle to the church collection of £14 : 3s. The rest of the miserable voluntary fund comes from the interest of bequests, mortcloth dues, &c. &c. Yet there have been, the minister owns, deficiencies; and the heritors at one time assessed themselves to the extent of from £30 to £35 every alternate year. But now, lest the poor should be injured or degraded in their feelings by knowing that they have a trifle to look to in their infirmity or destitution, the heritors have resolved that until Mr Gillespie's legacy to the poor of £45 is expended, they will not contribute! This resolution appears to have annoyed the minister, who is afraid that such proceedings on the part of the gentlemen drawing the £9,000 of rent, may force on a legal assessment, which, alas! "will destroy here, as elsewhere, that independent and noble spirit which spurns at parochial relief." This gentleman ought to be consoled by the reflection, that if a legal assessment could degrade the Scottish destitute poor more than they are already degraded, and punished too, by the wretched pittance on which they, at present, drag out life, it may tend to improve the charity of the gentry; or, at least, force those to be somewhat just who will not be at all generous.

The vicinity of England has "a bad effect" on the Scottish poor. So the minister of Hutton reports. It "renders them dissatisfied with their allotted pittance," which we can easily believe. "They are continually referring to the more profuse system of England; and hinting at what persons in their condition would receive there." The kirk-sessions and heritors are, however, not very apt to take such hints. They admit no one on the permanent roll of paupers in Hutton, save the sick, aged, and infirm; though they occasionally assist unmarried women and widows. "Their wants are carefully attended to." Let us see what this tender care amounts to in sterling money. In a population of 1099, there are thirty-four persons receiving parochial aid, at the average rate of 2s. a-week. This looks high for Scotland; but there are at present in the parish, several heavy cases of destitute persons with large families, which temporarily swell the rate. Yet about £180 for the poor, in a parish of which the raw produce amounts to £19,657 a-year, is not so very enormous. The real rental is not stated. The minister of the parish, after affirming that the people enjoy, "in a reasonable degree, the comforts and advantages of society," contrasts them with the agricultural population in the most highly improved districts of the north—the married hinds in their *cottages* with the unmarried men who herd in the *bothies;* and justly asserts the superiority of their condition, morally and physically. The *bothy* system has indeed no parallel, save the original logwood-fellers in the Bay of Honduras, the first, by the way, of the buccaneers, for which *bothies* are fit nurseries. In the greater part of Berwickshire, it is said, the hinds have a cow, and a patch of ground to grow vegetables. Their cottages are cleanly, and so is their dress. Something of this they probably learn from their English neighbours, as well as their dangerous admiration of a high allowance to paupers. But if the cottages of Hutton are comfortably built as well as neatly kept, this by no means holds in many of the most highly improved and the most highly rented districts of Scotland; where the dwelling of the farmer, and the farm offices, are substantial and even elegant. In Haddingtonshire, the very garden of Scotland, we meet with complaints of the wretched accommodation afforded to the labourers; complaints not made by such incendiaries as Cobbett, but by their clergy, who are always the last men to complain of heritors, save, perhaps, in some process for augmentation of stipend. To the manner in which whole families are huddled together in one wretched room, several of the ministers impute the immorality which abounds in their parishes. The minister of Salton, after stating the rate of wages of a *hind*, when reduced to money, at £23 a-year, and the average allowance to paupers at 1s. 9d. a-week, with a variety of other information, illustrative of the condition of the working classes in Haddingtonshire, where squires have become nobles, and farmers squires; and after remarking that "the comforts of the people here, as elsewhere, have been increased by the increased cheapness of the commodities in general requisition," which we presume refers to clothing and hardware, for

it cannot mean food, exciseable commodities, nor yet shoes, education, &c. &c., proceeds to say—" The chief, or almost the only social vice which still exists is that of illicit connexion, a vice, it is to be feared, unhappily prevalent in almost all the rural districts of Scotland. The secondary causes, to which," as appears to the writer of these remarks, " the prevalence of this vice in this part of the country is chiefly owing, are, in the first place, the very inadequate accommodation afforded by the dwellings of the peasantry, few or *none* of which contain more than a single apartment, in which the whole members of the family, though of opposite sexes, are obliged habitually to reside; a circumstance, it is obvious, which must naturally produce a disregard to the modesty of domestic intercourse, and consequently lead to a relaxation of social morals." This is repeated in many instances by individuals who, as a class, are little apt to complain of the social condition of the poor of their flock. In respect of decent accommodation, the hovels of the serfs of the richest agricultural districts in Scotland are not superior to the kraal of the Hottentot, and certainly are much inferior to the wigwam of the American Indian. In a series of general observations appended to the Statistical Account of Haddingtonshire, by Robert Hope, Esq. of Fentonburn, that gentleman, in discussing the pauperism of the county, remarks, —" Every circumstance that has a tendency to degrade the tastes and habits of the working classes, necessarily paves the road to immorality, and ought, therefore, to be sedulously guarded against, as far as is practicable, by every well-wisher of his country. The state of the cottages of the district is, under that impression, well deserving of consideration. These cottages generally consist of only one apartment, where all the members of the family live and sleep, without regard to either age or sex. In cases where the family are grown up to men and women, such a condition must be anything but conducive to that delicacy of feeling, especially among females, so essential to sound morality; and when sickness happens, the want of fresh air, from the small window being frequently incapable of opening, renders the little crowded apartment alike pernicious to both the moral and physical welfare of the inmates. *A man or woman accustomed to such misery can have no great apprehension about pauperism;* and, consequently, such people have generally little hesitation in throwing themselves on their respective parishes." " The natural guardians" have been somewhat remiss in their tender care in the particular instance of lodging; nor is this a solitary case.

Of Hutton and Corrie, a parish in Dumfriesshire, overrun with vagrant mendicants, and in which there is no assessment for the poor, who are, consequently, not extravagantly supplied, the minister, among other things, remarks:—" The general condition of cottagers is far from comfortable. The old clay, stone, and turf houses are disappearing, and substantial cottages, built with stone and lime, and slated, are rising in their stead; but these last do not rise in sufficient numbers, and the accommodation of great numbers of families is very wretched. It is not uncommon to see *two* families, each pretty numerous, living in one of these old cottages; one small apartment, which must serve for all purposes. It is most distressing to witness one of these families when fever and other contagious diseases visit them. And not only is the accommodation wretched, but an exhorbitant rent is frequently demanded, more especially when a family has a cow grazed—an object about which families with young children are solicitous. The tenants allege that landlords *rack* them, and that they are under the necessity of acting the same part to their dependents." This is exactly Ireland over again: one might fancy one was reading an Irish Report.

The minister of Hutton and Corrie has a violent counter-blast against the use of tobacco, or " the nuisance," as he terms it; which it is quite true the working classes, as they are paid, can ill afford. The only thing not grudged to them is a monopoly of some of the higher virtues, and particularly that of self-denial, mortification of the flesh, and tender charity to their fellow-sufferers. They are, in the midst of the increasing general luxury of society, to remain so many stoic philosophers, overbrimming with the tenderest social charities, but keeping a steady eye, all the while, to their future prospects and accumulating interests in the Savings' Bank.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

LINES ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.*

THE tinge is on thy brow, sweet land,
The tinge is on thy brow;
For Autumn rends away the crown
That summer gave but now.
I journey to a greener clime,
Where England's oaks appear;
Yet, oh! the tear is on my cheek,
For thee, Edina dear.

There may perchance be richer realms,
Where pride and splendour roll;
But thou hast aye the wealth of heart
That wins the Stranger's soul.

There may perchance be those who say
That Scotia's hills are drear;
Yet still the tear is on my cheek,
For thee, Edina dear.

And when, my pilgrim wanderings o'er,
I seek my forest land;
And, by my ingleside once more,
Shall clasp the kindred hand,—
And tell my listening children tales
Of lands of foreign fame,
Their grateful tears with mine shall flow
At dear Edina's name.

* We need scarcely say the celebrated American poetess, who lately visited Scotland. The lines are adapted to the air of " Jock o' Hazledean."

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART VII.

BENTHAM'S connexion with Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) began in 1781, when his Lordship called on him at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The intimacy became very great, and Bentham spent much of his time at Bowood.

Lady Shelburne died in 1789. During her last illness, Benjamin Vaughan and Bentham were the only persons of the male sex whose presence she could endure; and, on her death, he was the only male person who was constantly near Lord Shelburne, of that little party to which he looked for consolation.

When a rupture took place with Col. Barré, Bentham held the place of confidence which Barré had occupied. He was consulted on all occasions, at a time when a debt of £300,000 encumbered the rent-roll.

Bentham used his influence in order to prevent the present Marquis from being sent to Oxford; a place, he said, where perjury was daily practised.

Lord Shelburne avoided talking on religious subjects, for fear, he hinted, of getting into a scrape; but he avowed to Bentham that his opinions were what is called sceptical.

The following letter is a specimen of Lord Shelburne's style, and conveys his opinion on some subjects of interest:—

"*Cheltenham, 26th July*, 1781.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged by your letter of the 18th, and consider your attention as a mark of your friendship, of which I am ambitious. I remember reading some of Mr Anderson's papers, and that they contained more useful matter, though not such fine language as is commonly to be met with among Scotch writers. I entirely agree with him about the Poor Laws; they not only appear to me productive of all the inconveniences commonly apprehended and felt, but likewise are daily destroying all natural subordination and affection. The master manufacturer, uninterested in the fate of the hands whom he employs, becomes a mere Negro driver; while the man of property loses that political influence which it has been a fundamental principle of all constitutions to suppose attendant on property, by the poor being taught, on all occasions, to look up to the King's justices for relief; and I shall not be surprised to see the poor make as separate an interest in the State as the clergy do.

"I brought the 'Fragment' here, meaning to read it again, which has been the means of discovering to me that I am here in company with a friend of yours—Captain Blankett. He returns with me to Bowood at the end of next week, from whence he accompanies me here, and I should be very happy if it might prove an inducement to you to meet us there.

"You say nothing of your brother. I hope he has not embarked himself in a service (the Russian) which, among others, he has given me the worst opinion of. It is ridiculous to say in this idle place that I am obliged to conclude my letter for want of time, but I was impatient to acknowledge yours; and an early dinner does not leave me more time than is necessary to add the truth and regard with which I have the honour to be, dear sir, your faithful, humble servant,

(Signed) "SHELBURNE."

Bentham's visits to Bowood were full of felicity. A few of his amusing letters, full as they are of agreeable tittle-tattle, will best shew how many pleasures were crowded into those happy days; which, in writing to the present Lord Lansdowne, Bentham called the "happiest of his life."

"*Sunday*, 8 *o'Clock.*

"It is true Lady S—— is a sister of Lord Ossory's; my Lord was mentioning it just now in a parenthesis; then Miss V—— must have been a half-sister by another father, and so part, at least, of the mystery is cleared up. The Countess of Warwick is also a sister of Lady S——, whether half or whole I cannot pretend to say. What is it now you want of me? Table talk? Get Selden's; there you have a whole volume of it. Politics? I know nothing about the matter. Does he come in? That I know nothing about, any more than you. He went some little time ago to town, for a couple of days only; that came out accidentally in conversation yesterday, where there was company. 'People fancied that I was gone upon politics.' I have been told at different times, in the way of parenthesis, that I should see Lord Camden here and Colonel Barre; at present, there is not a soul but Blankett. To-morrow, my Lord, and I, and Blankett, (I beg his pardon, Blankett and I,) go to Lord Pembroke's to see Wilton; we are to stay there all night; it is about thirty miles off. On what account we go, I can't pretend to say; it was proposed as if it were only on mine. On Thursday, we go to Calne, to a corporation dinner. Hamilton of Bath has been mentioned as another person whom I shall see, and that in a few days; 'tis he who was the creator of Paynes Hill. He is the oracle for the gardening works that are carried on here, and has been employed in undoing what capability-Brown had done. To-day we had no company to dinner; yesterday we had a Mr Bayntun (a son of Sir Edward Bayntun, an old courtier, whose name you will find in your Bible,) and his wife; and who should this wife

be, but a Lady Maria, a daughter of Lord Coventry, by Miss Gunning, and who, notwithstanding her ancestry, is as dowdy as a country girl, and as ugly as a horse, and yet, they say, she had on her best looks. Her husband is a plain young country squire in dress, with something of Croft's manner in his address, yet better spoken and without his affectation; he is cultivated *per cause de vicinage*, being the nearest neighbour there is—and yet, three miles off, neighbours being *eloigned* by the extensiveness of the demesnes.

"All this while, I have said nothing of the manner of my coming here; I began in the middle like an epic poem. I travelled very snug in my coach as far as Marlborough, with a set of people not worth recounting. At Marlborough, where we dined, our coach joined issue with another: the company, Alexander Popham, and a certain female. He appeared to know who I was, and we made a sort of *bande à part*. I determined to pursue your plan with regard to the quitting the hackney vehicle at Marlborough, but, alas! what availeth human, nay Scottish, nay, even Wilsonian, prudence? Heaven's great amusement is to make mock of it. Necessity obliged me to make inquiries before these people which led them to conclude I was going to Lord Shelburne's, *ed io anch'io*, 'and I too, said the chambermaid,' (for some such personage was she,) 'am going to Lord Shelburne's.' Thank your stars you were not in my shoes; if you had been, not all the hartshorn in Godfrey's shop would have recovered you. *Je tins bon*, but the chambermaid's back being turned, I unbosomed myself, Gallicé, in pathetic strains, to Alexander Popham. *Qu'y faire cette femme ci? Quoique ce soit une femme, il n'y a pas moyen de la mener avec moi, cependant c'est precisement à cette maison là qui je vais; voilà ce qui j'appelle une rencontre.* It was some consolation, however, to me that the turpitude of my situation was shared with Alexander, who, upon first meeting, took care to enlarge upon the pre-eminence of stage-coaches to post-chaises, of the former being the more expeditious vehicle, of his being urged to have recourse to it by a disinterested innkeeper at Newbery, and of being determined by so pure a motive as the hope of company; had it not been for this, I should rather have attributed it to the expenses of a lost election. At parting, 'to let you into a secret,' says he, 'I ought not, by right, to go so near, without paying my respects at the house you are going to; and I would not wish you to mention your having seen me. But how long do you think of staying?' 'Indeed, I can't tell; a month or thereabouts, it is not impossible.' 'Ah, then,' says he, 'I hope we shall meet.' 'Well, but why not now? Come, get into the post-chaise with me.' The fact was, I should not have been sorry to have had him, supposing him upon such a footing, as a sort of instrument to break the ice with. However, he would not go. When I arrived here, the family were not at home; they were gone, at least the gentlemen were, to dine with Sir James Long, the nephew and *hæres designatus* of Lord Tilney. When my Lord came in, he ran up to me, and touched one of my cheeks with his, and then the other. I was even satisfied with it, since he meant it kindly, and since such, I suppose, is the fashion, but I should have been still better satisfied if he had made either of the ladies his proxy."

"*Sunday*, 12 *o'Clock.*

"Where shall I begin?—let me see—the first place, by common right to the ladies. The ideas I brought with me respecting the female part of this family are turned quite topsy turvy, and unfortunately they are not yet cleared up. I had expected to find in Lady Shelburne, a Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, sister of an Earl of Ossory, whom I remember at school: instead of her, I find a lady who has for her sister a Miss Caroline V——: is not this the maid of honour, the sister to Lady G.? the lady who was fond of Lord C., of whom he was fond? and whom he quitted for an heiress and a pair of horns? Be they who they may, the one is loveliest of matrons, the other of virgins: they have both of them more than I could wish of reserve; but it is a reserve of modesty rather than of pride. The quadrupeds, whom you know I love next, consist of a child of a year old, a tiger, a spaniel, formerly attached to Lady Shelburne—at present to my Lord—besides four plebeian cats, who are taken no notice of, horses, &c., and a wild boar, who is sent off on a matrimonial expedition to the farm. The four first I have commenced a friendship with, especially the first of all, to whom I am body-coachman extraordinary *en titre d'office*: Henry (for that is his name) the present Lord Lansdowne—for such an animal, has the most thinking countenance I ever saw; being very clean, I can keep him without disgust and even with pleasure, especially after having been rewarded, as I have just now, for my attention to him, by a pair of the sweetest smiles imaginable from his mamma and aunt. As Providence hath ordered it, they both play on the harpsichord, and at chess. I am flattered with the hopes of engaging with them, before long, either in war or harmony—not to-day—because, whether you know it or not, it is Sunday: I know it, having been paying my devotions—our church, the hall—our minister, a sleek young parson, the curate of the parish—our saints, a naked Mercury, an Apollo in the same dress, and a Venus de Medicis—our congregation, the two ladies, Captain Blankett, and your humble servant, upon the carpet by the minister—below, the domestics, *superioris et inferioris ordinis*. Among the former I was concerned to see poor Mathews the librarian, who, I could not help thinking had as good a title to be upon the carpet as myself.

Of Lord Fitzmaurice I know nothing, but from his bust and letters: the first bespeaks him a handsome youth, the latter an ingenious one. He is not sixteen, and already he writes better than his father. He is under the care of a Mr Jervis, a dissenting minister, who has had

charge of him since he was six years old. He has never been at any public school of education. He has now, for a considerable time been travelling about the kingdom, that he may know something of his own country before he goes to others, and be out of the way of adulation.

"I am interrupted—adieu! *le reste l'ordinaire prochain.*"

"*Friday evening, August 25th,*
"*or thereabouts.*

"On Monday we went to Wilton, as proposed—Lord S., Blankett, and I, in my Lord's coach with hacks. It was not as I had at first apprehended. My Lord was almost as much a stranger at Wilton as myself, he had been there but once before, and then without acquaintance. Lord Pembroke's defection from the court, had begun an intercourse in London, and this visit was the first fruit of it in the country. We set out at six: got there to breakfast, (it is about twenty-six or twenty-seven miles off,) and stayed to breakfast the next morning. It was seeing the place to some advantage, having the master and the mistress of the house for cicerones. A very pretty part of the gardens, planned and just finished by Lady P——, is not shewn to strangers. At dinner, the only company besides ourselves were, an officer who was quartered at Salisbury, (a Major Nooth of the 4th Dragoons,) and young Beckford of Fonthill, who, on the 28th of this month, comes of age, and gives a grand fête to all the world. The family consist only of Lord and Lady P——, Lord Herbert who is with his regiment, and Lady Charlotte, a little girl of nine or ten years old, who is at home. It is odd enough, that though he and she are by no means on good terms, they should neither of them have a creature with them. Lord P—— is one of the best bred, most intelligent, pleasant fellows, I ever met with in my life; they say he is mad, but, if his madness never shews itself in any other shapes than it did then, I wish to God I could be mad too. He talked with infinite vivacity and légèreté, saying many good things and no foolish ones.

"I got a most exquisite lesson in the art of small talk from the breakfast conversation of Lord S. and Lady P., (Lord P. being absent for near an hour.) They had been old cronies twenty or twenty-five years ago, and had never come across one another since: you may imagine what stories they had to chop and notes to compare. In those days Lord S. used to frequent Marlborough House. Youk now the genealogy. Lady P. and Lady Di. Beauclerk, sisters to the present D. of Marlborough. It was pleasing enough to contemplate, at leisure, the remains of a beauty which was one of the first that I remember to have heard celebrated, *au sortir de l'enfance.* Lady P. and Lady Egremont, whom also I shall probably have the opportunity of being acquainted with, were the two heroines of a copy of verses which I remember made some noise at Tunbridge, when I was there with my father about twenty years ago.* She is grown fat, and by that means, a little out of shape; but she has still a fine face, and very fine light brown hair, which she wears neatly done up without powder, to serve as evidence of youth. To apologize for the attention with which I surveyed her, and to make up for the little I could have to say upon such topics, I threw into my looks as well as I could, an air of respect mixed up with a small dash of tenderness. She is at that time of life, at which a woman thinks herself obliged to any man who will give her to understand that he thinks her still desirable. It was by this manœuvre, I suppose, that I escaped contempt: for it did not appear to me, that I was looked upon as others, who had so much more to say for themselves. They (I mean Lord and Lady P.) are to be here in the course of the summer, but separately; it being so contrived, thinking it would be the more agreeable to them.

"The Duchess of Bedford is also to be here; she is, you know, related (I don't know yet precisely in what manner) to Lady Shelburne; so also I believe is a personage, of a nature, very disparate to the former—I mean Dunning; I mean, that he is expected here. You have in the newspapers of a day or two ago, a mighty pretty paragraph, about the Duchess being all summer long in town; the fact is, she is at Woburn. Yesterday, we had, at breakfast, old Sir Edward Bayntoun; to-morrow, we have, at dinner, Sir James Long, nephew and *hæres designatus* to Lord Tilney. This morning, went away honest Jo. Townsend, a parson, brother to the alderman; we found him here on our return from Wilton, on Tuesday. He seems a very worthy creature, has been a good deal abroad, and has a great deal of knowledge; his studies have lain a great deal in the same track with mine; he is a utilitarian, a naturalist, a chemist, a physician; was once what I had liked to have been, a methodist, and what I should have been still had I not been what I am; as Alexander, if he had not been Alexander, (I am wrong in the story, but never mind,) would have been Diogenes. In short we have become great friends, and he has given me the *carte du pays.* There is a mixture of simplicity, candour, and a composed earnestness, tempered with good breeding, that has won upon me mightily; and upon the terms of my indulging him in his patriotism, and antipathy to your countrymen,† (some of whom, however, he has a great respect for,) I am apt to think we shall be fast friends. He is to come here again ere long, that I may cast an eye over a work of his, part of which is printed; and he, in return, is to assist me in the revisal of mine, which he enters into the spirit of most perfectly. He has made me promise to go over and see him at his living, which is about fourteen miles from hence. Lord S. and Barré, when he comes, are to go and dine

* Although she be not half so fair
As Egremont and Pembroke are.

† The letter is to George Wilson, a Scotchman.

there: I shall then go with them, and stay behind them for a few days. Blankett is to go on Monday. I am glad of it; he seems to be an honest sort of man enough, but has one of the most confused heads I ever met with, and he embroils every topic that is started.

"The master of the house, to judge from everything I have seen yet, is one of the pleasantest men to live with that ever God put breath into: his whole study seems to be to make everybody about him happy—servants not excepted; and in their countenances one may read the effects of his endeavours. In his presence they are as cheerful as they are respectful and attentive; and when they are alone, you may see them merry, but, at all times, as quiet as so many mice. I have no need to rue the rencontre mentioned in a former sheet; for, to such a poor devil as I, they are as respectful and attentive as if I were a Lord. The mistress has more reserve, and less conversation; but as much mildness as the master. The only instances of fire I have seen him exhibit, have been when he has been declaiming about politics; yet, though I frequently oppose him, and scarce ever join with him, he takes it all in the best part imaginable. I will tell you how the matter stands between the P—— of W—— and *Perdita*. The common story is that she has got letters of his, in which he speaks disrespectfully of the King; and that she is making use of them to extort money from him. This is not the case; but the fact is, that she has a direct promissory letter for £20,000, written, I think it was, before possession. This is what Lord P—— told us on Monday. Before he left town, he called on Lord Southampton to pump him about it. Lord S. could not immediately see him. Meantime came in Lord Malden, who was come as plenipo for the lady, for the express purpose of negotiating the matter with Lord S. Lord P—— descried his errand, as he says, and, by pretending to know more than he did, picked the story out of him.

"As to myself, I have hitherto been completely idle, and that partly from inclination, partly upon principle. Strangers are lodged in a part of the house quite separate from that which is inhabited by the family. Adjoining to my bed-chamber I have a dressing-room, and should have a servant's room if I had one to put into it. They are plain but neat, spacious, and convenient. The dressing-room I make my study. People here do just what they please—eat their meals either with the family or in their own apartments. The only gêne I feel is, that which conscience imposes of dressing twice a-day—that, you know, eats time.

"We learnt at Wilton that Lord Porchester comes off with little loss; the witnesses against him discredited themselves."

"*Saturday afternoon.*

"Lord Bristol is here—a most excellent companion—pleasant, intelligent, well read, and well bred—liberal-minded to the last degree. He had been everywhere, and knows everything. Sir J. Long is a little stiff-rumped fellow, and knows nothing—except persons, and so forth, in the Q. S. P.ian style. Lord B—— has with him one of his sons—a fine boy of twelve years old—who is just going to sea."

"Bowood, *Saturday, 26th August*, 1781.

"The revenue of the Bishoprick of Derry is, at present, £7,200, and, in a few years, will be £9,000; the patronage, £14,300; none of the livings less than £250; some 8, 10, 12, up to £1500. Of all the advowsons in his diocese, he has forty; some lay-lord five, and another, I forget who, two or three. This, from the honest Bishop, who, at the same time, declares it to be a wonder and a shame that the clergy should be suffered to remain in possession of so much wealth. Of the above parsons, scarce one resides. They pay a curate £50 a year, which, he observes, according to their own estimation, is what the service that is done is worth.

"Lord B. says, he is well assured and persuaded that Necker acted corruptly—that, as minister, he borrowed of his own house at seven per cent., when the farmers would have lent at five per cent. Necker and Turgot (who, you know, died about eight months ago) were bitter enemies—this makes it the more generous for N. to speak of T. in the handsome way he has done in his pamphlet. What turned out Turgot, was a jealousy of Maurepas. When the Prince of Conde, who found himself affected by some of Turgot's arrangements, raised the insurrection at Paris, Turgot went to the King, and got an order upon the Marechal de Biron, governor of Paris, for as many men as he chose to have: purposely, or through inadvertence, he failed to communicate this to Maurepas. M.'s jealousy took fire; and in two days Turgot was dismissed. Madam Blondel, who was closely liée with Turgot, took upon herself the blame; but all would not save him. Necker owed his dismission to the Parliaments—whose assumed negative in legislation, his project of provincial assemblies, went to supersede.

"The K. of F., who is timidity itself, is apprehensive of a quarrel with the men of the long robe. Caron de Beaumarchais, one of the busiest and most successful of intriguants, has realized (Lord S. says) to the tune of £30,000 or £40,000 a-year. He was sent over to get (I forget what) papers of consequence from De Morandé; but that story you remember. He was even employed once in making up a quarrel between the K. and Q. of France, which had gone to such a length, that the Empress Queen was impliquée in it. At present, his interest is equal to almost anything. He is at the head of the project for publishing three magnificent editions of Voltaire's works, at fifteen (twenty-five, I think it is) and forty guineas, with Baskerville's types. He has sent Lord S. a number of proposals.

"Elliot has brought down a strange story of the Chancellor—that he had promised a man a living—that afterwards he came to learn that

the man (who was a Yorkshireman) had concurred in some of the opposition measures of that county, and that, therefore, he had revoked his promise. By way of contrast, the care was mentioned that Lord Northington took to make an equal distribution of church preferments to all parties. A strange circumstance in the story is, that Lord Loughborough went to the Chancellor, and forced him into it. The reality of the promise is mentioned as being so clear that it was to have been confirmed by I know not what overt acts.

"Lord S. pretends to have heard from very high authority, at New York, that Lord Cornwallis, being sick of his situation, had begged of Clinton to come in person, and gather the laurels that were ready for him; but that Cl. begged to be excused. Reported of Lord Mulgrave, when in Opposition, being introduced to the Queen of Sardinia: 'On dit,' said her Majesty, 'que Milord n'est pas bien à la cour.' 'Madame c'est la cour qui n'est pas bien chez moi.' This was by Lord Bristol, who is uncle to Lord M.

"Lord B. assumed to me, (unless I much mistook him,) a principal share in the merit of carrying the Toleration Act through the Irish House of Lords. He was, in his own mind at least, for going further, and admitting them to all offices, that of Member of Parliament not excepted. Of a little more than three millions—of which, he says, the population of Ireland consists—upwards of two millions are Catholics, about 600,000 Presbyterians, and only about 400,000 Church-of-England men. He has made an exact enumeration of all the people in his diocese, distinguishing them according to their religious occupations, sex, ages, and the like.

"Elliot says that Admiral Parker is loud in his complaints against Lord Sandwich for not giving him force enough. The royal visit was a contrivance of Lord S.'s to stop his mouth; but that it won't.

"Elliot and Lord S. agreed that Lord Chesterfield is broken up, and gone to live altogether in the country. He says of himself that he is much obliged to the P. of W.; that he had not thought of his owing above £30,000 or £40,000; but that, in consequence of that affair, he had the advantage of knowing that it amounted to £90,000; that the notice of his being a short life, had brought all his creditors about him; that now he knows how his affairs stood; and seven or eight years, spent in the country, would set them right again; otherwise, going on in the notion of owing but £30,000 or £40,000, he should have ruined himself past redemption. Lord S. says that, on the breaking out of that affair, the King was exasperated, to the highest degree, with Lord Ch.; that he had appointed a day for visiting him; but that upon that he broke the appointment, without sending any word.

"Lord B. told me that Lord Shannon used to send twenty-two or twenty-three Members to the Irish Parliament; but that, since the act, that influence was diminished.

"I write you everything higgledy-piggledy, just as it happens to come in my head. There is no end of the anecdotes, of all kinds, I hear about the politics, as well of France as of this country; about one in fifty I shall remember; the others will be lost to me.

"I wish I could get your great carcass, and squeeze it through a keyhole, like a fairy's, that you might get by heart the things I hear, and give them back to me as I wanted them.

"Lord S. says that Lord Chatham, who governed everybody else with a high hand, was himself governed, in a manner, by the King of Prussia; who gave him information, and suggested ideas to him, even for his maritime operations. This appears from a suite of letters from the King to Lord C., of which Lord S. has either the originals or copies, and which I, I believe, may see.

"I mistook. Lord Porchester, upon Lord Pembroke's account, lost about £3,500. Supposing that he should be ruined, he sent over an agent to the Continent to look out for a retreat."

"*Tuesday, 28th August, 8 o'Clock*
"*in the Evening.*

"'An Historical Account of the Settlement and Possession of Bombay, and of the Rise and Progress of the War with the Mahratta Nation,' printed for Robson, New Bond Street, 1781.' It is not yet published. Lord S. says it is by Master Pechell. It contains information which there is no other means of coming at; in that respect, it is valuable; but, for composition, it is, I think, the vilest stuff I ever met with. I have just read it. This is one of the pleasant incidents attendant upon great houses—meeting with unedited books, or books of the day, before they are to be had elsewhere.

"This morning came a packet to Lord S., from France. It contained two newspapers—the one a journal of the operations of De Grasse, from his sailing from France, to the day of the troops abandoning St Lucie; the other, a letter of Count Dillon, from that period to the taking of Tobago. The first man says:—'The fort of St Lucie is so strong (what do they call it? Morne Fortune?) that it might bid defiance to 20,000 men; that it has cisterns, and I do not know how many other things, bomb-proof, and that part of it is undermined; but then he adds some other circumstances that are plain lies, viz., that there were 2,500 regulars in it, and as many sailors. It appears plainly, if not wholly, as a feint to draw our attention from Tobago. At this latter place, it looks as if we had made but a scurvy figure. The island was surrendered, without so much as giving a gun; though we had one post, Dillon says, extremely strong, and a defence of twenty-four hours might, as they had reason to expect, have given time to the fleet to arrive to their relief. On the other hand, their fleet appears, from the first paper, to have cut as scurvy a figure in the engagement with Admiral Hood. It talks of a *fatalité*, and then, again, of another *fatalité*;

and so, I believe, to the tune of three fatalities, that prevented them from gaining the advantages they might have done; and yet this was written by an apologist of De Grasse.

"I believe I shall pack this off to-night. To-morrow, Elliot leaves this place—a modest, civil, good kind of man; sensible enough; but without those pretensions which one would expect to find in a man whose station in his country is so commanding, and political influence so great. He is modest enough in his conversation about politics, but desponding. He says he scarce ever looks into a paper, nor dares he, for fear of ill news.

"I have just been playing at billiards with Lady S. Miss V. looked on, but would not play, saying she never had played before. There is an event for you. By and by I shall come to telling you every time I buckle my shoe. I almost despair of getting them to the harpsichord. To-morrow, however, the house, I hope, will be clear; and then, perhaps, I may have some chance. The chess and the billiards were her own proposal; the harpsichord I must beg and pray for.

"The sheet is not filled, and you will grumble if I leave any of it blank. There seems no want of money here. Grounds laying out, and plantations making, upon a large scale—a gate going to be made, with a pyramid on each side of it, for an approach to the house at six miles distance. The pyramids to be at least 100 feet high. At this place, a road, which is to be made from the house, is to join the road from London to Devizes. This new road will leave Calne (through which the present road runs) on the right, and save a mile or two. I call it Egypt.

"In the way, you have deep valleys, with meadows and a water-mill at the bottom of them; and, on the sides, craggy rocks, with water gushing out of them, just for all the world as if Moses had been there.

"*September 5th*, 1781.

"The ladies being retired, Lord S. and I are left alone in the dining-room. He is writing to his son; and I, having no son to write to, to keep my hands from mischief, will write to you.

"This morning, he had a letter from Blankett, telling *me* that there was certainly a foundation for the report of the insurrection in Peru, and asking him if he had not, or rather taking for granted that he had, received a copy of the Manifesto of the Insurgents from Sir John Hart, at Lisbon, is it, or Oporto? Blankett appears to have *had* it from Pinto the Portuguese Minister, with whom he is well acquainted. Pinto was at one time expected here; but, I believe, is not now.

"Q. S. P.'s are got at last to Bath. Q. S. P., I see, is hankering to come here; but he will be disappointed. Nothing but plague to my noble hosts, as he calls them, and shame to me, could come from such a visit. As to your fears about my conversion, they are altogether vain. This is all I can say about the matter at present—*faute de temps*; for, when my Lord has done, I have done, as the packet is then closed.

"Yesterday, was it, or the day before? I forget which, we had a turtle, and, therefore, company to eat it—a Mr Methuen, and his son, and his son's wife. The father was Member for some place, but has given up to his son; you will see him in the Bible. The son is married to a sister of your friend G——, that had the w—— of a wife. With them came also young Bouverie, youngest son of Lord Radnor. Methuen, the father, has £16,000 a-year. Bouverie, when he comes of age, which will be in a few months, has £80,000, I am told. Among them all, they have not the tenth part of an aide. Young Methuen is the very model of my Lord in the 'Princesse de Babylone,' except that, instead of my Lord's crustiness, he seems to have good nature.

"No Lord Dartry yet; and Hamilton does not come this month. What think you of Lord G. G. opposing Clark? Lord S. knows nothing of the latter; thinks it would be the best thing for him that could happen, dividing the opposition party. Send me any election news you pick up, as, likewise, anything you can get from St Paul's—Ministerial news he may be more in the way of picking up than me. It will be shortest to direct to Shelburne House. Lord S. has just written to Dunning to ask him here."

"Bowood, 10*th September*, 1781.
"*Monday Morning, Nine o'Clock.*

"I have just received yours of Friday the 7th. This is expeditious. I tremble at the threatened acquaintance with the Bennets—even Parson Bridges I would have gladly spared. If things go on thus, the post at Thorpe will be no longer tenable.

"I am distracted at the thoughts of losing Miss ——. She leaves us in a day or two; I fear, on Thursday. I had taken for granted her home was here; but Lord S. says it is at the Duchess'. She is gone to Lady Warwick's, 'because' Lady W. is, some time or other, to lay in. Lay in, is it, or *lie* in? However, one of these days, it will come to our turn to lay in, and then we shall have Miss —— back again. She is not very conversible indeed, as I have already told you ten times over; but, then, she is very sensible, has great good nature in her, and is, altogether, one of the sweetest pictures to look at you ever saw. We shall be muzzy enough, I doubt, when she is gone. I can't help pitying poor Lady S., who will not have a creature of her own sex to speak to. This will not, however, last long. There is another Miss ——, younger than this, whose name is Elizabeth. She is not so beautiful, I understand, as this, but a little upon the squat, as I learned from her similitude to a tree that I was commending. Lady Holland was another sister of Lady Shelburne. She, I believe, was by the same father, the Earl of Ossory. She, I understand, is dead, to the great grief of Lady Shelburne. So far so

good; but, if my memory does not much deceive me, Lord S. told me yesterday that the Duchess of Marlborough again is another sister. Yes, he certainly did; but with the Marlborough family I see not the least sign of any communication. Perhaps, however, the Duchess of M. is only a cousin; being the niece of the Duchess of B. by another sister, as the Duchess of Grafton and Baroness Kurtzleben are. Be this as it may, sure I am that the Duchess of M. was spoken of by Lord S. as one of the ladies of whom the Duchess of B. had the breeding up. Lady Shelburne was with old Gertrude for nine years. What an exquisite brood that old hen has sat upon!

"Lord Dartry, I believe, is not now expected here; at least not yet awhile. Lady Dartry, I understand, is much in favour with the Queen. Lord Camden is expected here on the 15th, Dunning on the 25th; Mrs Dunning comes a week before, to be here while her husband is at Bristol. I am kept here for the professed purpose of Lord Camden and Dunning looking over my book: hence it appears that I shall not, at any rate, leave this place till the month is out. As soon, however, as there is no particular reason assigned for my staying here, I intend to go: so that, by the first week in next month, it is probable we shall meet. This, however, cannot be, if Douglas and Trail are both with you at that time, since the house would not hold us all: tell me how that matter stands. When the Duchess of B. comes, seems not to be yet fixed: there is some expectation that she will bring the Duke with her. Lord S. said to me t'other day, as we were sitting tête-à-tête after dinner, that he hoped she would, 'that the Duke might have the advantage of making my acquaintance.' This, I have a great notion, I told you in my last; if I did, you must excuse me.

"So Lady Warwick, you see, is not to be here, as I once thought she was; it was not here that she and Miss V—— were to meet, but at Warwick Castle. Did you ever hear of this same Warwick Castle as a place worth looking at? Lord S. has mentioned it to me as one of the most beautiful spots in England. I may possibly, one day or other, be able to tell you more about the matter; he has told me two or three times that he should be glad to shew it me. This I should like well enough, I must confess, if it were only for the sake of seeing the fair owner. Lord W., he says, is a pleasant, good-natured little man, and that I shall like him very well; upon my asking about his political ideas, he spoke of him with some little regret as being a courtier; and of Greville, who is in the Admiralty, (I think—is it not?) as 'a rank one.' Is not all this very handsome? It would please you to see how attentive he is upon all these occasions to keep out of sight every idea of protection—everything that could give me to understand that he looked upon it as a favour done me to introduce me to these great people.

"*September 13th, Thursday.*

"Yesterday, came here, in the evening, a Mr Ernest—a heavy-looking, good-humoured sort of a German, intimately connected, somehow or other, (I can't yet tell how,) with Count Bruhl, through whose means he became known to Lord S. In the chaise with him came his servant, also a German, who before bedtime got drunk, and deposited his carcass in the housekeeper's room instead of his own. Going down stairs to a certain place after I had been up to bed, I met the housekeeper in the staircase, who, being a neighbour, opened her hard case to me. Finding remonstrances ineffectual, we got a couple of the men, who hauled him away, and left Mrs Housekeeper to her repose.

"Yesterday, also, came Parson Townsend. I have not yet had any private communication with him. Illness in his family prevented his intended journey into Northamptonshire. The same illness may, perhaps, prevent my visit to him.

"To-day came a letter announcing an intended visit from a certain Lord and Lady Trecton. This Lord Trecton is Lord Ch. Baron in Ireland. His father was an attorney, and did Lord S.'s business there.

"*Saturday night, September 15th,*
"*(half after* 10,) 1781.

"Arrived here a little before, Lord Chatham, his brother, Will. Pitt, and Pratt, Lord Camden's son. Member for Bath. I find they had none of them ever been here before. Do you know Lord Chatham? In his appearance, upon the whole, he puts me in mind of Dan Parker Coke; but he has his father's Roman nose, and, if events should concur to make him have a good opinion of himself, will soon, I dare say, acquire his commanding manner: at present, one sees little more than a kind of reserve, tempered with mildness, but clouded with a little dash of bashfulness. Will. Pitt you know for certain; in his conversation there is nothing of the orator—nothing of that hauteur and suffisance one would expect; on the contrary, he seems very good-natured, and a little raw. I was monstrously frightened at him, but, when I came to talk with him, he seemed frightened at me; so that, if anything should happen to jumble us together, we may, perhaps, be good pax; which, however, is not very likely: for I don't know very well what ideas we are likely to have in common. After beating Miss V——, I have just been beating him, at chess; an inglorious conquest, as he is scarce so much in my hands as I am in yours. Ernest and the rest of the people have been playing at crown whist. Supper being announced, I stole up here. Ernest, it seems, is the Saxon minister—an honest, good-humoured kind of man. I find it necessary to rise before six, and for that purpose go to bed by eleven. I lie on straw. Pratt has more distance and more suffisance than either of the others; yet there is a sort of giggishness about him too; he puts me in mind of a young Jew-broker in the city. About an hour, after dinner, passes now quite happily; as I have established a habit of accompanying Lady S. on the harpsichord, and

she is pleased with it. She has nothing, at present, here but a shabby little spinnet, that I should be ashamed to use myself; but I have set her agog after a variety of new-fashioned harpsichords, and she vows to have some of them. There being nothing here in the fiddle way that is tolerable, she has made me send for mine to town.

"*Sunday Morning.*

"I mistook about the time of Dunning's visit: his wife does not come till the 24th, and he not till a week afterwards. He, therefore, will not be here till the 1st of October; allowing a week for his stay, I shall not leave this place till the 27th, when I am to pay a visit to Parson Townsend, from whom I shall hardly get away under a week. I shall then come to you *en droiture*, without going to town, provided always that your spare room is not occupied. On *se dechaine ici* most violently against Governor Cunningham; indeed his conduct at Barbadoes seems to warrant it. A brother of his, also in the army, used to be looked upon as a mignon of Lord G. G., in Germany, when Lord S. was serving there: Cunningham was very nice about his hair, which used to make Lord S. take a pleasure in discomposing it. Besides his connexion with Lord G. G., he is a toad-eater at Marlborough House, where he has *entrée* at any time, notwithstanding the reserve so remarkable in that family: the first time of his being there, he was invited for a week; he stayed six, in spite of repeated hints that he had stayed long enough.

"A story of Lord Bristol. Some time ago, coming from Paris directly to London, he carried a verbal message, as he pretended, from Franklin to—whom would you think of all men in the world?—Lord Spencer, telling him that, if he would come to Paris immediately, they two would be able to settle a Peace. Lord Spencer was very much distressed; could scarce credit the information; but willing to do what he thought right, thought he could not justify himself the taking no notice of it. He accordingly set out, and actually got as far as Calais; but the wind proving contrary, or some other obstruction arising, he fancied it impossible to get to Paris time enough, and so went back again. This, Lord S. says, he has from an authority which he is not at liberty to mention, but which he can absolutely depend upon. He has told it twice in my hearing; the last time, yesterday, to Lord Chatham. He accounts for it by the flightiness of Lord B., who, he says, is equally known for his spirit of intrigue and his habit of drawing the long bow. Indeed there does seem to be something of that in him; besides that, they say there is something of a crack in the brain runs through the family.

"*Sunday Morning, September* 16.

"The hints thrown out by Lord S. in one of our tête-à-têtes in London, about offers made to entrap him, and which I was then disposed to look upon as a way of speaking, have, in some of our country tête-a-têtes, been particularized. To break the connexion between him and Lord Chatham, propositions were first made to the latter to come in with Lord S., afterwards to Lord S. to come in without Lord C. One day, when Lord S. was dining at Lord Beauchamp's, Eden having been to Shelburne House, and not finding him at home, he followed him thither; calling him out, he said he came by order of the King; and made him three propositions: the first, to come in and act with Lord North and Lord Suffolk; another, to act with either of them without the other; and a third, to come in without either of them. This latter he would have accepted, had not his friends, some or all of them, been excluded. I know not whether Lord Chatham was living at that time, but I believe he was. Barré, he says, has been repeatedly and constantly refusing £3,000 a-year, which would have been given to him if he would have deserted Lord S. He values himself much on his friends, and on their mutual fidelity. With Alderman Townsend, he says, he has been connected twenty-two years; with Lord Camden, about twenty-one; with Dunning, eighteen; and with Elliot, I think, he added sixteen. Elliot brought in seven Members, he says, the last time. Gibbon he brought in for private friendship; though, as it turned out, much to his regret. Elliot offered, he says, to take his recommendation for some of them; but, at that time, he neglected the offer through despondency. At his outset, I myself, he says, could scarcely be barer of connexions than he was: his father had scarcely any others than with Lord Holland. At a former time, when he was laughing with Blankett and me about his being called Jesuit, I asked him who was his godfather on that occasion. This would be an occasion, if he thought proper to lay hold of it, for telling his own story about the rupture between him and Lord Holland, and so it proved. He said that Lord Holland, previous to his resignation, (the history of the day will shew when that was,) of his own accord, for some reason or other, not specified, I think, by Lord S., mentioned his tedium of public business, and his wishes to resign; that, for some reason or other, it was convenient he should resign; and so Lord S. took him at his word. Having thus overreached himself, he was enraged, and inveighed against Lord S., as if it were he that overreached him. Lord S., I think, mentioned somebody as having been a witness, and as justifying him, but I forget whom.

"Yesterday morning, Lord S. spoke of a letter which he had received from an officer high in rank in the West Indies. He said that De Grasse, with twenty-four or twenty-five ships of the line, (he had had a reinforcement of six or seven,) sailed, on the 31st July, for New York. That Hood, with seven or eight, was only then on the point of setting sail. This looks bad, and was mentioned with great triumph. If you mention it, you must not say how you came by it; for the officer, whoever he be, would get a d—— rap of the knuckles if he was known to correspond with us.

"*Monday Morning, September* 17.

"Now, from other advices, we have altered Hood's number, from seven or eight to fifteen. At eight o'clock this morning, I received yours of Friday, the 15th. You are a good fellow enough for the news you send me; but an ungrateful bear for pretending to complain of the shortness of my letters; while I, to the utter neglect of my whole business, spend whole mornings in cramming your insatiable maw with politics. It takes me, indeed, a monstrous long while to write a letter to you; for I have so many things I might write, that more time is spent in determining which of them I shall write than in writing. I have a hundred and fifty subjects at this moment which are ready to pull me to pieces for the preference. My notions of the characters of the people here; conversations about Sam and about myself; what sort of connexion I hope or wish to form or to preserve; these are topics I find myself continually solicited to touch upon, yet I think it better not to do it at all than to do it imperfectly. They will keep; and political stories that I chance to hear, if they were not set down instantly, would be forgotten. Your queries about my visit at Thorpe I have answered by anticipation, in a letter which will go with this. Send to Davies everything except what is mentioned as secret between us two, or marked with the initials of your name; but wait for franks from me unless you can get others.

(*To be continued.*)

A HONEYMOON OF TO-DAY, AND ONE OF FORMER DAYS.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

My Aunt Barbara is a somewhat quizzical spinster of the old school—perpendicular as a poplar and dry as a shaving—who seems to have been expressly constructed by Providence for the epoch of farthingals and high-heeled shoes. In these slipshod times of ease and comfort, the good lady is thrown away. One feels that Richardson was cheated of her: that she ought to have sat on the judgment-seat of Harlowe Place, to pass sentence on that guilty innocent Clarissa; or assisted Lucy and Nancy Selby to console Grandmamma Shirley on the removal of the "beloved Miss Byron" to Grandison Hall. Aunt Barbara was never intended by the fates to be seen out of powder and a sacque.

Now, as her friends and relatives are unanimous in this opinion, no less than in their regrets that she should be debarred the enjoyments of the century she was planned to adorn, it is hard that she will not leave *them* in undisturbed possession of their customary pleasures. Aunt Barbara will never let one alone; and, worse still, she will never let *two* alone; for the moment she espies anything in the circle of her acquaintance amounting to a flirtation, she fancies it her duty to give notice to the "parents and guardians" interested in the result; and is suspected to have been the cause of breaking off more matches than the new marriage act.

My pretty cousin Sophy, for instance, swears that, since she attained the age of sixteen, aunt Barbara has been no less than seven times an obstacle to her settlement in life. Her father, the old general, who is also an oddity in his way, unluckily sets a value upon the gifts of fortune proportionate to the pain and grief, the jaundice and liver complaint, entailed upon him by the creation of his own, under the burning sun of India; and his elderly kinswoman, aware of his foible, has humoured it by pointing out, in succession, to his abhorrence, an ensign in the Guards, an Irish peer, the fifth son of an English Earl, and four other heroes equally ineligible in a matrimonial point of view, all of whom, she swears, have entertained designs, through a marriage with his daughter, upon General Verelst's strong-box. At four-and-twenty years of age, accordingly, Sophia, though a beauty and an heiress, was still unmarried. Judge whether she cherished a spite against Aunt Barbara!

I once ventured to remonstrate with the old creature touching her unsought interferences.

"Ay, ay! it is easy enough to ascribe to my officiousness what is simply the result of Miss Sophia's own levity," cried she. "Each of the young gentlemen to whom you allude had ample time to make their proposals and get the match settled out of hand before General Verelst dreamt of forbidding them the house. But they were afraid—they hung back; for they had seen the young lady waltzing away at half the balls of the season!"

"And what then?" said I. "If waltzing were a lawful impediment to matrimony, half the weddings solemnized at the churches of St George or St James would be prevented taking place. There is no more harm in a waltz, in the opinion of all rational men of the present day, than there used to be in a minuet, in the opinion of all rational men of your own. As to country dances, they, I grant you, *might* be adduced as injurious to the morals of a modest young person. Such rompings, whisperings, and hand-squeezings as used to take place, under cover of 'Money Musk' or the 'College Hornpipe,' were indeed calculated to alarm the sensibilities of a right-thinking man."

"Be pleased to remember to whom you are addressing yourself," said Aunt Barbara, bridling behind her fan, at the mere mention of such an enormity as that of squeezing a partner's hand. "I can only assure you, sir, that contre-dances

were the prevailing recreation of *my* day; and that never, never in the whole course of my juvenile existence, though figuring with some credit among the young persons of my time"——

"I acquit you, my dear aunt, I heartily acquit you!" cried I, interrupting her. "I only wish you would be prevailed upon to be equally indulgent towards my cousin Sophia."

My pretty cousin, meanwhile, contrived to be a match for Aunt Barbara, by getting one settled without her knowledge. A distant connexion of the General being settled at Hallohill Park, within a mile of Melton Mowbray, Sophy persuaded her father that the fogs of London and keen breezes of Brighton were incompatible with the ounces of blue pill wherewith he thinks proper to combat, every winter, the blue devils and the jaundice; and he accordingly accepted an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays at Hallohill.

Now, it is not often that a pretty girl is seen in Leicestershire. The cunning creatures are too prudent or too proud to place their attractions in competition with those of the best pack of hounds in the kingdom; and the straggling charmer, a glimpse of whom happens to be espied between two excellent runs, is consequently doubly estimated. It is not her fate to

Waste her sweetness on the desert *heir*.

Devoted to the pleasures of the chase, on the contrary, he associates her in his mind with the favourite horse on which he hunted the morning of the evening which first brought them into each other's company; with the favourite hounds which distinguished themselves in that eventful run; with the leaps in which he figured; with all the joys, in short, of his existence as a sportsman.

And so felt the young Earl of Smashborough towards my pretty cousin. Though he had seen her, Wednesday after Wednesday, at Almacks, throughout the season, and thought nothing of her, he had not spent four days at Hallohill Park, hunting every morning and flirting every evening, before he began to vote Melton a bore, even with all its accessions of whist, ecarté, and chicken-hazard; and, finding himself desperately in love with Miss Verelst, fancied himself desperately in love with domestic felicity. It so happens that Hallohill Park lies exactly 110 miles from Hyde Park Corner, (so as to preclude all fear of Aunt Barbara's interposition to forewarn the General that Lord Smashborough, though an English Earl, with an estate of £35,000 per annum, was a gambler and a libertine;) and my Cousin Sophy has accordingly accomplished her destinies of becoming a Countess.

I shall never forget Aunt Barbara's irritation of mind, when the fact was first disclosed to her by an announcement in the newspapers:—"We learn that the lovely and accomplished Miss Verelst is about to be led to the hymeneal altar by the Earl of Smashborough." Yes, the newspapers had learnt a family fact, of which *she* remained in ignorance.

"*Led* to the hymeneal altar, indeed! Ay, ay, I have often heard her say that she was to be led, but not to be drove," sneered the old maid. "However, on such an occasion, I fancy no very hard driving would have been necessary. The girl has, doubtless, jumped at the match; *she*, who was so gone off! she, who was on her last legs! Well, I only hope it may turn out as she expects. I trust that, this day twelvemonths, General Verelst and his daughter will be able to express themselves as well satisfied with the connexion as now. But I have my doubts! I have my misgivings! Without pretending to enter into the scandals of the times, I must say that Lord Smashborough's affair with Ma'm'selle Angelique, the opera-dancer, has been a little *too* public. His Lordship wishes it to be public, I conclude, by his giving her his liveries. Well, things were not managed by gentlemen in that audacious way in my young days."

"Certainly not, if we are to believe the evidence in the cause of Hackman and Miss Rae," said I, laughing. "Yet Lord Sandwich was not only a gentleman, but a Lord of the Admiralty!"

"And, pray, where is Miss Verelst to be married, and when?" demanded Aunt Barbara, turning a deaf ear to my retort.

"They come to town on the 24th of this month; and on the 2d or 3d of next, the wedding is to take place."

"Allow herself only a week for visits of ceremony to her friends—for the selection of her wedding clothes?" shrieked Aunt Barbara, in amazement.

"I fancy Sophia wrote from Hallohill to her different tradespeople; and expects her *trousseau* to be finished by the time she arrives."

"*Write* to her tradespeople for her wedding clothes?" again ejaculated Aunt Barbara. "And who is to ensure her against being cheated in the quality of her silks, satins, lawns, laces, furs, and linen? You don't know what you are talking of!"

"Perhaps not. But it strikes me that, as Sophy Verelst has always dealt liberally with the best warehouses in town, she is less likely to be deceived by trusting implicitly to their honesty, than by interfering in the choice of matters of which, at best, a lady must be an incompetent judge."

"What do you mean by an incompetent judge?" persisted Aunt Barbara. "I consider it the duty of *every* lady to be perfectly versed in such matters. What weightier business has she on her hand? I remember the time when the highest Duchess in the land would not have allowed her mantuamaker to put an ell of edging upon her gown, which she had not herself selected at the laceman's. As regards myself, (and, I fancy, old Sir Marmaduke's daughter is entitled to assert herself a lady born,) I was one of the best feelers of a silk that ever entered Snuggs' shop. You have heard of Snuggs, the celebrated silk mercer of Chandos Street, Covent Garden, where each customer, on stepping from her carriage in winter-time, was served with a

cup of chocolate? Well! it was to Snuggs' that ladies used to repair to select the bluffs and brocades for their wedding suits. First, there was the wedding dress and undress; then the presentation suit; then the ball suit; then the winter and summer birth-day suits—fourteen breadths in each—seven in the gown, and seven in the petticoat; and often at a guinea, or even two guineas a yard. I only ask you, Mr Allspy, whether the choice of such articles; articles destined to last one's life, and perhaps to descend to those who are to come after us, was to be intrusted to interested hands?"

"A lady's gown, thank heaven, is not, in these days, quite so permanent," I replied. "They neither occupy quite so great a space in the world, nor so long a time. I have no doubt Sophy is perfectly safe in Mrs Murray's hands, and that both of them will shine on the occasion."

"But her laces, my dear sir, *her laces!*"

"Will be furnished, I suppose, by the stay-maker."

"Do you suppose, sir, I am talking of STAY laces? I mean her suit of point for winter, her suit of Mechlin for summer, her suit of Brussels and Lisle for the *demie saisons*?"

"You are really too learned for me," cried I, shrugging my shoulders. "In Sophy Verelst's letters to her people, I saw no specification about lace."

"Good God! the most important item in the whole wedding order! In my time, a woman of condition would as soon have thought of marrying without diamonds, as without point; unless, at that important crisis, she secure a proper provision for her suitable appearance through life in the fashionable world, where is she ever likely to obtain her due? Parents usually economize with their daughters; husbands *always* economize with their wives; and unless, in taking the intermediary step which conducts her from the guardianship of the one to the care of the other, a woman is never likely to be decently set up. Wedding clothes, sir, ought to be so judiciously selected, as to form a fund to be drawn upon, without fear of exhaustion, for the remainder of life."

"I fear poor Sophy has been influenced by no such foresight," said I; "being too happy in her marriage to care for the paraphernalia by which it is embellished."

"Poor young creature!" sighed Aunt Barbara, with an air of ineffable contempt; and "poor young creature" did she hourly repeat, throughout the hurried preparations for Sophy Verelst's wedding. According to *her* notions, nothing was done right. The forms and ceremonies of decorum were most indecently disregarded. For things went on as usual in the house; and, saving that Smashborough dined three or four times in the ten days with his future father-in-law, and paid longer morning visits than other people, no one need have known that he was attracted to Bruton Street by any extraordinary circumstances or pretension.

"Pray, what day is this strange marriage to take place?" inquired Aunt Barbara, as the epoch originally fixed drew near.

"On Friday or Saturday, I believe."

"On Friday *or* Saturday?" cried the old lady. "You forget that this is Wednesday, when you assert that the happy day is not yet definitively settled! Pray, what sort of invitations will be sent out, or what sort of preparations made, if this singular uncertainty be prolonged?"

"I fancy there will be neither preparations nor invitations," said I; aware that all Mrs Barbara's white lace had been at a cleaner and mender's for six weeks past, with a view of figuring at the ceremony. "Smashborough is a *sans façon* kind of fellow, who hates all that kind of thing."

"Lord Smashborough is a *what*, sir," demanded my aunt, drawing up her chin.

"A young man not fond of displays or formalities. Provided he be surrounded at church with his bride and her nearest relations, he"——

"AT CHURCH?" shrieked Aunt Barbara, again interrupting me. "Miss Verelst unite herself with an Earl, and be defrauded of her bishop and her special license?"

"By no means. Smashborough's uncle, the old Bishop of E——, is to perform the ceremony, but in honour of the relationship rather than the mitre. As to the special license, it will afford the happy pair the privilege of marrying when and where they think proper; and they wisely think proper that it should be in their parish church."

"Well, if ever I heard anything so preposterous! What singular want of delicacy; and in a young person so well brought up!" ejaculated my prim aunt. "After such an inauguration into married life, what is to be expected of her?"

"That she will be a very charming, and, I trust, a very happy woman," cried I. "To-morrow morning, by the way, the settlements are to be signed."

"To-morrow *evening* you mean; the signature is *always* arranged of an evening, *usually* the evening preceding the wedding."

"But Smashborough and the General wish to have it over to-morrow morning, because they are engaged to some county dinner, or something of that kind."

"Dine out the day before his marriage?" cried Aunt Barbara, clapping her hands.

"It is not absolutely settled that they are to be married on Friday."

"On a FRIDAY? I trust in heaven not!"

"They are to proceed, after the wedding, to Smashborough's cottage, near Ascot; and as it is only a sporting-box, a mere bachelor's hall, he has had it completely refurnished; and can't get Bantry's people out of the house. They pledged themselves for to-day; but it seems nothing is ready."

"And was it, then, in such a state as to be unfit for the young Countess' reception?" demanded Aunt Barbara, with a significant glance,

"Humph! *That* is a matter of opinion. I fancy there has been oddish company there, now and then. Bachelors, you know, particularly sporting men, cannot be expected to be so very particular. One of Smashborough's first steps towards reformation has been to refurnish his house. Ma'am'selle Angelique was pensioned off at the end of last season."

Aunt Barbara would hear no more. There was no occasion that she should; for she had been purposely overlooked throughout the affair by the young lady, who had so much cause to complain of her officiousness. The wedding, however, did not the less take place because the venerable spinster was not invited. All went on *en règle*—that is, according to *les règles* of the present day. Gunter's counter was whitened over, for an hour or so, with wedding-cake. Three or four carriages drew up quietly to the vestry door of St George's Church. The bride, in an elegant but simple morning dress, was escorted to the altar by four charming girls, renowned in the annals of Almacks, all arrayed uniformly in pale blue. After the ceremony, the party, amounting to about twenty, and consisting of the bridesmaids and their parents, the General and the bridesman, (unworthily represented in my obscure person,) were entertained with a handsome breakfast, while the young couple proceeded straight from the vestry door to Wingfield Plain.

Nevertheless, the *Morning Post* of the following day had matter to exercise its usual magniloquence concerning the wedding. What with the Right Honourable bridegroom, the Bishops and special license, Sophy's marriage cut a very proper figure in the newspapers, under the head of

SPLENDID HYMENEALS IN HIGH LIFE.

Of the four lovely bridesmaids, two were Lord Smashborough's sisters, the Ladies Cecilia and Clementina Smackaway; the other two, Lady Elizabeth Lofty and the Honourable Miss Hopham, Maid of Honour to her Majesty; whose parentage, of course, afforded an Earl and Countess or two to bring up the rear, in the list of persons present. All looked exceedingly respectable. The public had every reason to be satisfied that "Sophia, sole daughter and heiress of Major-General Verelst, of the H. C. S.—C. B.," had not thrown herself away.

"I suppose it is the order of the day for people to cut their old-fashioned relations," observed Aunt Barbara; who, though somewhat pacified, by receiving an inordinate slice of wedding-cake, still brooded over her grievances. "Had I been invited, Lady Smashborough, perhaps, might not have been the worse off for receiving, on her wedding-day, a magnificent pair of rose-diamond girandoles (my late mother's) which I had caused to be reset for her at my silversmith's in Leicester Fields;" and saying which, she took from her work-box, and half opened, for my tantalization, a little red morocco case, containing a pair of dull looking disfigurements, apparently set in pewter, which would have caused the blood to curdle in the veins of Herr and Mortimer.

"I intended to have presented these to her Ladyship, when she shewed herself to the company, after retiring to change her dress, previous to quitting town," observed my Aunt Barbara, with a look proclaiming her consciousness of injury.

"But, my dear madam, Lady Smashborough neither retired nor changed her dress," said I. "As she had only a drive of twenty miles in prospect, it mattered little whether she wore a white silk pelisse or a grey one."

Aunt Barbara made no answer. Her disgust was too great for words.

Some ten days afterwards, I found myself tapped on the arm in Regent Street by a spindled foot-boy in leathern gaiters, who requested me to "step to Missus, whose carriage was waiting at Hodge and Lowman's door."—"Missus" proved, as I expected, from this association with a bargain shop, to be my Aunt Barbara; whose bilious looking chariot greatly resembles the one in which Merlin the conjuror used to drive about Hyde Park, when I was a youth."

"Step in!" said she, when leather-gaiters had opened the carriage door. But I pleaded business, and was permitted to enjoy my hurried interview in the open air. "I have a *very* serious question to ask you," said my aunt, knitting her brows:—"I heard it protested, at Lady Poppington's whist party last night, that Lady Smashborough was seen at the opera on Tuesday night!"

"Very likely," said I; "but I was not aware of her being in town. Smashborough has driven up once or twice; but only to return to dinner."

"My dear sir, reflect upon what you are saying! The Earl and Countess are yet in their honeymoon!"

"Is that an obstacle to Sophia's enjoying a new opera—so passionately fond as she is of music?" said I.

"A new opera, and passionately fond of music, during the honeyman!" ejaculated my Aunt Barbara.

"The Rauzinella, you know, leaves us next week, to fulfil her engagements at St Petersburg," said I.—"Sophia was her favourite pupil. You would not have had her lose the last night of the Rauzinella?"

"The last night of the Rauzinella, during her honeymoon!" again exclaimed my Aunt Barbara.

"And why not?" said I, trying to suppress a smile.

"In *my* time, sir," cried the old lady, making her lynx skin muff revolve upon her skinny hands with agitation—"In my time, the honeymoon was a sacred epoch. No unhallowed eyes, not even those of the nearest female relative, were allowed to examine the blushes of the bride, or investigate her sentiments. During that privileged period, the happy couple were non-existent for the remainder of the human race. All in all to each other, they were nothing to the rest of the world, and the rest of the world was nothing to them. Their existence was a mere suppos-

tion. Before my time, a scandalous custom prevailed, I fancy, of a wedding ball and an exhibition, the following Sunday, at church. But the good sense and good feeling of society revolted against it; and, for nearly a century, (down to these degenerate days, the customs of which I do not pretend to expound,) a whole calendar month has always been allowed a young lady, to accustom herself to the novelty of her situation as a matron. Buried in some secluded country-house, or whirled along incog. on a tour, it was not till the close of six weeks, at soonest, they were heard of by their nearest relatives. At the close of two months, a letter announced them to be on their return; and some time was still suffered to elapse before they ventured to shew themselves in public places, or to receive company at home."

"How confoundedly they must have been bored!" was my involuntary ejaculation. "Thank goodness, such trying tête-à-têtes are now abridged, or a honey-moon would be as dull as a mill-pond. Three weeks, a fortnight, a week, according to the habits and inclinations of the parties, are judged quite sufficient. People are not thrust out of society as if they had the plague, or the cholera, because they have tried to increase their enjoyment of life, by pairing off. Nay, I have seen fellows quietly taking their usual ride in the park a very few days after that of their wedding. I must say, I prefer the new system. It is making matrimony too appalling to invest it with as much pomp and ceremony as a criminal execution."

"And, in my opinion, it is rendering it far too trivial to invest it with so little," cried Aunt Barbara. "If people marry with as little hesitation as they put on a pair of new shoes, rely upon it they will fling aside the obligations they have imposed on themselves, with as little ceremony as a pair of old ones."

"The records of Doctors' Commons say No!" cried I, in my turn. "The Consistory Court swears we are better people than we used to be. Ha! there is Sophy herself kissing her hand to us!"

"The lady in the pink bonnet and feathers, smiling and bowing in that unabashed manner, the Countess of Smashborough!" cried Aunt Barbara, with an air of horror.

"How very handsome she looks! They must be at Mivart's! I will go and call on them to-morrow morning!" cried I.

"A bride at a public hotel!" groaned the old lady. "Thomas," cried she, addressing leather gaiters, "what day of the month is it?"

"The 18th, ma'am; cos the milkman's bill what com'd in this morning, were up i' th' 17th, which war as yesterday," replied leather gaiters, with logical precision.

"The 18th, and married only on the 5th of the month; yet openly driving in the public streets of London!" ejaculated his lady.

"I assure you, my dear ma'am, she is only acting like the rest of the world; that is, like her own class of society," said I.

"The 18th; married on the 5th, yet openly driving in the public streets of London!" reiterated Aunt Barbara, almost beside herself. "And to be told that such is the custom of modern society! Thank goodness, I have long made up my mind to retire from the world. My house on Brixton Hill will be vacant come Lady-day, and thither will I retreat from the progress of modern corruption! Mr Allspy, sir, good morning. Thomas, tell the coachman to drive on."

A SELECTION OF LEGENDARY POETRY.

I.

DONALD GRAEME.

"Is it the night? does the moon shine bright?"
Said Donald Graeme the bold;
"What lets that I mount my bonny black mare,
And unsheathe my Damascus old?"

Bedridden and weak the gallant knight,
When the warrior tread and the blast
Of the bugle proclaimed that the spurs were whet
And the forayers gathering fast;

The gallant knight, bedridden and old,
Whose locks were as white as the snow
Of his eightieth winter, felt the fire
In his kindling bosom glow.

Upbounds the Graeme; but the feeble frame
Masters the iron will.
"By the sword of my fathers," cried the knight,
"The hawk's on the dunghill still.

"When the hot blood is shed and the dagger is red
With the life of his hated foe,
In the rush of the onset, shall Donald no more
Deal death with his terrible blow?

"No more shall his bugle make Cheviots' erne
Rush down with exulting scream?
Or his foraying shout and gathering cry
Be heard on the Solway stream?

"I would the grey-haired hag were here:
I mind me of the time
When she cleared my eye to behold the sky
Of a far and foreign clime.

"I was then but a boy, yet I mind the joy
Her dark revealings gave;
But the witch was old, and her touch was cold,
And her breath was of the grave."

A skinny form is by the couch,
It lifts a skinny hand;
From the grey cold eye more shrunk the knight
Than from stoutest warrior's brand.

"I thought thou'dst been among the dead,
Old hag, full fifty years."
"Ha! ha! brave knight, but the sod lies light
When the witch a summons hears."

"Hast ought of the salve, thou gruesome hag,
That gladdened my sight of yore?"
"Would the dotard behold, when his blood runs cold,
His youth's bright visions o'er?

"His hours are but few; shall he hope to renew
The glory of youth's career?
One foot in the grave, shall the other climb
The steeps of the starry sphere?"

"Beshrew thy tongue, thou cursed witch!
I would see if the deeds and the fame
Of those who inherit my power and sword
Be those of Donald Graeme."

"The dotard may rue what he dares to do
When ruing is all in vain;
Wilt thou blast thy sight with prophetic light,
Nor shrink from the scorching pain?"

"I will not curse thee, withered hag,
Thou art cursed for ever and aye;
But grant my wish, and Donald Graeme
Will dare what mortal may."

She touched his eye, and before him towers
A castle, proud and strong,
Beleagured by three hundred Graemes
Its girdling woods among.

He knew the forayers, bold and stout,
Who had boune, at twilight grey,
To the bugle horn, from his own high tower,
With a youth for their leader gay:

The hope of his house, who had sworn to dip
In the blood of his father's foe,
Ere the moon went down, the bonny white plume
That danced on his manly brow.

He sees the boy on his raven steed;
He marks his kindling eye,
And the toss of his bonny snow-white plume,
That bodes of the battle nigh.

With lightning speed across the moat
He spies the drawbridge flung;
While the shout of the onward rushing foe
From the echoing heights is rung.

With onset wild and battle yell
They rush to the red embrace,
With the deadly hatred clansmen feel
To the foes of their chieftain's race.

'Mid the mingling whirl of axe and sword
The gallant Graeme careers
Through the hottest fight, with a joy that bounds
At the music of clashing spears.

Bloodstained he marks, with eagle glance,
By the crest of a chieftain's rank,
The castle's lord—"Now strike, my boy,
The spur in thy courser's flank."

Scarce Donald had spoke, when the Graeme's bright sword
On his foeman's helmet rung;
And the castle chief one moment brief
His axe in the moonlight swung.

Dread was the strife, till the tides of life
Streamed from each reeking blade:
The vengeful hate of centuries asks
No clansman's sword for aid.

Sternly and mute old Donald Graeme
Watches the strife of steel;
Till he spies the castle's giant knight
On his sable charger reel.

With a crash he falls o'er his foaming steed,
And above him bounds the Graeme:
"Now speed one blow, my gallant boy,
For vengeance and for fame."

But, ere the blow was sped, he sees
A traitorous dagger gleam;
And the shelterless side of the youthful Graeme
Gave vent to a purple stream.

He sees them roll on the bloody sward,
And struggle with shortening breath;
Till the eyes that gleamed with vengeance close
At the icy touch of death.

. . . . .

Vanish afar from his tortured gaze
The combat, the dead, and the dying;
And before him a glowing paradise
In the smile of heaven is lying.

Rivers, in calm and beauty, rolled
Through a calm and beauteous land;
Woods far sweeping round a dome,
Like the work of enchanter's wand;

Corn-fields stretching wide and far
In autumn's wealth and glow;
Untended flocks the quiet hills
Whitening with fleecy snow.

"O, for a plunder!" cries the knight,
As his eye detects the scene,
Varied in all but stream and hill,
Where the ruthless fight had been.

But where the lofty Castle Bawn,
Turret and donjon high,
The waving plume, the burnished steel,
Spear-clash and battle-cry?

Without a moat or battlement,
Palace and cottage stand
Unguarded all; as though no Graeme
Dwelt near the foeman's land.

But, issuing from the lordly hall,
What greets his wondering eye?
A long and proud procession sweeps
To a turreted mansion nigh.

Is it for war? Nor plume, nor sword,
Nor martial shout are there:
A funeral march? No death-bell floats
Sad music on the air.

For penance? Gladsome looks abound.
For revelry? No shout
Nor loud explosive mirth resounds
From the gay and jewelled route.

To the stately pile more slowly wends
The pomp its radiant way;
When flashed a thought on the soul of the knight—
'Tis the pomp of a bridal day.

Now, by a rose-crowned altar stand,
In youth and beauty's pride,
'Mid the light of a hundred happy eyes,
A bridegroom and a bride.

"By the deadliest brand of Cumberland,
The brand of John the Grim!"
Cried the knight, as he gazed on the bridegroom's face,
"That youth resembles him.

"And the maid—wo-worth the blasted day
That sees them side by side;
A Graeme with the child of his father's foe,
A bridegroom and a bride!"

. . . . .

The words were his last; his eyes are dark;
The witch and the spell have fled;
And the earliest beam of the dawning shone
On the warrior cold and dead.

G. P.

II.

ICH DIEN.*

There is wailing and dishonour
On Cressy's fateful plain;
And brave high hearts are sleeping there
Never to wake again.
The fairest flowers of chivalry
Withered and stained are lying—
Alas! for the tender womans' hearts
Soon to break o'er dead and dying!

An old man gazes mournfully,
With dark and sightless eye,
Which vainly strives, thro' perpetual night,
An only son to espy.

* It is said of John the blind King of Bohemia, during the Battle of Cressy, that, anxious for the fate of his son, and resolving not to disgrace his former victories, he desired to be led into the midst of the battle; the remainder may be gathered from the foregoing poem. Vide "Barne's History of Edward III."

Oh, what though he was knighthood's pride;
An heir of Boheim's throne?
A father's heart doth a sweeter tie
In deep wild anguish own.

"*My son!* my brave! my beautiful!
Is there dust on thy young brow?
Do the proud steeds of the conqueror's host
Trample thy banner now?
My country, for whose dear loved sake
I have fought, and toiled, and bled;
E'en now I think on the blazoned words
Which have waved above my head.

"I *served* thee in my youth's glad hour,
When thy fair face gleamed on me;
And I'll serve thee now, in the wintry time
Of my blind misery.
Haste, haste, my faithful lords, and guide
My dark steps to the fight,
That I may teach our haughty foes
My sword's un'minish'd might."

"Sire, to the death we thee obey!"
And carefully and lovingly
They tie his reins to their own good steeds,
Lest they divided be.
On, on they lead their valiant lord,
'Till they glance on the aspect bright
Of England's dearest pride and hope—
The star of that dread knight.

They stood—the blind king and the prince;
The one in beauty's prime;
The other, wearied and worn with age,
The mockery of Time.
But the young fair head escapes the aim
Of that benighted eye,
Only the untimely fate to fall
Of blinder destiny.

Morning, with dewy eyes,
O'er that night's dark wo is beaming;
And she weeps o'er the corpse of Bohemia's king,
With its last life's-blood streaming.
Yes, there he lay, the brave, the blind,
And near him the faithful twain,
Still linked with the cord of love and death,
Resolved with their lord to remain.

Sovereign, that noble act
Ne'er shall forgotten be;
For thy victor still death-words wears
On his princely panoply.
"*I serve,*" still glows on England's crest,
'Mid its pomp of pride and power,
Bidding the storied eye to turn
To thy life's last glorious hour.

III.

FRAGMENT OF A HIGHLAND STORY.*

By a Lady.

The evening sun a rich light flings
O'er ocean, from the glittering west,
Gilding the sea-bird's heavy wings,
As she skims onwards to her nest;
And lending to the rocks of Mull,
And to the towers that hang above,
The glow so deep, so beautiful,
That sunny hearts and poets love;

While round the brow of dark Benmore,
A feathery band of mist is wreathed,
Hanging, that blaze of glory o'er,
Like vapour from sweet incense breathed.
The sleepy waves, upon the strand,
Are curling o'er the silver shells;
While, farther from the peaceful land,
The deepening waters' sudden swells
Tell that there lingers yet a trace
Of wrath the morning's storm had given,
Which evening cannot wholly chase,
Though all else slumber under heaven,
Like the short sobs an infant heaves,
When, in its cherub dreams, at night,
'Neath outward calm, the spirit grieves
For ills that dimmed the hours of light.

Is it to gaze upon the glorious sun
That one sweet maid the pebbly beach is pacing,
Lightly as Scio's children, when they run
To join the mazy dance, their own shore gracing?
Is it to listen to the gurgling water
Murmuring below those towers its lullaby?
Is it for this that now their lord's fair daughter
Bends down her graceful head so heedfully?
Is it the softness of the hour that flushes
With Eve's own rosy hue her polished brow?
Is it Enthusiasm's tear that rushes
Into the eye so fixed, so speaking, now?

Ah, no! far dearer sound her ear is seeking;
For, see! a light skiff turns into the bay;
And nothing now she hears, save the oar breaking
The yielding waves to speed it on its way;
And nothing marks she of the beauteous light,
Save the one beam that on the white sail glances;
And nothing feels of the soft winds of night,
Save the one breeze which that bless'd bark advances.
Yet deem ye not for this that maid was cold
To Nature's holy calm, to Nature's splendour.
Oh! ne'er did form of Italy unfold
A soul more passion-fraught, a heart more tender.
Gifted as children of a warmer sun,
Well might she boast their mind, their classic beauty,
And their deep-whelming love, that owned but one,
One feeling o'er itself—a sense of duty;
And, oh, all other treasure far above
(Nor life, nor fame, scarce Heav'n itself held dearer)
Was prized that long-sought, that enduring love,
By him yon little boat brings near and nearer.

And is she not his own, his bride?
Yes; that same morn had heard her falter
Her deep-felt vows, as, side by side,
They knelt before the holy altar;
While many a bright form seem'd less fair,
Beside that meek one trembling there;
And many a warm heart hailed the tie
That gave her to the young Macbuie;
His clan's first hope in weal or wo,
The generous friend, the dauntless foe.
Yet had she shunned the groups that spread
Fresh roses for her airy tread;
Deeming it sweeter, happier far,
Beneath the beam of evening star,
To wander to her future home,
O'er the same waves that often bore
Her lord's impatient skiff before.
And he had promised her to come
At the still hour when twilight falls,
To waft her to his own proud halls.
And now he comes! O bliss! one light stroke yet—
One little start—one hand outstretched in greeting—
One bound—her paradise is gained!—they met!
Why could not time stand still at that bless'd meeting!
They met! Oh, what a tale is heard
Of rapture in that magic word!
The past forgotten; future care
Undreamt of; and the joys that *are*—
The future? No; not all,—for still
That rapture hath a touch of ill:

* The Fragment was suggested by the following incident from *The Inverness Courier*:—

"MacBuie, a chieftain of the Western Isles, one day, during a hunting party, placed one of his clan at a strait pass, to prevent the deer's escaping by it. The Highlander, however, inadvertently suffered the animal to make his way through it; which so enraged the chief that he ordered the delinquent to be severely scourged on the spot. On hearing this, the indignant and revengeful Gael seized his chieftain's child (his heir) who happened to be near, and, with the infant in his arms, threw himself from the most projecting rock into a part of the sea from which it was impossible to rescue them; and both were lost.

Could it be human and not borrow,
Like other joys, a shade from sorrow?
That shade, in pitying mercy given
To make us long for joys of Heaven!
Even that, divinest in its birth,
Still wears below, such badge of earth;
For souls that long have yearned to cast
Their offerings at an earthly shrine
Find, when the moment comes at last,
When heart with beating heart may join,
Even then must grief its portion bear;
And when the tears of bliss are starting,
One bitter drop still mingles there;
The thought—How soon may come the parting!

. . . .

'Twas some sad chastening thought like this,
Some unacknowledged fear of fate,
That marred Macbuie's triumphant bliss,
As he bent o'er his tender mate.
"Leda," he said; "dear Leda, see,
How sweetly nature sinks to rest;
All seems to woo, to smile on thee.
The languid breeze that just has prest
Thy silky cheek, now floats along,
Laden with love, and, wafting near
The plaintive merle's delicious song,
In harmony embathes thine ear.
Canst thou recall the time when first
I breathed upon this unknown shore;
The time when sudden storms had burst
On my lone bark and powerless oar?
Oh! how I've blessed the friendly wave
That washed me fainting on the strand,
And saved me from a watery grave
To wake again on fairy land;
And find thee bending o'er my form,
And see thy gentle, anxious eye,
Timid, yet heeding not the storm,
But fixed on mine inquiringly;
And then to feel thy trembling finger
Searching if yet there might be breath
On my cold lip, half shrinking linger,
To rouse me from that shortlived death;
For sure a death it was that led
To such an after-life Elysian.
Not even when Eden's bowers lay spread
First before Eve's bewildered vision,
Nor when, oppressed by fear and awe,
She turned the dazzling scene to leave,
And in the sparkling fountain saw,
More startled still, another Eve;
Not even to her seemed life more bright,
Nor did that faultless image shine,
From its pure mirror, in her sight,
More gloriously than thou in mine.
How oft yon bark has borne me hither
Since then, on such a night as this,
When we have sat and gazed together,
Deeming this world a world of bliss.
The memory of those precious hours,
Though the worst come, will bear me through;
Ah! they who gather summer's flowers,
Must look on winter's bareness too."
"There is no worst while thus thou art,"
The maiden murmured, timidly;
"With thee, no winter of the heart
Can ever cast its blight on me."

One look of thanks that young chief threw
On his sweet bride, then gently drew
His own, his loved one, to the boat,
That seemed to dance exultingly,
As if in eagerness to float,
With its rich freight, once more to sea.
On, on, through the deep blue waves they glide,
Her lover whispering words that bless;
Whilst Leda listens at his side,
Mute, through excess of happiness.
Mute! yet fond maid! how oft, alone,
Thou'st yearned to pour thy flood of thought
Into some spirit like thine own:
One whom affection might have taught
To read thy youthful dreams aright,
And lightly lead thy buoyant mind
In its own pure and upward flight,
Till, by companionship refined,
At length 'twould reach its guide, and be
Joined with it through Eternity!
And now that guide is found, thy last
Long day of loneliness is past;
And thou must leave the peaceful creek,
Where every weedy rock must speak
Of some remembrance dear to thee—
Some page in thy heart's history!
There, wistfully, thy anxious gaze
Has sought afar the well-known skiff,
As mariner would seek the rays
From midnight watch-tower on the cliff;
When, did a gull but lightly lave
Its pinion in the purple wave;
Or did some peak its shadow throw
On the smooth crystal stretched below,
Then would'st thou start, and breathlessly
Murmur, half loud, "Now, now, 'tis he."
Then how thy fearful feet would seek
(Though unseen blushes dyed thy cheek)
Each path he trod, each happy stone
His lingering step had rested on.
Where thou would'st ponder o'er each token;
Nothings, of which Love forms his spell;
All that was looked, all that was spoken,
And all that thou had'st meant to tell.
'Tis ever thus; dreams of the past
Rush o'er the heart in absence aching,
And save it, by the band they cast
Round its deep, throbbing wounds, from breaking.
And thus, thus, memory wandereth
In that last, longest absence—death—
To every cherished look and tone,
And word of the departed one;
Trifles, in passing held as nought,
Beyond all price in after thought;
The thought that loves to linger o'er
Virtues unfelt, till seen no more.

But 'tis no sad remembrance now
That shadows Leda's pensive brow,
No sorrow dims her lustrous eye
As she gazes on the starlit sky,
Wondering if Heaven a joy possessed
More deep than that which filled her breast;
Calm as the waves she's gliding through;
And seemingly as endless too,
And clear as that same crystal sea,
Her glance into futurity.
Will a time e'er come when her eye, less bright,
Shall melt as she thinks of that peaceful night;
When a faded cheek shall sparkle still;
And a heart less buoyant, yet full, shall thrill;
As it dwells mid scenes of mortal strife,
On that heavenliest spot in a heavenly life?

. . . . . .

Part II.

Fleet years hath Leda glided through,
Years that have blessed and changed her too;
Yet hath she changed as does the bee,
From sweet to sweet incessantly.
To her they had been halcyon days,*
Ushering a solstice of delight,
When bliss shed stationary rays;
At least so seemed they in her sight;

* Halcyon days was a name given in antiquity to seven days before, and seven after, the winter solstice; because the halcyon, or king-fisher, being deceived by the calmness of the weather, laid its eggs at that time in nests built on rocks close by the brink of the sea. Hence the term is often applied to times of tranquillity.

And, like the peace-desiring bird
That, in those still days, nestles high
Mid rocks where not a sound is heard
More rude than its own timid cry,
She, too, had garnered up her store
Of tenderness in that chill clime,
Nor dreamed that clouds might darken o'er
The sunshine of that tranquil time.
Alas! as the bright sun but seems
To pause in his sublime career,
When, from their winter point, his beams
Fall fainter on the waning year;
So seemed to linger Leda's joy:
Delusive respite! soon to close
In storms, thick gathering to destroy
The rapture of that short repose.

. . . . . .

How playfully the morning breeze
Lifts the light foliage from the trees;
Startling from off their glossy bed,
The pearly dew drops night had shed;
And stealing, from each freshened spray,
Odours to scatter far away,
O'er heathery heaths and hills that smile
E'en in that rugged northern isle.
To-day Macbuie, with gallant train,
To the inspiring chace goes forth;
Not the dull sport of southern plain,
But the stout deer-hunt of the north;
Where steedless clansman seeks his prey,
O'er broomy height and treacherous hollow,
And flying fear scarce wins a way
His ardour hesitates to follow.

Now does the newly wakened glen
Ring with the hum of mustering men;
While whispering echoes reach the ear
Of the far distant mountaineer.
What sees he from his dizzy height?
Gay tartans glimmering in the light,
And plumed caps, full seldom seen,
Winding along the deep ravine.
And foremost now the cast-off hound
Rushes with wild extatic bound,
Whilst through the valley joyously
Reverberates his mellow cry.
Now from the thicket bursts the stag:
Now, now he gains the nearest crag:
Now proudly snuffs the balmy air,
With upraised head and chest that swells,
And eyes that in defiance glare,
Dark, brilliant, as the young gazelle's.
A moment now he checks his flight:
A moment turns to face his foe:
A moment forwards bends his sight,
Then plunges in the brake below.

A sturdy Gael his post hath ta'en,
Where the glen opens to the main;
Charged by his chief to turn the deer,
If the strait pass it seek to clear.
And well he knows the risk incurred
By him who slights that chieftain's word.

Keenly the wary sentinel
Notes every movement in the dell,
And listens to each breath that stirs
The yellow blossoms of the furze;
Nor listens long in vain; his ear
Now catches a light footfall near;
And now, another moment brings
The panting creature full before him.
Loudly he calls, and forward springs;
His brawny arm on high he flings.
What stays him now? what spell is o'er him?

Just at that watchful instant, came,
With startling nearness, that sweet sound,
That tone, for which no fitting name
In music's lexicon is found;
The utterance, given by a child,
In one long, thrilling burst of bliss,
To admiration, wonder wild,
And tenderness. He heard all this;
And, as he heard, one hasty look
On the green bank above him cast;
'Twas but an instant's glance he took,
Yet it sufficed; the deer had passed;
Had bounded up the steep ascent
On which dark Kenneth's eye was bent;
And now that wondering gaze was met
By such a group of living grace
As none may look on and forget;
As none, except in dreams, may trace.

There, on a mound of velvet green,
Damasked with wildflowers, Leda stood
In full relief, and simply seen,
Gemmed with each grace of womanhood.
And, in her ivory arms, she pressed
Her first-born; her fair, rosy boy,
Half struggling, in his boisterous joy,
To 'scape from his sweet place of rest;
His hands close clasped, as though they'd stay
The very winds of heaven, to play;
His tiny feet upspringing; and his lips,
(Parted, and dyed with the pure carmine hue
That the first eastern cloud of morning tips;)
Those lips sent forth the silver sound that drew
Poor Kenneth from his duty; then his eye,
Liquid and full, beamed forth in ecstasy
On the proud animal that, spell-bound, stood,
As loath to leave so winning neighbourhood.
And how looked she, that happy mother?
Oh! if from loving eye one gleam
Be lovelier, purer than another,
'Tis such a holy, heavenly beam
As shone in Leda's, when she smiled
In fondness on her beauteous child!
Well might the fugitive awhile
Forget his flight for that soft smile.
Awhile he paused, from terror freed,
Then suddenly resumed his speed,
And o'er steep precipices flew,
Where man had trembled to pursue.

. . . . . .

Macbuie was generous; but his mind
First felt its master-passion thwarted,
And boundless was his ire to find
The pastime marred, the game departed
Strange, that where weightier cause had faile
To rouse the spirit it assailed;
Strange, that so light an ill should press
With so deep load of bitterness;
Yet, true as strange, the maddened ocean,
By towering tempests set in motion,
Its waves in mighty billows lost,
In liquid masses beats the coast;
And then sweeps back, unbroken, o'er
The puny rocks that gird the shore;
But, when a slighter gale disturbs
The sea, no 'whelming current curbs,
O'er every stone that checks its way
It frets itself to angry spray.

Loud spake the wrathful chieftain then;
While the rocks, startled, rang again;
"Base churl! what guerdon merits one
Who holds his watch as thou hast done?
Bind fast the recreant slave, and see
That promptest, deadliest scourging be
His fault's well meted penalty."
His clansmen heard; but motionless
All listened to the stern decree
From lips so loved, so wont to bless
Their hearts with words of courtesy.
Ah, little thought that hasty chief,
His babe's sweet voice had wrought this grief;

Ah, little thought; for who that felt
What witchery a known sound may bring,
So dire a punishment had dealt,
Where the sole crime was listening?
And who is there that ne'er hath known
The influence of a long-loved tone?
A note or two, perchance, that tell
What words had never told so well;
Of moments fled, and feelings cherished,
When the fresh hopes of life are gone,
As ivy, when all else has perished,
To ruin clings, and lives alone.

What saith the culprit to his doom?
He spake not; words could ne'er become
The outlet to the hate that stole
In fiery torrents o'er his soul.
He spake not; but a withering look
Told with what rage his heart was swelling;
The heart that never scorn might brook;
The heart, till now, devotion's dwelling.
He spake not; but as lava gushes
From its hot crater, down the vale,
As the wild mountain torrent rushes
O'er the slight blossoms of the dale;
As reckless passion headlong hurries
O'er every gentle thought it buries;
So rushed he, where in childhood's charms,
Cradled in love, that infant lay;
And, from its mother's tender arms,
He tore the innocent away:
Then, ere the gazing groups could stay
His deadly flight, with one bold bound
He left that spot of fairy ground;
And, with his precious burden, reached
The rock beyond, that, darkening, stretched
Far, singly, o'er the circling flood.
There, with extended arms, he stood,
And held forth, o'er the eddying sea,
The unconscious babe, with little hands
Stretched towards its mother, as she stands
Gazing in speechless agony.
Ah! who shall tell what anguish thrilled
Her beating bosom as she gazed!
All sound suppressed, her breathing stilled,
Her head in supplication raised.
Instinctively she followed where
Her treasure had been borne, and there,
Fainting and tremblingly she knelt,
As marble, mute and motionless,
To him whose breast, remorseless, felt
No pity for her keen distress.
He marked her not; but t'wards his sire
Held the bright boy; his dark face lighted
By a fierce smile of triumph, dire
As lightning's gleam o'er waste benighted.
Then, pressing to his guilty breast
The guiltless one, ne'er more to sever,
On to the utmost verge he pressed,
Made one dread plunge, and sank for ever!

'Twas done!—a wild, a heartwrung scream
From rock to echoing rock was thrown;
Long, long full many a troubled dream
Was haunted by that piercing tone;
Then, madly springing from above,
A light form fell into the wave,
As though even then it sought to save:
Last effort of a mother's love!
One moment, flickeringly, it shone
O'er the deep blue, like seamew's feather;
Another came, that speck was gone:
Mother and babe had sank together!

And clearly, calmly, as before,
The water rippled to the shore;
Laving the banks as laughingly
As though the west wind's fluttering sigh
Alone had ventured to divide
The surface of the glassy tide.

So onwards roll the waves of time,
Ceaseless, in every changing clime.
Though one should haply sweep away
All that we ever wished to stay,
What recks the world?—when that is gone,
Another heedlessly comes on;
Chased like the last, and doomed to be
Unnoted in Eternity.

IV.

THE FRAY OF GLENGARRY.

A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

THE scenery of our mountain land:
Her straths, and glens, and dells romantic;
Her streamlets, rushing to the strand
To charge the foaming proud Atlantic;
Her sunny vales and verdant sward;
Her golden broom and silver daisies;
Have been the themes of many a bard,
And minstrel harps have rung their praises.

And Genius, Valour, Wisdom, Worth,
Whole winter nights have sat and listened
The tones gave patriot feelings birth,
And Beauty's eyes with pleasure glistened.
But ne'er a glen, however fair,
Among the heathy hills of Albyn,
In fertile beauty might compare
With Lochievale in fair Breadalbane.

And there, amidst the yellow broom,
And laverocks clear their sky-notes swelling,
And wild flowers wafting rich perfume,
Arose fair Ellen's rural dwelling:
A stream meandered to the sea,
The bees flew by, with honey laden,
The lambs disported on the lea;
It was, in sooth, a second Eden!

Her father fell! His sovereign's call
From kindred, home, and hearth unbound him;
He died 'neath Norham's leagured wall,
With Scotland's banner wrapped around him.
Her mother heard the tale of wo,
Wept, droop'd, and pined in speechless sorrow,
Like beauteous fawn, or mountain doe
Pierced by the ruthless hunter's arrow.

Beneath her hoary grandsire's eye,
The beauteous orphan blossomed gaily,
Pure as the streamlet gurgling by,
Sweet as the lily of the valley!
He stored her ductile mind with lore,
On many a theme, divine and human;
Paternal love could do no more
To form an intellectual woman.

She touched the harp with witching skill,
The listeners sat with breath suspended;
Youths drank delicious draughts, at will,
Of love, and joy, and music, blended!
Her fertile mind was richly fraught
With legends, learned from gray tradition:
What bards had sung, or sages taught,
Seemed all her own by intuition.

Her radiant eyes, of heavenly blue,
Produced love's own intoxication;
Her form was such as Raphael drew
In happy hours of inspiration.
And Modesty, that grace severe,
The milder graces lent assistance,
And taught the youths, who drew too near,
To worship at an humbler distance.

But, nathless, youths in belted plaid,
And fiery chiefs, of hostile races,
Forsook the chase and Lowland raid,
To woo this minion of the graces.

They came from moss-gray towers and peels,
In eagle plumes and tartans flaunting;
With armed retainers at their heels,
Who for each other's blood were panting!

The regal power was all too weak
To awe those chiefs or curb oppression;
The foxes, on the mountain bleak,
Might sooner brook subordination.
Each kept a wild ferocious host
Of brawny clansmen, grim and sable;
And he who robbed and plundered most,
Sat highest at the festal table.

Beyond the rest, two chiefs, of name,
Stood candidates for Ellen's favour;
The one, as yet, unknown to fame,
The other was a veteran reiver.
Their hollow truce was quickly broke;
Their kinsmen mustered, armed, and numbered;
Hereditary vengeance woke,
Which had for ages scarcely slumbered.

Macdougal, from the glens of Lorn,
Declared himself the maid's adorer;
And had, upon the Gospel, sworn
To win her or to perish for her!
And Raasy's youthful chief, Macleod,
Macdougal's unrelenting foeman,
Had sworn, upon the holy rood,
To yield his plighted bride to no man.

Fair Ellen loved the island lord
With youth's enthusiastic fever;
And had, in secret, pledged her word
To love but him, and that for ever.
She reft a ringlet of her hair,
And gave her lover, simply braided;
And, with a silver crosslet rare,
The fond enraptured youth repaid it.

The chieftains and their followers fell,
Intent on blood and mutual slaughter,
Met in Glengarry's rugged dell,
And poured their life-blood forth like water!
'Twas hand to hand, and brand to brand,
'Twas stab, and thrust, and feint, and parry;
'Twas shout and groan, and yell and moan;
Red ran thy streamlet down, Glengarry!

But still the Slogan's deadly sound
Rung through that dark and narrow valley;
Three hundred warriors bit the ground,
But ay the grim survivors rally!
Pell-mell they fought till day was gone,
With furious shrieks and wild commotion;
The sun seemed weary looking on,
So sunk beneath the western ocean!

Macdougal sought his mortal foe,
Where axe and glaive were brightest glancing;
Where eagle plumes, now high, now low,
Seemed o'er the field of carnage dancing;
His battle axe, besmeared with blood,
He poised, then, with his foeman grappling,
He clove the youthful chief, Macleod,
As sturdy woodman cleaves a sapling!

Then Raasy's men screamed wild, "Halloo!"
When they beheld his life-blood streaming;
Ten swordsmen pierced Macdougal through,
Which sent him to his place blaspheming!
And night closed in above, around,
And shrouded wild Glengarry's barriers;
Some thirty stragglers left the ground,
The remnant of four hundred warriors!

The laverock pipes o'er Lochievale;
The blackbird's dulcet notes are ringing;
The flowers their sweet perfumes exhale;
The stream runs to the ocean, singing:
But where has peerless Ellen flown,
Of that fair glen the pride and wonder?
She sleeps beneath an altar stone,
With other saints and martyrs round her.

They found her stretched within the bower,
Where first her virgin faith was plighted;
A beauteous but up-rooted flower,
By bitter blasts untimely blighted.
A SILVER CROSS lay on her breast,
Her pallid fingers twined around it.
She's where the weary are at rest,
Beyond the stars, in bliss unbounded.

DAVID VEDDER.

THE ART OF NEEDLEWORK; FROM THE EARLIEST AGES.*

"A WHOLE volume upon the art of stitchery, which yet gives no directions for its practice," exclaims some cynical critic; "what can mortal woman have found to say about it?" Yet needlework has probably been the main business of his mother and grandmother; his aunts, sisters, female cousins, and acquaintances; and also been the proper vocation of the one-half of the species, from Eve with her needle of thorn spikes, down to the excellent Queen Adelaide, with her "superfine drill-eyed needles," "warranted not to cut in the eye." Independently of stitchery being, perhaps, far too much the sole occupation of women, needlework is entitled to consideration as an art which has contributed essentially to the comfort and grace of life, and to the enjoyment of the sex, whose amusements and pleasures have ever been strictly circumscribed by their position in the social scale, and the lordly will of their masters. And without the needle, the loom itself—also, originally, a female machine—were an imperfect implement. Whether, therefore, we look to the comfort or the elegances of life; to the cottage matron,

> "With her needle and her shears,
> Making the auld claes look a'maist like new;"

or to the royal lady, gracefully bending over her embroidery frame, we must respect the little implement, which to women holds the place of the pen, the pencil, the lancet, the gun, the oar, the fishing-rod, the axe, the hammer, and many more ingenious implements of amusement or industry than we need here put on record.

The Art of Needlework, like almost every other, was twin-born with Necessity; though, in the swelling language of the eloquent introduction to this volume, "the Genius of Needlework," it is said, "quickly left this stern and unattractive companion and followed many leaders in her wide and varied range. She became the

* Edited by the Countess of Wilton. 1 vol.

handmaiden of Fancy; she adorned the train of Magnificence; she waited upon Pomp; she decorated Religion; she obeyed Charity; she served Utility; she aided Pleasure; she pranked out Fun; and she mingled with all and every circumstance of life."

Before proceeding to give some account of a work which we consider a graceful and acceptable contribution to refined and refining literature, and an agreeable accessory to every work-table, we may state, generally, that it is just such an affair of "shreds and patches," snips of gorgeous golden and silken tissues, and odds and ends of all manner of gay or rich fabrics, as Lady Morgan or Miss Lawrance might have thrown into a "piece basket," while engaged—the former with her splendid and hitherto ill-appreciated work, "Woman and her Master," and the latter while composing her "Memoirs of the English Queens." That Lady Morgan has any connexion with the work edited by the Countess of Wilton, or in arranging the materials collected, is, however, pure and, we rather think, erroneous conjecture; though we consider it not unworthy of her facile and brilliant pen.

The work is divided into chapters, on Early needlework, (commencing with Eve's tailoring of banian leaves;) the needlework of the Tabernacle or of the Hebrew women; of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and Romans; the Dark Ages; Tapestry; the Court needlework of the days of "Good Queen Bess" and other royal ladies; and embroidery and modern needlework; which, with the sister art of knitting, has, we believe, lately been revived by the example of the Queen-Dowager, to whom this work, on her favourite art, is appropriately inscribed.

The needlework of the Hebrew women; the "coat of many colours" worn by Joseph, which excited the jealousy of his brethren; the "little coat" formed by Hannah, when she took up to the Temple the dedicated son of her prayers, and renewed as often as the fond mother made her annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and the benevolent industry of Dorcas,—serve as so many themes for graceful and tender womanly disquisition.

Needlework, among the Jews and other Oriental nations, was a thing of price. That garment, upon which the labour of years had been bestowed, acquired fixed value among the personal property of the wealthy. Our author feasibly conjectures that,

> Most probably, as early as the time of Abraham, rich and valuable raiment of needlework was accounted as part of the *bonâ fide* property of a wealthy man. When the patriarch's steward sought Rebekah for the wife of Isaac, he "brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and *raiment*." This "raiment" consisted, in all likelihood, of garments embroidered with gold, the handiwork, it may be, of the female slaves of the patriarch; such garments being in very great esteem from the earliest ages, and being then, as now, a component portion of those presents or offerings without which one personage hardly thought of approaching another.
>
> Fashion in those days was not quite the chameleon-hued creature that she is at present; nor were the fabrics on which her fancy was displayed quite so light and airy; their gold *was* gold—not silk covered with gilded silver; and consequently the raiment of those days, in-wrought with slips of gold beaten thin and cut into spangles or strips, and sewed on in various patterns, sometimes intermingled with precious stones, would carry its own intrinsic value with it.
>
> This "raiment descended from father to son, as a chased goblet and a massy wrought urn does now; and was naturally and necessarily inventoried as a portion of the property. The practice of making presents of garments is still quite usual amongst the eastern nations; and to such an excess was it carried with regard to those who, from their calling or any other circumstance, were in public favour, that, so late as the ninth century, Bokteri, an illustrious poet of Cufah, had so many presents made him, that at his death he was found possessed of a hundred complete suits of clothes, two hundred shirts, and five hundred turbans.
>
> Horace, speaking of Lucullus, (who had pillaged Asia, and first introduced Asiatic refinements among the Romans,) says that, some persons having waited on him to request the loan of a hundred suits out of his wardrobe for the Roman stage, he exclaimed—"A hundred suits! how is it possible for me to furnish such a number? However, I will look over them and send you what I have."—After some time he writes a note and tells them he had *five thousand*, to the whole or part of which they were welcome.

It is believed that the Hebrew women acquired their knowledge of rich and delicate needlework—that which is entitled to rank among the secondary imitative arts—from the Egyptians; and the art was never more splendidly displayed than in the adornments of the Tabernacle, formed while Israel journeyed in the wilderness. Our object in citing the following passage is not so much to exalt the mysteries of the needle, as to shew what a woman, possessed of lively fancy, can make of a trivial subject:—

> But neither church nor temple of any sort, nor inquiring traveller, nor prowling Arab, varied the tremendous grandeur of the scene, when the Israelitish host encamped there. Weary and toilsome had been the prilgrimage from the base of the mountain where the desolation was unrelieved by a trace of vegetation, to the upper country or wilderness, called more particularly "the Desert of Sinai," where narrow intersecting valleys, not destitute of verdure, cherished perhaps the lofty and refreshing palm. Here, in the ravines, in the valleys, and amid the clefts of the rocks, clustered the hosts of Israel, while around them on every side arose lofty summits and towering precipices, where the eye that sought to scan their fearful heights was lost in the far-off dimness. Far, far around, spread this savage wilderness, so frowning, and dreary, and desolate, that any curious explorer beyond the precincts of the camp would quickly return to the *home* which its vicinity afforded even there.
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> Clustered closely as bees in a hive were the tents of the wandering race, yet with an order and a uniformity which even the unpropitious nature of the locality was not permitted to break; for, separated into tribes, each one, though sufficiently connected for any object of kindness or brotherhood, for public worship, or social intercourse, was inalienably distinct.
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> And in the midst, extending from east to west, a length of fifty-five feet, was reared a splendid Tabernacle.
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> . . . . . .
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> The outer covering of the Tabernacle, or that which lay directly over the framework of boards of which it was constructed, and hung from the roofs down the sides and west end, was formed of tabash skins; over this was another covering of ram-skins dyed red; a hanging made of goats' hair, such as is still used in the tents of the Bedouin Arabs, had been spun and woven by the matrons of the congregation, to hang over the skins; and

these substantial draperies were beautifully concealed by a first or inner covering of fine linen. On this the more youthful women had embroidered figures of cherubim in scarlet, purple, and light blue, entwined with gold. They had also made sacerdotal vestments, the "coats of fine linen" worn by all the priests, which, when old, were unravelled, and made into wicks burnt in the feast of tabernacles. They had made the "girdles of needlework," which were long, very long pieces of fine twined linen, (carried several times round the body,) and were embroidered with flowers in blue, and purple, and scarlet: the "robe of the ephod" also for the high priest, of light blue, and elaborately wrought round the bottom in pomegranates; and the plain ephods for the priests.

But now the sun was declining in the western sky, and the busy artificers of all sorts were relaxing from the toil of the day.

In a retired spot, apart from the noise of the camp, paced one in solitary meditation. Stalwart he was in frame, majestic in bearing; he trod the earth like one of her princes; but the loftiness of his demeanour was forgotten when you looked on the surpassing benignity of his countenance. Each accidental passer hushed his footstep and lowered his voice as he approached; more, as it should seem, from involuntary awe and reverence than from any understood prohibition.

But with some of these loiterers a child of some four or five summers, in earnest chase after a brilliant butterfly, whose golden wings glittered in the sunlight, heedlessly pursued it even to the very path of the Solitary, and to the interruption of his walk. Hastily, and somewhat peremptorily, the father calls him away. The stranger looks up, and casting a glance around, from an eye to whose brilliance that of the eagle would look dim, he for the first time sees the little intruder. Gently placing a hand on the child's head, "Bless thee," he said, in a voice whose every tone was melody: "Bless thee, little one; the blessing of the God of Israel be upon thee," and calmly resumed his walk. The child, as if awed, mutely returned to his friends, who, after casting a glance of reverence and admiration, returned to the camp.

Here, scattered all around, are groups occupied in those varied kinds of busy idleness which will naturally engage the moments of an intelligent multitude at the close of an active day. Here a knot of men in the pride of manhood, whose flashing eyes have lost none of their fire, whose raven locks are yet not varied by a single silver line, are talking politics—such politics as the warlike men of Israel would talk, when discoursing of the promised land and the hostile hosts through whose serried ranks they must cut their intrepid way thither, and whom, impatient of all delay, they burn to engage. Here were elder ones, "whose natural force" was in some degree "abated," and who were lamenting the decree, however justly incurred, which forbade them to lay their bones in the land of their lifelong hope; and here was a patriarch, bowed down with the weight of years, whose silver hairs lay on his shoulders, whose snow-white beard flowed upon his breast, who as he leaned upon his staff was recounting to his rapt auditors the dealing of Jehovah with his people in ancient days; how the Most High visited his father Abraham, and had sworn unto Jacob that his seed should be brought out of captivity, and revisit the promised land. "And behold," said the old man, "it will now come to pass."

But what is passing in that detached portion of the camp? who sojourn in yonder tents which attract more general attention than all the others, and in which all ages and degrees seem interested? Now a group of females are there, eagerly conversing; anon a Hebrew mother leads her youthful and beautiful daughter, and seems to incite her to remain there; now a hoary priest enters, and in a few moments returns pondering; and anon a trio of more youthful Levites with pleased and animated countenances return from the same spot.

On a sudden is every eye turned thitherward; for he who just now paced the solitary glade—none other than the chosen leader of God's host, the majestic lawgiver, the meekest and the mightiest of all created beings—he likewise wends his way to these attractive tents. With him enters Aaron, a venerable man, with hoary beard and flowing white robes; and follow him a majestic-looking female, who was wont to lead the solemn dance—Miriam, the sister of Aaron; and a youth of heroic bearing, in the spring-time of that life whose maturity was spent in leading the chosen race to conquest in the promised land.

With proud and pleased humility did the fair inmates of those tents, the most accomplished of Israel's daughters, display to their illustrious visiters the "fine needlework" to which their time and talents had been for a long season devoted, and which was now on the eve of completion. The "holy garments" which God had commanded to be made "for glory and for beauty;" the pomegranates on the hem of the high priest's robe, wrought in blue, and purple, and scarlet; the flowers on his "girdle of needlework," glowing as in life; the border on the ephod, in which every varied colour was shaded off into a rich and delicate tracery of gold; and, above all, that exquisite work, the most beautiful of all their productions—the veil which separated the "Holy of Holies," the place where the Most High vouchsafed his especial presence, where none but the high priest might presume to enter, and he but once a year, from the remaining portions of the Tabernacle. This beautiful hanging was of fine white linen, but the original fabric was hardly discernible amid the gorgeous tracery with which it was inwrought. The whole surface was covered with a profusion of flowers, intermixed with fanciful devices of every sort, except such as might represent the forms of animals—these were rigidly excluded. Cherubims seemed to be hovering around and grasping its gorgeous folds; and if tradition and history be to be credited, this drapery merited, if ever the production of the needle did merit, the epithet which English talent has since rendered classical, "*Needlework Sublime.*"

Long, despite the advancing shades of evening, would the visiters have lingered untired to comment upon this beautiful production; but one said, "Behold!" and immediately all, following the direction of his outstretched arm, looked towards the Tabernacle. There a thin spiral flame is seen to gleam palely through the pillar of smoke; but perceptibly it increases, and even while the eye is fixed it waxes stronger and brighter, and quickly though gradually the smoke has melted away, and a tall vivid flame of fire is in its place. Higher and taller it aspires: its spiral flame waxes broader and broader, ascends higher and higher, gleams brighter and brighter, till it mingles in the very vault of heaven, with the beams of the setting sun which bathe in crimson fire the summits of Sinai.

A writer, with imagery and language thus at command, might, instead of one, have written or spun ten volumes, out of that apparently narrow and impracticable subject—the achievements of the needle.

Besides their own dresses—ever, and very naturally too, the first care of women—the females of Egypt embroidered the garments of the idols; and, not unfrequently, bereaved feminine affection or ostentatious luxury decorated the shrouds of the dead, the mummy-cloths,—of which some have been found, richly and delicately worked. The sails of the pleasure-boats on the Nile, and especially those used on sacred festivals, were often decorated with the devices of the needle.

The Grecian women, who were almost as closely secluded by their masters, as those of the eastern nations, were devoted to the spindle, the loom, and the needle.

Needlework, like every other elegant and humanizing art, suffered greatly, and, at length, fell into decay during the fell eclipse of the Dark

Ages. Embroidered garments, the triumph of the needle, were of slight esteem with those barbarous conquerors, who "disdained other habiliments than the skin of some slaughtered beast;" and needlework, as a decorative art, accordingly languished, or was forgotten, until revived in convents, of which establishments it is pertinently remarked:—

Have we any—ay, with all their faults and imperfections on their heads—have we, in these days of enlightenment, any sort of substitute for the blessings they held out to dependent and suffering woman of whatever rank?

Convents became also schools for the education of young women of rank, who here imbibed in early youth principles of religion which might enable them to endure with patience and fortitude those after-trials of life from which no station or wealth could exempt them; and they acquired here those accomplishments, and were taught here those lighter occupations, amongst which fine needlework and embroidery occupied a conspicuous position, which would qualify them to beguile in a becoming manner the many hours of leisure which their elevated rank would confer on them.

"Nunneries," says Fuller, "also were good shee-schools, wherein the girles and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work: and sometimes a little Latine was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no *vow* were obtruded upon them, (virginity is least kept where it is most constrained,) haply the weaker sex (besides the avoiding modern inconveniences) might be heightened to an higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpnesse of their wits and suddeness of their conceits (which their enemies must allow unto them) might by education be improved into a judicious solidity, and that adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them. I say, if such feminine foundations were extant now of dayes, haply some virgins of highest birth would be glad of such places, and I am sure their fathers and elder brothers would not be sorry for the same."

Before the end of the seventh century, the use of the needle, in the convents and "Shee-schools" of quaint old Fuller, was carried to great perfection. The labours of the "pale votaress" were either devoted to the embellishment of the church, or the decoration of the priests' vestments; and the robes, so patiently and curiously fabricated, were considered of such value, as to be bequeathed as heir-looms—

"I give," said the wife of the Conqueror, in her will, "to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, my tunic worked at Winchester by Alderet's wife, and the mantle embroidered with gold, which is in my chamber, to make a cope. Of my two golden girdles, I give that which is ornamented with emblems for the purpose of suspending the lamp before the great altar."* Amongst some costly presents sent by Isabella, Queen of Edward the Second, to the Pope, was a magnificent cope, embroidered and studded with large white pearls, and purchased of the executors of Catharine Lincoln, for a sum equivalent to between two and three thousand pounds of present money. Another cope, thought worthy to accompany it, was also the work of an Englishwoman, Rose de Bureford, wife of John de Bureford, citizen and merchant of London.

Anciently, banners, either from being made of some relic, or from the representation on them of holy things, were held sacred, and much superstitious faith placed in them; consequently the pious and industrious finger was much occupied in working them.

* The name of Dame Leviet has descended to posterity as an embroiderer to the Conqueror and his Queen.

Much recondite reading is displayed by the fair author; for we assume the author to be, like the editor, of the gentler sex, in elucidating the condition of women, during the middle ages, from the labours and triumphs of their implement. The chapter is concluded by the description of one of the most magnificent pieces of ancient needlework in existence, which, we are glad to learn, is still in excellent preservation. It is the State Pall of the Fishmongers' Company of London:—

The end pieces are similar, and consist of a picture, wrought in gold and silk, of the patron, St Peter, in pontifical robes, seated on a superb throne, and crowned with the papal tiara. Holding in one hand the keys, the other is in the posture of giving the benediction, and on each side is an angel, bearing a golden vase, from which he scatters incense over the Saint. The angels' wings, according to old custom, are composed of peacocks' feathers in all their natural vivid colours; their outer robes are gold raised with crimson; their under vests white, shaded with sky blue; the faces are finely worked in satin, after nature, and they have long yellow hair.

There are various designs on the side pieces; the most important and conspicuous is Christ delivering the keys to Peter. Among other decorations are, of course, the arms of the company, richly emblazoned, the supporters of which, the merman and mermaid, are beautifully worked, the merman in gold armour, the mermaid in white silk, with long tresses in golden thread.

This magnificent piece of needlework has probably no parallel in this country.

A long and minute account is given of the famous Bayeux tapestry, of which the fabrication has sometimes been attributed to Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, Duke William of Normandy; and sometimes to the Empress Matilda, the daughter of Henry the First. We confess, that the conjecture or hypothesis of an acute modern writer, remarkable for attacking and demolishing the hypotheses of his contemporaries, whether they be original or traditional, namely, Bolton Corney, Esq., appears to us the best-supported of any theory on this subject. This gentleman would strip both Duchess and Empress of their imputed honours, to confer them upon the rightful owners, the Chapter of Bayeux; thus depriving women of the merit of this beautiful and elaborate work, which, in the meanwhile, however planned or patronized, must, at all events, have been executed by female fingers. This wonder of art, which was exposed to danger during the fury of the French Revolution, is now safely treasured in the Town Hall of Rouen, as the most precious of its relics. It is 227 feet in length, by 20 in breadth, and is certainly the most remarkable production of the needle which the world possesses.

The tapestry is coiled round a machine like that which lets down the buckets to a well, and a female unrolls and explains it. It is worked in different coloured worsteds on white cloth, to which time has given the tinge of brown holland; the parts intended to represent flesh are left untouched by the needle. The colours are somewhat faded, and not very multitudinous. Perhaps it is the little variety of colours which Matilda and her ladies had at their disposal which has caused them to depict the horses of any colour—"blue, green, red, or yellow."

The outline, too, is, of course, stiff and rude.* At the top and bottom of the main work is a narrow allegorical border; and each division or different action or event is marked by a branch or tree extending the whole depth of the tapestry; and most frequently each tableau is so arranged that the figures at the end of one and the beginning of the next are turned from each other, whilst above each the subject of the scene and the names of the principal actors are wrought in large letters. The subjects of the border vary; some of Æsop's fables are depicted on it, sometimes instruments of agriculture, sometimes fanciful and grotesque figures and borders; and during the heat of the Battle of Hastings, when, as Montfaucon says, "Le carnage est grand," the appropriate device of the border is *a layer of dead men*. . . . .

The first scene which the needlewoman has depicted is a conference between a person who, from his white flowing beard and regal costume, is easily recognised as the "sainted Edward," and another, who, from his subsequent embarkation, is supposed to be Harold. The subject of the conference is, of course, only conjectured. Harold's visit to Normandy is well known; but whether, as some suppose, he was driven thither by a tempest when on a cruise of pleasure; whether he went as ambassador from Edward to communicate the intentions of the Confessor in William's behoof; or whether, as the tapestry is supposed more strongly to indicate, he obtained Edward's reluctant consent to his visit to reclaim his brother, who, a hostage for his own good conduct, had been sent to William by Edward; these are points which now defy investigation, even if they were of sufficient importance to claim it. Harold is then seen on his journey, attended by cavaliers on horseback, surrounded by dogs, and, an emblem of his own dignity, a hawk on his fist.

One great value of this tapestry is the scrupulous regard paid to points and circumstances, which, at first view, might appear insignificant, but which, as correlative confirmations of usages and facts, are of considerable importance. Thus, it is known to antiquarians that great personages formerly had two only modes of equipment when proceeding on a journey, that of war or the chase. Harold is here fully equipped for the chase, and consequently the first glimpse obtained of his person would shew that his errand was one of peace. The hawk on the fist was a mark of high nobility; no inferior person is represented with one: Harold and Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, alone wear them. . . . . .

The different positions in which the hawk is placed in our needlework are worthy of remark. Here its head is raised, its wings fluttering, as if eager and ready for flight; afterwards, when Harold follows the Earl of Ponthieu as his captive, he is not, of course, deprived of his bird, but, by a beautiful fiction, the bird is represented depressed, and with its head turned towards its master's breast as if trying to nestle and shelter itself there. Could sympathy be more poetically expressed? Afterwards, on Harold's release, the bird is again depicted as fluttering to "soar elate."

The practice very prevalent in these "barbarous times," as we somewhat too sweepingly term them, of entering on no expedition of war or pastime without imploring the protection of heaven, is intimated by a church which Harold is entering previously to his embarkation. That this observance might degenerate in many instances into mere form may be very true; and the "hunting masses" celebrated in song might, some of them, be more honoured in the breach than the observance: nevertheless, in clearing away the dross of old times, we have, it is to be feared, removed some of the gold also; and the abolition of the custom of having the churches open at *all times*, so that at any moment the heart-prompted prayer might be offered up under the holy shelter of a consecrated roof, has tended very much, it is to be feared, to abolish the habit of frequent prayer. A habit in itself, and regarded even merely as a habit, fraught with inestimable good.

We next see Harold and his companions refreshing themselves prior to their departure, pledging each other, and doubtless drinking to the success of their enterprise whatever it might be. The horns from which they are drinking have been the subject of critical remark. We find that horns were used for various purposes, and were of four sorts, drinking horns, hunting horns, horns for summoning the people, and of a mixed kind.

But we must pass from what affords our author occasion to expatiate amid the fields of antiquarian and historical lore. The scenes depicted in the Bayeux tapestry, are a record of the deeds and achievements of the Conqueror; and our author dwells on them until the subject is fairly exhausted to all but antiquaries.

The needlework of the times of romance and chivalry, when fair and peerless damsels embroidered scarfs and pennons for brave, valorous, and reproachless knights, is not less fruitful, under the dexterous hands of the fair author, than the Bayeux tapestry. One of the most curious facts recorded, is the use of the hair of the beard in embroidery. We have all heard of the skin of an enemy being flayed off, and used as shoe-leather by our refined ancestors; but the plucked beard was also employed to denote the triumph of the scornful victor, though our author is at a loss to conjecture in what precise manner the hairy trophy was sewed on the mantle she describes, after it had been contumeliously plucked off. It is conjectured that a shield of human hair, now to be seen in the museum of the United Service Club, may give some notion of this singular piece of adornment. The shield is from the island of Borneo, "and is formed of locks of hair placed at intervals on a ground of thin tough wood; a refined mode of displaying the scalps of slaughtered foes." Besides the adornment of their own persons, the ladies of the middle ages, like the ladies of the present day, bestowed much labour upon the furniture of their apartments. Stately beds, then and long afterwards, were placed in the principal sitting-rooms, or, as we should say, withdrawing-rooms; with curtains and coverlets, enriched with embroidery, executed in costly materials. The old metrical romances afford many illustrations of the progress of needlework; and romances were themselves worked out, by the needle and the shuttle following their progressive scenes.

The chapters on costume, or the connexion between needlework and costume, contain a variety of curious information, though not strictly germane to the matter of stitchery. Our author hints, that lordly man is to the full as much the slave of the mode as his frail companion; and, considering the limited scope which masculine attire affords to change and caprice, we are disposed to believe the fact, which "many a valet can testify, when contemplating his modish master's daily heap of *failures; i. e.* of cravats, spoiled in the tying. The cravat alone makes heavy claims on the time, talents, and energies of the thorough-going man of fashion, who, within a few years, has studied and practised among other *ties*: the Royal George, the Plain Bow, the military, the ball-room, the Corsican, the Hibernian,

* The attempts to imitate the human figure were, at this period, stiff and rude: but arabesque patterns were now *chiefly* worked; and they were rich and varied.

the eastern, the hunting, the Osbaldiston, the mail coach, the Indian, and the Yankee, ties.

Speculating upon that miserable or forlorn state of things which would arise, if dress were suddenly reduced to its primitive simplicity, the fig-leaf apron, and the coat of skins, our author draws this amusing, if somewhat overstrained inference, in favour of the needle:—

To whom, then, are the fullers, the dyers, the cleaners—to whom are the spinners and weavers, and printers and mercers, and milliners, and haberdashers, and modistes, and silk-men and manufacturers, cotton lords and fustian men, mantua-makers and corset professors, indebted for that nameless grace, that exquisite finish and appropriateness, which gives to all their productions their charm and their utility? To the NEEDLEWOMAN, assuredly. For though the raw materials have been grown at Sea Island and shipped at New York,—have been consigned to the Liverpool broker and sold to the Manchester merchant, and turned over to the manufacturer, and spun and woven, and bleached and printed, and placed in the custody of the warehouseman, or on the shelf of the shopkeeper—of what good would it be that we had a fifty-yard length of calico to shade our oppressed limbs on a "a dog-day," if we had not the means also to render that material agreeably available? Yet not content with merely rendering it available, this beneficent fairy, the needlewoman, casts, "as if by the spell of enchantment, that ineffable grace over beauty which the choice and arrangement of dress is calculated to bestow." For the love of becoming ornament—we quote no less an authority than the historian of the "State of Europe in the Middle Ages,"—"is not, perhaps, to be regarded in the light of vanity; it is rather an instinct which woman, has received from Nature to give effect to those charms which are her defence." And if it be necessary to woman, with her charms, is it not tenfold necessary to those who—Heaven help them!—have few charms whereof to boast? For, as Harrison says, "it is now come to passe that men are transformed into monsters."

Many of those fantastic extravagances in dress (from which our own wise age is far from being free, as witness the wasp-waists and padded bosoms of the dandies, and the late monstrous sleeves and caps of the ladies, now fortunately reduced to more reasonable dimensions) are noticed in the Chapters on Costume. The head and feet of the fair have, generally, been the parts of the body about which the most fantastic tricks were displayed, though the vagaries of the idol fashion have been endless, whether in the form or colour of garments. One must conclude that, in purity of taste and real elegance, dress has made but small progress since the Norman Conquest, if the following passage be correct:—

The English, at this period, were admired by all other nations, and especially *by the* French, from whom, in subsequent periods, *we* have copied so servilely, for the richness and elegance of their attire. With a tunic simply confined at the waist, over this, when occasion required, a full and flowing mantle, with a veil confined to the back of the head with a golden circlet, her dark hair simply braided over her beautiful and intelligent brow and waving on her fair throat, the wife of the Conqueror looked every inch a queen, and, what was more, she looked a modest, a dignified, and a beautiful woman.

The male attire was of the same flowing and majestic description: and the "brutal" Anglo-Saxons and the "barbarous" Normans had more delicacy than to display every division of limb or muscle which nature formed, and more taste than to invent divisions where, Heaven knows, nature never meant them to be. The simple *coiffure* required little care and attendance, but if a fastening did happen to give way, the Anglo-Norman lady could raise her hand to fasten it if she chose. The arm was not pinioned by the fiat of a *modiste*.

And the material of a dress of those days was as rich as the mode was elegant. Silk indeed was not common; the first that was seen in the country was in 780, when Charlemagne sent Offa, King of Mercia, a belt and two vests of that beautiful material; but, from the particular record made of silk mantles worn by two ladies at a ball at Kenilworth in 1286, we may fairly infer that, till this period, silk was not often used but as

"———a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at."

Occasionally indeed it was used, but only by persons of the highest rank and wealth. But the woolleas were of beautiful texture, and Britain was early famous in the art of producing the richest dyes. The Welsh are still remarkable for extracting beautiful tints from the commonest plants, such, most probably, as were used by the Britons anciently; and it is worthy of note that the South Sea cloths, manufactured from the inner bark of trees, have the same stripes and chequers, and indeed the identical patterns of the Welsh, and, as supposed, of the ancient Britons. Linen was fine and beautiful; and, if it had not been so, the rich and varied embroidery with which it was decorated would have set off a coarser material.

Furs of all sorts were in great request, and a mantle of regal hue, lined throughout with vair or sable, and decorated with bands of gold-lace and flowers of the richest embroidery, interspersed with pearls, clasped on the shoulder with the most precious gems, and looped, if requisite, with golden tassels, was a garment at which a nobleman, even of these days, need not look askance.

Whatever should become of the French milliners, British husbands and fathers, as well as artists and lovers—though, for reasons less substantial—ought to pray for the restoration of those fashions where "the simple coiffure required little care and attendance."

Queen Elizabeth, whose passion for dress, complicated, at last, with avarice, or the love of hoarding, became so excessive, that three thousand suits were left in her wardrobe, early in her reign, issued, "in her princely wisdom," edicts to restrain extravagance in apparel; in one of which she attributes the decay and lack of hospitality to the immeasurable expense of dress; and this almost, in the words of Cowper—

"Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larders lean."

The most remarkable extravagances of the age of Elizabeth, were the *farthingale* and the *ruff;* and the greatest improvement, the use of starch, which was introduced by the Dutch. The first starcher which the Queen had was a Dutch woman; and it shortly became customary for young women of good family to take lessons in starching from another Dutch lady who taught the mystery, at the charge of £4 or £5 each pupil: a handsome fee, at the present value of money. Farthingales also, we have said, arose in the reign of the Maiden Queen; and, it is alleged, in noble emulation of the enormous breeches worn by the men, out of a pair of which, according to Strutt, a person accused of violating the law against wide breeches, once drew forth a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, with night-caps and other things of use, pleading, in extenuation of his violation of the law, that he had no place so

safe in which to keep his goods stored; which merry plea was accepted. These unwieldy garments were stuffed out with hair, as the sleeves of our ladies were lately swelled and puffed out with feathers.

There is certainly nothing in the present age more absurdly extravagant than the high-priced pocket-handkerchiefs of the American ladies; though they are trifles compared with the costly magnificent handkerchief for the embroidery of which the fair Gabrielle, the mistress of Henry IV., engaged to pay 1900 crowns. In that age, the black satin suit of this celebrated royal mistress was so heavily ornamented with pearls and gems, that she could scarcely move under its weight. The most barbarous of the European nations, the Russians, are now the most passionately devoted to extravagant and highly decorated dress.

There must have been a great deal of fine needlework before anything like those little keen steel instruments, which ladies now call needles, were known; and it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that any of them were made in England. The first manufacturer of needles is stated here to have been Christopher Greening, who, with his family, was settled at Long Cronden, in Bucks, as a needle-maker, by an ancestor of the present Lord Milton. Before this period, ladies "depended on foreigners for their supplies." Needles must have been held in high esteem, when the loss of one closed the labours of its owner probably for weeks. The same needle was often so long employed, that we hear of a darning-needle which, by dint of practice, could at last operate upon the hose of the family by itself. We remember to have heard of a tailor, one of those who, in the recent primitive times of Scotland, went from farm to farm thriftily prosecuting his useful craft, being driven nearly frantic by the loss of a favourite needle, which he lost half a day in searching after. A young man, a son of the family, at home during the summer recess of his college, and, probably, disturbed in his reading, ventured amid the bustle and commotion, to hint that a penny would replace the loss fourfold; when the angry tailor broke forth—"You blockhead! you blockhead! you may know about Latin and Greek, but you don't know the value of a *run* needle." The loss of Gammer Gurton's needle was scarcely more disastrous than the loss of the *run* needle of our tailor.

Designs or patterns for needlework, and directions for their execution, are more recent in England than the manufacture of the needle. They first appeared about the close of the sixteenth century, and in close succession. The rhymsters now began to exhort the young ladies to industry, and exalted "needlework sublime," in poems prefixed to the books of patterns. Some of these verses were produced by John Taylor, the Water Poet.

The practice, derived from feudal customs and the usages of chivalry, of placing young persons of both sexes in the houses of the nobility, which thus became so many provincial courts, was favourable to needlework; the young ladies being exempted from all menial offices, and trained in every elegant accomplishment, which, of course, comprehended fine needlework. During her long early captivity, or seclusion, Queen Elizabeth became an accomplished needle-woman; and though, on obtaining the sceptre, she laid aside the needle, the existing specimens of her skill were instrumental in spreading the taste for needlework in her Court, and among the English nobility. Every article of dress and furniture was, in her reign, loaded with ornamental needlework, so that the embroidering of a pair of boot-tops cost from £4 to £10, and the adorning of a shirt the same sum, so curiously and richly were they stitched.

By this time, the Arras loom, in which the most beautiful tapestry was woven, was leaving

"The nimble fingers of the fair"

free for lesser and lighter tasks, as the Jacquard loom is now doing; sparing bright eyes, and leaving attention free for objects strictly feminine, and yet surely more important than embroidering collars and reticules.

Women, it is here broadly asserted, are the original inventors, as they are still the great practioners of the art of sewing; an assertion which it will not be easy to disprove; and there can be no doubt that in this art women alone excel. Among the endless variety of stitches there is not one which man can conquer:—

There is [says our authority, who evidently enjoys a sly hit at the lords of the creation,] variety enough to satisfy any body; and there are gradations enough in the stitches to descend to any capacity *but a man's*. There are tambour stitch—satin—chain—finny—new—bred—ferne—and queen stitches; there is slabbing—veining—and button stitch; seeding—roping—and open stitch; there is sockseam—herring-bone—long-stitch—and cross-stitch; there is rosemary stitch—Spanish stitch—and Irish stitch; there is back stitch—overcast—and seam stitch; hemming—felling—and basting; darning—grafting—and patching: there is whip stitch—and fisher stitch; there is fine drawing—gathering—marking—trimming—and tucking.

Truly all this requires some *sense*, and the lords of the creation are more to be pitied than blamed for that paucity of intellect which deprives them of "woman's pretty excuse for thought."

Raillery apart, sewing is in itself an agreeable occupation, it is essentially a useful one; in many of its branches it is quite ornamental, and it is a gentle, a graceful, an elegant, and a truly feminine occupation. It causes the solitary hours of domestic life to glide more smoothly away, and in those social unpretending reunions which in country life and secluded districts are not yet abolished, it takes away from the formality of sitting for conversation, abridges the necessity for scandal, or, to say the least of it, as we have heard even ungallant lordly men allow, it keeps us out of mischief.

And here our authoress expatiates charmingly on the uses of the needle, pressing into the service the ever delightful Grisell Baillie, and the Mary Unwin of Cowper, with her shining store of needles, employed with affectionate solicitude in the service of her friend. Those sung by the poet were, however, we opine, knitting needles, though this does not materially alter the case.

The embroidered bindings, anciently used for

missals and books, and with such exquisite effect, offer materials for a chapter, in which, however, more is said of the books themselves than of their sumptuous covers; and so well said as to make the reader forget the diversion from the main topic.

"The Needlework of Royal Ladies" forms a chapter full of amusing anecdotes. Among the Royal ladies who have practised embroidering and stitching with distinguished success, are Queen Adelicia, the second wife of Henry the First; Joan d'Albert, the mother of the Great Henry IV.; Anne of Brittany, whose Court was a school for the children of the nobility; her daughter Claude; Anne Boleyn; and, above all, Mary Queen of Scots, whose well authenticated labours would, we imagine, cover some acres of ground, if collected from the various castles and palaces where she sojourned, and through which they are scattered. The equally unfortunate, and much less guilty, Marie Antoinette, was fond of needlework, and practised, in her most triumphant days, that art which, in adversity and imprisonment, became her duty and her solace, when, like the wife of the humblest peasant, she assisted the princesses in making and mending the clothes of the Royal Family. Finally, a high eulogium is passed upon Queen Adelaide, who knitted and stitched the dissolute Court of England into something approaching the observance of decent manners.

Miss Linwood's remarkable achievements are also commemorated, though with less praise than those rare productions of the needle, which certainly merit to take place with the best modern specimens of the secondary imitative arts, deserve. Of this lady and her labours, we are informed:—

"Miss Linwood's Exhibition" used to be one of the lions of London, and fully deserves to be so now. To women it must always be an interesting sight; and the "nobler gender" cannot but consider it as a curious one, and not unworthy even of their notice as an achievement of art. Many of these pictures are most beautiful; and it is not without great difficulty that you can assure yourself that they are *bonâ fide* needlework. Full demonstration, however, is given you by the facility of close approach to some of the pieces.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the whole collection—a collection consisting of nearly a hundred pieces of all sizes—is the picture of Miss Linwood herself, copied from a painting by Russell, taken in about her nineteenth year. She must have been a beautiful creature; and as to this copy being done with a needle and worsted,—nobody would suppose such a thing. It is a perfect painting. In the catalogue which accompanies these works she refers to her own portrait with the somewhat touching expression, (of Shakspeare,)

"Have I lived thus long——"

This lady is now in her eighty-fifth year. Her life has been devoted to the pursuit of which she has given so many beautiful testimonies. She had wrought two or three pieces before she reached her twentieth year; and her last piece, "The Judgment of Cain," which occupied her ten years, was finished in her seventy-fifth year; since when, the failure of her eyesight has put an end to her labours.

The pieces are worked, not on canvas, nor, we are told, on linen, but on some peculiar fabric made purposely for her. Her worsteds have all been dyed under her own superintendence, and it is said the only relief she has ever had in the manual labour was in having an assistant to thread her needles.

Some of the pieces after Gainsborough are admirable; but perhaps Miss Linwood will consider her greatest triumph to be in her copy of Carlo Dolci's "Salvator Mundi," for which she has been offered, and has refused three thousand guineas.

The style of modern embroidery, now so fashionable, from the Berlin patterns, dates from the commencement of the present century. About the year 1804-5, a print-seller in Berlin, named Philipson, published the first coloured design, on checked paper, for needlework. In 1810, Madame Wittich, who, being a very accomplished embroideress, perceived the great extension of which this branch of trade was capable, induced her husband, a book and print seller of Berlin, to engage in it with spirit. From that period the trade has gone on rapidly increasing, though within the last six years the progression has been infinitely more rapid than it had previously been, owing to the number of new publishers who have engaged in the trade. By leading houses up to the commencement of the year 1840 there have been no less than fourteen thousand copper-plate designs published.

In the scale of consumption, and, consequently, by a fair inference, in the quality of needlework done, Germany stands first; then Russia, England, France, America, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, &c., the three first names on the list being by far the largest consumers. It is difficult to state with precision the number of persons employed to *colour* these plates, but a principal manufacturer estimates them as upwards of twelve hundred, chiefly women.

At first, these patterns were chiefly copied in silk, then in beads, and lastly in dyed wools; the latter more especially, since the Germans have themselves succeeded in producing those beautiful "Zephyr" yarns known in this country as the "Berlin wools." These yarns, however, are only dyed in Berlin, being manufactured at Gotha. It is not many years since the Germans drew all their fine woollen yarns from this country: now they are the *exporters*, and probably will so remain, whatever be the *quality* of the wool produced in England, until the art of *dyeing* be as well understood and as scientifically practised.

Of the fourteen thousand Berlin patterns which have been published, scarcely one-half are moderately good; and all the best which they have produced latterly are copied from English and French prints. Contemplating the improvement that will probably ere long take place in these patterns, needlework may be said to be yet in its infancy.

The improvement, however, must not be confined to the Berlin designers: the taste of the consumer, the public taste, must also advance before needlework shall assume that approximation to art which is so desirable, and not perhaps now, with modern facilities, difficult of attainment. Hitherto the chief anxiety seems to have been to produce a glare of colour rather than the subdued but beautiful effect which makes, of every piece issuing from the Gobelins, a perfect picture, wrought by different means, it is true, but with the very same materials.

The Berlin publishers cannot be made to understand this; for, when they have a good design to copy from, they mar all by the introduction of some adventitious frippery, as in the "Bolton Abbey," where the repose and beautiful effect of the picture is destroyed by the introduction of a bright sky, and straggling bushes of lively green, just where the artist had thought it necessary to depict the stillness of the inner court of the Monastery, with its solemn grey walls, as a relief to the figures in the foreground.

Many ladies of rank in Germany add to their pin-money by executing needlework for the warehouses.

France consumes comparatively but few Berlin patterns. The French ladies persevere in the practice of working on drawings previously traced on the canvas: the consequence is, that notwithstanding their general skill and assiduity, good work is often wasted on that which cannot produce an artist-like effect. They are, however, by far the best embroideresses in chenetille,—silk and gold. By embroidery we mean that which is done on a solid ground, as silk or cloth,

The tapestry or canvas-work is now thoroughly understood in this country; and by the help of the Berlin patterns more *good* things are produced here as articles of furniture than in France."

The present mode of furnishing houses is favourable to needlework. At a time when fashion enacted that all the sofas and chairs of an apartment should match, the completely furnishing it with needlework (as so many in France have been) was the constant occupation of a whole family—mother, daughters, cousins, and servants—for years, and must indeed have been completely wearisome; but a cushion, a screen, or an odd chair, is soon accomplished, and at once takes its place among the many odd-shaped articles of furniture which are now found in a fashionable saloon.

Francfort-on-the-Maine is much busying itself just now with needlework. The commenced works imported from this city are made up partly from Berlin patterns, and partly from fanciful combinations; but although, generally speaking, *well worked*, they are too complicated to be easy of execution, and very few indeed of those brought to this country are ever *finished* by the purchaser.

The history of the progress of the modern tapestry-needlework in this country is brief. Until the year 1831, the Berlin patterns were known to very few persons, and used by fewer persons still. They had for some time been imported by Ackermann and some others, but in very small numbers indeed. In the year 1831, they, for the first time, fell under the notice of Mr Wilks, Regent-street, (to whose kindness I am indebted for the valuable information on the Berlin patterns given above,) and he immediately purchased all the good designs he could procure, and also made large purchases both of patterns and working materials direct from Berlin, and thus laid the foundation of the trade in England. He also imported from Paris a large selection of their best examples in tapestry, and also an assortment of silks of those exquisite tints which, as yet, France only can produce; and by inducing French artists, educated for this peculiar branch of design, to accompany him to England, he succeeded in establishing in England this elegant art.

This fashionable tapestry-work, certainly the most useful kind of ornamental needlework, seems quite to have usurped the place of the various other embroideries which have from time to time engrossed the leisure moments of the fair. It may be called mechanical, and so in a degree it certainly is; but there is infinitely more scope for fancy, taste, and even genius here, than in any other of the large family of "satin sketches" and embroideries.

We do not pretend to understand the scope for fancy and taste given to the lady working in little lined squares from a coloured pattern; but it may, nevertheless, be quite true that "there is room in worsted work for genius to exert itself;" though, we should think, not very ample verge.

We sincerely wish that the author of this pleasant patch-work of brilliant odds and ends could have taken some notice of the thousands and tens of thousands of young women who lose their health, and poke out their eyes, embroidering muslin for incredibly small payments, for the warerooms of the manufacturers of Glasgow and Manchester, and the shops of all the British towns; but we discover no trace of those legitimate successors of

"The spinners and the knitters in the sun,"

nor yet of the

"Free maids who weave their thread with bones."

In lieu of this, we find the following sensible and useful hints, with which we shall conclude our notice of a work at which captious or masculine criticism may cavil, but which we venture to predict all those whom needlework more immediately concerns will admire and value:—

Finally,—feeling as we do that though ornamental needlework may be a charming occupation for those ladies whose happy lot relieves them from the necessity of "darning hose" and "mending nightcaps," yet that a proficiency in plain sewing is the very life and being of the comfort and respectability of the poor man's wife,—we cannot close this book without one earnest remark on the systems of teaching needlework now in use in the Central, National, and other schools for the instruction of the poor. There, now, the art is reduced to regular rule, taught by regular rule, taught by regular system; and there are books of instruction in cutting, in shaping, in measuring,—one for the (late) Model School in Dublin, and another, somewhat similar, for that in the Sanctuary, Westminster, which would be a most valuable acquisition to the work-table of many a needle-loving and industrious lady of the most respectable middle classes of society.

Any of our readers who have been accustomed, as we have, to see the domestic hearths and homes of those who, brought up from infancy in factories, have married young, born large families, and perhaps descended to the grave without ever having learned how to make a petticoat for themselves, or even a cap for their children,—any who know the reality of this picture, and have seen the misery consequent on it, will join us cordially in expressing the earnest and heartfelt hope that the extension of mental tuition amongst the lower classes may not supersede, in the smallest iota, that instruction and PRACTICE in sewing which next, the very next, to the knowledge of their catechism, is of vital importance to the future well-doing of girls in the lower stations of life.

THE WEN.

BY A TEMPLAR.

During "the season," and while Parliament and the courts are sitting, one cannot see London for the crowd. To be sure, there is, in one sense, crowd enough in it at any time; but not a crowd of that kind which lives but to attract attention, and distract people's gaze from surrounding objects. The crowd which remains, when equipages have ceased, for a time, to flash and rattle through the streets, and when Parliament-men, and the rest of our actors, are starring it in the country, are as much part and parcel of London as the stones of the houses themselves. They live not to be seen of men, but because they cannot help it. They are busy, bustling creatures; but their movements are mechanical, or, at the best, instinctive. We do not sympathize with them, though we can feel a benevolent satisfaction in contemplating such a comfortable race of beings; and, at the most, we set ourselves to catalogue and classify them as a Waterton would do the beasts and birds that tenant one of his favourite forests.

Well, "the season," thank God! is at an end. The intensity of our exclamation of thankfulness may be conceived by any one who will only imagine himself a denizen of London, too deaf to find pleasure in the theatre or opera; too lazy to dance; too prudent or too apathetic to play; too ignorant to be a member of any learned society. For such a one, the only share, in the contagious "excitement" which pervades London during "the season," is to read the newspapers, and talk them over at his club: to become an amateur politician, a Member of Parliament at second hand. Now, at a time like the present, when eloquence and wit seem to have deserted our public men, and when of the only two real political *parties* that exist, neither can do anything itself, but either can prevent the other from being one whit more active, it can easily be imagined how *fade* and monotonous this kind of gossip must be.

So again, thank God! here we are once more left to the tranquillity and repose of solitude. There is no place where solitude can be so thoroughly attained as in London. The ardent younker, who enters it for the first time, without friends, relations, acquaintances—with nothing but a few letters of introduction to deliver, and then be left to himself—feels this truth even to agony. It is a long retrospect that carries us back to the time when we experienced this; but, with a slight effort, we can re-awaken the nightmare horror with which we felt ourselves stifled by the incessant squeeze of a multitudinous crowd, and not one being in it from whom we could look for sympathy, with whom we could exchange a word. The hardened Londoner feels its solitariness in a more agreeable manner. In any small town, in any village, ay, even in any Highland parish, there is some one to watch your motions, and, from the sheer *ennui* of loneliness, to carp and criticise; but here you are screened amid the crowd. You may rest assured that your image is obliterated from the mind of every man who sees you—unless, indeed, he be a young policeman, aspiring to rise in the force—before five minutes have elapsed. So many similar creatures have whirled past him in the interim, that their images are confusedly blended in his sensorium: he remembers "a mass of things, but nought distinctively," and you are dismissed from his recollection among the crowd. And the same process is going on in your own mind: as you are remembered by none, so you can remember none. The two millions and a half of your fellow-citizens, with the exception of a few, with whom business or liking may lead you to cultivate a closer intimacy, cease to exist for you.

In the wilds of Glencoe, we might occasionally be intruded upon by some sleek-haired Celt, who, gazing after us with half the intelligence of his cow, might puzzle his dull brain with impertinent wonderings as to who we were, and what brought us there. But here, in our apartments in the Middle Temple, looking out upon the only fountain in London, so long as we keep our own secret, nobody sees or heeds us. Here we sleep and here we breakfast: our laundress, bed-maker, and the boy who occasionally brings us a chop from the Grecian, may remember us till the bill is discharged; but as soon as their half doubt of our ability to pay has been dispelled, we disappear from their memory. At the club we meet daily, and converse with a knot of fellow *quidnuncs*; but not one of us ever thinks of asking whether the other retains an independent existence, after he disappears from his eyes. True Pyrrhonists, we are contented to indulge in what may be a dream, allowing impressions to enter and disappear from our mind, without asking whether they have any corresponding realities without. Not one of us can be said to entertain a practical belief that the others exist at any other times than when they are contributing to his amusement by their gossip.

To return to our fountain:—It is a very pleasant companion at this time of the year—we say nothing of its winter qualities. When all the rest of London is broiling, this cool, paved court, these trees with the jet of water incessantly springing up between them, and redescending with a gentle tinkling plash-plash, is the temple of luxury. Sentiment would be out of place in this domicile of the law; but the intensity of the animal enjoyment almost equals it. We can read as much in the faces of the young students, during term time, who issue from the hall after eating their dinner, the only preparatory study absolutely required from aspirants to the bar. They loiter around it for a moment, ere they disperse to their several avocations; a half sense of pleasure, a dreamy reminiscence of their pre-existent states in the country, seems to stir the last effort of vitality smothered beneath the cumbrous load of Coke upon Lyttleton, pleadings in the Queen's Bench, equity drafts, theatres, parliamentary reports, which stuff out their prematurely dried and wizzened minds.

Yes, den of lawyers though it be, this court is the greenest spot amid the dry desert of stone and lime which cumbers a circle of five miles radius on every side of it. It is like one fresh thought of childhood surviving in the innermost recess of a worldly heart.

What a strange world is spread on all sides around us, within that imaginary circle we have traced! From the spot we now occupy, in the heart of the Middle Temple, if we allow our fancy to wander over the portion of the city which extends in the direction of the Regent's Park, we find a congregation of comfortable dwellings, of which Lincoln's-Inn-Field, Russell Square, Bedford Square, and Guildford Street, may be taken as the models. This is the region of the lawyers, the followers of a gainful profession; men who may indulge in the luxuries of comfortable houses stocked with healthy families. There is an air of physical comfort spread over the whole region. The very congeries of courts and lanes which fill up its interstices, or cling round its skirts, and are inhabited by the de-

pendents and tradesmen of the legal families, catch the healthy contagion of wealth, tidiness, and comfort. The nondescript tribes who pursue literature as a trade, have been attracted by a region in which luxury and economy shake hands. The London University (respectable *name*) has been planted in the vicinity; and the operatives of the bookmaking profession (the publishers are its capitalists) have settled down around it, in Tavistock Square, or in the humbler abodes of Burton Street or Crescent; while, yet further to the north, the artists form an external circle around them in the purlieus of Euston Square.

Let us now return to our starting post, and explore a tract lying immediately to the east of that over which we have been expatiating. At Shoe Lane, the evidences of the contagion of legal wealth become less apparent; and at Field Lane we find ourselves plunged into the centre of the extremest poverty, squalidness, and ruffianism of London. Pursuing our way up Saffron Hill or Ray Street, in the direction of Coldbath-Fields, the same noisome atmosphere surrounds us. The air reeks with the sweat of filthy crowds, blended with the effluvia of garbage; and the moral character of the squalid beings who flit through the twilight thus made, is as unhealthy, as nauseous, as the locality they inhabit.

Turning City-ward, we find ourselves again in a region where there are traces of the influence of wealth, yet differing as much from the region we at first described, as that out of which we have just emerged. The City is tenanted by wealth, but not by wealthy men. The commerce which has grown up and expanded to its present enormous bulk, dwells there; but the traders only visit it in the hours of business, and have their homes elsewhere. The stately houses, built by the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the existing race of citizens, are occupied by abstract ideas. The East India Company, the Bank of England, with multitudes of firms, inhabit here; but these are not the homes of flesh-and-blood men. Strange creatures they are, these viewless legal fictions, which yet have reality enough in them to accumulate wealth and to sway the destinies of men. We never visit the City without feeling a chill come over us, as if we were entering a place inhabited by ghosts.

Beyond the City, to the east, lies a region almost as squalid, and, if we may believe the doctors, for permanent residents, quite as unhealthy as the purlieus of Field Lane and Saffron Hill. But there is in it a floating mass of more healthy and energetic transient visiters. We speak of Wapping, and the regions around; and of the slop-sellers, tavern-keepers, and dulcineas—the permanent residents—who harbour and prey upon our sturdy tars.

Turning to the "West End," by passing up Holborn, we reach, on the right hand, the regions of Mary-le-Bone; and, on the left, those of May Fair. Passing along the Strand and across the Parks, we come to the new world of fashion around Belgrave Square. These are the haunts of the nobility, and those who aspire to associate with them. Thinly scattered, among the crowds of commonplace houses, we find the mansions of the old aristocracy—the Devonshires, and that class—walled in from gazing eyes, isolated and exclusive as their occupants, who mix little with the common herd of the nobility. The mass of houses must strike a stranger as plain, and giving little promise of the more than oriental luxury within, which can only be guessed at from the costly plate-glass in the windows, and occasional glimpses of ormolu, statuary, pictures, and flowers.

To pursue this sketch further in this manner, indicating so many details, yet indicating them by such a light and meagre outline, would but fatigue our readers. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that the south side of the river has a character essentially distinct from the north, and that Lambeth and Southwark differ as much from each other as the City and Bloomsbury. We may add, that the portions towards the circumference of the imaginary circle we have traced around our domicile, differ as much from the portions nearer the centre as these do from each other; and that, if you are startled by stumbling, at times, upon the isolated splendour of Finsbury Square, hemmed in by the squalor of Grub Street and Spitalfields, you are equally surprised to find rookeries of old iron shops, and their equivocal associates, nestled at the backs of some of our most fashionable squares.

Throughout the whole of this motley region, we find, not only isolation of individuals, but the absence of every regular government and central authority. The corporation reigns paramount in the liberties of the City; vestries sway the destinies of Mary-le-Bone, St Pancras, and Islington; the High Bailiff is master in Westminster. We cannot say much in praise of the efficiency of these dignitaries, in their respective domains; but we must, at least, concede them the credit of having the ability to prevent any other person doing, within their jurisdictions, what they are either unable or unwilling to do themselves.

The reader must not, however, take up the impression, that the metropolis is an unorganized mass. On the contrary, there is no other place in the world where so perfect an organization, for the purpose of administering to the comforts of men, exists. Here are accumulated the most expensive luxuries that fantastic wealth can long for; and here the contagious example of self-indulgence, in the wealthy, has taught even the poorest a degree of tidiness and *propreté*, that raises their simple indulgences to the rank of luxuries. The accumulation of capital, and the concentration of multitudes, in London, have taught men to accumulate wealth, by doing small things on a great scale, and have thus enabled the poor to attain to indulgences which can be furnished in small quantities, and at a cheap rate, from the enormous number of customers. In London, nothing is done for nothing; and

the consequence is, that everybody earns something, and has something to spend. The multitudinous customers have created beer-shops, eating-shops, cheap lodging-houses, bazaars, pantechnicons, club-houses, omnibuses; and, lastly, the penny-post, and the parcels-delivery companies. Although, in London, all live apart and independent, all can command more servants than the wealthiest inhabitants of our provincial towns. If Mr Owen had eyes, which he has not, he would see that London is as complete a co-operative society as he ever dreamed of, and a much merrier one than he or any man will ever make.

The effect of this perfect organization, for the purpose of living, upon the Londoner born and bred, is easily observable. The Cockney is a practical Epicurean, (we use the word in the better sense;) he has high notions of comfort; and, within his native sphere, a knack of procuring it. He is almost exempted from the primeval curse; for, so perfect is the frame-work of the living-machine into which he is born, that he easily finds an easy way of doing for himself. The consequence is, that he has more time for amusement than most men—that is, for looking about him and conversing. As he does his work neatly and cleverly, because he has good examples of workmanship before him, so he converses plausibly, for he has frequent opportunities of hearing good conversation. His life being, on the whole, an easy one, he is good-natured. He is a fine show article; if not too poorly bred, he passes off for a superior character. But he has not been sufficiently hard worked to make him strong, and he has not had sufficient variety of experience to give him versatility. Out of London, your sharp shewy Cockney is a helpless fool. Even in London, he occupies only the middle-walks of any profession; the topping parts are all filled by immigrants from the provinces, who, having been obliged to rough it in youth, are shiftier and stronger, if less plausible.

London is rather the scene of great actions than, in its corporate capacity, a doer of them. Almost all the law business of England, and a great part of the rest of the empire, is transacted in London; the faction-fights of Parliamentary politicians are fought in London; the money-market of the world is in London; but the real Londoners concerned in these transactions are comparatively few. For anything but the daily business of life, there is little enthusiasm and less power of co-operation in London. The Anti-Slavery Association, the Political Unions, the Anti-Corn-Law League, every great combined political operation, has had its origin and most influential sphere of action out of London. None of these engines of political amelioration could be constructed or worked in London; and yet none of them has effected anything until it set London in motion. London is a powerful and influential member of our social fabric; but its power is derived mainly from its massiveness. It acts by its weight; irresistible when set in motion, it must receive the impulse from without.

Long ago, before London had reached a tithe of its present bulk, Queen Elizabeth and King James took it into their heads that the City was suffering under an unhealthy overgrowth. William Cobbett, wiser than either of them, indulged in a similar fancy in our days, and rarely spoke of London under any other designation than "the Wen," an epithet of which we believe he was the inventor. To us, "much meditating," it seems (we speak with due deference) that they are all three in the wrong. The growth of London is a natural growth: it has had no hot-house forcing. It is a growth which, as far as it has yet gone, has contributed to increase the comfort of the inhabitants, and to benefit the kingdom at large. London is a central spot for the transacting of all kinds of business, and is daily becoming more accessible. It is the organ which generates and diffuses the higher civilisation throughout the kingdom. It does not breed the minds that think for their countrymen, but it attracts them into its precincts, and finishes them for their great task. Here only (except in a few rare and favoured instances) does an Englishman attain to entire freedom of thought, and courage to utter what he thinks. In the isolation of its crowd he learns to speak his mind freely, without caring what others think: he feels himself safe from the censorship of provincial sages. Here, by the assistance of the same isolation, virtue is enabled to rub shoulders with vice with impunity: the habit of tolerant judgment is acquired without the loss of innocence. Here, for the energetic mind, there is incessantly renewed the stimulus of observing important actions. We trust that we do not underrate the worth and importance of the provinces: we see what a nonentity London would be without them; but we also see how far short of what they are they would be without London.

In short, London is a dear, delightful, naughty, foolish centre and generator of wisdom and virtue.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *August.*

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF NATIONS, WITH REFERENCE TO PASSING EVENTS.

IN international questions, more than any other, we feel the want of a uniform and steady application of the greatest-happiness principle, as a test of the value of maxims and measures. Sometimes, when at a loss for an argument, a public man may make an allusion to the principle; but it is neglected and disregarded the moment the emergency is over. And yet there

is no department of practical jurisprudence and politics upon which this guiding torch could diffuse more beneficial light.

We will not encroach so far upon the forbearance of our readers as to go over, on the present occasion, the various arguments by which the alone sufficiency of the greatest-happiness principle, to test the value of institutions and laws, is established. It has so frequently, of late, had mouth-homage, at the least, paid to it by public men, of all shades of political opinions, that we feel ourselves warranted in assuming its general admission, in so far as questions relating to the internal organisation of nations are concerned; and we anticipate little difficulty, on the part of our readers, when we propose to extend its application to the transactions of nations with each other, in their corporate capacity. If it be admitted that the only legitimate aim of municipal laws and institutions is to promote the greatest possible happiness of the citizens of any given state, we can conceive no other assignable rule of action for those who conduct the negotiations of one state with another, than the greatest possible happiness of all the human beings concerned.

When we test the policy of the rulers of any nation, (in its external relations,) by its tendency to augment or diminish the sum of human happiness, we have, at least, the advantage of keeping a definite, tangible aim before us, which we propose should be attained; and we can say of the means employed by the Government, the merits of whose acts we are canvassing, that they are good or bad according as they are well or ill calculated to attain that end. But when we allow ourselves to be led away by empty phrases about "balance of power," "national honour," and the like, we are in constant danger of allowing ourselves to be bewildered by mere talk.

We are not writing a treatise upon international law, and do not, therefore, pretend to develope, in one brief paper, all that may be necessary towards a perfect system; but there are some leading principles which must be, as it were, the framework upon which any sound system of international law can be constructed.

The first of these principles is:—That every nation ought to be left to the free management of its own internal concerns, without interference from any foreign power. It is clear that, however ill informed the people of any nation, in regard to their best interests, are, they must be better able to promote them than foreigners. Foreigners may be wiser, and might be able, if they knew all their circumstances and relations, to give sound advice; but these circumstances and relations cannot be adequately known by foreigners, who must, consequently, be fully as liable to do harm as good by their meddling.

The second position we would maintain is, that, in order to maintain the independence, the self-government of a nation intact, other nations must, in the first place, transact all their public business with it through the medium of the Government. They must do this, were it from no other consideration than their own security. The Government alone has the power to make the body-corporate it represents fulfil the engagements contracted in its name. The limitation to this principle is as follows:—Foreigners are entitled to recognise only the *de facto* Government of a country as such. Whatever plausible arguments any body of men may produce to shew that they would be the best governors of a country, or that they have been unjustly deposed; if they cannot enforce the obedience of that country, while their rivals can, respect for the independence of the nation obliges all foreigners to recognise the *de facto* as the *de jure* Government.

Our third position is a corollary from the preceding. It is, that when the majority of the inhabitants in each of the provinces of the same nation insist upon having separate Governments, no foreign power has a right to interfere for the purpose of keeping them united. Such interference would be to support the chosen rulers of one of the provinces against the will of the inhabitants of the other, and would be an infringement on their right of self-government.

The fourth position is, that every law which the citizens of any state are contented to bear themselves, they have a right to enforce upon aliens, while resident among them. This, of course, presupposes that what is called a law is really the permanent law of the state, not an exceptional regulation, tolerated for a time by the citizens, to furnish them with a pretext for oppressing aliens temporarily domiciled among them. Any other rule than what we here lay down would go to establish conflicting jurisdictions with equal power in the same territory; which, as productive of confusion in the laws, and as obstructing their enforcement, would unsettle society and tend to anarchy.

The last position, with which we shall at present intrude upon the patience of our readers, is, that every independent nation is entitled to demand, from every other, protection in person and property to all its citizens, resident within the territory of the latter, so long as they conform to its laws.

The grounds upon which we advocate these cardinal principles of international law are, in the first place, their adequacy, if acted upon, to ensure that security for person and property, which is all that laws and tribunals can do to promote the happiness of men. Laws can only, however well administered, put us in a condition to create our own happiness by the exercise of our own faculties: all the rest must be worked out by every man for himself. In the second place, these principles are advocated on account of their manifest tendency to diminish the frequency of wars, and pave the way for their utter cessation. They clearly define what each nation has a right to demand at the hands of every other, and point out the why and the wherefore. They enable men and nations to know what are their real rights; indicate the reciprocal advan-

tage derivable from doing as we would be done by; and thus furnish nations at once with rules of action and motives for adhering to them.

The verbose pleadings of Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers; their interchange of accusation and recrimination, and want of any clear exposition of their respective causes of policy, and the reasons for adopting them; the infatuation with which the French and English nations seem drifting down upon a European war, without any adequate cause; the absence of clear conceptions of the real character and merits of the dispute among almost all the controversialists who have taken part in it; are our apology for requesting the attention of our readers to such a dry *résumé* of abstract principles.

The British nation has, at this moment, no less than three wars on its hands, with the prospect of a fourth, of a much more serious character. And it is on this account that we think the present no unfitting time to invite our readers to investigate deliberately the views we have been seeking to establish. A general war, which seems not impossible, will seriously embarrass our commercial transactions; a consideration of some importance to a country in which so many are dependent for their daily bread upon the demand of foreigners for their manufactures. A general war, we are told, will render an increase of our naval and military establishments necessary. Why, although there has been no war (deserving the name) in Europe since 1815, both have been kept up on what would, previous to the close of last century, have been considered the footing of a war establishment. We are quite aware of the resources of our country, and of the pluck and bottom of our countrymen. We know that they are able to *lick* a goodly number of adversaries. But, we do not see where or when the war which is impending over us can be made to terminate; we do not see anything that this country has to gain by it; and we do not see anything that makes it incumbent upon this country to engage in it. But, more than all this, we do not see that we have the shadow of right on our side, in any one of the quarrels we have now on our hands. We entreat the patience of our readers while, for the purpose of making our notions on this head as clear as possible, we pass in review what this country is now doing in Syria, Afghanistan, and China.

First, As to Syria. Lord Palmerston, on the 15th of July, concluded, in the name of this country, a convention with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to the effect that these four powers should interfere in the disputes between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan, in order to bring them to a termination. Mehemet Ali refuses to accept the settlement proposed by the allied powers, and measures have been adopted to force him to yield. France, on various grounds, protests against the interference of the allies; and there is a strong probability that the dispute will lead to a general European war. There is here an intricate complication of transactions, which will require some unravelling before we can apply to them those principles of international law, which ought to guide our decision as to the justice or policy of the part we have taken. We shall briefly advert to, first, the character of the quarrel between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali; next, the interference of the allies; lastly, the grounds upon which France protests against that interference.

The state of the question, in so far as the Sultan and Mehemet Ali are concerned, is as follows:—Independent of provinces which have, from time to time, been separated from it, the Ottoman empire, at the commencement of the present century, comprehended, together with those of which the Sultan holds undisputed possession, the provinces of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia. In fact, however, the authority of the Government at Constantinople over all the provinces south of the Taurus was more nominal than real. The Memlooks of Egypt and the Sherif of Mecca were, in fact, as little dependent on the Sultan as Tunis, Tripoli, or Algiers, with which the European states had, for nearly a century, been in the habit of contracting treaties. Bagdad, Acre, Damascus, and Lebanon, were held by a tenure scarcely less frail. The events of the French Revolution furnished the Porte with an occasion to strengthen its authority in all the provinces we have named. The work was begun in Egypt, and Mehemet Ali was the agent selected. He was chosen on account of the influence he had already acquired in that province: that influence being the result of his close alliance with Yussouf Boghos, a wealthy money-dealer; an alliance which has continued unbroken down to the present day. By a stroke of Turkish policy, much like that by which Sultan Mahmoud got rid of the Janissaries, Mehemet Ali freed himself from the Memlooks. He had scarcely accomplished this, when the weak and jealous Government of Constantinople grew afraid of its own instrument, and sought to displace him. Mehemet Ali did as all officers of that Government, who wish to avoid the bowstring, do: he kept his province by superior force, but with the most lavish professions of obedience to the Sultan. The war between the Wahabees and the Sherif of Mecca furnished him with a pretext for interfering in the affairs of Arabia, and he reannexed the Hedjaz to the Ottoman empire, from which it had, for many years, been *de facto* dismembered. All this time, the intrigues of the Court at Constantinople to displace him were unrelentingly pursued. The Pashas of Damascus and Acre were deeply implicated in them; and this led to a contest, between them and Mehemet Ali, analogous to the feuds which used to be carried on by the great barons of the Holy Roman empire. The result of all these transactions is, that Mehemet Ali and his sons now hold, with the exception of the pashalics of Diarbekir and Bagdad, the whole of the Ottoman dominions south of the Taurus, and that the feud between Mehemet and the Sultan has become more open. The story is a common one in such ill-organized nations as the

Turkish. It is much such a dispute within the Ottoman empire as that within the German empire, which laid the foundations of the Prussian monarchy. It is purely a domestic quarrel, with which foreigners have no right to interfere. As to moral worth, the antagonists are equally good, or (if the phrase please better) equally bad. Even though a consideration of their moral characters afforded anything like a justifiable plea for foreign interference, there is not a pin to choose between them.

Let us now consider the interference of the allies. They have interfered to regulate the internal affairs of an independent state, and thereby violated the principle of national independence. The mischievous effects of such a violation have been shewn above. The Allies cannot pretend that they were invited to act as mediators between the parties. Mehemet Ali and the Sultan were on the eve of coming to a settlement, when the four allied powers interfered uncalled for, and took upon them to arrange matters. The Allies cannot allege that any subject of theirs has suffered by the state of relations between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan. No case of individual grievance is stated; and it is an ascertained fact, that the commerce with Europe, both of the provinces actually occupied by the Porte, and of those occupied by Mehemet Ali and his sons, has, for several years, been steadily increasing, both in amount and value. Then what are the pretexts for interference? They are various and contradictory, betraying thereby the conscious falsehood of those who utter them. We are told one day that Mehemet Ali is a tyrant, and that the spontaneous rising of the mountaineers of Lebanon (excited by the intrigues of Lord Ponsonby's dragoman) invites all lovers of freedom to rescue them from his grasp. Fine words these, but how do they sound in the mouths of the three powers who denounced the Greek insurrection as "the firebrand of revolution thrown into the Ottoman empire?" How do they sound in the mouth of him who has annihilated the nationality of Poland and is waging a war of extermination against the "spontaneous insurgents" (also stirred up by Lord Ponsonby's emissaries) of Circassia? Again we are told, that the object of the allies, in interfering, is to assert "the rights of the legitimate sovereign against a rebellious vassal." This is by no means an improbable motive with the three powers which originally constituted the holy alliance, although it scarcely harmonizes with their previous appeal to "the sacred right of insurrection" in the case of the mountaineers of Lebanon. But how does such language sound in the mouths of a Whig Ministry, when, even under a Tory Government, the Tory Lord Wharncliffe denounced the Holy Alliance, because it was a league of kings to support sovereigns against rebellious vassals? There must be some hidden motive when the avowed ones are so palpably unreal. The only conceivable motive is allowed to peep out in Lord Palmerston's note to Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer. It is that his Lordship is so convinced of the designs of Russia upon Constantinople, and of the impossibility of averting them, that he wishes to put himself in a position to seize upon Egypt as England's share of the Turkish spoil, whenever that event takes place. This is the Cornish parson over again, who, when he could not persuade his flock to desist from the practice of wrecking, begged, at least, for "a fair start." If Lord Palmerston cannot check the conquering propensities of Russia, he will conquer too! Either this has been the motive for the Convention's interference in the internal affairs of the Ottoman empire, or that affair has been motiveless. Either way, it must do harm. Had the Sultan and Mehemet Ali been left to terminate their dispute, they must have arranged matters upon an estimate of their respective strengths. An arrangement, based upon such a calculation, could not have been immediately disturbed. The arrangement prepared by the allies, avowedly proceeds upon the principle of giving to the Sultan more than he could get for himself. Such an arrangement cannot last: there is nothing to maintain it: it must break down immediately. The allies, therefore, looking to the future, have insured to Syria an immediate renewal of hostilities, instead of a breathing time of peace; and, looking to the present, they have added their own destructive propensities and powers to those of the Sultan and Mehemet Ali. This is upon the comparatively favourable assumption that their interference has proceeded from the sheer love of meddling. If the suspicion that it may have proceeded from lust of conquest be correct, the mischief must be tenfold, and the responsibility proportionably increased. Look at the transaction in what light we may, it is calculated to inflict evil upon humanity. This may be esteemed venial in "legitimate monarchs;" but, if the people be wise, it will be otherwise esteemed in the ministers of a sober, industrious, and partially free people.

And now for the ground taken up by France. It is melancholy to reflect that, even in dissenting from the conduct of the allies, France has not been wise enough to embrace the cause of truth and justice. France stands aloof from the allies, not because their conduct is a violation of national independence—a league of sovereigns to uphold sovereigns—but because their plan of interference differs from that which France wishes to see carried into effect. France proclaims that it is ready to go to war. Why? Not because the Convention of the 15th July is wrong in its estimation, but because it was concluded without France's privacy. And even this shallow pretext is unfounded, untenable. Again France exclaims—"Because the allies interfere in Syria against our will, to arms for the boundary of the Rhine!" That is, because an impertinent meddling disposition, or a lust of conquest, has led the allies to act unjustly in Syria, let us act unjustly in Europe! let us, by force of arms, make French subjects of all the Germans who

dwell west of the Rhine! This is not, on the part of French ministers and many French statesmen, a mere ebullition of the moment. The Thiers ministry claimed and obtained office because they promised "to assert the right of France to a more influential voice in the affairs of Europe:" that is, it claimed and obtained office by promising to be, more than its predecessors, impertinently intermeddling with the affairs of other people. M. Thiers, about the commencement of the present year, gravely laid down the law that, after so many years of peace, a war was inevitable. People, he said, must have a little fighting, to dissipate the *ennui* of such protracted inaction. And he congratulated his hearers because, Russia being engaged with Khiva, England with Afghanistan and China, France with Algiers, it was evident that the *great civilised* nations were expending their superfluous energy upon *barbarism*, instead of quarrelling among themselves. M. Thiers forgot that thieves sometimes fight about their shares of the booty.

It is melancholy to reflect that all this mischievous folly is acted, spoken, and tolerated, ten years after the expulsion of Charles X. and the commencement of the Reform-Bill struggle. At that time, the principle of the self-government of nations seemed permanently established. The moderation and self-control of two great nations, roused *en masse*, looked as if their citizens had at last learned wisdom. Their opposition to the interference of monarchs in the affairs of less enlightened constitutional states, looked as if they had learned the value of national independence. And now, after the lapse of ten years, we find the ministers of both countries singing the old hackneyed song about the glories of war, and conquest, and foreign domination; and hear the one nation interrupting the performers with stormy ejaculations of applause, and see the other nodding lethargic acquiescence.

The affairs of Afghanistan and China are less complicated, and may be more briefly dispatched. In Afghanistan we have replaced a monarch, thrice ejected by his subjects, by British bayonets. The consequence is, that we must keep him there. Nor is it the mere presence of our troops that is required: our authority in that country is bounded by the range of our cannon. "Examples," as they are called, are made of the natives, which force our own officers to cry out "Shame." To strengthen our station in Cabul, the neighbouring territory of Kelat has been taken possession of, and scarcely equivocal hints are thrown out as to the occupation of the Seik territory. Our already overgrown territories in India, are being extended by an annexation double the whole extent of the British islands. This is effected by a great expenditure of British treasure, and a great waste of human life. The people, among whom this warfare is carrying on, are rendered more savage by it; what trade was carried on among them is paralysed; and the expenses of governing our Indian dependences are permanently increased. The crime of the deposed sovereign was having received a Russian emissary; he being a sovereign prince, and having a British envoy at his court. All this is done, if not at the instigation, at least with the sanction, of the Whig Board of Control.

The conduct of our Government towards the Chinese is quite in keeping with its conduct in Syria and Afghanistan. The servants of the India Company were allowed by the Chinese government to trade with Canton upon certain conditions. This happened at the time when the British Government debarred all the rest of its subjects from interfering with the Company's trade to China. Subsequently, free traders were allowed to resort to Canton; but they were received by the Chinese on the same footing as the Company's servants. It was a British "Hong" allowed to trade with the Chinese "Hong." The British traders were regarded as a corporate body, liable, *singuli in solidum*, for the misconduct of any or of all their members. This might be an uncomfortable footing for our merchants; but they went to Canton, of their own accord, aware of it. When the Chinese Government had any communication to make to this body, it was made through the Company's senior servant, regarded as the head of the corporation. He never claimed to be invested with a diplomatic character. When the India Company's establishment at Canton was broken up, the British merchants were invited to have "a head of the merchants" sent out to them as formerly. A diplomatic resident was not asked for. The Chinese have never permitted the permanent residence of a diplomatic character among them. The British Government, however, without announcing their intention to the Central Government, or asking its consent, sent out a British military officer, to whom they attributed, not only a diplomatic character, but powers of jurisdiction in China, so much beyond what any state could tolerate in a foreigner, that they were cancelled by themselves almost as soon as promulgated. This British official was forewarned that he could not be received in a diplomatic capacity, and desired to wait at Macao until he could come to an understanding with the Chinese authorities. In despite of this intimation, he pushed right on for Canton; attempted to bully the Governor into compliance with his wishes; and, before he retired again to Macao, placarded the walls of Canton with an inflammatory appeal to the People against their Government. Upon his death, his successors, by acquiescing in some of the minor points, obtained leave to remain at Canton, but were never recognised by the Chinese in their diplomatic capacity. No attempt was made by the British Government to open a direct communication with the Imperial Government, and procure a recognition of its agents. In this vague unsettled state was this question allowed to remain, until the opium question was raised. The introduction of opium into China had always been prohibited by law: but those laws had not been enforced; and even Govern-

ment officers were largely concerned in the opium-smuggling. All of a sudden, the Government took it into its head to enforce the prohibitory laws. This might be wise or unwise—an act of fanaticism or an act of hypocrisy; but the right of the Chinese Government to prevent the introduction of opium into its territory was, at the least, as clear as that of the British Government to prevent the introduction of corn into England. The question resolves itself into that which relates to the rights and duties of aliens in a foreign country. The Chinese Government had a right to insist that its laws should be obeyed by the aliens resident in its territory; the British Government had a right to insist that these laws should not be wrested into a pretext for oppressing its subjects. How stand the facts? Warning was given to the British merchants, several months beforehand, that the Government was in earnest this time, and that the opium-trade must be discontinued. Foolhardy from their experience of former impunity, the merchants still loitered; when the Chinese Government, losing all patience, took measures to get possession, not only of all the opium that had been landed, but of all that lay stored in British vessels within the waters of China. The Chinese gave due warning that the laws were to be enforced after a certain date; and as for the plea that the opium had not been landed, how do our revenue cruisers deal with any smugglers they catch in the British Channel? The opium-receiving vessels were within the Chinese waters, and they had been lying there at anchor for years, for no other purpose than to serve as stores of opium. So far the received law of nations, based upon the greatest-happiness principle, is against us. But our statesmen have yet a resource for putting the Chinese in the wrong. We are told that they violated the law of nations, in the person of the representative of Great Britain. The Chinese never recognised the gentleman in that capacity. He was contented to remain among them as the "head of the merchants;" his Government took no step to have him recognised in a diplomatic capacity. His precarious situation and equivocal character in Canton, was the consequence of the *lachesse* of his own Government. He was injured neither in person nor property. If his country's honour was injured in his person, it was the fault of his country's Government. To fall back upon this plea, because the seizure of the opium alone is felt to be an untenable ground of war, is to act like the wolf, in the fable, picking a quarrel with the lamb. We have no substantial ground for going to war with China. The buccaneering plea, that war and the interruption of trade will force the Chinese people to revolt, and that the revolutionary Government will allow us greater liberty of trade, is in defiance of all principles of international law. It is a violation of national independence. It is a gratuitous crime. By withdrawing our merchants to some island off the coast of China, we should have drawn the trade after us; and, if there be truth in the latest intelligence from that country, the mere cessation of intercourse on our part, would have produced sufficient popular discontent to have caused us to be invited back, on our own terms, by the Government.

The general tenor of the remarks we have been submitting, call for no laboured winding up. If what we have said be unable to produce an effect upon the minds of our readers, no wrought-up peroration could compensate our failure. We have only to say that, if there be truth in the principles we have attempted to establish, or in the view we have given of our foreign relations, our Government is, in the matter of foreign policy, all in the wrong, and the sooner the ship is laid on a new tack the better. Notwithstanding what the ministerial journals say about its being a disgrace to Britain to desist from what it has once deliberately set about, we are humbly of opinion that it is never too late to give up foolish conduct and act wisely. We feel convinced that Britain has it in its power (to borrow a phrase from M. Thiers) "to maintain an isolated policy," upon sound national principles, with benefit both to itself and the world at large. And if France also should come to its senses, (as, notwithstanding the blustering of its orators and journalists, we still hope it may,) why then, the mere good intelligence of France, of the Barricades, and England, of the Reform Bill, would ensure the triumph of the greatest-happiness principle.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

Before the memory of the recent meeting of the British Association has passed away, a few general remarks upon it may be interesting to the readers of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. They proceed from a disinterested observer, and from one who has hitherto been disposed to find fault with and deride, rather than to praise, the British Association.

The meetings of the British Association are very generally represented as mere occasions of feasting and idle display, where men, who should know better, assemble only to flatter one another, and fawn upon men of rank, and degrade themselves into buffoons, in order to catch the applause of the vulgar. The newspaper reports, it must be confessed, greatly countenance this notion. These newspaper reports, indeed, give rise to it. There, everything which is of general interest, and to the comprehension of which all capacities are equal—a dinner, (for instance,) ball, or promenade—is described at length; while the sectional meetings, in which the actual business is transacted, and which occupy by far the greater portion of the

week, are either omitted or very cursorily dismissed. Without going so far as to say that the reporters could not comprehend the proceedings of the sections, we may, without fear of contradiction or offence, assert that the ladies and loungers would not read them. Thus the meetings for idleness and display are made to seem all the Association. And it is at these idle meetings, necessarily, that whatever tendency to buffoonery and flattery may unhappily exist in some members of the Association developes itself. Thus also the vagaries of Dr Buckland, and one or two others, are made more prominent than is just. The whole Association gets the credit of follies and improprieties, the glory of which belongs only to very few, and the vents for which are in reality not many ; and just as

> "The evil which men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones,"

so the work which diligently and unobtrusively has been done during the meeting of the Association, is known only to those who assisted : and modest men of science fix not the attention of the public ; while, long after the Association has dispersed, its noisy quacks and sycophants are remembered.

The real fact of the matter is, that the meetings for display and recreation, which are made so much of in the newspapers, are quite subordinate to the other proceedings of the Association. In the first place, there are very few of them in comparison with the number of meetings for *bona fide* business. At Glasgow, there were two evening promenades in the Exchange Rooms, an afternoon promenade in the Botanical Gardens, two dinners, and two general meetings of the Association, by way of beginning and of ending. The trip to Arran, of which, however, only a small number of the members of the Association could avail themselves, and which also had a scientific object, may be added to this list. But, on the other hand, each of the eight sections, into which the Association is divided, sits for five or six hours of every day during the week ; and, in the meetings of these sections, valuable papers are read every day, and earnest discussions on the papers carried on, by men, many of whom have no care to take part in the meetings of general display, or are too much fatigued by their actual labours in the cause of science to do so. Now the fact that many of the most zealous and important members of the Association take no part in the dinners and other oratorical meetings, proves, secondly, that these are looked upon as subordinate. The chief figurers on these occasions are, indeed, mostly mere idlers. If, as is of course desirable, some men of science also take a part, they have the sense to know that they are then merely playing ; or, otherwise, they are happily exceptions to the general character of scientific men. But, as has been already said, many of the most useful and distinguished members of the Association do not go beyond their sections. Dr Thomson, for instance, the venerable and renowned Professor of Chemistry in Glasgow, was presiding day by day, and contributing valuable papers, in the section appropriated to his own science, but was never to be seen or heard of elsewhere. Again, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, was not the less usefully employed in the Mathematical section in which he presided, that he did not go to the theatre to enter into rivalry, as an orator, with Sheriff Alison and the Duke of St Alban's. The Medical and Zoological sections were every day, the scene of most interesting discussion ; but the names of none of the distinguished men who took part in them, appear in the reports of the dinner and general meetings. And in the Statistical Section, whose interesting meetings will long be remembered by every one who attended them,* Dr Alison was, day by day, bringing his wide experience and clear judgment to bear on the economical questions broached by Dr Chalmers; and modestly left it to his brother, the sheriff and historian, to declaim, after dinner, in the theatre.

So long as the dinners and other meetings for amusement are kept subordinate, and are conducted in a proper manner, no reasonable objection can surely be made to them. Philosophers may recreate as well as others ; and it is but fit that, on these occasions, inducements should be held out to those whom it is one of the objects of the Association to win to science. Then if in England, as in other countries, oratory is a constant ingredient of commemorative meetings, why should it be excluded here, when men meet to do honour to science? The objections which we so often hear urged against the lighter parts of these meetings of the British Association, remind us very much of children's notions of philosophers, akin to their notions of kings and potentates : that they are exempt from

* Among the many interesting subjects which occupied the sittings of the Statistical Section, there are two which deserve to be singled out for mention. The first of these is Mr Porter's account of the *Mont de Pieté* system of pawnbroking, as carried into operation by himself in two towns in the county of Armagh. The characteristics of this system, and its results in the diminution of pawning, and consequent increase of industry and respectability of the poor, are eminently worthy of attention from every philanthropist. Mr Porter's incidental descriptions of the extent and mode of pawnbroking, legal and illegal, in Glasgow, produced a powerful effect ; and, from the feeling generally manifested, we can have no doubt but that a *Mont de Pieté* will be speedily established in Glasgow. The reader will find Mr Porter's paper in the *Glasgow Scottish Guardian* of Tuesday, September 29th. The other subject is Dr Chalmers' oft told tale of his experiment with the pauperism in St John's parish. Dr Chalmers' paper, read from the pulpit of the College Church, (for the room appropriated to the section could not hold the numbers who flocked to hear him,) gave rise to a discussion carried on for three days; in which, if Dr Chalmers was the superior in eloquence, it is the opinion of, at least, one observer, that Dr Alison manifested an equally decided superiority in knowledge of the subject and dialectic skill. The subject is too large a one to enter upon here ; and Dr Alison's admirable pamphlets afford a better text for a commentary than this desultory and somewhat irregular discussion. Suffice it to be said that, whatever may be the end of this agitation, commenced by Dr Alison, against the present provision to the poor in Scotland—whether it end merely in an enlargement of the present apparatus, or in a change of system—there can never be but one opinion of the value of Dr Alison's labours, any more than of the purity and benevolence of his motives.

human frailties, and do not think, speak, move, eat, and drink, as other men do. But, as Peter Pindar has sung—

> "That kings have appetites like common men,
> And that, like London aldermen and mayor,
> Kings feed on solids less refined than air,"

so is it with philosophers. They are human, and must eat. When they assemble to do honour to their own fraternity, they must, like other fraternities, dine.

We have endeavoured to shew that these meetings of general display are subordinate; but we do not think that they are at present conducted altogether as they should be. Very great disappointment was felt, at the last general meeting in the theatre, that a series of complimentary votes of thanks was substituted for the usual reports of the Presidents of the sections. These general meetings should surely not be stripped of all usefulness. Then, again, as regards the votes of thanks, nothing could be more silly and offensive than the way in which gratitude was reiterated to the noblemen who had smiled on the Association,—those who had come from a distance to attend it, and those who, living in the neighbourhood, had given dinners and breakfasts to Dr Buckland and Mr Murchison. It is a fact that this distinction was made; and it is a fact also that Dr Buckland degraded himself by enumerating the hospitalities which moved his gratitude. Mere men of rank appear too much at these meetings. In an aristocratical country, where rank always decides precedence, it would hardly, perhaps, be matter of legitimate objection that the noblemen present were honoured with the first places; and no one, at any rate, would envy them this barren distinction. But where men of science have assembled to honour and promote science, it is surely wrong that men of rank should be studiously put forward as actors and speakers. This remark is not intended to apply to the appearances of Lords Northampton, Monteagle, and Sandon, whose accomplishments and reputation would entitle them to a prominent place in any assembly; or of Lord Greenock, who is a diligent follower of science. But on what principle was Lord Breadalbane the President? Why was the Duke of St Alban's inconsiderately, not to say cruelly, dragged forward to return thanks for the thanks returned to him for his condescension in coming to the meeting? Why was the Duke of Argyle permitted to trifle in the chair of the mechanical section? The mention of this nobleman reminds us that Dr Buckland, whose offences, indeed, against propriety were too many to be enumerated, disgraced himself not only by the grossest adulation of the Duke, but also by singling out for flattery, in a meeting of two thousand people, the Duke's son, a youth of seventeen, whose modest and intelligent appearance shewed that he would be among the first to be disgusted with the indelicacy and too-obvious insincerity of the proceeding. Mr Murchison also, whom, together with Dr Buckland, the Association would do well to keep in the background on future occasions, lowered himself, and, so far as he appeared as a representative on this occasion, the Association, by humbly thanking the Duke of Hamilton for not having resented as an insult the refusal of the Association to meet in the dark, in order to suit his Grace's weak eyes, and thus allow his Grace to be President!

The sycophantic displays of these two gentlemen* were, we are happy to say, exceptions to the general rule; and Dr Buckland and Mr Murchison stood alone in their equivocal glory. Mr Murchison also, as the Chief General Secretary, is doubtless the person to blame for what we have found fault with in the general conduct of these meetings.† The faults, thus traceable to one or two persons, will, we trust, quickly be remedied. It is one of the many advantages of this Association that men of science are thereby brought into contact with the world, and the films which seclusion has bred been taken from off their eyes. The scientific members of the Association generally will learn better to appreciate these flights of fancy, and will then hasten to rid themselves of services which have already done them no inconsiderable injury in the world's estimation.

The benefits which are likely to result from these annual meetings of the British Association, if properly conducted, but the attainment of which could by no means adequately compensate for the degradation of British science and scientific men, may be thus briefly enumerated. Men of science, from different and distant parts of the United Kingdom, are brought together, to compare their separate pursuits; and, by these opportunities of mutual counsel and explanation, the progress of science is assisted. The frequent communion of labourers in all departments of science tends to counteract feelings of exclu-

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* There really was no one else who offended.

† In the address of the General Secretaries, read by Mr Murchison at the first general meeting, are the following passages:—

"Supported by a fresh accession of the property and intelligence of this land, we are now led on by a noble marquis, who, disdaining not the fields we try to win, may be cited as the first Highland chieftain who, proclaiming that knowledge is power, is proud to place himself at the head of the clans of science."

"Why have the heads of the noble houses of Fitzwilliam, Lansdowne, Northampton, Burlington, Northumberland, and Breadalbane, alternated in presiding over us with our Bucklands, our Sedgwicks, our Brisbanes, our Lloyds, and our Harcourts? Why, indeed, on this very occasion, *has Argyle himself, overlooking the claims due to his high position and ancient lineage, come forward to act with us, and even to serve in a subordinate office?*"

All this may serve Mr Murchison's purpose, but is very ill suited to an address from the Secretary of a scientific body, and little likely to exalt the character of the Association. "Argyle himself!" It is surprising that, among his frequent and careful enumerations of the kindnesses of noblemen, and reminded as he must have been of the circumstance by the Duke of Hamilton's refusal, which he dwelt on, Mr Murchison omitted to mention that the Duke of Sutherland was also applied to, to preside, and refused. His Grace acted like a sensible man. But why did not Mr Murchison thank him too?

sive *selfishness*. Foreign philosophers are annually tempted to our shores, to assist, not only in the developement of science, but, by that influence which must always belong to mind, in cementing peace and friendship among the nations of the earth. Science is exalted in the land by the *éclat* attendant on the meetings. Science is diffused through the land as the Association, year after year, visits some new locality, and saturates it, for a time, with scientific influences. Scientific men mingle in the world, and gradually assume a juster and higher position in the world's opinion; and, let it be hoped, that a few years more will teach the Association the intrinsic inferiority of the rank to which it now yields too much; if they do not convince the owners of rank themselves, or such of them as annually play with science, their own exceeding littleness in comparison with their plaything.

The attendance of foreigners, at this last meeting in Glasgow, was greater than on any previous occasion; and their appearances were peculiarly interesting. When, at the great dinner in the theatre, Lord Monteagle, in a very felicitous speech, proposed the health of the foreigners present, thrill after thrill ran through the audience, as, in reply, M. Agassiz, the celebrated philosopher from Geneva, uttered, in glowing terms, his gratitude for the benefits which the British Association had conferred upon himself; and a Russian general and *savant* witnessed his country's sympathy in their proceedings; and then an American, a true orator, poured out the deep feelings of his heart on visiting, for the first time, the land of his fathers, to hold converse with those whose blood was his blood, not on subjects of jealousy and difference, but on the universal peaceful themes of science. And not less interesting was it, the next day, when Mr Airy, speaking, not, like Dr Buckland, with indiscriminate and unmeasured praise, but on a subject on which he is the highest of authorities, and in such a manner as to convince every one that he felt what he said, called up his illustrious fellow-labourer in astronomy, M. Encke, to delight the audience with the modesty and simplicity which always attend true greatness. On this second occasion, Mr Lyell, with similar appropriateness, proposed the health of M. Agassiz; and performed the task with equal good taste. It ought not to be omitted that, among the scientific foreigners who attended the Association, was Mr Espy from the United States, who read a very ingenious and valuable paper on the theory of storms, in the Mechanical Section, and who, it is understood, will take an opportunity of explaining his views on this interesting subject in London. Germany sent a band of chemists to the meeting, among whom Professor Schafhëutl from Munich, Professor Riedenbacher from Prague, and Dr Ettling, deserve honourable mention.

The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Plymouth, and Professor Whewell is appointed president. All will rejoice that, this time, a man of science has been chosen, though some may think that, among scientific men, a better choice might have been made. But, if characterized rather by activity of mind than by genius, and too discursive to be profound, Mr Whewell is known by all to be an honest-hearted votary of science: and the scientific world will look to him to uphold the character of his craft, and to discountenance, not less by precept than by example, the idle talking and buffoonery, and "ducking of learned pates to golden fools," which were, happily, rare at Glasgow, but which, it is hoped, at Plymouth will be rarer still.—C.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By Catherine Taylor.

An accomplished young lady, whose enthusiasm does not obscure her perception, nor yet run away with her sober sense, here narrates her travels in Italy, and her first impressions on viewing the wonders and treasures of Nature and Art in that illustrious land. This is done for the especial use of young people, and in the ever agreeable form of familiar letters. She conceives such a work as hers called for, as none of the volumes on this fertile theme, with which she has met, place Italy, with all its treasures of Art and interesting associations, before young people in the manner best adapted for their improvement and delight. It appears that her own reading on Italy, previous to visiting that country, could not have been very extensive; though the deficiency of previous knowledge has often been amply compensated by after-study, and by the vividness of original impression, on a mind not trained how and what to admire. The Tour commences from Geneva, and with the passage of Mount Cenis, which had been beforehand imagined something most perilous and sublimely horrible; though this majestic barrier of Italy was surmounted with ease and enjoyment. The letter-writer, once fairly in Italy, draws freely on historical stores, in giving an account of the different secondary towns at which English travellers usually halt.

In discoursing on the poets, painters, and departed great men of Italy; its churches, picture-galleries, and accumulated treasures of painting, architecture, and sculpture; Miss Taylor often ventures beyond the beaten track, and presumes to speak as she feels, and to judge for herself. There is a full and very fair account of Florence; and of Rome, in its varied aspects—what we may pronounce an ample and rich description—rendered minute and exact by the writer's object, and yet divested of the dry technicalities of the formal cicerone. We like the candour with which this lady acknowledges that she could not appreciate some of the works of Michael Angelo, and other objects lauded by the cant of taste, long before they are either felt or understood.

As specimens of an elegant book, we shall select a few

extracts which, if not the finest in the volume by any means, may yet be new to many of our readers.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ROME.

We were in St Peter's yesterday before eight o'clock, and were, I think, the first party that arrived. Congratulating ourselves on our good fortune in having the choice of places, we took our station on the railed seats appropriated to the ladies near the high altar, which was separated from the rest of the church by a high screen covered with crimson cloth. Two thrones were erected within this inclosure for the Pope; one opposite to the altar, raised on steps, the other at the side. Around were the seats destined for the cardinals, foreign princes, and ambassadors. We had just time to see all this, when a body of Swiss Guards, in their harlequin dresses of red, yellow, and black, came towards the spot where we were sitting, and we were speedily made to understand, by gesture more than speech, (for these Guards know scarcely a word of Italian,) that we must quit our comfortable places. We obeyed reluctantly, and were thinking very disconsolately on the possibility of standing two hours in a crowd of ladies now assembled round the entrance to the inclosure, when our servant came to tell us that he had spoken to a sacristan, who had promised to admit us into one of the small galleries, of which there are four beneath the dome. Nothing could be better than this situation; here we were quietly seated, without any bustle, looking down on the expecting crowd of ladies, who were not admitted to their places until long afterwards. Permission being once granted them to enter, in they rushed, each one struggling and pushing her way, in no very ladylike manner; the guard, in vain attempting to moderate their eagerness, was completely overpowered by them. I felt ashamed, for they were most of them our countrywomen.

We had still an hour and a half to wait; but there was so much to amuse and interest us in the novel scene, that time flew without our knowing it. Every moment offered something new and strange. Now a cardinal, with his long train of servants, crossed the aisle in his bright scarlet robes,—or returned, having exchanged them for a more sumptuous dress of white satin and gold. Now an ambassador, with his suite, was ushered through the crowd with all imaginable pomp. Here a priest, returning from a side altar, appeared from one of the arches, bearing the Host in his hand—there, a group of peasants in their bright festal garments, or a solitary friar pacing slowly along the aisle. In a confessional opposite to us sat a Dominican friar, listening amidst all this gorgeous array to the tale of penitence which a woman was pouring into his ear. Presently the Guards Nobile arrived; this is the body-guard of his Holiness, and consists of the sons of noble Roman families: their dress is splendid,—scarlet and silver, with graceful plumes of drooping feathers. They took their station near the altar, at the top of the avenue of soldiers, which now reached to the great western door.

At ten o'clock the cannon of Sant' Angelo announced the approach of the procession, the wide portals were thrown open, and, from the far end of the noble aisle, we saw it slowly advancing, at first like a moving mass of satin and feathers. By degrees, however, we discerned the figures of which it was composed: first came attendants, bearing on crimson velvet cushions the various Papal mitres and tiaras, the gold staff and cross, and the insignia of the temporal power of the Pope. Bishops and cardinals followed, each with his train of priests and servants. Two men next appeared, with large fans of white peacocks' feathers, immediately preceding the Santo Padre: these fans are carried before the Pope, and the eyes on the feathers are considered emblematical of those of the whole human race, which are directed to him as the vicegerent of God on earth. His Holiness was seated in a chair of crimson and gold, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in sumptuous liveries; over his head floated a canopy of white satin, supported on lances carried by the Palfrenieri, as the persons selected for this office are called. He was dressed in magnificent robes of white satin embroidered with gold, and on his head was the triple crown: bestowing his benediction on the people, by making the sign of the cross in the air, he passed on to the high altar, where, descending from his aërial throne, he knelt for a minute at a splendid Prie-Dieu and was then conducted to his chair of state. At this moment the Mass began, the choristers chanting a glorious Kyrie Eleison. The cardinals each knelt in turn before the footstool of the Pope and kissed his hand; the bishops followed, and kneeling pressed their lips to his knee, while all their attendant priests saluted the cross embroidered on his slipper. Each, as he retired, bowed first to the Pope, as the representative of God on earth, and then to the right and left, as to the Son and Holy Ghost. Then the cardinals, receiving from the priests at the altar various parts of the Pope's dress, proceeded to divest him of his original robes. Ten were employed in this ceremony, who, stripping him of all his gay attire, left him sitting in a plain dress of white linen. I could not help smiling to see the grave old cardinals acting the part of valets, as they now unrobed, and again dressed up, their master like a puppet in satin and gold: at length the weighty task was accomplished and the Mass proceeded.

I cannot follow the Mass through all the accompanying genuflections, the walking to and from the altar, the crowning and uncrowning of the Pope. Wearied out at last, I sat with my eyes closed, listening to the beautiful music; there was no organ, but the voices were rich and melodious, as they poured forth strains of delicious harmony. At last the Pope arose, and supported by two cardinals approached the altar; clouds of incense ascended from the fuming censers as he elevated the Host. That was a moment never to be forgotten: the whole multitude was prostrate, every head was bent in adoration; the arms of the soldiers fell to the ground with a clanging sound, and a deathlike silence followed. I scarcely dared to breathe; when from the far end of the long aisle the full and silvery notes of a trumpet stole upon my ear like sounds from heaven. Amidst assembled thousands the Pope alone was standing; three times he raised the cup, while a stream of glowing sunshine, falling on his uncovered head, seemed to light up the altar: then he replaced the chalice; the people rose, and loud hosannas resounded through the mighty dome. There was a power in the scene at that moment which even my heretic heart acknowledged; I forgot the weak emblem which was the object of adoration, and my thoughts rose to Him who is the only fountain of life and light and all things.

Some excellent observations on the music of the Roman Catholic Church occur here, which do credit to the soundness and purity of the writer's taste.

OUT-DOOR PICTURES IN ROME.

We have lately taken many long walks through both ancient and modern Rome, and have thus seen much more of the people, of their manners, dress, and customs. Perhaps no place can offer greater variety of costume; and the habits of the poorer classes are so different from those of our English peasantry, that in every walk something strange and new presents itself. The groups I often see recall to my mind Pinelli's spirited sketches, and we stop in admiration before them. Long trains of carts, each covered with a pent-house of rough skins, are drawn by the large grey oxen of the country, to whose gigantic horns a pole is attached by which they are harnessed. These are driven by peasants, whose swarthy complexions vie in colour with the dark sheep-skin dresses they wear; while their conical hats, often garlanded with ribbons, and their shaggy goat-skin aprons, give them a wild and picturesque look. From beneath the covered cart, a bright-eyed girl is sometimes seen peeping at the *forestieri*, for whom she has always a smile: her pretty square white muslin head-dress, and scarlet bodice laced with blue ribbons, set off her noble head and form, and give a peculiar character to her beautiful Roman face.

At the corner of a piazzo, a *scrittore*, or scribe, is seated at his table, with pen in hand, busily occupied in writing from the dictation of a Trasteverino or some gentle maiden the tale of love or of revenge. In this

narrow street the cook, in his white apron and cap, is engaged in preparing his *friture* of fish, or messes of meat and vegetables; whilst, standing or sitting around, are groups of people eagerly devouring the savoury delicacies. In another street you may chance to see two Pifferari, straining harsh discord in honour of a Madonna, who sits enthroned in a small shrine fixed in the wall above.

Figures often pass us in long sackcloth robes, and pointed head-dresses of the same material, which cover the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes; and shaking a little money-box before us, they beg "*elemosine, per l'amore di Dio!*" (alms, for the love of God!) These persons, called Sacconi, are penitents, condemned to wander barefoot through the streets as an humiliation for their sins; it is said that bishops, cardinals, and princes often submit to the penance.

On the walls are sometimes seen strange grotesque figures, which bring to my mind the description in the "Promessi Sposi"—"quelle certe figure, lunghe serpeggianti, terminate in punta, che nella intenzione dell' artista, ed agli occhi degli abitanti, volevano dir fiamme; ed alternate colle fiamme, certe altre figure da non potersi descrivere, che volevano dire anime in purgatorio—anime e fiamme a colore di matone, sur un fondo grigiastro."

I must describe the figure of a lovely young country-girl whom I saw in the Vatican yesterday; her face and form were perfectly beautiful, and the satisfaction she evinced in a consciousness of the admiration she excited was very amusing: her cheek was dimpled with smiles, and her eyes sparkled with roguish merriment and coquetry. Her dress was a most studied and finished specimen of a Roman toillete: the petticoat was of delicate blue silk; the boddice, lacing behind and before over a chemisette of the purest white, was of brilliant scarlet; and the sleeves of silver tissue, tight to the elbow, were fastened to the boddice with pink bows and streamers; a shawl of embroidered muslin, was negligently thrown over her shoulders. The head-gear was the most exquisite thing I ever saw; the hair, glossy and black, was braided and hung in loops behind; these were confined to the top of the head by a silver bodkin, from which on one side hung little filagree flowers of the same material; over all was the square of pure white muslin, trimmed with dainty lace, which, standing out on the top of the head like an university cap, fell behind gracefully to the waist. She was a picture—I could scarcely take my eyes from her.

But of all the curious figures we see in this wonderful city, none interest me so much as the Monks, Friars, and other bodies of the regular clergy. I have endeavoured to learn their different orders. Amongst the most numerous are the Franciscan Friars, clad in brown or gray garments, with a girdle of cord and sandaled feet. The Capuchins, who are a sect of Franciscans, have, in addition, a long beard, and are a dirty ill-looking race: I have in vain watched, in passing their long processions, for a single fine face: all have dark, scowling and sinister expressions; some appearing sunk in cold apathy, while in the countenances of others might be read the workings of debasing passions. The Dominicans are less displeasing in their appearance; they wear white garments, with black cowls and scapularies and black girdles. The Carmelites are entirely clothed in white, even to their shoes and hats; and, in contrast to these are the Jesuits, all in black, with shovel hats.

There are, besides these various subordinate fraternities: the *Frati* of Santa Maddelena, with their black dress and red cross; the scholars of the Seminario Romano, with violet robes and triangular hats; and the members of the Propaganda, with red girdles and red buttons on black garments. The priests too are always known by their black, as are the bishops by their violet dress; whilst the cardinals can never be mistaken, in their fiery red robes, red shoes, red skull-caps, and red hats.

Are our readers aware that the Pope himself is elected by ballot? a mode of choice which the privileged everywhere deny to the people, and would fain monopolize for themselves. The account of the election of the Pope is curious in many respects; and it is, besides, the most important election by ballot in Christendom.

When his Holiness gives up the ghost, the tolling of the great bell of the Capitol forthwith announces the melancholy tidings to the people of Rome.

For nine days its sound is heard in every corner of the Catholic metropolis; all business ceases, and the amusements and pleasures of the people are checked. Soon Cardinals from distant countries begin to assemble in Rome, and the general Conclave is convened. This is held in one of the Papal palaces—that on the Quirinal, if it happens to be summer-time, or in the Vatican if it is winter. The Conclave of Cardinals, in whom is vested the power of electing the pontiff, are kept close prisoners during its sitting; each one occupies a separate cell, all intercourse with the world is strictly prohibited, and every means taken to prevent personal and political intrigues, which however have invariably accompanied these elections. The palace becomes a little world—a prison, guarded by the Mareschal of the Conclave, who is assisted in his function of jailer by the first Conservator of the Roman people; they keep the keys of the palace, and examine every one who enters. Physicians, apothecaries, barbers, etc., are permitted to take up their abode in the palace, to be in attendance on the Cardinals, and their Eminences are each allowed to have a servant, a private secretary, and a confessor; but, once admitted, no egress is allowed until the election is determined. Every day at noon the dinners of the Cardinals are carried in procession from their Eminences' own palaces, enclosed in a box painted with the colours of the respective Cardinals, and borne in pomp on a platform by two servants in livery: two valets on foot open the march, and the carriage of the Cardinal closes the procession. As they arrive, the dinners are received by the Conservator, and carefully examined, lest papers may be secreted (as has often been the case) in the pies or other viands. The populace assemble in crowds on the Piazza before the palace, watching the arrival of these singular convoys.

It is, as you may imagine, extremely difficult to reconcile the conflicting interests of the various parties engaged in the election of a Pope, and the Conclave has been known to sit for many months. The Cardinals suffer so much from close imprisonment in their hot and narrow cells, that, after wasting weeks or months in useless intrigue and idle delay, they have not unfrequently agreed to settle their differences by the sudden election of some person known to be unconnected with any of the factions which divided the Conclave. . . . . .

Twice every day the electors meet in a large hall to ballot. Mass having been previously celebrated and the influence of the Holy Spirit invoked, the Cardinals in turn deposit a paper containing the name of their favourite candidate in an urn. These are proclaimed aloud by the Secretary of the Conclave, and the election is only concluded when two-thirds agree in their choice; until which time the scrutiny, as it is called, is repeated at eleven and five o'clock every day. But even when the Conclave have come to a decision, four European sovereigns (of France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal) have still the power of putting their veto on the election; and as the interests of these nations have often been at variance, the obstacles in former times to the choice of a Pontiff usually appeared insurmountable.

Until a candidate is declared successful, the papers containing the votes are regularly burnt after each scrutiny, and crowds collect at the appointed hours, eagerly awaiting the result. This is communicated to them in a curious manner. The smoke from the burning papers is allowed to escape through a small iron tube, which is so placed as to be visible to the people without; and while they continue daily to see this smoke, they know that their Pope is not yet elected, and depart discontented and grumbling. When the smoke no longer issues at the usual time, it is the first announcement that the Con-

clave is broken up and the Pontiff chosen. Then the cannons at the Castle of St Angelo are heard, and the news spreads like wild-fire through Rome. All the avenues leading to the palace are soon thronged with people eager to learn on whom the choice has fallen. A Cardinal in his robes of state appears on a balcony, and in the following words proclaims that the Pope is elected: "Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum—habemus Papam!" and declares the name of the successful candidate. Immediately the bells throughout the city sound joyfully, the cannon are again fired, and thousands of voices shout aloud the name of the new Pontiff.

Having twice received the adoration of his electors in the chapel of the palace, and been invested with the ring of office, the Pope proceeds to St Peter's, to receive their homage a third time in public. The Piazza before the church, filled with spectators, then presents a magnificent spectacle.

"Eager to be the first to behold their new Pope, the Trasteverini, men and women, were piled above each other on the steps of the Basilica; the respectful terror which their name inspires secured their undisputed possession of the place. The brilliant costume and massive ornaments of the women glittered in the sun, and the conical hats of the men were gaily crowned with flowers and ribbons. The Pope descends, and enters the Sacristy; the people soon fill the immense aisles of the church, and the Pope re-appears, borne in his chair of state, preceded by his retinue of attending cardinals, bishops, nobles, and guards; and the choir chant the triumphal hymn, 'Ecce sacerdos magnus!'

The Manufactory of Mosaic is one of the usual sights of Rome. To such perfection is this art carried, that we hear of no fewer than 18,000 shades of colour being given to the materials. The following is a brief account of the manufacture:—

Leaving St Peter's, we walked to see the manufactory of Mosaic. It differs from the Pietra-dura in this, that while stones are employed in the Florentine mosaic, the material used in the Roman is a composition of lead, tin, and glass, smelted and mixed with colours; of this there are said to be eighteen thousand shades. We walked through a long room lined with cases, in which this is arranged, to the workshops. Here we watched the process of the mosaic manufacture for some time. In an iron frame is placed a stone, the size of the intended picture; and on it is spread, inch by inch, a kind of mastic, which when dry becomes as hard as flint. While yet soft, the workman inserts in it the small pieces of which the mosaic is formed, cut and ground with the utmost nicety to the shape required. The time necessary for the completion of these pictures is of course great, and the expense proportionate, some costing nearly £5,000.

When the copyist has faithfully executed his task, there is still much to be done; the mosaic is laid on a table, and the interstices are filled with a peculiar sort of wax, prepared for this purpose; the surface is then ground perfectly smooth, and the whole polished. The subjects generally chosen are the finest pictures of the old masters, and it is wonderful to see the beautiful copies produced by such mechanical means. Those which we saw in progress were an "Ecce homo" by Carlo Dolce, and a Sibyl by Domenichino. The famous fresco of Isaiah by Raphael, in the church of San Agostino, has just been copied in mosaic, and is about to be sent to Russia. The altar-pieces in St Peter's, twenty-nine in number, are all mosaics except one, and vary much in excellence; the Transfiguration, for instance, is a failure, but Guido's Archangel Michael is admirable.

A kindred subject is the making of cameos, which is thus described:—

The designs for these ornaments are generally chosen from antique gems or statues, sometimes from celebrated pictures, and frequently from the works of modern sculptors. The well-known figures of Day and Night are from bassi-relievi by Thorwaldsen. The most elaborate and perhaps the most beautiful cameo I have seen is taken from Guido's Aurora, which is of great size; but, although it contains so many figures, each one is beautifully distinct. The material used in making cameos is the helmet-shell, which has many coats of different thickness and colour. By skilfully removing these, the figures are left in fine relief of white, on a gray or sometimes red ground. I have been much interested in watching Saulini, one of the best artists in his profession, engaged at his work, as he gently cut away the superfluous shell and revealed the figure. The instruments he employs are very minute and sharp, and the workmanship is so delicate that it requires a steady and skilful hand.

We are tempted, instead of roaming among more classic objects, to mount, with our fair guide, to the dome of St Peter's, but must rest contented with this visit to the tomb of the Stuarts in the subterranean church of this most magnificent temple—

We descended to the crypt by a small door concealed behind the statue of Santa Veronica. Our guide carried a torch, or rather four huge wax-candles united, which shed but a feeble light through the darkness pervading these subterranean regions. In the gloomy arched passages through which we passed were tombs of popes, princes, and saints, before some of which small lamps were burning with a flickering light. In the little chapels opening from these, mass is occasionally performed, the effect of which must be very solemn. Ladies are only admitted on these occasions by an order from the Pope himself. In these vaults are preserved many relics of the former church of St Peter's—curious old mosaics, bassi-relievi, and frescos. Here rest the last members of the line of Stuart; their tomb bears the name of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth (Cardinal of York) kings of Great Britain and Ireland! A monument, executed by Canova, has been erected to them in the church.

Leaving the crypt, our next object was the Sacra Confessione, as the tomb of St Peter is called. It lies much below the pavement, immediately under the dome, and is surrounded by a balustrade of white marble, on which a hundred lamps are always burning. The order we had obtained admitted us to descend to the gates of gilt bronze which enclose the sarcophagi of St Peter and St Paul: these are opened only once a year, on the festival of those saints. The space in which we stood is lined with various beautiful marbles; and lamps of solid silver, the gifts of princes, hang before the tomb. A fine kneeling figure of Pius the Sixth, by Canova, is placed in front. That artist remonstrated eagerly against the bad taste of placing a statue of white marble amidst so much splendour, and, when compelled to do it, is said to have shed tears.

From these scattered gleanings, the nature and excellence of this elegant volume may be imagined.

*Bell's Residence in Circassia.**

"The affair of the Vixen," and enthusiasm for the cause of Circassia, have brought this gentleman into public notice, in connexion with the patriotic struggles of the brave mountaineers of the Caucasus for freedom and fatherland, against the ambitious and unjustifiable designs of Russia. Failing in his first enterprise, by the capture of the *Vixen*, which, as a commercial enterprise, was carrying warlike stores to the Circassians, Mr Bell subsequently proceeded to that country with no very definite object, save, probably, to exhort the chiefs to unity, and encourage them to persevere in resistance, by the hope, which he would seem to have at one time entertained himself, of succour, or, at least, countenance from England. After a narrow escape from the Russian cruisers, he succeeded in landing; and remained in Circassia during part of the years 1837-8-9, in the character of agent, or envoy, from England; which was partly assumed

* Two vols. 8vo, with coloured lithographs of costume and scenery.

and partly thrust upon him. He also acted as a physician: the qualifications of a *hakim* being readily attributed to any Frank who is neither a merchant nor a soldier, and forming a convenient travelling title in every country like Circassia. While acting in this double capacity as a political agent and a dispenser of medicine and advice, Mr Bell kept a journal; and its results are before us, with, probably, considerable abbreviation, but no alterations or attempt at polishing. We are indeed permitted to see more of the wrong side of the tapestry than is at all times desirable; and, accordingly, find those brave, hardy, and high-spirited mountaineers, of whom it discourses, very like what might have been expected from the state of civilisation among them; hating their invaders with a perfect hatred, and full of the spirit of nationality; but jealous, capricious, fickle, and not a little selfish in petty matters; though true in heart to the cause of their country. Their necessities and hopes would have procured any Englishman a good reception when Mr Bell went among them; and his countrymen had paved the way. He, besides, by suitable presents, conformity to the tastes and usages of the country, and a little address, seems to have made the most of his imputed official character. The diplomatic part of his mission has, however, little interest, save as it developes the characters of the chiefs; and the work is mainly of value as a memorial and picture of a brave and manly race, with whose struggle Europe must sympathize, and whose doom as a separate people is too probably sealed, though for a little time arrested by their indomitable courage, some lucky accidents, and the impregnable nature of their country.

Mr Bell, warmly received on his arrival, had not been long in Circassia, when the following view is given, in his journal, of the state of the country and of the characters figuring in the drama:—

I have had a good deal of converation with Hassan Bey (who appears better informed than any person I have yet seen) on the condition and prospects of his country, which he admits to be much in want of good government. He argues that at first, at least, its chief should be an Englishman, at all events a foreigner, who could rule with some severity in order to bring the inhabitants—especially those toward the south—into habits of greater regularity. I agreed with him to a certain extent, but expressed a hope that they might find means of improving and strengthening their self-government.

I have been much vexed to find an Armenian from Tiflis, of a very sinister expression of countenance, on terms of great familiarity with all here; so that my endeavours to keep him apart from our conversations, were often got the better of through his intrusiveness, or their facility. According to his own account, he has, in the course of a few years, realised about £2,000 out of the generosity of these people—in the following extraordinary manner:—Every three or four months he goes into the Russian dominions or to Constantinople (where the Russians are almost equally paramount), and purchases a stock of goods, which he distributes in presents among his friends here. After allowing some time to elapse, he waits upon each object of his generosity, and demands a present in return, which, he says, is always of much greater value than what he gave. Latterly he has, in company with a Mussulman, begun to purchase young ladies for Constantinople, and has now eight of these, waiting his departure. This departure shall not, if I can help it, take place soon. I have had a long conversation with Hassan Bey upon the folly of permitting this person, in the present posture of affairs, to pass and repass to the Russian or Turkish territory, where, doubtless, one who drives such a trade as he does, makes a trade also of the information he acquires regarding the state of Circassia, and thus obtains permission to violate the Russian sanitary laws. . . . . .

The family house here is at a very short distance from that allotted for guests—only a slight hurdle screen intervenes. I have had only a dim and occasional glimpse of the ladies yet. But they have sent me a specimen in Hassan's daughter, a lively girl of four years, very smartly dressed in orange-coloured muslin turban, trousers, and vest, with wide white sleeves, gaily flowered with silk and golden threads.

Hassan told me that his family was originally from Turkey, and that he has no pretension to be ranked among the native chiefs, although his fortune may bear comparison with that of most of them. I have seen some evidence that it is substantial. Yesterday evening we had tea and refined sugar in a service of gilt china,—a handsome brass urn supplying the water. An abundant supper of excellent Turkish cookery succeeded, and was graced by handsome ivory-handled knives and forks, and massive plated candlesticks, as well as very passable native white wine, and still better native brandy, both of which were lavishly circulated among the numerous guests. And in return for some presents I made him and his lady, he has forced upon me (for, thinking of the Armenian, I really felt unwilling to accept anything) a Georgian priming-horn and cartouche-box, hung by ten massive chains, with chased and gilt plates of silver; praying me, at the same time, to return and spend as long time as I pleased with him at his house at Khissa, which, he assures me, I shall find more commodious than the one he is at present lodged in. . . . .

Haji, Thursday, 4th May.—Early on Tuesday morning, while we were at breakfast, old Ali Achmet, the prince of Sutsha, whom I have mentioned above, arrived by appointment to see me. It would have been bad manners in him, notwithstanding his rank, to have interrupted my breakfast, so he had his served *al fresco*, on a grassy hillock. After the usual compliments, I communicated to him the object of my present visit to the country; which he learned with great satisfaction, and then expressed a strong hope that England might soon interfere in their favour, as this long-continued war pressed very hardly upon them. He said, (Hassan Bey previously made the same remark,) England and the other powers of Europe had interfered in behalf of Greece, (Russia, be it always remembered, having been the instigator,) although that country had not fought for its liberty a quarter of the time that Circassia had. "The Russians," he added, "cannot conquer this country: they may, by means of their ships and cannon, possess themselves of some more points on our coast; but granting they could gain the whole of it, that shall make no difference in our determination to resist to the last; for if they gain these hills, we will retire," said the old chief, pointing eastward, "to these snowy mountains, and fight them." . . . . . .

I was requested to prescribe for the old gentleman, which I did to the best of my knowledge; but I fear my directions will not be observed, as they consisted chiefly of restrictions on his food and drink, an over-indulgence in which I thought the cause of his ailment. On bidding him farewell, I presented him (at Hassan's suggestion,) on account of his public spirit, with an English double-barrelled fowling-piece, with which, I am told, he was much gratified. This is the chief who is mentioned (in the Portfolio) as having been offered a large sum of money by the Russians, if he would allow an army to pass unmolested along the shore. He took the money, distributed it among his neighbours, and then, assembling a body of Circassians, drove the Russians back with great carnage.

Mr Bell had advanced farther into the country when he describes the following scene:—

In the evening, while our attendants and some of the men of this hamlet were seated on our plat of grass, two of their two-stringed violins were produced, and among the eight or nine men present there were four who played very well. Almost every guest-house appears to be furnished with a violin. Two of the songs had some very

poetical ideas and subjects. The first, sung to a highly plaintive melody, was composed in memory of a young man who was married last year, but a Russian inroad having taken place on his wedding-day, he went immediately to battle, and was slain. The other was composed in consolation (it may be said) of Tshorat-okû Hamus, a very brave old tokav, who was the principal spokesman at the debate on Monday, and who is gone with the rest against the Russians at Pshat. In a very bloody engagement with the Russians last year, he lost *four brothers*, *four sons*, and was himself very severely wounded. He is quite lame of one leg.—The only thing I have heard at all analogous to the music of these songs, is the chanting in the church service.

The temperature of late has been quite chilly throughout the night, and in the mornings and evenings a fire has been decidedly a comfort.

The Circassians, from their superior skill as horsemen, and the nature of their country, have an immense advantage over the Russian cavalry; though infantry, as a regular force, may be said to be unknown among them. They are admirably adapted to guerilla warfare, but, unfortunately, not in a condition to pursue it to advantage, though they make very frequent reprisals of the following sort on the invaders:—

Our host's two young sons returned to-day *from* the north. The eldest had been with 130 other individuals on a foray into the Russian territory, where they captured twenty-eight horses and two oxen, and returned without any of the party having been wounded, as they found the forts, from whose environs these animals were taken, almost destitute of soldiers. This discovery has begot the idea of operations on a large scale against the forts themselves.

Shamuz's son (or rather nephew, adopted as a son on the death of his brother,) who was killed in the last campaign, in his fifteenth year, had twelve wounds, received in different engagements!

Mehemet Effendi said jokingly, a few days ago, that if ever they yielded to Russia, they (the Circassians) would offer her 40,000 cavalry to ravage Turkey, in revenge for the treatment they have experienced from her. Selim, Prince of Janat (a major in the Turkish cavalry) has just indulged in a similar jest. Feelings more deeply rooted than jests generally are, sometimes seek vent in them. This Bey told Mr L. he may marry his sister if he pleases, as he has no prejudices. Judging by the brother's features, she should be beautiful.

Thursday the 29th.—Since writing the above, we have been informed that a congress has already been held in the northern part of Abazak, and that the parties assembled there have taken an oath upon the Koran to stand by, and co-operate with, the people of these provinces in the war against the Russians. For what reason our presence at this congress was prevented, we have yet to discover. Perhaps it was the fear of our friends here to lose possession of us—the insignia of their authority.

The foray I expected upon the cattle of the garrison of Ghelenjik has been successfully executed. Twenty-six head were brought off, and many others killed. There has been more fighting in the south; but particulars have not yet arrived. The three brothers-in-law of our host have just fallen in one engagement! The communication of this intelligence to our hostess (a woman of very strong feelings) produced a clamour of grief which was most distressing. . . . . .

I must bring this long rambling letter to a close, and I think I cannot better compensate for any tedium you may find in it, than by transcribing the translation I made yesterday from the recitation of a Circassian song, which seemed to me to have some highly poetical ideas in it. . . . . After the recitation, in the translation of which the Prince of Janat, who is brother of the deceased hero, assisted, it was sung over to give us an idea of the music it is set to. The air is exceedingly plaintive, and the prince, while joining in the accompaniment, leant down his head and shed tears. It should be explained that the hero of the song was called "the last of his race," because Selim had been then so long absent (in Turkey) without being heard of, that it was doubted if he were alive.

THE EULOGY OF PRINCE PSHUGUI.

"Before the years of his puberty had arrived, his courage was matured. He died, not in defence of his native village, but to display his bravery. He heard the music of the red-haired Muscovite chieftain, and, wielding his sabre to its sounds, he rushed into the midst of the enemy. He was the last of his race, and its heritage has passed into the hands of others. His sister's hair was dark and glossy like the black silk of Leipsig; but, in her grief she has torn it from her head, because the chief of her house had fallen. He rushed against the steed of the red-haired chief; the general escaped, but Pshugui bore off his charger, of the valued race of Tram, and its housings. In the morning he left his home about an affair of peace, and in the evening he was carried back in his grave-clothes. 'God be thanked,' cried his mother, 'that thou hast fallen in the field of honour, and not in the pursuit of plunder.' Twice in the battle he changed his steeds, but his heart was unchanged, and thus Pshugui fell. When the women of the village, for whose safety he had fought, saw him stretched lifeless before them, they tore their raiment and cried, 'We have lost the prince, our deliverer!' His sabre had saved them from captivity. The soul of Pshugui is fled, but his body and arms have been saved from the hands of the enemy. When he uncovered his deadly rifle, the rapid shots filled the Muscovites with fear, as numerously they fell beneath them. The sun shone full on his crimson garments; and, like the sun, he became conspicuous in the midst of the field. His black horse swept through the fight, swift as a hawk, while blood from the sabre of Pshugui dyed his sleeve. With his last breath he said, 'Take my faithful steed to my beloved, the daughter of my host; in seeing it she will think she again sees her Pshugui.' His friends shed tears of water, but his sister tears of blood. Youth has fallen a martyr in the midst of war!"

When any one is wounded or indisposed, no matter how severely, friends of both sexes gather around his couch, where he receives them in state, and keep him awake by their loud noise, carousing and dancing, which are intended to keep away the devil. *Wakes* of the dead are also observed with great solemnity. When any one has expired, "the cry" is sent to the next neighbours, who take it up and spread it, as they hasten to the house of death. Mr Bell was present at the *Lykewake* of a Circassian noble, who had been killed in a skirmish with the Russians on the Kouban, which he thus describes:—

When, as in this case, the body is not forthcoming, a cushion is placed on a mat at the side of a room; upon and around it are the clothes of the deceased; and, on the wall immediately above, are suspended his arms. The room is filled with the females, and the female relatives and friends of the family, seated: and, at the door, stands the widow erect. At each side of the cushion are seated the daughters or some young female relatives. On the green before the door the men assemble. One of them approaches the door, uttering a wailing cry, which is responded to by the females inside, who rise while he enters softly with his hands over his eyes, and kneels before the cushion, placing his forehead upon it. The young girls on each side assist him to rise, and he retires. The rest follow, one by one, until the whole have performed this ceremony; but the old men generally, instead of uttering the lament, speak some short sentence of consolation or endurance, such as, "It is the will of God." This larger assemblage of men and women lasts for three days; but the females of the family and its immediate relatives must be in attendance to receive mourners in this manner for a fortnight; and the clothes and other relics of the deceased remain as described until the greater funeral repast, which is given either six months after, or on the anniversary of the death. The very

poorest never omit this entertainment; but the rich give other repasts at intervals of a week, a fortnight, and forty days after the death. If the clothes of the deceased were not good at his death, new are made, and the relatives contribute different articles, such as shoes, leggings, leather drinking-cups, (for travelling,) &c., which are laid with the rest of the things on the mat, and are subsequently distributed to the priest of the neighbourhood and those who assisted at the ceremonies. The family can retain nothing except the arms which the deceased bore and the horse he rode, which, out of respect to his memory, is kept six months in the stable and well fed during that time. When one has died a natural death at home, his body is immediately washed, enveloped in new white cotton or linen cloth, and buried within three or four *hours*, the immediate neighbours assisting in the first portion of the lamentation. If he was killed in battle (that is a *bona fide* battle, not a mere excursion for booty; for a decided line of distinction is drawn,) he is interred in the clothes he was killed in and without washing; it being supposed that in this state he will be at once received into paradise, as having fallen in defence of his country; but if he survive his wound some days, he is presumed to have again sinned (perhaps in regretting his wound, or expressing impatience under it,) and must, therefore, be washed and dressed for his immortal journey. The same ceremonies are performed at the death of women and children, but the assemblages are less numerous.

In every page of this work one might fancy one was reading an account of the Highland clans, their customs, usages, and feuds, about a century since, or of the Pindarries or Ghourkas of India. Stealing cattle and horses is of very frequent occurrence; and one object of the English friends and visiters of Circassia has been to put an end to these predatory excursions and *spreaths*, which keep the different tribes divided among themselves, and favour the designs of Russia, whose policy is to sow dissension where they cannot bribe to treachery. One of the intestine wars may afford a specimen of the whole of them, the only objects being plunder or revenge:—

Having awakened your interest as to this war upon Psadûg, by plunging at once "*in medias res*," in the true Homeric style, I shall proceed, in conformity with its rules, to relate its cause—again a fugitive fair one! Some fifteen years ago, on the death of a Tshûpako, his widow, of a noble family in Psadûg, obtained permission from his family to go there and see her own; but instead of returning, according to her duty, to surrender her person to those with whose wealth it had been purchased, she remained in her native province, and married without permission or any contract being made for her value. She was consequently claimed by the Tshûpskoe, as the property of a family of their sept; and the claim not having been listened to, and all satisfaction withheld, they called upon their friends among the Agûjipsi to aid them in revenging the insult. The cry was echoed throughout all these hills and valleys; re-echoed in the remote ones of Abazak, and responded to by some four or five thousand warriors, who assembled on the plain towards the Kûban, and under the conduct of Kehri-kû and Kalabat-okû, two experienced Tshûpakos, proceeded towards the offending province. Its inhabitants, no less on the alert, had called on the Adighes to the eastward to assist them in withstanding the storm; but these upon understanding the nature of the cause, and finding the Psadûgans so unreasonable as to refuse to submit to a trial in legal form, abandoned them to their fate, which had its fulfilment in the destruction of some hamlets, and the slaughter, among a few others, of one of their princes. The offenders then consented to submit the matter to trial; but it stood over till the Russian war broke out after the fall of Anapa, and this war has ever since too much engaged public attention to admit of its being resumed. The blood of a prince gave, of course, a much deeper dye to the feud.

Thieving is never practised near home; where, indeed, it is deemed ignominious, and severely punished; though taking a prey from a distant place is esteemed as gallant an action as ever it was by Highlanders or Borderers.

While Mr Bell was in Circassia, the Russians made descents on different parts of the coast, besides throwing in troops and stores to Anapa, and the forts which they then held; and he was frequently a spectator of the gallant sallies made by bands of the natives upon the invader, in which they were generally, by their bravery and the rapidity of their motions, successful. He had also the satisfaction of witnessing the disastrous consequences of the gale in June, 1838, which completely destroyed the Russian squadron, and gave the Circassians a considerable quantity of stores, small arms, and even some cannon. We shall cite one trait, shewing the earnest and determined spirit of the people:—

The slaughter of nobles in the present conflict of the southern coast is said to be immense—the fighting is incessant, and the people not satisfied with having made their princes swear on the Koran that they will not make peace with the Russians, have taken some of their children as hostages for their fidelity.

So keen is suspicion and jealousy among the Circassians, that Mr Bell was in some danger of being taken for an emissary of Russia.

We do not pretend to give any account of the war, nor yet of the atrocious character of Russian warfare in Circassia, which might disgrace Red Indians or the most barbarous tribes of Africa, and must close our brief notice of this interesting account of semi-civilized life, among a fine race, with a picture possessing both freshness and amenity:—

As my countrymen had cause for displeasure with some of the nobles in this part of the country—the Tshûpako Indar-okûs—on account of their rapacity for presents, I have taken up my residence during the last three weeks with one of the next class, that of the Thfokotls, and have every reason to be content. My host, Zekwahaz-okû Kirtsix, when he learned I wished, if convenient, to be allowed to remain here some little time, not only expressed his satisfaction that it should be for years, but immediately moved me from the guest-house into a neat small one, next to his own, and in the midst of the others of his hamlet; and he has continued to treat me with an increase of assiduous attention. I am thus on the footing of the most intimate friendship, and if my position admitted of it—as it unfortunately does not—might be constantly in the society of all the families and females around me: as, however, so much of Circassian life is spent out of doors, I see enough to give me a shrewd idea of its nature.

Around me are the cots of four families (two of them those of widows) all, I believe, relatives, and who seem to live in perfect harmony. In the midst of our green is a long, lofty cot, appropriated to the major part of the cooking for the guest-house, &c., and for the sorting, in rainy or sunny weather, of the productions of the gardens around us. The chief peculiarities to be observed are that of the two girls—one of whom, though only sixteen, seems quite marriageable—receiving in the cots of their widowed mothers, both during the day and late in the evening, the visits of many men—young as well as old—who prefer these to the other daughterless households; and with the most favoured among them there is observed but little of the decent reserve which the staid deportment of the Circassian girls when abroad would lead one to expect. I believe however that these young men are either cousins, or members of the same fraternity (amounting sometimes, as I have said, to thousands,) with whom marriage is totally prohibited, and on whom, by Circassian *law*, these girls are expected to look as brothers, by which common appellation they are often spoken of. Nature thus set at defiance—in that permitted intimacy among cousins a hundred times re-

moved, occasionally, however, vindicates her laws; and an escapade (to the protection of another distant fraternity) of two young folks thus left at liberty to win each others' affections, shows the futility of legislation at variance with her—to the amusing astonishment of the rest at such profligacy. I endeavoured to open the eyes of my host, who has, and who inherits an excellent character, to the inexpediency of permitting such excessive freedom of intercourse between the young people; but he appeared to think the subject of no importance, and answered by "moving the previous question."

The grown brothers of both the girls sleep in the same chamber with them and their mothers. It must be recollected, however, that Asiatics throw off only their upper garments at night.*

The families of this hamlet appear very industrious and well-doing: the men attend to the horses and agriculture; the more aged women to the dairy concerns, the cooking and gardening, and the preparation of wool, flax, and hemp, for clothing; while the girls are as busily employed in sewing, washing, spinning, weaving, &c.

A matron on a visit here frequently pays the girls a visit; and I observe when she approaches, whether they be seated before the cottage or inside of it, they invariably rise (intimates and relatives as they are) and remain standing till she seats herself. The same respect is shown to male visiters when they enter the cottage, and to me when I pass even at some distance from its window.

Mr Bell considers the Circassians the best-bred people in the world.

Plan for the Nautical Re-organization and Increase of the Trading Marine, and Manning the Royal Navy without Impressment. By Captain Adderley W. Sleigh, K.T.S.

This work is well worthy of the attention of all who wish to elevate the morals of the seamen of the Royal Navy, and to improve the condition and protect the health of trading mariners. The trading marine of Great Britain is fraught with unsuspected abuses; and sailors cannot, like mechanics and manufacturers, associate to discuss and insist upon the redress of their grievances. We copy this one illustrative extract; earnestly recommending the work, for the sake of this most valuable and neglected class of British subjects. After tracing the hardships endured by the mariner, in the early part of his career, Captain Sleigh proceeds—

The testimony of ordinary experience, of common every-day observation, without quitting the track of usual life, would be found equal to attest the petty oppressions to which the unfortunate seaman is subject from the time he first sets his foot on board a trading vessel, until the close of his eventful career. Let the *internal arrangement* and domestic *economy* of the trading vessel be next examined, and we shall find how complete is the disregard manifest to the sailor's common and essential comforts.

From an inordinate desire of gain upon the part of the ship-owner, we see the Trading Mariner unjustly and inconsiderately debarred from mere animal comforts, or the means of obtaining natural rest. That portion of the vessel which is allotted to him being, in all cases, wretchedly contracted, is frequently taken away, if not invariably curtailed, by appropriating it to cargo; thus leaving him, through a lengthened voyage, exposed to the inclemency of weather and the vicissitudes of climate. Every part of the vessel is filled with freight, allowing only a mere hole not sufficiently large to admit a third part of the crew, for the ship's company to use. This occurs particularly in the homeward voyage, when even the mates, as well as a portion of the seamen, are obliged to sleep on deck. Notwithstanding these circumstances, in addition to the labour of the night (performing that duty for which double the number would be requisite) they are forced to work the whole day, every alternate night bringing with it but four hour's rest.

Thus exposed to the elements, together with a bad description of salt provisions, the impure water issued, and the necessary ardent spirits to counteract cold being withheld, together with unceasing toil, and a relaxing and unhealthy climate, soon works its end on the mariner—illness ensues, but no repose is allowed, it being frequently considered a pretext for rest; medical assistance, if any there be, is perhaps denied. This occasions discontent: but the agonized wretch is compelled to work; and should he refuse, when commanded, a blow from a handspike brings him to duty, and forces him to continue at it whilst he can linger on deck. If the person be a seaman, or boy, a rope's-end starting is resorted to, both to prevent cessation from work and to expedite its performance, even where the slightest neglect has been committed. When in a foreign port, the labour is carried on to an excess, regardless of the climate, amid the fatal dews of night, under the broiling mid-day sun, or during perpetual torrents of rain, which fall at periodical seasons, when even the negroes are permitted a respite, the sailor, upon the most frivolous pretence, is kept employed, without an opportunity being afforded him of changing his drenched garments, regardless of all consequences. Hence one of the chief causes of the great* mortality which prevails in the Trading Marine in tropical climates.

In the North American trade, whilst frost and snow is intense, the seamen work on the rafts up to their middle in water; and in the fall and spring voyages the labour is intolerable at Quebec, St John's, New Brunswick, &c. In other inclement northern regions the sailor's treatment is equally rigorous, where, being unduly exposed to the elements, his clothes become one mass of ice in the unremitting occupation of his arduous duty. Indeed it appears as if the intention were to destroy life for some ulterior end. Far from being astonished at the numerous deaths, it should rather surprise that so many escape under the tenfold disadvantages and aggravated treatment they endure.

This continued labour is forced without permission being granted for recreation on shore, so requisite to invigorate and encourage after a long and tedious voyage; nor is the Sabbath itself exempt from toil, unless there be an absolute dearth of employment. This treatment and these practices are more frequently perpetrated by individuals under the first denomination of masters, and by those who, from selfishness and ignorance of the seaman's true character, know not how to appreciate his worth; or by the second class, who, terrified by their employer, endeavour to extort labour beyond bounds, fearful of sacrificing their appointments, if a surplus quantity of work should not be performed during the voyage.

This is but the opening; but we cannot at present go further into the subject.

A Summer's Day at Greenwich. By William Shoberl, Esq.

We here find a delightful guide and companion to one of the pleasantest excursions which the neighbourhood of the metropolis affords. The little work is illustrated by numerous views of the objects described. This village of Greenwich—this small appendage of London—contains now about 30,000 inhabitants! In selecting a specimen of this lively book, we have been divided between the delicious *Park*, the merry *Fairs*, and the veteran *Pensioners*; but the old heroes carry it. There they sit, sunning themselves on their benches, and perusing some old Gazette

* See, at page 696, the domestic habits to which poverty, or some other cause, subjects the Christian labourers of East Lothian and Dumfries-shire, who have for centuries enjoyed "all the blessings of civilisation," parish schools, and parish churches.—*E. T. M.*

* The numbers that die annually in the West Indies are frightful; chiefly from the above cause.

Look at the antique dress, the blue coat, and three-cornered cocked hat of this "auncient mariners!" You might fancy that the being of another time stood before you. No longer a son of the Ocean, no longer excited by the perils of "the wide, wide sea," by the gathering tempest, or the "broil of battle," he now takes a pride in recounting the "story of his life" to any one who is disposed to listen to his narration. His eye glistens with honest pride as he speaks of the many gallant exploits in which *his ship* has been engaged, of the admirals, or other officers, under whom *he* has served. He unfolds many a trait of British heroism that occurred on "the glorious first of June," 1794, at the Nile, or at Trafalgar. Anon, his animation, like the transitory gleam of sunshine on a winter's day, appears to give way to the clouds of age and infirmity that now overshadow his being.

The pensioners mess together, still sleep in cabins, and are officered by lieutenants, while an admiral (the governor) hoists his flag over the entire force. They have plenty to eat and to drink, and their vessel goes on with "a smooth sea and a flowing sheet." Besides their lodging, clothing, and maintenance, the boatswains are allowed 2s. 6d., mates 1s. 6d., and privates 1s. a week for pocket-money. . . . . .

The present governor is Admiral Fleming, who succeeded the late gallant Sir Thomas Hardy, the bosom friend and shipmate of Nelson. The lieutenant-governor is Sir J. A. Gordon, who greatly distinguished himself during the late war.

Besides these, the establishment consists of four captains, eight lieutenants, two chaplains, physician, surgeon, dispenser and six assistants, three commissioners, secretary, cashier, steward, clerk of the cheque, architect, clerk of the works, and other officers.

The number of pensioners on the books (seamen and marines) is limited to 2,710; any vacancy is immediately filled up by the Admiralty. There are 105 nurses, the widows of seamen or marines, who are likewise appointed by the Admiralty. There are also four matrons attached to the Hospital, the widows of commissioned officers.

The pensioners are supplied with every requisite article of clothing and provisions, and are allowed one shilling per week. One hundred and thirty rated boatswains are selected from among the pensioners to take charge of the wards. The pay of these is half-a-crown per week. There are also about two hundred and fifty rated mates, who receive eighteen pence per week.

The clothes of the boatswains are distinguished by broad gold lace, and that of the mates by narrow lace on their coats and hats.

The nurses are decently attired in blue stuff gowns and grey cloaks, and have straw bonnets with blue ribands. They are paid according to the duties which they have to perform, those in the helpless wards and infirmary receiving nearly twice as much as those ordinarily employed.

The Refectories, or Dining-Halls, are situated underneath the Chapel, the Painted Hall, and Western Colonnade—one (the east) being sufficiently capacious to accommodate 800, another (the west) 600, and the south 300, men.

It will be seen that, to make up the full number of 2,710, one thousand are not accounted for. Of these, 500 receive a money allowance, in place of their rations. From 200 to 300 are so infirm as to be unable to mess with their comrades, and have their necessities attended to by the nurses and assistants, whose duty it is to watch over them. Others, again, are in various lunatic asylums, besides a great number in the infirmary. . . .

Atttached to the Hospital there is an Upper and Lower School for Boys, and a Lower School for Girls.

The Upper School is calculated to accommodate four hundred boys, the sons of commissioned or ward-room officers, who here acquire a knowledge of the mathematics: they are, for the most part, destined for the merchant service. The Lower Boys' School comprises four hundred, the sons of seamen or marines of the royal navy. The Girls' School contains two hundred children. The internal regulations in both these establishments are of the most admirable and systematic kind. . . . .

We must not omit to add that there is a very excellent library attached to the Hospital, containing about 1400 volumes, and forming a complete series of voyages, travels, and naval history; but it is much to be regretted that few of the pensioners avail themselves of the advantages that are thus extended to them.

Manual of Commerce. By William Waterston, Accountant.

The object of this tabular work is, "to furnish, within moderate limits, a practical compendium of commercial information." This, as applied to the whole work, is scarcely a pure use of the word information, though we know not what could supply its place. The work unites, to some extent, the uses of a Ready Reckoner and a Cambist. It must have cost very considerable pains; and will be found useful as a work of reference, and save individuals a vast deal of trouble, by doing their business better, as well as much more readily, than they could do it for themselves.

The New Excitement for 1841,

Is the same in plan as in former years, and not less entertaining. The articles or extracts are, we think, in general, shorter; which will probably, by juvenile readers, be felt an improvement, as it admits of greater variety.

The Recreation; a Gift-Book for Young Readers.

This is a selection of prose extracts, with a few in verse, possessing no feature to distinguish it from compilations of the kind, intended for young persons. It has a few neat engravings.

NEW EDITIONS OF WORKS, &c., &c.

THE BOOK of FAMILY CRESTS.—[The publisher, Mr Washbourne, has greatly extended and improved this edition; in which task the Editor has been assisted by kind contributors, anxious for the perfection of the work, particularly, we presume, as it bears upon their own *bearings*, and the correct blazonry of their family crests. An important addition is a complete record of Mottos, alphabetically arranged; and an illuminated title-page, in which the Royal arms are emblazoned, proves an elegant and appropriate embellishment. This book forms an amusing kind of toy for the lounging table of people who have any sort of ancestors.]

LIFE, HEALTH, and DISEASE. By Edward Johnson, surgeon. Fourth edition, revised.—[We take it for granted that this work must have merit from the encouragement which it has received, but do not pretend to give any opinion about it—sufficiently evil for the journalist's day being the *new* works thereof. The author of the work in question seems to germanize very judiciously against gluttony, intemperance, and lazy indulgence; and, from the sale of his work, we should hope with some advantage to the public: that great body divided into two grand classes—those who eat and drink far too much, and those who have far too little to eat and drink.]

SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY.—[To this handsome and excellent selection of English books, several popular additions have been made since we last saw it. Among them are "The Poetical Works of Keats," Mrs Inchbald's "Simple Story," and Goldsmith's Essays.]

Part I. of a HISTORY of BRITISH STAR FISHES and ANIMALS of the CLASS ECHINODERMATA has been issued by Van Voorst.

A new translation of the standard French novel, MANON LESCAUT is appearing in numbers, with illustrations by Tony Johannot.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SYRIA—ENGLAND AND HER ALLIES—FRANCE.—War has begun in Syria. The combined fleets of Britain, Austria, and Turkey have bombarded Beyrout; blockaded the principal ports along the coast of Syria; and landed a body of troops in the district of Beyrout. A considerable number of mountaineers, almost exclusively Christians, have received arms from the allied forces, and have gone back into their mountains. No movement is reported among the peasantry, except in the immediate vicinity of Beyrout; and, with the exception of that town, all the towns of Syria remain in the occupation of Ibrahim Pacha and his troops, and appear to be faithful to him. The combined navy of England and Austria protect, by their fire, a body of troops, chiefly Turkish, which, but for them, would be driven into the sea by the overwhelming preponderance of Ibrahim's forces. This, compared with the wars which Europe still remembers, may be called hostilities on a small scale; but although unimportant, except to the townspeople and peasantry within range of the ships' batteries, the principle of political justice which has been infringed, and the ulterior consequences likely to be produced by these transactions, render them worthy of notice. The Convention of the 15th July, of which the Syrian hostilities are the partial enforcement, has been published; as have also notes by the French and English ministers, which enable us to relate with more confidence the development of the grand folly which threatens to involve Europe in war.

We shall review the actions and pretexts of the parties concerned in this order. *First*, The Syrian question in itself, as it concerns the Ottoman empire. *Second*, The misunderstanding between France and England which has arisen out of it. The Ottoman empire, at this moment, embraces (nominally) Roumelia, (the European provinces,) Asia Minor, the provinces on the Euphrates, Syria, (four pashalics,) the district of Arabia, in which are the cities of Mecca and Medina, and the vice-royalty (as it is sometimes called) of Egypt. These territories (with others which have, from time to time, been wrested from the empire) have been aggregated into a State by means of conquest. One after another they have been subjected to the descendants of Kara Osman, the leader of a small Turkish tribe, which possessed a single sanjak in Asia Minor, about the time that Robert Bruce was laying the foundation of Scottish independence. None of these provinces have any feeling of common nationality as regards the rest. Even within the same province we find hostile, unamalgamated tribes. The heterogeneous elements of the Ottoman state are held together by the military power of the Sultan and by the respect paid to him as the recognised successor of the Caliphs. The nearest analogy we can find to the Ottoman empire, among western states, is the Holy Roman empire, which died a natural death under Napoleon. If the claims of the German potentate, calling himself the Roman Emperor, had been valid, he ought to have been the *suzerain* of all Europe. But he wisely contented himself with being sovereign of the states he actually possessed, and attempting to dazzle his subjects into implicit submission by his grand title. So the Sultan claims to be *the* Imam or head of the Mohammedan world; but, *de facto*, has been obliged to allow other independent Mohammedan states to grow up beside Turkey. The Ottoman empire, therefore, is a state in which the supreme authority is vested in one person, who maintains his power by the joint influence of the sword and the religious belief of his subjects. This state has been recognised by a long series of diplomatic negotiations, as an integral member of that association of states which profess to regulate their conduct by what is called the "international law of Europe." It is entitled to all the rights which that code concedes to other nations, in their full extent, and subject to all the liabilities it imposes upon them.

We will not be required to shew that the Ottoman empire is entitled, in virtue of this position, to assert its national independence: but we cannot dispense with recalling to mind the exact import of the term national independence. It means the acknowledged right of a nation to manage its domestic affairs without foreign interference. It means that foreign nations, in their negotiations with it, transact their business through the medium of the sovereign ruler; but recognise as sovereign ruler whoever is for the time *de facto* king (or by whatever name he may be called) of the country. It means that foreign nations admit its right to choose its own form of government and governor, and transact business with any person under any designation, who can satisfy them that his nation will fulfil his engagement; the only evidence foreigners can have, that the nation acknowledges him as its head. It follows from this, that when two portions of the national territory acknowledge different rulers, foreign nations must recognise both as rulers of the section of the national territory in which they are respectively masters. To decide which is the legitimate sovereign of both parts, and recognise him alone, would be to infringe the nation's right to choose its own ruler. But for the purpose of guarding their subjects' rights resident within the territory, they must have an acknowledged ruler; and therefore they everywhere recognise him, who for the time being exercises the *de facto* authority. This is the principle upon which foreign nations ought to regulate their intercourse with the Ottoman empire. Whatever business they have to transact with that state, must be through the medium of its acknowledged head; not that he has any right of property in the nation, but that his exercise of power over it, is, to foreign nations, proof that he is chosen by it to dispense justice internally, and to be its factor or representative in dealings with foreigners. He is recognised only so long as he is *de facto* sovereign. If he is dethroned, his successor is recognised in his place. If he loses sovereign power in one part of his dominions, and another obtains it, that new power is to be recognised as sovereign of the portion he holds, the old one as sovereign of the portion that remains true to him. This is the manner in which Europe dealt with the government of Holland, when that country emancipated itself from Philip of Spain; this is the manner in which Europe dealt with the United States of North America, when they separated from the mother country; this is the manner in which Europe dealt with Brazil, and the republics of Peru, Chili, Equador, Bolivia, and La Plata.

The Sultan had a right to demand that the European powers should recognise him as sovereign of all the provinces of the Ottoman empire, so long as he could shew that he really held them under his control. The moment they, or any portion of them, could shew that they had thrown off his yoke, Europe was at liberty, was bound, to recognise the new government. The inhabitants of every province of the empire had a right to make themselves an independent state, if they had the power. If the Sultan is still master of all the provinces we have enumerated, he does not need Austrian and English assistance to replace him; if he is not master, the Austrians and English have no right to conquer, for him, territories over which he has no power. By inviting or permitting Austrian and English assistance, the Sultan has confessed that the provinces he seeks to regain have emancipated themselves. But there needed not this confession. The territories held by Mehemet Ali and his sons, previous to these Syrian hostilities, were almost the last incorporated into the Ottoman empire by conquest. They comprehend, with the exception of the pachalic of Bagdad, all the provinces now belonging (even in name) to the Ottoman empire. They were the territories of the Sultans of Egypt—were one kingdom at the time the race of Osman acquired them. The dominant race in these provinces

is Arab; north of Taurus (in the Ottoman dominions) the dominant race is Turk. Mehemet Ali, or, more properly, that warrior in conjunction with his civil and military officers, holds the country with a power which the Sultan cannot shake. There is a line of demarcation between the populations, north and south of the Taurus, not drawn by mountain fastnesses, but by language, customs, and family prejudices. The provinces held by Mehemet Ali and the Sultan have been, since a period before the birth of either, to all intents and purposes, separate *peoples*. Whether they shall continue under one head, or separate themselves into two independent nations, or the one remain a dependant territory of the other, and upon what terms, it is for these *peoples* alone to determine. No good was ever done by third parties interfering in such a question. What would we say, if France, Prussia, &c., were to arrogate to themselves the right of pronouncing a judgment (and enforcing it) on the question of Irish Repeal? The interference of Austria, England, and their allies, therefore, is clearly unwarranted; the blood which has been shed in consequence, has been unwarrantably and unjustly shed. It is the blood of Abel, crying from the ground against his brother who shed it.

We turn to the consideration of the misunderstanding between France and England, which has arisen out of the transactions in Syria. The first consideration is, the ground taken up by the respective governments of these countries. Lord Palmerston declares, in his official statement, that the object of the British Government in adopting the measures it is now pursuing, was to maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire; and, for that purpose, to re-subject Mehemet Ali to the Sultan. His Lordship adds, that the French Government has declared its approbation of the principle, though it does not concur in the means. M. Thiers, on the other hand, admits that he approves of the end—the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire—but disapproves of the means proposed. M. Thiers would leave Mehemet Ali larger territorial possessions than the English Government and its allies propose to do; but he adds, that "France has promised to lend its moral influence in favour of the treaty of the 15th of July." This, if it means anything, means that, although France is not a party to that treaty, France will lend its influence with Mehemet Ali to its enforcement. We confess our inability to perceive why parties so nearly at one should differ; much less how they should threaten each other with war. And, at first sight, it is still more difficult to conceive how the French and English nations could have been stimulated by their governments to the inimical feeling which at present seems to animate them, upon such a piece of hair-splitting. The explanation of the anomaly lies in the fact, that the allegations of the Governments are mere pretexts; that there is something else behind; and that both in France and England, the bulk of the people do not know what is really the question at issue between the Governments; but are led away by preconceptions and passions of their own. The French Government is animated by a vainglorious desire of conquest and of influence over the domestic councils of other nations. M. Thiers attained office on the pledge that he would make France more influential in the politics of Europe than his predecessors; in other words, that he would meddle more than they did, in the domestic concerns of other states. He flatters the vanity of Frenchmen, by the idea that they govern the dependant territory of Algeria, and can influence the Pacha of Egypt to do what they wish. The English Foreign Minister, on the other hand, is still haunted by the idea of exercising an ascendancy over the Governments of other countries, by which more favourable treaties of commerce may be procured for the subjects of Great Britain than for those of other states. These are the real motives, cloaked on both sides by the pretext of anxiety to maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. Neither dares expose the insincerity of the other, lest the mask should, in retaliation, be torn from his own face. Each persists, therefore, in his own hypocritical professions, and in pretending to believe those of his rival; but all the while they are seeking to countermine and frustrate each other's efforts.

The bulk of the nations do not understand the *finesse* of their Ministers. The English are actuated by a confused notion that the French Minister is seeking to outwit their Government. The French are actuated by a vague notion that the question of national independence is at stake. They have not forgotten the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, or the Bourbons brought back by foreign bayonets. Their enthusiasm is directed against the attempt of the allies to put down Mehemet Ali by foreign arms. Both the French and English nations are under the influence of unenlightened passion. The latter are blindly following their leaders; the former are carried away by a sentiment, and, in their enthusiasm, following M. Thiers, who is leading them quite a different road from what they imagine. We readily concede to the self-laudation of the English journals, that the gesticulation and exaggerated emphasis of the French contrasts unfavourably with the subdued self-possessed tone of the English. But we can go no further. Both nations are acting equally irrationally: the French, in following M. Thiers, who seeks to violate the great principle of national independence, because he flatteringly tells them they are fine generous fellows; the English, in following Lord Palmerston, who equally seeks to violate the great principle of national independence, because they think that the French are seeking to thwart his Lordship.

The conclusions at which we have arrived, after as dispassionate a consideration of these questions as we are capable of, are—*first*, That it ought to be left to Mehemet Ali and the Sultan to settle, without foreign intervention, the relations in which they are henceforth to stand—be they of master and servant, liege-lord and vassal, or independent sovereigns. *Secondly*, That all attempts of the Government, of any one country, to influence the decisions of the Government of another in its domestic policy, do harm to the country interfered with, bring no advantage to the country interfering, and occupy the attention of the rulers of the latter to the prejudice of their own proper business. *Thirdly*, That no country was ever benefited by obtaining exclusive commercial privileges in another. The counter-concessions made to the other, or the jealousies excited in third parties, far more than counterbalancing the imaginary advantage. *Fourthly*, That it is as dangerous for nations as for individuals to allow themselves to be carried away by sentiment and feeling: that a rational regard to utility is the only safe guide. *Lastly*, That war is, under all circumstances, an expensive folly; and that war would be utterly inexcusable between two enlightened nations for a question in which neither of them has the slightest interest.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.—These two countries furnish us at this moment with pregnant illustrations of the mischievous consequences of foreign interference in the domestic concerns of a country. Since Don Carlos has been put down, there has been a violent contest for ascendancy between the Moderado and the Exaltado sections of the Spanish Liberals. French diplomacy has intrigued in favour of the Moderados; English diplomacy in favour of the Exaltados. The English party carried the day; but scarcely had the conquest been achieved, when the English were obliged to cry out against the overbearing conduct of the party they had favoured. This is not an isolated instance. There never yet was a party which attained the ascendancy in any nation by foreign aid but gave its allies cause to blush for it. The pretext of meddling with the internal concerns of a nation for its benefit is untenable: foreigners, from their imperfect acquaintance with the merits of the disputes in which they take part, are sure to do harm. The lesson read by the events in Portugal is equally instructive. One plea, frequent in the mouth of those statesmen who have a taste for dabbling in the affairs of other countries, is, that national friendships are thereby strengthened. England has taken a good deal of trouble, and incurred some expense to dethrone Don Miguel and substitute Donna Maria. And yet, to judge by the debates in the Portuguese senate, England is the object of the unmeasured

hatred both of the Portuguese nation and of the Government it has been mainly instrumental in establishing over it.

THE COST OF INTERFERING IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.—With the examples furnished us, by Spain and Portugal, of the mischief done by foreign interference, and the national hatreds (not national friendships) created by the same mistaken policy; and with the prospect of being plunged into a European war, by interfering in the affairs of Syria, staring us in the face; the time seems not unfavourable for a recapitulation of what our last meddling on a large scale cost us. At the time of the first French Revolution, England undertook to prop up the tottering aristocracy and priesthood of Europe. It succeeded, at the expense of a European war, in effecting its purpose, to a limited extent: let us see how much it "paid for its whistle." The amount of loans, (and the interest payable on them,) from 1793 to 1816, (both inclusive,) raised in Great Britain to defray war expenditure, was £584,374,556. It is calculated that this sum was augmented by £188,522,067 through the injudicious modes of raising it that were adopted. Still, this leaves us a debt of £396,522,349, incurred by our meddling in matters with which we had no concern. We are still paying the interest of this debt: would it not be advisable to settle it before we contract another in the same way? There is some palliation for the contractors of the debt we speak of, in the frenzy of fear which the giant strength of young democracy struck into their aristocratic souls. But if we go to war with France about this miserable Syrian question, we shall be shedding blood and squandering money about a distinction without a difference. It is worthy of remark that, out of the enormous sum we have mentioned, nearly £40,000,000 was paid to Austria and Prussia as subsidies. No wonder these countries were so ready to enter into the convention of the 15th of July. They have a prospect of being subsidized—of having their troops exercised in the practice of real war, at the expense of Great Britain. Really John Bull is incurable, if he again submit, not only to shed his own blood, but to pay other people for shedding theirs, in a quarrel by which neither he, nor they, nor anybody can be benefited.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE ARMY.—LORD CARDIGAN'S ESCAPADES.—The administration of the army has, for some weeks past, been the subject of severe and well-merited attacks from almost every section of the press. The war has been carried on through the side of one unfortunate man, whose follies we would fain look beyond, to the deeper offence of those whose mismanagement has made them so prominently obnoxious. On Lord Cardigan we can look with little other feeling than that of compassion. He is evidently a man of extravagantly irritable temper. Physical constitution or untoward incidents produce such beings occasionally in every grade of society; and until the peerage be elevated above the ordinary failings of humanity, it will not be exempt from such visitations. On the persons who are cursed with such temperaments, society is generally ready and willing enough to punish the injury it receives at their hands; and they make few suffer but themselves. In the ordinary affairs of life, moreover, those who cannot command their temper are carefully kept out of the way of mischief. The manufacturer does not single out a rash man for his overseer; the merchant will not, in general, put a seaman, who exhibits symptoms of a tyrannical disposition, in command of a vessel; nay, to rise to a branch of the public service where there is more responsibility, as to the nature of appointments, than the public have yet achieved in the case of the army, the Government will not place a furious and hotheaded lawyer on the bench, however brilliant his talents or powerful his connexions. It is otherwise in the army; and the question is, whether the public should permit it to remain so? The People, and the press, their organ, are now in arms on the question; and we venture to say that attempts to continue the present system will but call forth a series of popular attacks, that must crush it in the end. Public opinion must control the administration of the army, as it does that of every other department which the People pay for. And here let us pause to make the reader understand that we give a specific meaning to the term control, and that we do not include under it an interference with practical administrative details on every petty occasion. To such a purpose, the public-opinion tribunal is inadequate. It is, at best, when applied to practical details, a clumsy and a formidable instrument, somewhat indiscriminate in dealing its wild justice, and likely to involve the innocent with the guilty in its unwieldy movements. And this is the very reason why its control should be acknowledged, and the necessity of any appeal to its practical interference avoided. When allowed to follow its natural course, it is like the waterfall that gently turns the wheel, and communicates a serviceable velocity to the machinery; but attempt to dam up its course, the stronger your bulwarks and the more careful your exertions to stop up every aperture, the more fearful will be the crash which, though deferred, cannot be prevented. It is in such outbursts that public opinion will, in the end, be felt, where there is an attempt to check its proper control. Its just privileges, in this respect, once admitted, there is no more reasonable overseer than the public at large in matters of detail. The People have neither inclination nor aptitude for superintending practical details. Their fault is, not a love of interference, but a too implicit trust. Let them but have confidence in a system, and nothing is more difficult than to awaken them to interference with individual cases of malversation. Look at the administration of justice, at the collection of the revenue—at almost every other department of the public service where it is generally understood that there is good management, and something like redress for wrong, and justice between man and man—does the public voice ever interfere to say how this or that individual transaction shall be managed?

The present point of dispute between the people and the Horse Guards is, whether the administration of the army shall have for its sole object the best means of protecting the country—the purpose for which the department is avowedly supported,—or whether it shall be, in a great measure, used as an instrument of pleasure or profit by the aristocracy. In the former view, the People demand that the man best fitted to perform the duties of any office shall be appointed to it; in the latter view the aristocracy demand that the offices shall be at their own disposal, whether they are fit for them or not. The unfitness of Lord Cardigan, in point of temper and discretion, to hold the command of a regiment, has been abundantly testified. We believe there are circumstances connected with the unfortunate man's private history, which, though they cannot for a moment vindicate those who have permitted the public service to suffer under the effect of his temper, might palliate a degree of waywardness and irritability in private life. Lord Cardigan's first public appearance was in 1833, when he brought Captain Wathen before a court-martial, on some mystical charges about stable jackets, and other like matters; the most significant of which was, that Captain Wathen, having assembled the men of his troop, "addressed them in an irregular and unofficer-like manner, by, then and there, not confining himself to communicating to them the major-general's approbation of the regiment, but in adding that some strangers or civilians had particularly remarked the soldier-like appearance of his troop." [The opinion of that exceptional class of persons who are called "civilians," is so utterly degrading to a soldier, that to convey it to him is a military offence.] The result of this trial is well known. A restless, inquisitive, interfering, disposition was shewn on the part of Lord Cardigan—then Lord Brudenell—which it was felt it would be a too despotic act in the commander-in-chief to compel men of any spirit to submit to. He was in the habit of having the conversation of the officers in the orderly room minuted for his own uses; a system which the court-martial found, "cannot be considered otherwise than revolting to every proper and honourable feeling

of a gentleman." The consequence of this decision was, his Lordship's removal from the colonelcy of the Fifteenth Hussars. The next appearance of Lord Brudenell's name before the public, is in Sir William Molesworth's motion in 1836, for a select committee to inquire into the conduct of the commander-in-chief, in appointing him lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh Light Dragoons. Lord Howick, on that occasion, observed that Parliament should not interfere with the individual acts of patronage at the Horse Guards; a legislative body was not calculated for the regulation of these practical minutiæ. No one will deny that Parliament is an unsuitable manager of such a department, and that the Public is a still worse one; but the blame lies with those whose conduct renders such interference necessary.

For three years the Public heard nothing farther of Lord Brudenell; but, in 1839, a gentleman having his property trespassed on by some men on horseback, remonstrated with them, and was insulted. An Earl of Cardigan comes forward to justify the perpetrators; and the public recognise their old acquaintance with a new name, but no new face upon his conduct. A year elapses, and then comes the turn of those who were so capriciously protected in insult upon others, to take their own share of the commodity. So profusely does his Lordship deal in insults, that the newspapers have had hard work to apportion them all to their individual recipients; and the Public have been puzzled as to how many of the name of Reynolds have suffered, and how much has been borne by each. It is not our purpose to enter on a narrative of these intricate transactions, to which every day is adding more incidents. We have only farther to remark upon them, that, when joined to the previous train of events with which Lord Cardigan was connected, they prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, that his Lordship was appointed, on account of his rank and connexions, to a command which he was not merely incapable of exercising to the good of the community, but which has given him the power of doing material mischief to the public service. And not only is this proved, but it is likewise shewn to demonstration, that those who appointed him knew what was, to be anticipated; knew that, in an office where they ought to have placed a man to do service to the country, they placed one who could only do mischief.

And now that the Public have directed an inquiring eye to the aristocratic influences that are at work in the administration of the army, we hope their attention will not be confined to its operation in one case. If, in the eyes of those in authority, there is a great gulf between the Right Hon. Lieut.-Col. the Earl of Cardigan, and the untitled Captain Reynolds or Lieutenant Tuckett, there is still a greater between these latter and Private Smith or Jenkins. If the inferior officer must bear the captiousness of his titled commander, the common soldier's life is a perpetual routine of degradation, sanctioned by the lash and the dungeon. When the vastness of these distinctions is complained of, the necessity of preserving discipline is the ready answer. Without entering on the general argument as to the necessity for a standing army, we admit that wherever such an institution is in existence, its discipline—in other words, its efficacy for the purpose for which it is supported—is the great and primary consideration to which all others must yield. However stringent may be the demands of this law, they must be submitted to by those who have voluntarily undertaken the duties of a soldier. But every right to command on the one part, and obligation to submit on the other, that goes a step beyond the necessities of discipline, is but so much gratuitous despotism; and of this complexion are the broad rules that so distinctly separate the two great castes into which the army is divided. The necessity of discipline is the excuse; the preservation of caste is the object. It is a mistake to suppose that these permanent distinctions are necessary for securing obedience in actual practice—a mistake which numberless practical instances serve to expose. He who maintains that these absolute distinctions of caste are necessary to the efficacy of an army, must forget the Irish Volunteers who elected their own commanders; must forget the whole career of Napoleon; and must overlook the army and navy of the United States. It is indeed in accordance with all reason and practice to believe that those who have the self-respect of independence in the ordinary affairs of life, will be the more ready to submit to hardships and inequalities which they see to be dictated by utility and not by caprice.

The form in which the influence of caste exhibits itself most oppressively, is in the claim which rank or influence give their possessor to office in the army, independently of qualifications; and, on the other hand, the utter hopelessness of the common soldier achieving a commission, be his military capacity—his knowledge of tactics, and power of organization—what they may. The exceptions to the rule seem as if they had been designed to prove its necessity. A man who has risen from the ranks is generally despised, because his conduct is too often despicable. If a private shews great zeal, conduct, and talent, he may rise to be serjeant-major; and there he remains. Servility and sycophancy to his superiors are the keys to higher promotion. We have heard it whispered that, of late, this matter has been undergoing a gradual improvement; but, if it be so, the commander-in-chief bears his faculties in this respect so meekly, that they are not perceptible to the naked eye of the Public. It is one of the haughty characteristics of the army, so well illustrated by Lord Cardigan, that it shall not even condescend to accept the praise of the "civilian" public. But the influence of public opinion is gaining ground in the official departments in general, and it must at last penetrate to the Horse Guards. When there is any improvement in the Post Office department, the Post Master General advertises it as profusely as if he were an opposition draper trying to outdo an old-established business; and the practice is an eminently advantageous one; for it not only instructs the Public in the arrangement of the department, but stands as the evidence of a desire on the part of the officials to perform their duty.—To return to the army. If there be an improvement, it must be one totally insufficient to affect the great characteristic evil—the absence of sufficient rewards for merit, and inducements to exertion. We would not have it understood that we advocate the system of making advancement to command an ordinary result of the meritorious performance of the duties of a common soldier. It should be the reward of high and peculiar merit only; but sure to follow when that merit is displayed. The education that makes a good soldier is by no means the same with that which makes a good commander; and it is only among a very few indeed of those who have only the opportunities of the former, that the qualities of the latter can be exhibited. But, on the other hand, if the good performance of the routine duties of the ranks be not a qualification for command, far less should birth or fortune be held to be so. Let the fitness to perform the public service be the criterion in both cases. If a man be made an officer without having served in the ranks, let it be only because he has gone through an education which, if he be not deficient in ordinary sense, must make him fit for his duties. If a soldier is advanced, let it be because, from peculiar talent or perseverance, he has been able to possess himself of like qualifications.

FINANCE.—The return of the Revenue for the year and quarters ended on the 10th October, 1840, presents a decrease on the preceding year of £676,856; on the corresponding quarter of that year, of £531,067. This decrease has taken place, notwithstanding, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's imposition of an additional 5 per cent. on the bulk of our taxes, in the hope to arrest thereby the previous steady downward cast of the revenue. It is marked by this feature, that there has been a falling off in the receipts of the Excise during the whole year, and in the receipts of the Customs during the last quarter. Our industrious classes have been denying themselves their little comforts during the whole year, and now our foreign commerce is beginning to feel an incipient paralysis. The Corn Laws and other unwise attempts of our legislature are being felt; and this is the moment that our wise rulers think a propitious time for

cearing the country into incurring a war expenditure. The additional outlay of a war establishment will not be the only inroad upon the pockets of the People. Already our commerce is stagnating from the mere prospect of war. Manufacturers and merchants are holding in, from anticipating the check which hostilities may give to the intercourse of nations. Marine insurances can even now only be effected at a rate that seriously diminishes the profits of the merchant. The amount of transactions is diminishing, and the cost at which they are effected is increasing. All classes of the nation are being impoverished. The unfavourable condition of trade will still further diminish the receipts of the Customs and Excise. Independently of war taxation, there must be an increase of taxes to meet the falling off in the revenue. The monopoly bank, too, is adding its contribution to the ingredients of this witch cauldron. The Bank of England is taking measures to diminish the circulation; thereby beating down prices here by an artificial process, while they continue unchanged abroad, and still further deteriorating the position of our manufacturers. The only consolation, amid these uncomfortable prospects, is, the chance that all this may be "the beginning of the end"—that government may be about to be "brought up." If men can keep their tempers, a precious use may be extracted out of this adversity; but it is not so easy to keep one's temper amid severe privations, nor is it safe for public men to calculate upon the power of the masses to do it.

MANCHESTER CANVASS.—Mr Milner Gibson has been making a canvassing round of the wards of Manchester. We do not pretend to any more accurate information, relative to the circumstances of this movement, than can be obtained through the medium of the public press. Enough, however, has escaped through that channel to warrant a few remarks.

A deputation from the Manchester Reform Association waited, some time since, upon Mr Cobden, to inquire whether, in the event of his receiving the support of that body, he would be willing to stand for the burgh. Mr Cobden, in his reply, stated, that he had relinquished all desire to enter Parliament since from the time the Reformers had abandoned their independent course of action in the Commons' House of Parliament. According to the abstract of his letter, which we have seen, he stated, in addition, "his conviction that to this fatal policy of making political principle subservient to the expediency of keeping the Whigs in, and Tories out, of office, he attributed at once the backsliding of the party in power from their former patriotic professions, the degeneracy of leading politicians in an age not otherwise marked by mental or moral inferiority; and, more than all, that destruction of confidence in public men in the minds of the great mass of the People, which had caused dissunion in the Liberal ranks, and threatened destruction to the Reformers as a party." He concluded by relating that every day served to confirm these convictions; but that "having no reason to know that they were shared by the constituency of Manchester, he had no intention of offering himself as a candidate." The rejoinder given to this reply, by the Reform Association of Manchester, was their sending off an invitation to Mr Milner Gibson. This looked very like a declaration, on their part, that they did *not* share Mr Cobden's convictions, but that they wanted a candidate who would vote for Ministers through thick and thin. Mr Gibson's preliminary canvass terminated about the middle of October. The reported speeches of that gentleman and his friends have served to strengthen our suspicion that he was brought forward *because* he did not share in the convictions of Mr Cobden. He made plenty of bold, general professions of Liberal principle, and was sufficiently decided on any question (such as education and the ballot) which Ministers have left open. But he maintained a convenient latitude of expression on all questions where they have shown their determination either to oppose or not to promote national principles. He would not promise to oppose Ministers because they were hostile to the Corn Laws: he had great confidence in Lord Palmerston. This tampering with the old Tory system of foreign policy, by which the Foreign Minister has brought us to the verge of a European war, if, indeed, it be now possible to avoid it, shews the willingness of Mr Gibson and his supporters to sacrifice sound rational principles, to "keep the Ministers in." This declaration of a wish to support Lord Melbourne, although he uphold the Corn Laws, shews an equal imbecility of purpose, that is, upon the assumption that the parties are sincere in their professions. This playing at fast and loose with principles, is especially discreditable to the electors of Manchester; if indeed it was the voice of the electors of Manchester, and not of packed assemblies, that was heard at Mr Gibson's meetings. A portion of the middle classes have, of late, been affecting to say—It is vain to look for a union of the middle classes and the unenfranchised, in the present temper of both. Nothing is to be done by a movement *en masse*. But the electoral class has a considerable power, if it were but intelligent and courageous enough to use it. Let us get up a parliamentary agitation for some good practical reform; and, first of all, for a repeal of the Corn Laws. It was in and about Manchester that this language was used most sanguinely. The Manchester Anti-Corn-Law League published an advertisement, calling upon all Liberals, free from the fetters of party, to watch the progress of the registrations, as a parliamentary agitation of the Corn Law question was to begin as soon as they were completed. The anti-Corn-Law agitators vowed they would return, at the first election, a number of members free to vote upon every other question as they pleased, provided they would unceasingly agitate the Corn Law question within the walls of Parliament. Anti-Corn-Law candidates, it was said, were to be set up in every constituency of the empire. And the result of all this boasting is, that, in Manchester itself, a candidate seems to be allowed to carry all before him who does not come up in this respect to the mark of the Manchester men. How can they ask other constituencies to return such men as they want, when they will not do it themselves? Where will that cock fight that won't fight on his own dunghill? We have been induced to notice these events by the fear that the vacillation of the Manchester electoral class is but "the badge of all their tribe." They mean well; but, when the time for action comes, "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er by the pale cast of fear." These men tell us they are averse to a further extension of Reform: surely, in common consistency, they are bound to shew that they can make some use of the Reform they have got.

TRADES AND MANUFACTURES.

There is little variation in the accounts of the state of trade and manufactures from those which we have given for some months past. Everywhere depression prevails, and numerous bankruptcies are weekly occurring in England and Scotland. The last Report from Manchester states, that, to give even a faint idea of the continued depression and derangement of commerce in that district, would be a difficult task. Goods and yarns have of late become more difficult to sell, and prices of most kinds of goods have again declined. The manufacturers have, in consequence, been forced to attempt to reduce the wages of their workmen. Some have already succeeded in the attempt. At Blackburn and its vicinity, about 10,000 or 12,000 people are out of employment, in consequence of the masters attempting to reduce the wages of all their hands, who received 9s. a-week, ten per cent. The operatives consented to a reduction of 5 per cent; the masters insisted on 7½; but the operatives would not agree, and the result is, the mills are standing idle, and the people are in a state of starvation. The working classes must now see the folly of the doctrine, that wages rise and fall with the price of corn; for they cannot fail to recollect that, in 1836, when wheat was 36s. a quarter, they had higher wages than at present, when the average is 70s., and the price of the best quality 84s. In the west of England, stocks of all sorts of goods and yarns are accumulating, and it is feared it will be necessary to work short time to prevent a glut in the market. The recent resolution of the Directors of the Bank of England, not to discount any bills which have more than sixty-five

days to run, tends to aggravate the distress. Some banks have been in the practice of charging six per cent. on discounting long-dated bills, and money is so scarce that one joint-stock bank has requested their customers to take three months bills for their cheques, instead of cash. At Leicester, the workmen are in full employment, and there is a steady demand for worsted hosiery for the home market. The wool market is firm, and there has been a slight advance on some kinds of wool. At the sales of wool in London, which terminated on the 14th October, from 10,000 to 12,000 bales were sold, at from 2d. to 3d. per pound higher than at the August sales. The price of iron has been gradually rising for some months; and, at the quarterly meeting of the trade at Wolverhampton, on the 14th October, an advance was made of 10s. on pigs, and 20s. on bars.

AGRICULTURE.

Now that the crop is at length secured, some estimate may be formed of its probable produce. In the southern counties of England, wheat is represented to be an average crop; but in the northern counties and in Scotland, to be deficient. Barley is everywhere an excellent crop; and oats, throughout Scotland at least, very abundant. The best wheat in the Edinburgh market, on 14th October, weighing 84lbs per bushel, brought 84s., the average being 67s. 8d.; the best barley, weighing 56lbs. 38s., average 34s. 5d.; the best oats, weighing 45lbs 28s., average 24s. 8d. The weather, during October, was highly favourable for the harvest in the high districts of Scotland, and enabled the farmers to carry their crops in the best condition. Though the appearance of the potato fields has, throughout the season, in almost all parts of the country, been highly luxuriant, complaints are made, now that they are in course of being taken up, that the produce is deficient; and, consequently, prices have been higher in our large cities, than is usual at this season. In Edinburgh, the best quality has never been under 4d. per peck of 14lbs.; but, considering that the breadth planted with this root is greater than usual, and that the oats are peculiarly abundant, a diminution of the price must, ere long, take place. Turnips, as far as we have observed, are not a heavy crop, and we fear rather below average.

The meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Aberdeen, was one of the best which has taken place. The show of stock (upwards of 500) was the largest ever exhibited; and the quality, generally, gave much satisfaction. The short-horns have, as appeared from the show, in a great measure, superseded the Aberdeenshire and other native breeds. There were twenty-six short-horned bulls, and only two old (horned) Aberdeenshire bulls exhibited. The sheep were limited in point of number; and, as was generally admitted, they were not equal in quality to the cattle: indeed, however valuable, on the bleak Highland mountains, the black-faced and Cheviot may be, they make but a mean appearance in a show-yard, when placed alongside of the southern breeds. The Duke of Richmond's Southdowns, and the Marquis of Tweeddale's Leicesters, however, were generally admired, and might have been exhibited without disparagement in any competition on either side of the Tweed. At the committee dinner 320 sat down, and the time was spent chiefly in reading essays and in conversation on agricultural subjects; but it went off, on the whole, dully. For the great dinner, next day, a splendid pavilion, tastefully ornamented and lighted with gas, had been erected, and 1500 gentlemen took their seats at table. The sale of the prize cattle took place on 9th October. The short-horned bull belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, which gained the first prize, brought 100 guineas; the two west Highland prize oxen, about £70 per pair, and several of the heifers and oxen exhibited, sold for £40 a-piece. The next meeting takes place at Berwick; when, for the first time, the Scotch and English breeders and agriculturists will be brought into friendly competition.

It appears, from the proceedings at Aberdeen, that practical farmers are becoming aware of the importance of combining chemical science with agriculture. It is obvious to any one, however slightly acquainted with these branches of human knowledge, that until agriculture borrows the aid of chemistry, it will remain, what it has always hitherto been, not a science, but an empirical art. As yet, no chemist has been sufficiently acquainted with the practice of agriculture, to give weight to his opinions among farmers. The "Agricultural Chemistry" of Davy is, however, well worthy of consultation; and a treatise on "Organic Chemistry, in its applications to Agriculture and Physiology," translated from the German of Professor Liebig of Giessen, has just been published, which contains many curious and valuable observations on agriculture. As a specimen, we select the following remarks on bone manure, of which so much is now used, and which has, in many districts completely changed the face of the country and the system of agriculture. "The manure of an acre of land, with forty pounds of bone dust, is sufficient to supply three crops of wheat, clover, potatoes, turnips, &c., with phosphates. But the form in which they are returned to the soil does not appear to be a matter of indifference; for, the more finely the bones are reduced to powder, and the more intimately they are mixed with the soil, the more easily they are assimilated. The most easy and practical mode of effecting their division, is to pour over the bones, in a state of fine powder, half of their weight of sulphuric acid, diluted with three or four parts of water; and after they have been digested for some time, to add one hundred parts of water, and sprinkle this mixture over the field, before the plough. In a few seconds, the free acids unite with the bases contained in the earth, and a neutral salt is formed in a very fine state of division. Experiments instituted on a soil formed from grauwacke, for the purpose of ascertaining the action of manure thus prepared, have distinctly shewn that neither corn nor kitchen-garden plants suffer injurious effects in consequence; but that, on the contrary, they thrive with much more vigour." If forty pounds of bone treated as here recommended, are sufficient to manure an acre of ground, it is a great discovery in agriculture; and we trust the experiments will be repeated by some of our intelligent agriculturists. While on the subject of manure, we may notice some recent experiments made in Northumberland with the nitrate of soda. The field on which the experiment was made, was three-year old grass, consisting of white clover, trefoil, rye grass, and Timothy. The plot of ground consisted of four acres laid out in ridges of equal size, and each alternate ridge was sown with nitrate of soda, at the rate of one cwt. per acre. No. 1, 112 square yards, without manure, produced 9 stones 4 lbs. of hay, equal to 2 tons 31 stones per acre. No. 2, 112 square yards, to which 10 bushels of gypsum had been applied, produced exactly the same quantity. No. 3, 112 square yards, to which nitrate of soda was applied, on the 18th April, produced 14 stones 7 lbs. of hay, equal to 3 tons 146 lbs. per acre; being an increase of 1 ton 65 lbs. over 1 and 2. But what is remarkable, when both nitrate of soda and gypsum were applied in the quantities already mentioned, the produce was less by 21 stones per acre than when the nitrate alone was used. The cost of 1 cwt. of nitrate of soda, brought to the field, was 22s.; the increased value of the hay produced, £4 or £5; and the aftermath was more luxuriant, where the nitrate had been applied, than on other parts of the field.

The last Falkirk Tryst for the season was held on the 12th October: 90,000 sheep were sold; and about 1s. 6d. a-head was realized more at this than at the last tryst, Crossed white-faced Cheviots brought from 28s. to 31s.; white-faced ewes 18s. to 21s. A lot of 27 three-year old winterers, brought £18 a-head; another of 25, £15:17:6; 100 three-year old heifers of the West Highland breed, brought £8 a-head: the price of cows ran from £10 to £12. A great number of horses was in the market; good draught sold from £20 to £30; Highland ponies from £6 to £10. At the fair of Ballinasloe in Ireland, held on the 5th and 6th October, the number of sheep sold was 69,770; remaining unsold, 15,990. The price of wethers was between 3s. to 4s. below that of last year; ewes were fully 5s. lower.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1840.

CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POOR, AND THE MANAGEMENT OF PAUPERS IN SCOTLAND.

A Poor Law is as decided a feature of civilisation as those laws for the security of life and property without which civil society cannot be said to exist. A Poor Law is, morever, the promoter of civilisation; one of the most important means of preserving the peace and the equilibrium of the social system; a corrective of the inevitable tendency to excessive accumulation in the hands of the few, concurring with the extreme destitution of the many; an evil which is to be regarded as only secondary to the want of security for life and property. Poor Laws are auxiliaries of the march of improvement, as they form the preventive of the perpetuated hereditary debasement of a large and valuable portion of the community, who, without their sustaining power, remain a down-draught on social progress, while their suffering condition hardens or corrupts every other class. Slavery is to be condemned, not alone for the misery and degradation which it entails on the slave, but also for the deadening of the moral feelings, and the actual cruelty and profligacy which the unnatural condition of the slave engenders in his master. In like manner, the mischievous consequences of unrelieved misery and destitution, existing in the bosom of an otherwise prosperous society, cannot long be confined to the actual sufferers, were the luxurious portion of society so selfish and inhuman as to disregard all suffering which did not immediately affect themselves.

As the growth of indigence cannot be prevented in any society that is not in a state of perfect stagnation, destitution is, in fact, often to be held as a proof of advancing civilisation, and of a widening range of wants; wise legislation has, therefore, been more directed to the relief of poverty than to the suppression of its symptoms, which are far from being uniformly to be considered as evils. It is painful to see a poor English family unable to procure shoes and stockings, which their habits have taught them to regard as necessaries of life, and which, if they cannot procure by work, they must ask from the parish; but it is surely as bad to see an Irish or Scottish family in the same condition, but with no sense of degradation, and, consequently, no stimulus to improve their condition.

The Jewish institutions were highly favourable to the poor. Charlemagne established Poor Laws; and the latest conquerer and civilizer of our own times, Mehemet Ali, has, along with a public system of education, and hospitals for the destitute sick and lunatics, attempted to introduce a Poor Law into Egypt.

But the principle of a Poor Law, whether in Scotland or in Egypt, must, to produce the full amount of advantage, have a determinate relation to the circumstances of the society in which it exists. It is not enough that the thousands sinking into destitution, by almost imperceptible degrees, learn at length to vegetate in the midst of that wealthy community in which they are unable longer to *live*; as *living*, with its endless refinements of habit and sentiment, has come to be considered in the very lowest ranks of those independent labourers, whose moral necessities have happily extended more rapidly and widely than their animal wants. Advancing civilisation has made cleanliness of person and dress as urgent a want as clothing, and the preservation of the feelings of modesty and delicacy, by separate apartments for the different sexes, as indispensable as shelter from the weather. It is so among the peasantry of England, where indigence is not held an excuse for filth, squalor, and reckless indifference to the decencies of life; because, long before destitution becomes so extreme and so destructive of all good feelings and habits, the Poor Law interposes its protective and sustaining power; a Poor Law of which the regulating principle is, not what will barely sustain a coarse and joyless animal existence, but a rule which enables the infirm, the aged, the widow, and the orphan poor, and also the able-bodied labourer who cannot

procure employment, to maintain their former habits of cleanliness and neatness, and, although curtailed in the comforts of life, to retain its decencies. Even under the rigid system of the reformed work-houses of England, the provision made for personal cleanliness, and the change of body and bed linen, indicate and maintain a social condition, a system of elevating necessities of which the industrious independent labourers of many parts of Scotland, and of nearly all Ireland, as yet know nothing. But is this extravagance in clothing and washing to be considered as a vice of the English poor law system? And what shall be said of a system which neither sustains the moral feelings and mental energies, by stimulating and keeping in activity the artificial wants of the indigent classes; nor yet supplies, in any adequate degree, their merely animal necessities?—which practically considers a high standard of comfort, and anything approaching to luxury in the labouring class, as a national calamity, entailing indigence on the poor, and on the rich the future burthen of a higher poor rate?—what shall be said of such a system?—It is ours.

While the circle of the artificial wants of the affluent extends in every direction, and takes the most fantastic and extravagant forms, the little enjoyments of the labouring class must be curbed and repressed, until society exhibits those painful and dangerous extreme contrasts, which are symptomatic of its unhealthy condition, and which completely overturn the aphorism of political economy, that whatever makes the rich man richer tends also to elevate the poor; while the reverse may, at the same time, hold; namely, that whatever depresses the rich, must still farther impoverish the poor.

But leaving generalities, which are here out of place, we proceed to finish our prescribed task, which was to shew, however imperfectly, the actual operation of the Scottish system of Poor Laws. "In fact," says Dr Alison, in his valuable pamphlet, "the practical operation of the Scotch system is very little known in Scotland itself." And we may add, that it is only known, if at all, through a false medium, viz., the speculations of benevolent visionaries, with Dr Chalmers at their head, or the representations of those interested in the maintenance of the system, by selfishness, prejudice, or conceit. It is accomplishing something to be able, in any degree, to spread accurate information regarding the operation of this system, which may probably be best done by exhibiting it at work in a variety of localities, selected so as to shew fair average results. We now start afresh with the southern extremity of Scotland, and, consequently, one of its best points.

The Border parish of Gretna belongs principally to the Earl of Mansfield—an absentee, of course—and to Sir Patrick Maxwell. Both have given great encouragement to farmers, by enclosing fields, erecting excellent farm-houses, &c. &c. The raw produce of this parish is valued at £50,000. Some of the tenants pay £1000 a-year of rent, and many £500. The population is 1909, of whom about 500 live in the manufacturing village of Springfield. The number of permanent and occasional paupers is thirty, who, among them, receive the average sum of £80 a-year, raised chiefly by the contributions of the heritors; which, we take leave to think, is no mighty burden on their rental, which, on the ordinary principle of taking the raw produce as three rents, must be about £17,000. But the rack rents of these times is as often to be taken at nearer half the produce. It may shew the spirit of some of the Scottish clergy, to quote the words of the minister of Gretna, in relation to the slender fund provided for age, sickness, and destitution, in this rich parish. He remarks:—"The generality of the people regard such means of support as no degradation, and feel much inclined to force the heritors to a legal assessment, which can only be prevented by the firmness of the kirk-session, the unity of the heritors, and by their regularity in meeting and contributing according to the *real* wants of the poor. These feelings, on the part of the people, are mainly to be attributed to the practice of our English neighbours, whose standard of independence has been sadly lowered by the operation, or rather by the abuse, of poor-rates." Of course, this gentleman considers £80 a-year enough for the *real* wants of the thirty paupers of his parish. But if the people already regard the receiving of parish relief as no mark of moral or social degradation, is not their independence, according to this clergyman, and the vast majority of his brethren, already subdued, or gone; and under what system has it perished? Surely not that of compulsory assessments, and much less of an excessive provision. Surely their degradation is not to be measured by what they actually receive, but by their avidity to obtain; and the paupers of the parish of Criech are as much, we should say more, degraded by receiving their pittance of 1s. in the year, as those of any southern parish by receiving at triple the rate in the week. We must remark that, as in other cases, the amount distributed among the poor of Gretna, and the rate of allowance, appears considerably larger in the Report given in to the General Assembly than in that published in the Statistical Account; which discrepancy is to be reconciled, we suppose, by the Report referring to different years. From the Assembly's Report, the parish appears to have been legally assessed since 1800; though the clergyman speaks of the "voluntary contributions of the heritors" as the source of the £80 raised for the support of the poor. In thirty-four years, assessments had not waxed extravagant in Gretna, when £80, on a rental of probably above £17,000, covered, on the average, the rate when the report was written in 1834.

Let us turn to a northern county:—In the parish of Banchory, Devenick, in Kincardineshire, there is a population of 2,588. The wages of labour are from 2d. to 2½d. an hour, with the addition of victuals in harvest. There is a friendly society and a savings' bank in the par-

ish. The character of the people is "devout and orderly;" they "observe the Sabbath, and are attentive to the duties of religion." There are, on the average, sixty-four paupers in the above population,—nor is this surprising; and for the support of those infirm, impotent, aged, and destitute persons, there are raised, by church collections, fines, dues, &c., about £135 a-year; averaging 1½d. a-day for every poor person—"An allowance," remarks their clergyman, "totally inadequate to their support; and, as we have no strolling poor belonging to the parish, it sets, in a striking point of view, the private charity of the community at large, and, more especially, of the working classes in whose vicinity the paupers are situated." Many Reports do the same; but all this charity of the poor to each other does not suffice.

The minister of another parish in Kincardineshire remarks—"There have been great improvements in farming in the course of the last forty years. Much waste land has been reclaimed, and the quantity of grain produced must be much larger than at the above period. *It does not appear that any improvement has taken place in the circumstances of the people of Johnshaven.* On the contrary, it is the testimony of the old residenters that poverty is gradually gaining ground. It is reported that, forty or fifty years ago, there were many in the village in easy circumstances: now the greater part of the families are nearly on a level, and comparatively few are able to assist their neighbours, to any extent, in times of affliction and bereavement." This is accounted for by depression and fluctuation in trade, the low rate of the remuneration of labour, and the hopeless despondency into which people, sunk into the lowest depths of poverty, and left without assistance, inevitably fall; and from which it ought to be one main object of a Poor Law to rescue them. The Report continues:—"When some of the more industrious were beginning to surmount the harassments of poverty and destitution, trade again became depressed, and the labouring classes must renew their struggles with hard toil and inadequate remuneration." The seafaring people of this village, by the failure of the herring-fishing and the expense incurred for nets and stores, have been as much reduced as the weavers. How, we would inquire, do the advocates of voluntary support of the poor propose to manage in such circumstances? The defective state of education, of moral training, of fireside education, in this parish, is deeply lamented; but are these destitute and hopeless people in a condition either to receive or convey the best blessings of domestic education? The population of the parish referred to has considerably decreased. In another parish of this county, Garvock, the population has also decreased, while the pauperism has increased: the former owing to "The throwing of two or three small farms into one, and the great farmers banishing their cottars, by taking from them their cottage and their cow." But the same authority attributes the increase of pauperism, *first*, indeed, to old age, sickness, widowhood, and orphanage; but, *secondly*, "to the rapid disappearance of that honest spirit of independence which made them struggle hard and long with poverty before they would apply to the kirk-session." But do they not still struggle hard and long before they bend their spirit to solicit the pittance of from less than 4½d. to 1s. 5d. a-week, which seems the average rate afforded to the fourteen paupers of Garvock; and what, we again and again inquire, has banished or subdued the stubborn pride of independence in the bosom of the Scottish labourer? This gentleman repeats the cuckoo-song about the effect of legal assessment, which, in charity, we must believe, is often repeated in sheer ignorance, or from entire want of consideration. The value of the raw produce of this parish now amounts to £12,864 : 10 : 4; and has probably been doubled within the last twenty or, at most, thirty years. We are glad to find the minister of Garvock bearing nearly a solitary testimony against that vile and demoralizing system of banishing male servants from "the *Ha'-board* to the *bothy*," where "they must eat as well as sleep by themselves." "It may," he says, "be advantageous in a *present* or economical point of view;" but what are the consequences? "Many of them are really hotbeds of irreligion, immorality, and vice; and consequently of mischief not only to the rising generation, but to society in general."

At times, though rarely, we meet with testimony to the fact that legal assessment has neither made the poor discontented nor less reluctant than before to come upon the poor-roll. This is the case in *Westruther*, in Berwickshire, among other parishes. In Whitsome, in the same flourishing county, the labourers read newspapers and periodicals; and, though "meanwhile contented, have an impression that their condition might be bettered." A most salutary impression, since it is based in truth. The cottages recently erected here are comfortable; but the old dwellings, as in too many localities, are "cold, damp, and in a miserable state of repair," owing to the non-residence of the proprietors, and the outgoing tenant being only under obligation to leave the cottages *habitable*; which may, it appears, mean something very inferior to comfortable pigsties; and, we may add, from the want of a proper idea among Scottish proprietors of what the dwelling of a labouring man and his family ought to be. In a country where, by statute, two apartments are considered sufficient for the schoolmaster, one may surely satisfy the ploughman.

In *Liberton*, a parish in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, containing, in 1831, a population of 4,063, the annual value of the raw produce is £56,181 : 10 : 4. In 1835, the average number of persons receiving relief from the session was 139; in 1837, it had fallen to 110. The amount of assessment or voluntary contributions made by the heritors in aid of the other funds contri-

buted for the poor was, in the first year, 1835, £399 : 3 : 4½ ; in the next year, £497 : 5s. ; and, in 1837, £350. These, it must be remembered, were dear and severe seasons, when labourers were long kept out of employment; so the assessment, if apparently heavy in these years, was in reality moderate when the wealth and productiveness, and, above all, the rapidly increasing rental of the parish, is considered. When the last statistical account was written, the real rental of Liberton parish was £10,000. It is now £28,000 a-year, or nearly tripled. But no one perceives any connexion whatever between the increase of a landowner's rents and his *pocket* duties to the humble co-operators in his increase of gain. The temporarily increased assessment of Liberton seems moderate enough in the peculiar circumstances; yet the minister, who is haunted by the usual bugbears, and talks of "drying up the sources of Christian charity," and about the "delicacy of the poor," acknowledges that voluntary contributions are "only practicable in small parishes, with an efficient minister and staff of elders." Now we would point to the small parishes of Ruthwell, Kirkhill, and Kilmeny, which we have noticed, and which (like hundreds) are precisely in the circumstances described: the population small, the clergymen, for generations, the most efficient that are to be found in Scotland, and their staff of elders of their own choosing; and inquire how has the principle of voluntary charity operated there? In what circumstances are the destitute of these parishes?

The population of the rich parish of Liberton are nearly all poor; only 207, of the population of 4,063, being above the rank of labourers; and in this 207 the whole of the farmers, teachers, shopkeepers, &c. &c., are included, some of whom cannot be very affluent nor even comfortable in their circumstances. The minister congratulates himself on the assessments being reduced, in the face too of a very severe year, to £350 ; but, while they have never exceeded 3½d. in the pound of rent, we conceive his satisfaction premature, in a parish where there must, along with, we doubt not, great vice and intemperance, be much real destitution, arising from no fault in the sufferers. The highest allowance to the paupers is £3 : 12s. a-year; the lowest, £1 : 6s., which is not higher, nor so high, as in many of the unassessed parishes in neighbouring presbyteries In Borrowstounness, for example, which is unassessed, the highest rate is £6, the lowest £1 : 6s.; Whitburn, the highest, £5 : 8s., the lowest, £3 : 12s.; and these are both voluntary, though this rule does not generally hold. Indeed nothing can be more uncertain than the operation of the present poor law, which depends, not upon the necessities of the poor, but altogether on the dispositions of the rich residents, and the temper of the clergyman of the parish for the time being.

Berwickshire, as one of the Border districts, is imagined to be, like Roxburgh, Dumfries, and Selkirk, more liberal than the midland counties, in the relief afforded to paupers: but where the parish is under the voluntary system, we see little to warrant this belief. In *Cranshaws*, a thriving parish, the minister (for the good of the poor, no doubt) proposed, several years since, to do away with the legal assessment; a proposal which, he says, and we can well believe, was thankfully accepted by the heritors. Under this regenerated state of Cranshaws, three poor old bodies, in a population of 136, get each 1s. 6d. a-week. In Longformacus there are two old women, who are regular, and four who are occasional, paupers. Eight pounds being the annual amount of the church collections, this, and the interest of £100 mortified, are divided among the poor; the old women getting 1s. 3d. a-week, with house-rent and firing, which may probably reach another 6d. a-week. The real rental of the parish in which £8 a-year is collected for the poor on the voluntary principle, is nearly £4,000. John Home Home, Esq., is the principal heritor. The population, among whose paupers the £8 and the interest of the benefaction is divided, amounts to 425. Fuel, from the locality, must be dear; the cottagers, as is general in all the highly-improved districts, have not an opportunity to keep a cow, and the wages are about the rate we have already specified.

In the parish of Eccles, a highly-improved parish of Berwickshire, there has been what is called a legal assessment from 1763.* Since then, the real rent must be at least trebled ; for it is nearly doubled since 1793. It was then £11,000; it is now £20,000. The population of Eccles is 1885; and, on the rental of £20,000, the assessment cannot fall very heavily; as, for thirteen months in 1830-31, we find the rate levied £270 : 9 : 1, which sum is divided among fifty paupers.

The highest rate ever known was in 1819, when £416 were levied, but for twenty months' rates. The minister of Eccles assumes, somewhat gratuitously, that "assessment produces here, as wherever it has been introduced, a carelessness of providing for old age;" while he asserts that "the highest spirit of independence is exhibited by many, *so long as nature will endure.*" Does not voluntaryism tax nature and independence of spirit somewhat too far?

In an admirable account of the parish of Kilmarnock, written, for Sir John Sinclair, in 1790, by the two ministers of the parish, we find some excellent remarks on the management of the poor on the voluntary principle. The population was then 6,776 persons; of whom eighty were permanently on the pauper roll, besides occasional paupers. The population is now 18,033; and of these 857 are paupers, comprehending all classes, permanent and occasional, lunatics, &c. In such a population the occasional poor must be very numerous. The poor, in 1790, received, from the church collections and a little interest of money, from 6d. to 1s. each, a-week; which, as was then remarked, "is by no means able to support them in their own houses, even

* The Report to the Assembly states the year as 1725.

when joined to any little labour which some of them have strength to perform. Begging, therefore is allowed, and is a very great burden upon the inhabitants." When the difference in the price of provisions is considered, the above allowance is fully equal to the average allowance to paupers in the majority of parishes up to the present hour; but the reverend statist of 1790 remarks—"The poor indeed will never be suitably or permanently provided for, until the proprietors of land agree to assess themselves in a sum that may be adequate to this purpose; and when it is considered that the greater part of the heritors are non-resident, that they contribute nothing to the maintenance of the poor by their own personal charity, and that the value of their property is greatly increased by the manufactures and population of the place, such a measure must appear, to every humane and benevolent heart, to be highly equitable and proper."*

Absenteeism, and large estates held by non-resident proprietors, are a frequent ground of complaint in the former Statistical Account. Now this customary state of things is seldom heeded.

The parish and town of Hawick is, we believe, generally adduced as a flagrant example of the tendency or danger of legal assessments to increase pauperism and undermine the moral feelings of the labouring classes; and as it cannot be considered quite so much as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, &c., a focus of destitution for a wide district, a stream of human misery increased by hundreds of tributary rills, we shall examine its condition so far as we have the necessary data. Hawick, the seat of a considerable manufacture, a Border parish, and, consequently, tainted by the evil example of England, has been legally assessed for the poor, for more than a century. The assessment was, probably, as in most cases, resorted to during some period of severe distress. The minister of the parish, in his recent report, conjures up an appalling apparition to heritors and rate-payers, when he states that about 120 years ago, (1727,) when the population, now 6,000, was probably not above 2,000, the poor, without the benefit of a compulsory assessment, got just about nothing at all, or £22 : 13 : 10 among their number; whereas, in 1837, the poor-rates of Hawick amounted to £1009 : 9 : 9. This in figures, no doubt, looks formidable; and the reporter at once attributes the increase in 120 years, and in a manufacturing town, which may be called the creation of the last forty years, to "the influence of a compulsory assessment." But so early as the year 1772, when the population was about the one-half of what it now is, and the value of money much greater than at present, or, what comes to the same thing, provisions one-half cheaper, the assessment was £224 : 14 : 3. This assessment was levied upon the landward heritors and the proprietors of heritable property in the town, as is still done. The allowance to the poor approximates somewhat nearer to the practice of England than in the midland and northern counties. In Hawick, the lowest allowance to permanent paupers is £2 : 12s. a-year, and the highest £11 : 14s; but in all cases of so high a rate as from £5 to £10, or more, we are to keep in mind that the allowance is for a family, and probably a large family, not for an individual.

The voluntary contributions and church collections in this town are very small, considering the population; and the number of occasional paupers, as in all towns, liable to be affected by fluctuations in trade, is great, nay, we should say, excessive, were we not aware of the destitute condition in which poor families leave the rural parishes, or come from Ireland and the west, to flock to the spinning-mills and other works of such towns as Hawick. In 1837 the poor on the permanent roll were 147, but the occasional poor were 524, or in all 672, among whom were divided £1009:9:9, after deducting the expenses of collection, and £10 : 10s. paid for the education of poor children. But, in looking to the increased numbers and expense of the poor, we must also look to the increased population and means of the parish, and to the special circumstances in which it is placed; and bear in mind that, in the rural parishes of the south, assessments have not increased in the same ratio as in Hawick, nor indeed increased at all, farther than the alteration of values fully accounts for. Had the manufacturers of Hawick continued to hold the same proportion to the agriculturists as in the year 1772, the present increase of paupers would indeed have been alarming. But the rural population of the parish has rather decreased, and the sole and great advance has been in the town, in which about double the number of families are now employed in manufacturing that were employed before the Peace. The rural produce of the parish has also been greatly increased, and, consequently, the rental. But, again, by the Statistical Account of 1791, the paupers were 110 on a population of 2,928; so that the increase of their numbers is not so alarming, especially when we take into view that the years specified (1835, 1836, and 1837) were seasons of depressed trade, concurring with a rising provision market, from bad seasons. In 1791, the fund raised by assessment for the poor was £370, when manufactures were comparatively in their dawn, and when there was ample employ-

* The minister of Kelso, in referring to the manner in which the aged and infirm, when past their labour, are "*driven*" from many of the country parishes into the towns, emphatically repeats, "*Driven*, though a strong term, is but too aptly applied in this instance. To prevent the aged and infirm from becoming burdens upon the poor rate, it is the practice of some of the heritors, of purely landward parishes, to demolish every cotter house which is not absolutely necessary as accommodation for the needful complement of farm-labourers and country artisans. In this way, infirm labourers and widows are compelled, the moment they cease to be available workers, to leave their parishes, in despite of all the ties of local attachment which may bind them to the spot, and to take their chance of an uncertain livelihood among strangers, and in the unhealthy lanes and closes of a town." This reverend gentleman expresses his astonishment that "the aristocracy can be so dead to the claims of humanity."

ment for old women, now so frequently paupers, in spinning both woollen and flaxen yarn in their own houses. To view the change aright, which Hawick has undergone since the assessment for the poor, which was lately £1009, amounted only to £224, we may notice the fact, that letters about that time were brought to Hawick from Jedburgh by a common hawker once a month, and exposed on a stall in the market-place; whereas, the revenue of the Hawick post-office, in 1838, was about £1000; and four mail-coaches, besides other coaches, were plying through it every day. It is idle to look only at one class of facts. The increased prosperity is fully as astonishing as the increased pauperism of the town, for which there are, besides, many causes to which we shall not now advert; such as, restrictions on trade, the bread-tax, and the burden of our immense and unequal taxation. We should be sorry to regard pauperism as a necessary consequence of prosperity. The remarks of the ministers of Kilmarnock, cited above, are applicable to Hawick, and to every town in the same condition. The increased manufactures of Hawick must have greatly tended to increase the rents of the heritors of this and the adjoining parishes, both by the demand for rural produce and for the wool employed in the manufactures. Nor have we a doubt that Hawick, from its position, and the facilities for employment to children, which the factories afford, is made to bear part of the burden which, under other regulations, should fall upon the neighbouring parishes from which destitute families, or such as are liable to sink into pauperism, remove. Nor are the people themselves free from blame, if we receive their character as it is given by the minister of the parish. They frequently marry improvidently; and a number of the operatives "work only as many days of the week as is necessary for gaining a bare livelihood;" which seems very singular, as they are not charged with intemperance. We can comprehend the desire and the necessity for fewer hours of labour in every week, but not for whole days of idleness. We are not told the rate of the wages of the manufacturers; but few of them can have deposits in the savings' banks: and the heads of families "frequently" desert their wives and children, leaving them totally unprovided for, a burden on the parish. Where this unnatural act occurs frequently, there must be something radically wrong in the social as well as in the moral state of the working people.

The town and parish of Galashiels, which might be expected to assimilate in condition to Hawick, is represented in a much more favourable aspect, as respects the habits of the operatives and the condition of the poor. The paupers are supported by an assessment, in addition to the church collection and occasional donations.

An objection which the minister of Galashiels expresses, and one which all Scotch ministers naturally feel, to assessments, is, that they tend to diminish *the Offering*, as the church collection is technically called. The amount of the Offering is a kind of test of the popularity of the preacher; who, besides, enjoys the patronage, or the doling of it out. In different parishes, the ministers have even attempted to do away with assessments, or, as the minister of Penicuick says, "to act on Dr Chalmers' views." In the particular instance of Penicuick, the kirk-session, that is, in other words, the minister, was thwarted. The assessment of Penicuick is now laid on the real, not the valued rent, and the poor are reported to be well managed, and receive from 5s. to 8s. a-month for their support.—The menace of legal assessment is occasionally held out to excite tardy heritors to co-operate with the kirk-sessions.

In Mauchline, a sort of legal assessment had been resorted to in 1770; but the £22 : 10 : 10, which the heritors gently laid on themselves and their tenants in aid of the church collections of £50, is considered by the minister, in his report in 1793, as quite inadequate to the wants of the poor. Even with the assessment, he alleges "that it must be obvious to everybody that, according to the present mode, the burden of maintaining the poor is most unequally divided: it falls almost entirely on tenants, tradesmen, servants, and charitable persons attending church; while other people, however rich, particularly non-residing heritors, contribute little or nothing to the charitable funds of the parish. Hence there is, in general, ample ground for the common observation, that '*It is the poor in Scotland who maintain the poor.*'" And this is quite as true as when this was said fifty years since. This is, indeed, according to some of its sentimental admirers, the very beauty of the system. The ministers of that period were often desirous of an equalized burden. Thus we find the minister of Burntisland describing £1 : 5 to £2 : 10s. a-year as very inadequate to the support of the poor fifty years ago, and suggesting an equal compulsory assessment, which could compel people to pay "according to their ability, whether inclined to be charitable or not."

We may glance for an instant at the comparative state of the labourers and paupers of one or two parishes, in 1793 and at the present time.

In Holywood, Dumfriesshire, the allowance to orphans and the infirm was, in 1793, £4 a-year, for which they were boarded out, when barley was 2s. 2d. and oats 1s. 10d., the Winchester bushel; meat of all kinds, namely, beef, lamb, veal, pork, of the best qualities, 3½d. a-pound, and butter 9d. the pound, of twenty-four ounces, and other articles in proportion. The wages of a labourer, in Holywood parish, were then 1s. a-day, from the 1st of March till the 1st of November, and 10d. in the winter months. Mowing was paid at 1s. 8d. a-day; women at peats 8d. Artisans had from 1s. 8d. to 2s. a-day. This rate of wages in 1793 is, in relation to the price of provisions, much higher than wages at present; and so was the parish allowance. The highest rate now given to two of the poor only is £4 : 4s., lowest, from 8s. to 14s. a quarter.

Since 1790, the rental of this parish has risen from £3,000 to £7,436. But it may be said that the low poor-rate must be owing to the increase of the number of paupers: we shall see. The paupers in a population of 736, who were in better circumstances than the working class can be now, when the price of provisions has advanced so much, and the price of labour remained nearly stationary, were fifteen. Now, in a population of 1066, there are only sixteen paupers, six of them above eighty years of age, and three above seventy, who are supported by voluntary charity. But, in addition to the above stated allowance, they get some coals in winter; making in all, by the General Assembly's report, £5 : 4s., for the highest rate, and, for the lowest £1 : 4s. With these facts, we need not farther point out in how much worse a condition both able-bodied labourers and paupers are in Holywood than they were fifty years ago; yet they were not well off then, and they had fairly entered upon potato diet. The whole fund for the maintenance of the destitute, infirm, impotent, or orphaned in Holywood, with its rental of £7,436, and its produce doubled, is £74 a-year; part of which is derived from former squeezings, ordinarily denominated surplus collections. The wages of labour, and the diet of the labourers, are not noticed in the New Statistical Account of the parish; so that we can only judge by the reports of the adjoining parishes. The low price of Irish labour, or the want of a poor law for Ireland, until it came almost too late to secure the desired advantages, has tended to depress wages over all Scotland, but especially in Dumfriesshire.

In former periods, when it was discovered that the "noble spirit of independence," which Scottish heritors cherish so fondly, had fairly driven the poor, in times of scarcity, to live upon nettles and *potatoes*, the alarmed parochial authorities rushed to the rescue. In the former Statistical Account, we read of a poor householder in the parish of Linton who was discovered living on "the root of famine;" against which hungry diet the Scottish peasantry long entertained a strong and just prejudice, partly because they had not discovered the immense quantity of potatoes* which must be consumed where they are the sole diet, or nearly so, and compared the unsatisfying quality of potatoes with the same bulk of oatmeal porridge. The poor householder's awful case was reported to the minister, who seems to have been prophet, priest, and king in the parish, and who permitted no paupers in his dominions. A supply of oatmeal, and a little port wine, were sent to the starving man, whose misfortune was, as we apprehend, not eating potatoes, but having too few potatoes to eat. He very graphically described his own condition:—"He had *an owercasting at his heart; and his lichts were aye ready to lose the flaff:*" still common symptoms, we are afraid, among the poor of Scotland. In the New Statistical Account, we find a gentleman attributing the decrease of ague in some localities, not to drainage, which is generally the cause assigned, but to the increased plenty in the daily diet of the poor from the use of potatoes. He does not advert to any cause for the increase of the famine-fever, typhus, among the poor. In the former Statical Account of the parish of Dornoch, we find the clergyman, whose opinions in favour of assessments we formerly quoted, after enumerating the diseases to which the poor were perpetually liable, saying, "*All this seems to arise from cold, poor diet, comfortless lodgings, and scanty fuel.*" The poor of Dornoch are still in the same condition.

Fifty years since, we find the minister of Kiltearn, in Ross-shire—a favourably situated, and even then a very productive, parish—complaining that the whole fund for the support of about 100 poor, in a parish in which there were, at the time, ninety-six widows, and of which the population were 1616, was but £15, from which something was deducted for official fees. "How small a relief can this afford," he observes, "when there are usually above 100 persons on the poors' list, with every claim to charity that indigence can give them?" We have no doubt whatever that the produce and rental of this parish must have increased in the same ratio as in the neighbouring parishes of Contin and Knockbain noticed below. Lying along the side of the Cromarty Frith, it possesses even greater local advantages than either of them. What now is the condition of its poor, of its present eighty-three paupers, under the voluntary system still flourishing? It is somewhat better than when the above complaint was made; for £20 : 4s. goes yearly to their support, or less than 4s. a-year each to those now on the roll.

In the end of the last century, in the rural parish of Oathlaw, in *Forfarshire*, in a population of 430, there were but two paupers, and these old women, widows. In that parish, in the quaint phrase of the parson, there were then "neither brewers, beggars, bankrupts, nor bastards;" and "*every family brewed their own ale.*" The present population is 533; a spinning mill has been erected, and a number of small farms have been thrown into large ones; the wages of day labourers is about 1s. 7d., and that of farm-servants, by the year, from £10 to £12, with an allowance of milk and meal. The value of the raw produce of the parish, is £10,717 : 19 : 6. In this parish £19 : 2s. is raised for the five paupers now on the roll, by church collections. There is, besides, interest on sums left to the poor, £9 : 10s.; but the expense of maintaining a foundling and a lunatic, making the present expense £41, the heritors have handsomely agreed to make up the deficiency, "so long as these expenses remain on the parish." There seem to be eight or nine heritors of Oathlaw, but only one of them is resident. It is probable that the annual value of the produce of this parish, has

* The quantity of potatoes which an Irish peasant is accustomed to consume, renders him a "mighty ater" when better diet comes in his way. The farmers of the south of Scotland remark that the Irish reapers are "ill to fill;" and the Scotch reapers dislike eating along with them where there is a common allowance.

been trebled, and it has certainly been doubled since the last Statistical Account was written; but the provision for the poor has, in no instance, in Scotland, kept anything like pace with the increase of produce and the rise of rent. Many speculative economists would pronounce the expectation that it should do so, erroneous and dangerous.

Of seventeen parishes in the Synod of Aberdeen which turn up to us in the Report to the Assembly, in about the same page, and which may be assumed as the average between the comparatively liberal allowances of the south and the wretched pittance with which human misery is mocked and tantalized in the north, not one is assessed. In some of them, the highest allowance to paupers on the permanent roll is under 9¼d. a-week, while the lowest vary from 1¼d. to 5d. a-week. In other words, the paupers are allowed at the highest rate £2 a-year; while the lowest class graduate from £1 down to 5s. 6d. a-year.

In the Synods of Moray and Ross, the average is much lower; and this before we approach the *Ultima Thule* of Sutherland and Caithness, Glenelg, &c. &c. We shall now give a few northern examples, chosen almost at random.

In KIRKHILL, a beautiful and fertile parish in the vicinity of Inverness, possessing many local advantages, and which has been under the fostering care of a hereditary succession of able and vigilant ministers, the highest allowance paid to permanent paupers—and we beg our readers to keep in mind how chary and reluctant kirk-sessions are to receive permanent paupers—is 14s. a-year; the lowest rate 6s. *Auldearn* in Nairnshire, the highest rate, 15s.; lowest, 3s. *Cawdor*, Nairnshire, highest allowance, £1; lowest, 5s. These are all unassessed, productive parishes, favourably situated, and immensely increased in rental, slowly as the provision for the destitute has crept on, or stationary as it may be.

On the other side of the Frith from the above places is Knockbain parish in Ross-shire, which may serve as a specimen of a parish in a state of rapid improvement; and where, as in almost all parishes north of the Forth, nothing from the beginning of time has ever been heard of in the shape of those compulsory assessments which "dry up the sources of charity in the hearts of the Christian people." Since the first Statistical Account was written, the real rental of the parish of Knockbain, in Ross-shire, has risen from £2,500 to £6,000. The proprietors are five, and three are resident. There are sixty-three paupers, including all classes, among whom are distributed £24 : 2 : 3 a-year, obtained by church collections and sessional dues. Could not that £6,000 a-year of real rental reasonably and safely afford a little more to assuage the misery of the aged labourers of this parish, those whose toil and sweat have reclaimed its wastes and moors, and helped so largely to raise it to its present prosperous condition? The proprietors here are Sir Colin Mackenzie, Sir James Mackenzie, Mr Mackenzie of Allangrange, &c. &c.

CONTIN, a neighbouring Ross-shire parish, also advantageously situated, affords a *pendant* to Knockbain. When the last Statistical Account was drawn out, the rental of Contin parish was £1400; it is now £6,000. Of eleven heritors, only one, and we believe by far the largest proprietor, resides—Sir George Mackenzie. In 1831, the population was 2,023; the persons to whom parochial aid is given, the paupers, amount to forty-three. They "are maintained entirely by church collections; which average £7 : 9s. a-year; and, with some trifle more of interest, and the residue of a former legacy, afford the paupers, on the average, 8s. a-year."*

The pastor of this parish does not repeat the stereotyped reply, that "the people enjoy a fair share of the comforts and advantages of society." He says, on the contrary, "Poverty has tended greatly to crush the social feelings of the people; they enjoy in a very limited degree the pleasures and advantages of society; yet they are, in general, not dissatisfied with their condition. . . . The poor do not apply for parochial relief until compelled by necessity, in any other case it is considered degradation." This is as it should be; yet what is the aid when obtained?—less than 2d. a-week. Surely such parishes and proprietors have been tried long enough on the Voluntary system. As in other parishes, there are in Contin, among the poor, a great majority of aged single women.

Of the parish of NIGG, in Ross and Cromarty, the raw produce is worth £16,380 a-year, and is probably quadrupled since the last Statistical Account was written. The population is 1404, of whom sixty-two permanent and occasional paupers receive £30; which, says the minister, "The heritors have of late years been induced to give to the poor, who have no indisposition to take,"—ay, probably a great deal more. There seems to be a feud between the heritors and kirk-session of this parish; and we may remark, what holds nearly universally, that, while the kirk-sessions chose to half-starve the poor in their own way, without seeking anything from the heritors, the latter rarely interfere with their proceedings; but as soon as any considerable assessment is resorted to, the heritors begin to look sharp; no longer trust to the entire management of the kirk-session, but appoint hired persons for the express purpose of managing the funds raised.—Let us return to a midland county.

Of KINETTLES, in Fifeshire, the population is 547; the gross rental, £4,353 : 4s.; and the expense of maintaining the paupers, "where public begging is unknown," exactly £28 : 6s. In viewing this enormous sum, the minister gravely remarks:—"In former times, the Scottish spirit could not brook the idea of seeking parochial relief; but this spirit of independence has now been pretty generally abated." What can have

* It was Mr Mackenzie of Muirton, an heritor of Contin, who seconded Mr Dempster's resolution, at the great Edinburgh meeting, for crushing any inquiry into the condition of the poor, sanctioned by Government.

abated it?—not, certainly, the amount of relief afforded, nor yet the knowledge that the destitute, the infirm and sick poor are legally entitled to a maintenance? May it not be the general poverty which has lowered the Scottish pride—nay, the extremity of suffering? The beauty of the niggardly Voluntary system is, that it crushes the feelings and degrades the spirit of the poor, without materially relieving their necessities, or operating favourably upon their habits.

Logie Pert.—Real rental, £5,000. Wages of labour, 1s. 4d. in winter—in summer, 1s. 8d.; wages of men at the spinning-mill from 10s. to 12s. a-week. Population, 1336. In this parish, fifteen paupers receive an average allowance of 1s. a-week; and fifteen more, occasional assistance, which comes to less than 6d. a-week. The maintenance of two idiot paupers costs £7 : 16s. each. In all £90 is raised for the poor, in church collections, seat-rents, mortcloth dues, &c. &c.; of all which dues and fines, it is to be borne in mind, that a considerable part comes from the poor themselves.

Parishes in circumstances like the above are so general, that the examples need not be multiplied. We therefore close them.

Lest it should be said that our northern selections are invidious and partial, we shall now endeavour to give as succinct an account as possible of the condition of the working classes and the destitute in a few more of those parishes of Scotland, which may be considered, from the improved agriculture, increased production, and rise of rent, as in highly favourable circumstances.

In Kirkpatrick Fleming, Dumfriesshire, where there is a compulsory assessment, the rental is £7,369, on which is levied £110, or 3½d. in the pound, for the maintenance of thirty paupers, out of a population of 1666 persons; but £30 additional are raised by the collection at the church door. Once for all, we would remark, that, in general, wherever legal assessments are introduced, the allowance to paupers seems rather more adequate to prove a help to the subsistence of a civilized being, in civilized society, than in the Voluntary parishes. We would also request attention to the large proportion of aged female paupers in all the rural parishes of the midland and southern counties, owing, in part, to the failure of hand-spinning and knitting, in consequence of the introduction of spinning-mills and stocking-frames, the discouragement of marriage caused among the considerate labourers, by the general poverty and the comparatively low rate of wages, and from destitute old men being more frequently harboured in the towns, whither they have gone in quest of employment, which feeble old women have no chance of finding, and so linger on in starvation.

In Dornock, in Dumfriesshire, there is a legal assessment, which must be considered moderate. The annual value of the raw produce of the parish is £11,450. The population is 752; of whom twenty-two are paupers, receiving, on the average, 1s. 1d. a-week, for which £66 is levied by the assessment; £11 being obtained by the church collection. This does not seem excessive in a parish in immediate contiguity with the pernicious example of England. Upon the real rental of £3,300, it is nett 4¾d. a-pound, or less than one-third of what is levied on the rate-payers of the city of Edinburgh, and not much more than a third of the poor-rate in all the towns where compulsory assessments are raised.

In one unassessed parish of Dumfriesshire, orphans and old infirm persons without relations are boarded out at the very reasonable rate of £4 a-year. Besides the parochial relief, paupers here receive "frequent supplies of food from charitable well-disposed persons." That is, for want of a compulsory assessment the burthen is shifted from the shoulders of those who should bear it, and who are best able to bear it, and laid upon their more generous neighbours.

The rent of Torthorwald parish, was, at the period of the last Statistical Account, £1850; it is now £4,765: but the farmers do not appear to have thriven along with the farms. "Then," says their minister, "most of them were saving money; but at present very few of them can do more than maintain their families and pay their rents." The Marquis of Queensberry and Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, are the only heritors, and neither of them reside in the parish. In 1791, the population was 660. It is now 1320, or just doubled. At the earlier period, there were five paupers; now there are twenty-one, of whom seventeen are old women. At the early period, the five paupers got only £1 : 2s. each; but, at that time, as the minister, who seems to have much consideration for the poor, remarks, "Lint was grown in the district, and spinning gave profitable employment to many persons, and particularly to old women, and enabled them, in a great measure, to maintain themselves." For the spinning of former times, the elderly female peasantry (those who, while young and vigorous, could, when employed, earn 10d. or 8d. a-day at hay, turnips, or harvest work) have now no substitute; and how is it possible, that these women, from their early industry, and with almost invariably aged parents, or orphan nieces and nephews to assist, can make any provision for old age? The twenty-one paupers of the present day, of whom seventeen are females, receive, on the average, £1 : 17 : 1¾ each; to which the two non-resident proprietors do not appear to contribute one farthing from their increased rental, or ever to have contributed. The £39 distributed among the four male and seventeen aged female paupers in the parish, where rent has risen so much, comes from the church collection, and the interest of bequests made to the poor. Wages here, and over all Dumfriesshire, are rather low; provisions are at the same rate as in the town of Dumfries. The poor people of Torthorwald have the advantage of being near the Lochar Moss, where, by their own exertions, they may obtain fuel cheaply; but to counterbalance this comes house-rent; and the obser-

vations of the minister of Torthorwald applies to many places in Scotland. "The yearly rent of labourers' cottages, is from £1 to £5 a-year. Those at the lowest rent are miserable hovels; and the rent of the best, places them beyond the reach of labourers, or even common tradesmen." When the last Statistical Account was written, the rent of such cottages was, on the average, 13s. The modern rent alone of a tolerably comfortable dwelling, would cost a fourth part of the whole yearly income of the modern tenant.

KIRKMAHOE, a highly improved and productive parish, immediately adjoining Dumfries, may be presumed favourably situated as respects the labouring class. The population of the parish in 1831, was 1601. The number of paupers on the roll is twenty-eight; but, fifty years ago, when the population was much less, the number was twenty-two; so that pauperism has either been kept down by a process of compression, well known to kirk-sessions, or from less stringent causes. There is no assessment; but from the church collections, and that blessed relief of the oppressed Scottish heritors, whose faces are grinded by the poor—the interest of mortified money, taken altogether, the paupers receive, on the average, nearly a shilling a-week. The rental of this parish is from £9,000 to £10,000, of which not a farthing has ever gone to the support of the main producers, when fallen into infirmity, destitution, and old age. Yet the poor of this locality are waxing rather audacious, according to the report of their pastor; and "Some poor persons have been heard to say, The rich are obliged to maintain the poor." He, however, on the other hand, insinuates a threat of impending assessment, if the absentee proprietors do not voluntarily contribute their mite. As a *bonne bouche*, we have reserved the parish of St Mungo, which its worthy pastor seems to consider quite a model parish for the proper management of the poor.

PARISH OF ST MUNGO, DUMFRIESSHIRE.—The real rental of this parish, in 1746, was £378; in 1794, it had risen to £1800. It is now £4,000. When the last Statistical Report was drawn up, there was a population of 640, of whom eight were paupers. There are now 791 of a population, of which twelve persons are paupers. But the kirk-sessions of Scotland have an infallible recipe for depressing the number of paupers. They, according to the Scottish proverb, "cut their coat according to their cloth;" and their cloth is scant. In St Mungo the sole support of the occasional paupers—for it is boasted that no permanent paupers are admitted on the roll—arises from the church collections. Not a sixpence is levied from the ten times increased, the £4,000 real rental. But we shall use the words of the worthy incumbent, who should best understand the subject, having first mentioned that St Mungo is one of those parishes still but recovering from that state of painful transition occasioned by the ejectment of the small tenants, and the consolidation of farms. The minister notices, "that one tenant, at present, rents a farm, which, not many years since, gave employment to six tenants and their families." But, notwithstanding the condition of matters which this fact indicates, he states that "no individual has ever had adjudged to him a regular aliment; and, when such is given, the pauper is allowed 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per week;" which fund arises, as we have stated, wholly from church collections, amounting to £22 a-year. The small sums allowed are laid out at the discretion of the kirk-session, in house rent, in giving work to poor women, or in educating the children of the so-called paupers; and "direct payment in money from the sessional funds" is never resorted to, if possible. In this parish destitute poor women are occasionally employed "in gathering stones, and filling carts on the parish roads, at a fixed rate, and, in all probability, at a very low rate; and labourers employed on these roads are paid 2d. a-day below the usual price of labour, "to make the fund last as long as possible," and to get, it might be added, as much parish work as possible done below the ordinary rate of wages, thus injuring all the other labourers in the neighbourhood. The opportunities which the labouring poor of St Mungo have to lay by in youth a provision for old age may be gathered from the rate of wages, which, for male labourers, is 1s. 2d. a-day in summer, and 1s. in winter; for women, 8d. a-day in summer, and 7d. in winter; of course, without food. Fuel is dear in this parish; and St Mungo seems to be placed under a singular by-law, the heritors being the legislature, and the Executive the minister; which law we consider not a little questionable. It is certainly not the law of Scotland. Though the said heritors are not legally burthened one farthing for the support of the poor, they have, in his own words, "empowered the minister to object to any individual or family acquiring a residence in the parish, whom he might judge likely to become a burthen upon it;" a strange enactment in the peculiar circumstances, but one upon which the minister has acted so effectually, that he is now enabled to boast that the system operates so well that, during his incumbency, "The poor have been not only *comfortably* (?) supported, without any aid from heritors, but he has laid up a sum which, under judicious management, will render any assessment for the poor unnecessary." The minister of St Mungo is entitled to the thanks of all the heritors of Scotland. When destitute persons from that parish are found burthening the charitable, or swelling the ranks of pauperism in other parishes and towns, the law of the parish ought not to be forgotten. Let any one seriously consider the condition of this one parish, held up by its clergyman as a pattern, and say if a compulsory assessment is not required for its poor? or if there would be any hardship or danger in a small per centage being levied on the vastly increased real rental of the parish, to mitigate still farther the sufferings of "extreme age or hopeless disease," to which we must consider 1s. 6d. a-week totally inadequate? Again we inquire, does £22 a-

year, raised by voluntary contribution at the church door, bear any proportion to the increase of the rental of the parish? or, what is more to the purpose, do the wages of labour bear any proportion to the rise of provisions and of rent? And how is the equilibrium to be maintained? That rate of wages, it will be remembered, is 1s. 2d. in summer, and 1s. in winter. The minister of St Mungo in one place remarks—"The changes affecting the population of this parish are the union of small farms, the pulling down of cottages by the lairds, the exhausted state of peat-mosses, the high price of coals, and the general use of agricultural machinery." And to meet and alleviate all those enduring or temporary hardships come the £22 a-year of voluntary charity, and the labour on the parish roads, at which the poor find temporary employment at 2d. a-day below the low rate of wages known in St Mungo. But the work-people of St Mungo, also, are said "to enjoy a *full share* of the comforts of life; and, not *meddling with politics*, they are quite contented with their condition." We should have great doubts either as to their fair share of the comforts of life, or their perfect contentment; dull, torpid, and ignorant of their true interests and rights as ignorance and poverty may have rendered them. The minister of St Mungo makes another singular admission. The purity of morals, even after his long incumbency, is not remarkable. There are frequent instances of unlawful intercourse among the sexes in St Mungo, which we should not have noticed, save that their minister says, "They justify their practices on principle." They are, however, not very deeply imbued with the vice of poaching, save salmon in the river Annan,—which article, in spite of acts of Parliament, the Scotch cannot be taught to consider as property. The peasantry of Great Britain must be at a loss to decide whether the illicit intercourse of the sexes, pilfering, or poaching, is to be considered as the greatest sin; though, from the established relations between crime and punishment, they ought to regard poaching as by far the most heinous breach of the moral law. The minister of St Mungo seems to regret exceedingly the disuse of the penitential sackcloth, the black-stool, and the iron collar or gorget padlocked round the neck of the offender in church; and the fines for "even allowing a shirt to remain drying on a hedge during the Sabbath." "It was the holy discipline of our church," he adds, "which counteracted the tendency of the Book of Sports to heathenize that sacred day in Scotland." Altogether, the social and religious state of St Mungo is a study to the statist and the philanthropist. Pauperism is well kept under, but destitution and immorality abound, and the latter is "justified on principle."

Were "perambulating commissioners" to collect facts by local examination, we apprehend that the wages of labour would be found, upon the whole, considerably lower in Scotland than is generally imagined; and that the entire means of labourers' families are not comparatively larger, if they be not positively less, than they were forty years since, when the wife of a married labourer appears, by a calculation frequent in the former Statistical Account, to have contributed to the gains of the family about 1s. 6d. a-week, by spinning and harvest work. The present minister of Largo states of his parishioners—"It argues well for their prudence and management, that with wages, as frequently happens, not exceeding 6s. or 7s. a-week, they are able to clothe, educate, and feed their families, pay their house-rent, and defray the necessary expenses. Their kindness to each other in distress, it is always gratifying to witness." The stipend of the minister, exclusive of an excellent house, averages about £300 a-year. The ill-paid emoluments of the parochial schoolmaster are about £55, and those of the two other schoolmasters in the parish about £40 a-year. This great disparity between the emoluments of the schoolmaster and of the clergyman is common to every Scottish parish; not that we consider the rural clergy of Scotland as by any means extravagantly paid, while the schoolmasters are certainly underpaid; though one can imagine that, on what would be considered poor wages by a London mechanic, they may still live. But by what process of calculation are we to apportion, in our wealthy and luxurious society, the wages of the labourers, the six or seven shillings, so as to meet the many calls upon it, and leave something against the days of sickness, and the infirmities of old age?

In the former Statistical Account, the clergyman often allotted the income of the labourer, and sometimes even shewed a saving at the end of the year.* In the New Statistical Account, so far as we have noticed, no clergyman has attempted this delicate office. In the above-mentioned parish of Largo, forty individuals, on the average, and of the class who maintain their families so respectably on their small wages, while in health and employment, eventually become paupers, out of a population of 2,567; and receive, as their average allowance, 1s. a-week, from a fund raised by church-door collections and mortcloth dues. The number of fatuous and insane paupers in this parish is remarkably large; and considerable sums have been, of late, collected *voluntarily* for their support; that is to say, relatively to the rest of Scotland, these sums are considerable: for, on the rental of the parish, the burthen is light indeed; and "the heritors," in the opinion of the minister, "most wisely refrain from resorting to legal assessments."

With one or two facts, gleaned from the late Report to the General Assembly, we shall close this article. The terror of assessment had led to the impression that, in assessed parishes, the number of the permanent paupers must be larger than in the unassessed parishes, where the rate

* These frugal documents are, in their way, great curiosities. They argue very little benefit to the excise and customs, and still less to manufactures, from the agricultural families. The total expenditure of such families, ranged at from £17 to £23.

allowed is so much smaller, as not to be worth asking. The very reverse is the fact. The paupers are fewer in the assessed parishes.

The average number of paupers, to the whole population of Scotland, is rather under three and a-half per cent.; and is lowest in the assessed parishes. But the rate of allowance to paupers in the assessed parishes is nearly triple that of the non-assessed parishes; the former being £2 : 14 : 9, the latter £1 : 0 : 4 a-year. In the legally assessed parishes, the burden of the rate to each individual of the population is still only 1s. $4\frac{5}{12}$d. Let us not be unduly alarmed.

Four times the number of children are put to school at the expense of the parish, in the assessed than in the non-assessed parishes; and, consequently, much more interest is taken in these parishes, to form the children of the poor to habits of virtue and industry. This attention is another argument for legal assessment, deducible from the General Assembly's Report. In assessed parishes, education is, to some extent, employed as a preventive against incipient pauperism; and, whatever be the motive, the effect must be good.

One of the most remarkable facts elicited by this and other Reports, is the increased value of landed property, and the rise of real rental as compared with the *valued* rent in Scots money. *A pund Scots*, or twentypence sterling, has now risen to £1, £2, £3, £4, £5, sterling; and, in some situations, to much more. Scotland can no longer be called a poor country, though possessed of much less accumulated and diffused wealth than England, where commerce is of old existence. It is richer, as is observed by Dr Alison, than Wales; where the rate paid by each individual of the population for the support of paupers is five times more than in Scotland, and yet is not complained of. Considered in its agriculture, Scotland is now absolutely rich.

Of those who have gone along with us through the Statistical Returns of the condition of the poor in a fair selection of the parishes of Scotland, some may conclude that no farther inquiry is necessary; that the report of the Scottish clergy, the administrators of the existing poor law, is quite sufficient to prove the necessity of a change of the system in principle and in practice. Others, with whom we agree in opinion, will feel the necessity, in the first place, of an immediate, searching, and impartial inquiry; which can no more be efficiently conducted by the ministers and heritors of parishes, than any inquiry whatever by parties strongly interested. In the Report to the Government, lately made by the General Assembly, and in the Statistical Account, all the information is elicited which heritors and clergy are ever likely to give, if they be not brought before another open tribunal, and cross-questioned and sifted. In the meanwhile, their own spontaneous statements make out a strong case, in unveiling a system pregnant with every one of those evils which a well-considered poor law is meant to prevent or alleviate; namely, extensive and extreme destitution among the innocent as well as the improvident and profligate; mendicancy, vagrancy, recklessness of all moral restraint, juvenile delinquency, disease, and crime. The Statistical Account proves another fact: that the increase of the poor-rates in Scotland has nothing like kept pace with the national increase of wealth, and consequently not with the ability to pay them. That the poor-rates, or voluntary contributions for the destitute, never, at any time, bore any fair proportion to those means, is for future consideration.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MONTROSE.*

Those who are acquainted with Mr Napier's former work, "Montrose and the Covenanters," do not require to be told of his high-flown High-Church and Divine-Right ideas, or that his extravagant prejudice against the Presbyterians, which might be mischievous if not pushed to, and beyond, the verge of absurdity, is hence harmless or simply ludicrous. The present publication is essentially the former work, but corrected and improved by the addition of a great deal of curious original matter.

It is an unavoidable calamity that, when the seamy side of any tissue of grand historical events is turned to the light, there must, in general, be considerable abatement or qualification of our enthusiastic admiration for even the greatest and purest of public characters. It is, however, the duty of the candid and impartial historian to shew us the men as they were, and not as party-spirit and the eulogies of biographers represent them. Mr Napier is, we are afraid, the very antipode of a candid and impartial historian. His party-spirit is delightfully vehement: one really sympathizes with his intense hatred of the Covenanters and rebels, were it but for the sake of an emotion; and his eulogy is so cordial in its extravagance, that it is impossible not to participate, for the moment, in the feeling which it breathes.

Among the original documents, which Mr Napier has obtained, is the Diary of Sir Thomas Hope, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, during the troubles in the reign of Charles I. He considers the publication of the entire manuscript, which is the property of Sir John Hope of Pinkie, a desideratum in the national literature; and if the whole is to be judged by the rare specimens given, Mr Napier is certainly in the right. The character of the Lord Advocate himself is a study, from the incongruous mixture of worldliness and fanaticism, zeal and timidity, spiritual pride, and the flesh rebelling against the spirit. Mr Napier, with several original papers of inferior value, has obtained a MS. history of Montrose's times, written by Patrick Gordon of Cluny, who

* "The Life and Times of Montrose." By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate. Pp. 587; with Portraits and Autographs.

lived at the period. The Lord Advocate had a numerous family of sons, who enjoyed each a good appointment or fair estate; and throve amidst the national distractions, like so many young Hannibals, not a little indebted for their worldly prosperity, as their worthy father imagined, to his prayers. The Lord Advocate was a zealous and apparently a most sincere supporter of the Presbyterian Church; and, if not the enlightened friend of civil liberty, he was at least the bitter enemy of Episcopacy; yet cautious withal, and often in sore pinches between the Kirk and the King. When civil dudgeon grew rampant, and the two parties got into actual collision, the Lord Advocate began to be favoured with visions and revelations, as if he had been a gifted divine, instead of a mere lawyer and statesman. The civil war had broken out; about 500 members of the College of Justice, "lords" included, had taken pike and halbert, and attended the *Wappenschaw*. The King was coming northward; he was heard of as at York, at Newcastle, at Berwick. A meeting of the Council and of "the Session" was summoned in haste; and, that night, the Lord Advocate had his first revelation, which he thus relates:—

"*Words spoken and heard on 3d April 1639, in the morning.* Item, as I awakened on Wednesday in the morning I fell in an earnest in-calling of the Lord, that his Majesty* would pity his people, and vindicate them from the power and rage of their adversaries, and would establish the glory of his blessed truth in the land. And while I was praying, these words were spoken, but whether by me or some other I dare not say, but the words were,—'*I will preserve and save my people.*' Whereupon I awakened out of my drowsiness: for I was not sleeping, but as it were oppressed with grief and tears, till these words were spoken, and certainly heard by me. Blessed be God who has a care of his own. And I asked my wife if she heard any speaking? Who said, not; and I told her what I heard."

The Advocate was a *juste milieu* politician, though a stanch Presbyterian. He admired the "*happy middis*," a phrase of peculiar beauty and force; and trimmed at the public conferences to the best of his ability, though he never compromised *the* Kirk.

The visions of the Advocate thickened as the political horizon darkened. After news of the skirmish called "The Trot of Turiff," we find him entering in his diary—

"18th May, Saturday, 1639. This day in the morning, I, lying in my bed betwixt five and six, and, upon the grief of the report of the disaster in the north, pouring forth my heart to the Lord in prayer, and saying 'Lord pity thy pure kirk, for there is no help in man,' I heard a voice saying to me, as I did hear it of before on third April last, '*I will pity it*,'—for which I blessed the Lord, and believe that it shall be as my Lord has now twice spoken to me."

Sir Thomas did not, however, lack spirit. He and his family prepared for the worst. When the King was marching northward from England, and the loyal barons of Scotland were taking arms for the royal cause; while Leslie, and our author's hero, Montrose, led the troops of the Covenant; we find the Advocate arming his family and securing his valuables:—

"12th April 1639, Friday. Lent to my son, Mr James, my sword and twa pistols.

"22d April 1639. *Petronell.* Given to my son Sir Thomas [Kerse] my petronell or carabin, indentit of rowat work, reserving the use thereof to myself when I call for it.

"4th May. This night the two iron kists, with the writs and evidents being therein, put in the laigh sellar volt,—for eschewing of fire; and commits the rest to the Lord.

"18th May. *Long Carabin.* Lent to John [Craighall] my long carabin, of rowat work all indentit; with the brace, iron key, and gold string, gotten from Mr John Elles.

"20th May. *Little Carabin.* Given to my son Charles my little rowat carabin of mother o' pearl stock, to be usit by him when I have not ado therewith; but to be ready when I call for it.

"*Contribution.* Given to her 5 rosnobles for the contribution to the common cause made by women.

"23d May. 2 *Pistols.* Coft from Andrew Anderson in Cowper, 2 pistols, and given therefor two double angels."

These were exciting times; and a brave spirit was abroad among the people, worthy of any cause. The Rev. Robert Baillie, the contemporary chronicler of the passing events, who has incurred the especial dislike of Mr Napier, gives an account of the arming of the Presbyterians, and of the spirited part he took in the movement, which will still rouse the Presbyterian heart like a trumpet:—

"He says, 'I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was *resolved to die* in that service, *without return*. I found the favour of God shining upon me, and a sweet, meek, humble, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me all along; but I was no sooner on my way westward, after the conclusion of the peace, than my old security returned. . . . They saw we were not to be boasted, and that before we would be roasted with a lent-fire by the hands of churchmen, who kept themselves far a-back from the flame, we were resolved to make about through the reek, to get a grip of some of these who had first kindled the fire, and still lent fuel to it, and *try if we could cast them in the midst of it*, to taste if that heat was pleasant when it came near their own shins."

This zealous divine was not slack in seizing the carnal weapon. He proceeds:—

"I furnished to half-a-dozen of good fellows muskets and pikes, and to my boy a broad sword. I carried myself, as the fashion was, a sword, and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle, but, I promise, for the offence of no man, except a robber in the way; for it was our part alone to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did to my power most cheerfully." "Had you lent your ear in the morning, or especially at even, and heard in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture, ye would have been refreshed;—true, there was swearing, and cursing, and brawling in some quarters, whereat we were grieved: but we hoped, if our camp had been a *little settled*, to have gotten some way for these misorders."

But the favoured Lord Advocate's Diary is yet more curious. The third time in which he had a direct revelation was in this wise:—The King was now at Dunse; and those negotiations were proceeding which led to the hollow pacification of Berwick:—

"*Words heard*, 3. 29th May, 1639, Edinburgh. About midaight, as I was regretting to the Lord the calamities of his kirk, and humbly praying his Majesty to arise to the help thereof, and with tears begging till I became drowsy, I heard these words,—'*I will arise*;' and within half hour the horn blew with a packet. Item, I went away toward Haddington to meet with the Earl of Rothes, but he was gone to Dunbar; whereupon I went to Beall, where I staid till 6th June. And on 6th June, being Thursday, I went by Lammermuir toward Berwick by the convoy of one William Wauchop; and came about twelve hours of the day to Foulden, where I was most courteously entertained by John Wilkie and his lady, and abode with them till 20th June, at which time I returned to Edinburgh.

* Meaning the Almighty.

"On Friday 7th June, I kissed his majesty's hand, and had conference with his majesty on Monday the 10th, and on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, as my note thereupon will testify.

"*Words heard*, 4. On 8th June, lying in my bed betwixt 1 and 2 in the morning, I was pouring forth my heart to the Lord, and in so great necessity, *being to speak with the king*, I said, 'my Lord, will not thy Majesty help and assist me?' And I heard a voice saying, '*I will, doubt not.*'

"*Words*, 5. Item, at Foulden on 14th June, which was Friday, 1639, being anxious in spirit for the event and success of God's cause, I heard this voice, '*Let me work it.*'

"Item, on Saturday the 15th June the articles were presented, and the noblemen got a kiss of his majesty's hand.

"*Words*, 6. Item, at Foulden 16th June, 1639, being Sunday, I being pressing the Lord *for the good king*, and humbly praying for the accomplishment of God's work, I heard this voice, '*I have done it.*'

"Item, on Tuesday 18th June, the articles of peace were subscribed.

"*Vow to my good God.* Item, this day in the morning, I being in a deep meditation of God's favour to the public good for his kirk, and in it to me his poor servant, I vowed to my Lord (in respect of the great temptations offered to me by calamities,* and otherwise by some of my own whom I name not,) I vowed, I say, to restrain my sudden passion, and to compose my mind by God's grace to patience and equanimity, and to remit all to the Lord; which I pray God I may keep.

"20th June 1639. On Thursday 20th June, I came from Foulden about 5 in the morning, and came to Edinburgh about 4 afternoon."

The Advocate often renewed his vows; his hatred of Prelacy was as decided as it was conscientious; though it is quite probable that he was unconsciously influenced by the circumstances which had first raised him to distinction as a lawyer. These were undertaking the defence of the ministers who had been brought to trial and banished, more than thirty years before, for publicly maintaining, what a large party in the Kirk are doing at this moment, that the King in Council, or the civil power, possesses no jurisdiction in ecclesiastical affairs. His courage in coming forward when no other advocate would venture to offend the powers that were, by undertaking the defence of the ministers, must have put Mr Hope on good terms with himself, while it secured him the favour of the national party, and ultimately led to his advancement. We must term the Presbyterian the national party, whatever Mr Napier may think, and though we are far from pretending to vindicate its every act and every leader.

It is not improbable that the phrase, *True Blue* Presbyterian, had its origin in the following custom, noticed by Gordon of Straloch, a loyalist who negotiated with Montrose, then the covenanters' commander, on the part of Huntly and the defeated royalists in the north:—

"At this time likewise, the Covenanters began to wear and take for their colours blew ribbons, which they carried about them scarf-wise, or as some orders of knighthood wear their ribbons. *This was Montrose's whimsies.* To these ribbons ordinarily the cavalry did append their spanners for their firelocks, and the foot had them stuck up in bushes in their blue caps; which device seemed so plausible, that when the army marched towards the border some short time afterwards, many of the gentry threw away their hats, and would carry nothing but bonnets, and bushes of blue ribbons or pannashes therein, in contempt of the Englishers, who disdainfully called them blew caps and jockeys."*

One of Sir Thomas Hope's sons, Mr, afterwards Sir, Alexander, was attached to the court as grand carver; which tended yet farther to perplex his worthy sire, though he was still comforted and sustained by his visions—

"*Words heard 12th October 1640, Monday.* This day, being grieved for the report of the division in the camp, occasioned by the Earl of Montrose, I was humbly supplicating the Lord, and remembering the words which I heard 22d September 1639. And, after falling in a slumber, I seemed to hear these words: '*Ask still, and the end shall be glorious.*' And after waking and blessing the Lord, I fell in a slumber again, and heard these words: '*And you shall see it.*' The Lord in mercy perform it in his own good time!"

Sometimes the advocate's visions took the most appalling form. Impeachment, high treason, dungeons, chains and the block congregated around his pillow. His alarm was often great, and, it is also probable, that his suppers were sometimes heavy. Among his vows is this—

"*Vow.* This day I vowed to my Lord humility, patience, abstinence, sobriety; and not to eat but one kind of meat at dinner; and not above two drinks of wine. The Lord give me grace to perform it!" . . . .

"22d June 1643. This night I thought that a tooth, which was loose, fell out of my gums, and that I took it in my hand, and kept it, thinking to have set it in again. And it seemed to me so real, that when I awakened I thought it really true. These repeated dreams portend some calamity to me or mine. But I have resolved to submit myself to my good Lord, and to adore his providence; and the Lord give me his grace to bear it patiently!"

"25 June 1643. Sunday at night I dreamt that while I was pulling on my left boot, both the tags of it broke. The Lord prepare me." . . . . . .

"3 Dec. 1644. Sunday. This day report came of a meteor seen at London on 19th November, being Tuesday, and the birthday of King Charles, viz. three suns seen in the morning (after the sun was above the horizon half an hour,) one be-east the body of the sun, and the other be-north the body of the sun, so bright as they could not be looked on; and above the sun itself a rainbow, with the back thereof to the sun, and the horns of it towards the north pole, or near our zenith; and this apparition did continue full two hours. This portends strange and fearful events. The Lord make us ready!"

Never shall we have such another Lord Advocate! Sir Thomas makes the reader quite overlook the hero of the tale, and that picturesque narrative which, we fear, proves that the task of shewing the gallant Montrose to have been either a pure patriot or a great statesman, or in any respect a consistent character, is a hopeless one; or else his zealous champion would have accomplished it. If there be any feeling more predominant in Mr Napier's mind than adoration of the King, and enthusiasm for Montrose, it is bitter, unmitigated hatred of Argyle. He recounts the exploits of the barbarous clans in devastating Argyle's country, with as much exultation as if he were one of Montrose's old captains, and the fellow soldier of

* The advocate had little to complain of in that way. He and all his sons were most prosperous.—*Note by Mr Napier.*

* Spalding thus notices "Montrose's whimsies:"—"Few or none of his haill [whole] army wanted a blue ribbin hung about his craig [neck], down under his left arm, which they called the *Covenanters' ribbin.* But the Lord Gordon, and some other of the marquis's bairns and family, when he was dwelling in the toun, had a ribbin of a red flesh colour, which they wore in their hats, calling it the *royal ribbin*, as a sign of their love and loyalty to the king; in despight and derision whereof this blue ribbin was worn and called the *Covenanters' ribbin*, by the haill soldiers of the army, and would not hear of the *royal ribbin*,—such was their pride and malice."

Dugald Dalgetty. As a specimen of a style into which passion and partisanship throw great animation, we extract the following account of the raid into Argyle's country, which is in substance taken from a manuscript in the possession of the family of Macdonald of Clanranald :—

No sooner, however, had Argyle thus extricated himself from his dangerous commission, than the intelligence that Montrose had passed through Breadalbane, and was "preying and burning" Glen Urchy, caused him to hurry to his celebrated stronghold of Inverary, totally inaccessible, as he supposed, to any army in the world,—where he meant to summon the whole race of Diarmed, to make head against his dreaded rival.

Although our hero failed in his spirited attempt to surprise Argyle at Dunkeld, his march across the mountains was not fruitless. At the castle of Blair in Athol, their original rendezvous, he was joined by his major-general, Allaster Macdonald; who, to his great delight, brought along with him John of Moidart, the captain of Clanranald, with five hundred of that sept. Allaster had been most successful in this recruiting expedition. He and the gallant captain just named had marched together to the braes of Lochaber, where Macdonnell of Keppoch (called also Donald Glas MacRanald), the loyal chief of the country, joined them with his men. To these were added the Stewarts of Appin, the men of Knoidart, and of Glengarry (whose chief had not yet joined), the clan Ian of Glenco, the laird of Glenevis, the Camerons from the western side of the Lochy, and the Farquharsons from Braemar. When this seasonable force joined the royal lieutenant, the winter having set in, he immediately held a council of war, in order to fix upon their quarters. His own idea was to make a descent upon the low country, and take up their abode, during the severity of the season, in the richest districts of Scotland. But he was surrounded by those who were for the most part actuated by a personal desire to be avenged of the tyrannical Argyle; and accordingly a foray in the Highlands was eagerly proposed by all. To this the marquis himself was not slow to assent; only he desired to know, from those eagles of the north, if it would be possible to find provisions and lodging for the army. A native of Glenco, named Angus MacAilen Duibh, (distinguished as a soldier of enterprise, and a deadly marksman,) was sent for, and questioned on these points. "There is not," said he, "a farm, or half a farm, under MacCallin, but what I know every foot of it; and if good water, tight houses, and fat cows will do for you, there is plenty to be had." Thus encouraged, Montrose determined, although it was now the month of December, to turn the ardour of the clans towards accomplishing that blow at the power of Argyle, which he well knew would be the most effective means of furthering his own more extensive scheme. This was to redeem the king's affairs and save the monarchy; and the writers who attribute his attack upon that chief to the dictates of his personal feeling, have not traced the history or studied the character of the noble Graham.

At the head of this devoted body of Gael, he set out on one of his most daring and arduous adventures. The clans marched from the braes of Athol to Menzies-Appin, which they destroyed; from thence to the head of Loch Tay, down both sides of which they pursued their fiery course. Burning and seizing booty, in the enemy's country, was the only system of war known to a Highland army of the period, and upon this occasion it was vigorously pursued. Some of these clans, though acknowledging Montrose for their commander, acted very independently of him in various excursions during their retributive visit to the dependencies of Argyle. John of Moidart and the Clanranald, with some of the men of Keppoch, were the most active on these detours from the line of march; and upon one occasion they returned to the camp with 1000 head of cattle. In his progress the marquis was joined by the clan Gregor and the MacNabs; and thus accompanied, he marched directly upon Inverary.

There, like a spider in his retreat, "Gillespic Grumach" himself was now dwelling, busied with the arrangements for the meeting of his sept, which he had already summoned to a rendezvous. He is said to have declared, that he would rather lose a hundred thousand crowns than that any mortal should know the passes by which it was possible for an armed force to penetrate this country, even in the middle of summer. The month of December was now far advanced, when the herdsmen rushed down from the mountains with the astounding intelligence that Montrose was within a few miles of the castle. Not a moment longer did the cautious chief of Diarmed trust to his stronghold. Scarcely knowing whither to fly, he threw himself into a fishing-boat and escaped by sea; leaving his friends, and the whole of his country, to the mercy of the enemy. The royal lieutenant, upon whose head he had set a price, burnt all of Inverary that was combustible; and thus, in the outset of his campaign, taught Scotland the important lesson, that "King Campbell," as he was sometimes called, was no more impregnable at home than he was invincible abroad. His army marched in three divisions, of which he himself commanded one, while another was led by Allaster Macdonald, and the third by John of Moidart. Thus he traversed, by separate routes, the whole district; which was wasted,—even as Argyle had wasted Athol and the braes of Angus, and burnt the "bonny house of Airlie." The clans laid the whole face of the country in ashes, killing all whom they met marching to Inverary (amounting, it is said, to 895 men-at-arms,) sweeping of its flocks and herds every valley, glen, and mountain, that owned the sway of Mac Cailinmor; nor did they cease from their work of vengeance till near the end of January.

While our hero was thus solving the problem of "the far cry to Lochow," the parliament met at Edinburgh on the 7th of January 1645.

The Battle of Inverlochy, and the events which preceded and followed it, are narrated in the same Froissart-like strain: the age of chivalry is revived in these pages. Ian Lom Macdonnel, the bard of Keppoch, acted as a spy to Montrose, and led him over the mountains to Inverlochy, when Argyle had followed him into Lochaber; and Ian Lom afterwards celebrated the victory in Gaelic song, which is here embalmed by Mr Napier in Saxon verse. Better we like the Advocate's account of the Battle of Inverlochy :—

"8 February 1645.—This day, being Saturday, in the morning, word came of a defeat given by the Irish and the Earl of Montrose to that part of our army which was led by the Laird of Auchinbreck, in Lochaber. *God be merciful to us!* Thereafter the word came, that this conflict was fought on Sunday 2d February 1645, and that the hail body of our army was there, and the Marquis of Argyle in person; and that there was killed and taken of our army, one thousand and five hundred men; and that the Lord Auchinbreck was either slain or taken, and the marquis fled to Inverara. The Lord be merciful to this poor kirk and kingdom, for this is a sad and heavy stroke!"

Mr Napier attempts, very unsuccessfully, as we think, to defend the memory of Montrose from the charge of cruelty in the affair of Dunottar. He attempts to shew that the noble person meant was not Montrose but the Earl Marischal, because Montrose is not called *Marquis*, but "the Erle;" but it must be remembered it was only as Earl that Montrose was ever known in Scotland; and what is more common in this day than to speak of a Marquis as Lord this or the other? The proof against him rests on surer ground, on the impossibility of the beleagured Earl Marischal being within speech of the miserable people praying for mercy to the royalist commander who had devoted them to destruction, for the sins of their landlord, "his covenanting lady," and the sixteen ministers shut up with them. At this very time Montrose is described

in the Lord Lyon's notes, as "James Graham, sometime *Earl* of Montrose;" and Mr Napier himself exultingly describing his ravaging and burning the country of Argyle, and the clans who followed him laying waste the whole country with fire and sword, indirectly confirms the charge of cruelty. There was now no longer reason to blame Montrose "for too great leniency." After Montrose had escaped to Norway, we find the General Assembly recommending care to be taken of the education of James Graham, son of James Graham, sometime *Earl* of Montrose."* Against the accusations of Brodie, Hallam, and Godwin, the defence is not merely lame but abortive. Mr Napier attacks Malcolm Laing for saying that the wars of Montrose were "waged by banditti," while the character of the Irish soldiers, and his own account of the *orsaghs* and plundering propensities of the clans, make good the charge.† It is not wonderful to see him attacking Bishop Burnet, since he condemns even Sir Walter Scott, who was as much an admirer of the "Great Marquis" as any reasonable man of this age can well be. All that is made out is, that the idle vaunt of Montrose to the King was made after the Battle of Inverlochy, and not after that of Kilsyth, when it would not have been quite so ridiculous, as a decided victory had been obtained.

* Life of Montrose, page 409.

† It is said in page 293, "More inconstant than the snow upon the mountains they traversed, the Highlanders were again melting away from him, and hastening with plunder to their native glens." Is this, we would ask Mr Napier, the description of regular troops or banditti?

There are such a variety of curious things in this volume, that we cannot attempt to advert to them, however briefly. Montrose's cypher was found among his papers. In it, *The Guidwife that wears the breeks*, designated the General Assembly; while the Scots Parliament was *John Thomson's man*. Chancellor Loudon was the *Whirligig*, and Montrose himself was *Venture Fair*. This is true wit.

By a letter from one of his sons, of date October, 1646, we learn that the Advocate died, after a few days' illness, or, in the language of the time, "went up to the hope of glory after five days sickness."

Mr Napier, in like manner, makes the apotheosis of Montrose, who had justly forfeited his life, though the manner of his judgment and execution remains a scandal on civilisation and Christianity.

We do not suppose that the diplomatic interview on the banks of the Forth, where Montrose out-generaled or entrapped Mr Alexander Henderson, as is triumphantly related, will tend to confirm the chivalrous, honourable, frank, and gallant character which Mr Napier claims for his hero.

With all its faults, which are too marked to be mischievous, this is a work to interest the Scottish reader powerfully. Mr Napier has shaken off the trammels in which grave and dignified historians amble and pace. His narrative is picturesque, dramatic, full of characteristic traits, and admirably spiced with a certain humorous spleen. He should give us next the History of the Revolution, Memoirs of Cromwell, and of "the '45."

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE FRENCH NATION.*

"What went ye forth to see?"—*Scripture.*
"To what base uses we may return."—*Hamlet.*

WHAT do ye with this skeleton,
This heap of bones all marrowless?
Is this the *great* NAPOLEON?
Ye answer, "Even so—no less!"
This rotten and unsightly thing—
Faugh! mock me not! it cannot be
That this was once a crownëd king,
The arbiter of destiny;
In the world's eye a demigod,
Before whom nations bowed and kissed the rod.

And what are all these shouts I hear?
Why do the banners flout high heaven?
Why peal the cannon far and near?
Is it because to you are given
These rotten bones, this putrid clay?
Ye answer me, "It is, it is!"
Then, out upon ye, grim Decay,
How could ye touch a thing like this—
So sacred; feard'st thou not that he
Would rise against and conquer even *thee*?

Amid the visions of the night,
I gazed upon a burning mount,
That poured forth streams of lava bright,
And flames, as 'twere a fiery fount.
In ghastly heaps lay, all around,
The forms of dead and dying men;
While blackened ruins strewed the ground.
Lo! suddenly 'twas quenched, and, then,
What think ye did the sufferers?
Why, straight became this mountain's worshippers!

And yet no savages were these,
No dwellers in the southern isles;
No roamers under banian trees,
Where Pagan rites the scene defiles:
They worship senseless stocks and stones.
To nobler objects *Christians* bow;
Such deem they blood-stained conquerors' bones—
Idiots with crowns upon their brow—
And knaves that are to Mammon sold,
With nothing sterling, save it be their gold!

Yes, bear him to the *Place Vendome!*
Beside that brazen pillar tall;
And when the strangers wondering come
To see ye kneeling, one and all
Unto their questioning reply—
"A quenched volcano lyeth here;
An eagle that no more shall fly
To fill the world with woe and fear;
And unto these we homage pay,
Because 'tis *glorious* to devastate and slay!"

Then boast of kingdoms overturned,
Of Jena, and of Austerlitz;
Of cities in the red flames burned;
And say, be sure, it well befits
An humble follower of Him
For us upon the Cross who died,
Through seas of human blood to swim,
With mad Ambition for a guide;
That thoughts of justice, mercy, love,
Should never interfere *such* purposes to move.

When will that light, which, long ago,
First shone on this benighted earth,
So penetrate each spot below
That men shall know a second birth;
Beholding things they see not now,
For dim and filmëd is their vision?
When, when will all the millions bow
To that which truly is Elysian—
Pure, holy, and above decay?
Grant, Lord, the coming of that glorious day!

H. G. A.

* Besides the French nation, the subscribers to the Wellington Monument, and all such things, have an interest in the subject of these verses.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our October Number.)

WHILST I am upon the ground of London, that "nation of London," (as I have elsewhere called it,) which I have so often visited, and yet for periods so brief, that my entire London life, if transposed from its dislocated periods into one continuous aggregate, would not make above one and a half year in the whole result, it may be as well to notice some other circumstances, partly of a literary, partly of a general, interest, and which might be worthy of notice in any man's life, but were so especially in the life of one who held some peculiar principles—compromises, in a measure, between the extreme principles commonly avowed—which I shall explain in connexion with the occasion. First, then, confining myself to my London literary experience: it was not, certainly, extensive, nor was I in spirits or circumstances to wish it such. I lived in the most austere retirement; and the few persons whom I saw occasionally, or whose hospitalities I received, were *gens de plume*, and professedly of my own order as practising literati, but of the highest pretensions. Lamb I have already mentioned. Serjeant Talfourd I became acquainted with in the beautiful hall of the Middle Temple, whence (after dining together in the agreeable style inherited from elder days, and so pleasantly recalling the noble refectories of Oxford amidst the fervent tumults of London) we sometimes adjourned to our coffee at the chambers of the future author of *Ion*, and enjoyed the luxury of conversation, with the *élite* of the young Templars, upon the most stirring themes of life or literature. Him, indeed, I had known when a Temple student. But, in 1821, when I went up to London avowedly for the purpose of exercising my pen, as the one sole source then open to me for extricating myself from a special embarrassment, (failing which case of dire necessity, I believe that I should never have written a line for the press;) Mr Talfourd having become a practising barrister, I felt that I had no right to trespass upon his time, without some stronger warrant than any I could plead in my own person. I had, therefore, requested a letter of introduction to him from Wordsworth. That was a spell which, with this young lawyer, I knew to be all-potent; and, accordingly, I now received from him a great deal of kindness, which came specially commended to a man in dejected spirits, by the radiant courtesy and the cheerfulness of his manners: for, of all the men whom I have known, after long intercourse with the business of the world, the Serjeant is the one who most preserves, to all outward appearance, the freshness and integrity of his youthful spirits.

From him, also, I obtained an introduction to Messrs Taylor & Hessey, who had very recently, upon the melancholy death of Mr Scott, in consequence of his duel with Mr Christie, purchased *The London Magazine*, and were themselves joint editors of that journal. The terms they held out to contributors were ultra munificent—more so than had yet been heard of in any quarter whatsoever: and, upon that understanding—seeing that money was just then, of necessity, the one sole object to which I looked in the cultivation of literature—naturally enough it happened that to *them* I offered my earliest paper, viz., "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."——Of the two publishers, who were both hospitable and friendly men, with cultivated minds, one, viz., Mr Taylor, was himself an author, and, upon one subject, a most successful one. He had written, indeed, at that time, and since then, I understand, has written again upon different parts of political economy. But to all who are acquainted with the great reformation of this science, effected by David Ricardo, it will appear, as a matter of course, upon looking into Mr Taylor's works, that he should be found to have merely trifled. In reality, the stern application of one single doctrine—that, namely, which expounds the laws of value—would be sufficient, as I believe, of itself, to demonstrate the refutation of Mr Taylor's, as of so many other erroneous views, in this severe but much-bewildering science. In Mr Taylor's case, from what I saw of his opinions in 1821, I have reason to think that Locke had been the chief instrument in leading him astray. Mr Taylor professed himself a religious dissenter; and, in all the political bearings of dissent, he travelled so far, that if, in any one instance, he manifested an illiberal spirit, it was in the temper which he held habitually towards the Church of England. Then first, indeed, it was—and amongst the company which I sometimes saw at Mr Taylor's—that I became aware of the deadly hatred—savage, determined hatred, made up for mischief—which governed a large part of the well-educated dissenters in their feelings towards the Church of England. Being myself, not by birth and breeding only, but upon the deliberate adoption of my judgment, an affectionate son of that church, in respect to her doctrines, her rites, her discipline, and her internal government; I was both shocked and grieved to meet with what seemed to me so much levity of rash judgment amongst the thoughtful and well-principled—so harsh an illiberality amongst the liberal, so little consideration amongst the considerate. One thing was clear to me: that, in general, this angry spirit of hostility was grounded upon a false, because a superannuated, set of facts. Never, in any great public corporation, had there been, as I well knew, so large a reformation as in the Church of England, during the last forty years. The collateral Church of Methodists, hardly a

Dissenting Church, raised up by John Wesley, had, after one generation or so, begun to react upon the Metropolitan Church, out of whose bosom it had been projected. The two universities of England had constantly fed from within this growing galvanism applied from without: Mr Simeon, Professor Farish, Dean Milner, in Cambridge; Mr Faber, the little society of Edmund Hall, &c., in Oxford; Mr Wilberforce, Mr Babington, Mr Thornton, in the Senate; Mrs Hannah More in literature; severally offered a nucleus, around which, I have understood, the open profession of a deeper, more fervid, and apostolical spirit in religious opinions and religious practices, had been emboldened to gather; and the result has been that, whilst the English Church, from Queen Anne's day to the French Revolution, was at the lowest point of its depression, and absolutely cankered to the heart by the spirit of worldliness, that same Church in our days, when standing on the brink, apparently, of great trials, and summoned to put forth peculiar vigilance of watch and ward, if not even to face great and trying storms, has, by great examples, by extensive religious associations, and by a powerful press, concurring with the unusual thoughtfulness generated by the French Revolution and the vast changes in its train, most seasonably been brought gradually into a frame and composition which all who have looked with interest upon the case, deem much nearer than at any other stage of its history to the condition of a primitive and truly pastoral church. With these views I was as much astonished as I was grieved to find the Established Church an object, at this particular crisis, of enmity so profound. Thus, however, it was. Mr Taylor, I apprehend, shared in all the dominant feelings of the Dissenters, such as I heard them frequently expressed in his society; and naturally, therefore, he entertained, amongst other literary opinions, a peculiar and perhaps blind veneration for Locke. Locke, in fact, is made an idol amongst the "Rational" Dissenters: those whose religion begins and terminates in the understanding. This idolatry is paid to him in a double character: as the most eminent patron of religious liberty, and as the propounder of views in Christianity pretty much akin to their own in want of depth and in "anti-mysticism," as a friend might call it; but, speaking sincerely, in hostility to all that is unfathomable by the mere discursive understanding. I am not here going to entertain so large a theme as the philosophy of Locke. In another place, I shall, perhaps, astonish the reader by one or two of the yet undetected blunders he has committed in his philosophy. But, confining myself to his political economy, I may take occasion to notice one error, with regard to that part of his pretensions, which has misled many. By mere accident, Locke was right, in his dispute with Lowndes of the Treasury, upon a question which arose in connexion with the great recoinage of King William's days. At the request of Lord Somers, Locke undertook the discussion; and, as he happened to be right in opposition to a man whose official duty it was to have understood the subject thoroughly upon which he speculated so wildly, this advantage, settling, in *his* case, upon a novice matched against a doctor, procured for Locke an enthusiasm of admiration which the case did not really warrant; and it was afterwards imagined, by those who looked back casually into Locke's treatises, that he was a sound economist. But the fact is, political economy had, in those days, no sort of existence: no one doctrine, not so much as that which unfolds the benefits from the division of labour, was then known: the notion, again, that a nation did or could benefit by commerce, otherwise than by the accident of selling more than she bought, and, as a consequence, by accumulating the balance in the form of the precious metals—this notion was inconceivable to the human understanding at the era of Locke: no progress had been made in dissipating that delusion; and Locke was as much enslaved by it as any other man. Possibly—and there is some room to think it—he was a little in advance of the Ciceronian idea, that the very possibility of a gain, in any transaction of sale between two parties, was logically conceivable only upon the assumption of a deception on one side: that, unless they would "lie pretty considerably," (*nisi admodum mentiantur,*) merchants must resign all hope of profit. The grounds of value, again, were as little known to Locke as the consequences of those grounds; and, in short, he had not made one step a-head of his age in any one branch of political economy. But, in his dispute with Lowndes, the victory was gained, not over scientific blunders by scientific lights; no, but over mere logical blunders, the very grossest, by common sense the most palpable. It was no victory of a special science, but one of general logic. There were no positive truths elicited, but simply a refutation, scarcely in that age needed, of some self-contradictory errors. Lowndes had so far confused himself as to suppose that the same ounce of silver might, at the same time and place, be worth more or less than itself, when thrown into the shape of coin. The most obvious truths Locke himself appears to have overlooked, notwithstanding the English silver currency at that moment illustrated some of them. Locke, therefore, exposed a set of errors which could not have arisen in anything short of Irish confusion of ideas; and the truths of an affirmative order belonging to the subject, which, even under the feeble light of those times, might have been detected, escaped him altogether.—So much I have thought it right to say on Mr Taylor's Political Economy, and the sort of sanction which he seeks to draw from Locke, who has led many others astray, by the authority of his name, upon a subject over which he has no sort of jurisdiction; neither did that age furnish any one who had.

But if Mr Taylor failed (as, honestly, I believe he did) in this field, in another he effected a discovery so brilliant, so powerfully sustained

by evidences overwhelming and irresistible, after (be it remembered) efforts the most elaborate and numerous to solve the problem, that he certainly deserves a high place, and perhaps next to Bentley, in this species of exploratory literature. With little or no original hints to direct him in his path, he undertook the great literary enigma of Junius—Who and what was he?—and brought that question to a decision that never can be unsettled or disturbed by any person except one who is unacquainted with the arguments. I have understood, but perhaps not upon sufficient authority, that the notice of this work in *The Edinburgh Review* was drawn up by Lord Brougham. If so, I must confess my surprise: there is not much of a lawyer's accuracy in the abstract of the evidence, nor is the result stated with the boldness which the premises warrant. Chief Justice Dallas, of the Common Pleas, was wont to say that a man arraigned as Junius upon the evidence here accumulated against Sir Philip Francis, must have been convicted in any court of Europe. But I would go much farther: I would say that there are single proofs, which (taken separately and apart from all the rest) are sufficient to sustain the whole *onus* of the charge. I would also argue thus:—If a man in one character (his avowed character, suppose, of Francis) uses a word in some peculiar sense, or in some very irregular manner, then it will become high argument against this man as liable to the suspicion of having been the masque in the assumed character of Junius, that this masque shall also be proved to have used the same word in the same anomalous way. Suppose now that any ordinary presumption, or any coincidence of ordinary force, shall be considered $=x$; then I may be entitled to value this remarkable coincidence in anomalous practice as x^2; or, however, as equal to some higher power of the same order. But, now, suppose further that Francis has also, in his mode of correcting "proof-sheets" and "revises" from the press, fallen into a constant misconception of the function assigned by compositors to a particular mark; and suppose that this misconception is by no means a natural or obvious misconception, but one which rests upon some accident of individual blundering; then I should say that if, upon examination pursued through a multitude of specimens, it comes out flagrantly that Junius has also fallen into the same very peculiar and *unobvious* error; in this case, we have a presumption for the identity of the two characters, Francis and Junius, which (taken separately) is entitled to be valued as a high function of x. But I say further, that a *second* presumption of the same order may lawfully demand to be reckoned as multiplying its own value into the second value. Meantime the tendency of all the external arguments drawn from circumstantial or personal considerations, from local facts, or the records of party, flows in the very same channel; with all the internal presumptions derived from the style, from the anomalous use of words, from the anomalous construction of the syntax, from the peculiar choice of images, from the arbitrary use of the technical short-hand for correcting typographical errors, from capricious punctuation, and even from penmanship, (which, of itself, taken separately, has sometimes determined the weightiest legal interests.) Proofs, in fact, rush upon us more plentiful than blackberries: and the case ultimately begins to be fatiguing, from the very plethora and riotous excess of evidence. It would stimulate attention more, and pique the interest of curiosity more pungently, if there were some conflicting evidence, some shadow of presumptions against Francis. But there are none; absolutely none.

Under these circumstances, the reader will begin to say, How came it then that the controversy about Junius, which has raged for upwards of half a century, and has already produced books and pamphlets past all numbering, (insomuch that I have heard of several persons projecting a *Bibliotheca Juniana, or Museum Junianum;*) how came it, the reader will ask, that this controversy did not drop at once and for ever, as a question summarily but irreversibly decided, as a balloon from which all the inflating air had suddenly escaped? How is it that we still see the old Junian *pompholyx*, that ancient and venerable bubble, still floating in the upper air? This may be explained out of two facts: one being, that very few people have made themselves familiar with the arguments. I have never yet happened to meet anybody who had mastered the investigation so far as to be aware that there was anything more made out against Sir Philip Francis than some vague presumptions, founded on similarity of handwritings, and perhaps some coincidence between the main periods of Junius as to his rise and setting, with certain known critical incidents in the career of Francis. The coherence and interdependency in the total chainwork of evidence, and the independent strength of each particular link, is little known to the public. That is one reason for the non-decisiveness of this most decisive book. A second is, the absurd tradition, which has taken root in the public mind, that some all-superseding revelation is to be made upon this subject at the death of some Pitt or Grenville unknown. For many a year it was asserted, every six months, in the newspapers, that Lord Grenville was the man at whose death a final discovery was to be made, such as nobody could gainsay. And to this day, though the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grenville, and every other person of that generation in the Pitt and Grenville families, has died and "made no sign," the same ridiculous legend is occasionally repeated in the newspapers. But the best possible answer to this idle fable is, simply, to ask a man for one moment's reflection upon its meaning; for what is it that any man *could* establish by his death, or by any act consequent upon his death, such as a will or codicil to a will? *Living*, perhaps Lord Grenville might have argued the case with Mr Taylor upon the basis of his own recollections; but, being dead, what more could he possibly do than leave behind him a writing,

certificate, or memorial, that somebody had told him he was Junius, or that he had personal reasons for suspecting that such or such a person might be Junius. So that the utmost result would have been to make out some rival case. A third reason is the same which influenced Mr Woodfall: this gentleman having long cherished the idea, an idea encouraged by various artifices on the part of Junius, that the masqued writer was a very great man, some leading statesman, it mortified him, and threw a colouring of the burlesque upon the aristocratic airs of Junius, to suppose him, after all, no more than a clerk in the War-Office. These are the common reasons for the non-satisfaction (dissatisfaction it cannot be called) of most men with the case as it stands in popular repute. But there is a *fourth* reason, stronger than all the rest, which weighs much with many even of those who have some personal acquaintance with the evidence, and (so far as that acquaintance goes) are not dissatisfied with its force. It is this, and I have once stated it at length in a private letter to Mr Taylor; and singular enough, it will be thought, that this objection to the evidence turns out, when probed, its very strongest confirmation. Thus it stands:—

People allege that Sir Philip Francis was a vain man, fond of notoriety, and, beyond all things, fond of literary notoriety; and yet he never unmasked himself as Junius, never hinted at any interest which he had in these thrice celebrated letters; and, at length, when the claim is made on his behalf by a stranger, he not only does not come forward to countersign this claim as authentic, but absolutely, with some sternness, appears to disavow it. How is this? Here lies a glittering trophy; a derelict, exposed in the public highway. People have been known to violate their consciences, under the most awful circumstances, in order to establish a false pretension to it; people have actually died with a falsehood on their lips, for the poor chance of gaining what, for *them*, could be no more than a posthumous reputation; and this to be enjoyed even in its visionary foretaste, only for a few fleeting moments of life, with a certainty of present guilt, and at the hazard of future exposure. All this has been done by those who are conscious of having only a false claim. And here is the man who, by the supposition, has the true claim; a man, too, eminently vain-glorious; and yet *he* will not put forth his hand to appropriate the prize; nay, positively rejects it. Such is the objection. Now, hear the answer:—First, he did *not* reject it. The place in which he is supposed to have done so, is a short letter addressed to Sir Richard Phillips, by way of answer to a very impertinent demand, on that worthy publisher's part, for a categorical answer to the question—*Was he, or was he not Junius?* Now, Sir Philip *seems* to say—"No:" and he certainly framed his letter with a view to being so understood. But, on a nicer inspection of this answer, we may perceive that it is most jesuitically adapted to convey an impression at variance with the strict construction which lurks in the literal wording. Even that artifice, however, lets us behind the scenes, by shewing that Sir Philip had a masqued design before him—a design to evade an acknowledgment which, in conscience, he could not boldly and blankly refute, and which, by vanity, he longed to establish. Yet, had this been otherwise, had he even pointedly and unambiguously said *No*, we could not, in the circumstances of the case, have built much upon *that*. For we know, and Sir Philip knew, what had been Dr Johnson's casuistry, applied to this very case of Junius. Burke having been named, improbably enough, as Junius, the Doctor said "No:" he acquitted Burke altogether; not because he had disowned the authorship; for *that* he had a right to do, even if really Junius; since, if veracity could be supposed any duty in such a case, then it was idle, from the first, to assume a masque; a masque that would be at the mercy of the first person who chose to go beyond others in impertinence. Surely impertinence ought to create no special right over another man's secret. And, therefore, along with the disguise, any sensible man must be presumed to take up the privilege of saying "*No*," as one essential accessory and adjunct to that disguise. But, argued Johnson, Burke *volunteered* the disavowal; made it spontaneously, when nobody questioned him. Being, therefore, not called on for this as a measure of defence, on that ground, I hold him to have spoken the truth in disavowing Junius. This defence of a prudential untruth, in a case supposed, was well known to Francis. Armed with this authoritative sanction, Sir Philip—a mere lax man of the world—would readily have resorted to a falsehood, even in a case no stronger than Dr Johnson's casuistry supposed. But, in fact, as we shall see, *his* was a great deal stronger; so that, *a fortiori*, he had the doctor's permission to make the boldest denial; and such a denial we should, in such a case, be entitled to hold as none at all. And yet, after all, he only allows himself an *apparent* denial; one which depends, for its effect, upon the haste and inaccuracy of the reader.

What then was the case of Sir Philip, which I affirm to be so much stronger than that which had been contemplated by Dr Johnson, as a case justifying a denial of the truth? It was this: *Sir Philip Francis was* the creature *of Junius*. Whatever Sir Philip had—his wealth, his honours, his consideration, were owing to the letters of Junius; to the power which he had obtained under that signature; and to the mode in which, having obtained power like a thief, he had sold it like a traitor. Armed with that potent spell, he had made himself, first, formidable to the King and to his Cabinet; secondly, had brought himself, when thus armed, into the market for sale. But how? By what means? I answer: By the blackest treachery; by a double treachery; by treachery, as respected the way in which he rose into Junius; and by an equal treachery to his own principles, *as* Junius, in his mode of laying down that character. How is it, do we suppose, that Junius had won the national ear? Not by the

means (generally presumed) of fine composition. No: but by the reputation he enjoyed of having won the ear of the King's government. And he had so: it was no false reputation. But again I say, in this case also, How? If the public could be won by such tinkling music, is any man childish enough to suppose that the care-laden Ministers of a great nation, overwhelmed by business, would find leisure to read *Cato* or *Publicola*, purely for the value of their style or their tropes? No: the true cause was, that Ministers found, in these letters, proofs of some enemy, some spy, being amongst them. Did *they* join the popular cry—"Here is a great rhetorician?" Never believe it; but, "Here is a great thief." Not the eloquence, but the larceny moved *their* anxieties. State secrets were betrayed. Francis was the spy. He picked Lord Barrington's locks: he practised daily as an eavesdropper upon Lord Barrington's private communications with Ministers: he abused, for his own purposes, the information, select and secret, which often came before him officially, in his character of clerk at the War-Office. In short, he was an unfaithful servant, who, first of all, built himself up into terror and power as Junius, on a thorough-going plan of disloyalty to his patron, and afterwards built himself up into the Right Honourable Sir Philip Francis, Knight of the Bath, Privy Counsellor, one of the Supreme Council in Bengal, with £12,000 per annum; all this upon a disloyalty equally deliberate to all the principles and the patriotism which he had professed as Junius. The first perfidy would only have put a gay feather into his cap; this he improved into a second, which brought him place, honour, "troops of friends," this world's wealth, in short, and every mode of prosperity but one; which one was peace of mind and an unclouded conscience. Such was the brief abstract of Sir Philip's history. Now, though most men would *not*, yet there were still surviving very many who *would*, upon any direct avowal that he was Junius, at once put "this" and "that" together, and, in one moment of time, come to unlock what had always been something of a mystery to Mr Francis' friends at home—viz., how it was that he, the obscure clerk of the War-Office, notoriously upon bad terms with Lord Barrington, his principal, had, nevertheless, shot up all at once into a powerful Oriental satrap. The steps, the missing gradation, would suddenly be recovered, and connected into a whole. "Thou hast it, Cawdor!" The metamorphosis of Francis into the Bengal potentate was unintelligible: but the intermediation of Junius would harmonise all difficulties. Thus grew Francis the clerk into Junius, (viz., by treason.) Thus grew Junius the demagogue into Francis the Rajah, viz. by selling his treason. "*You are Junius?*" it would be said: "*Why, then, you are a very brilliant fellow.*" That would be the first reflection; but then would come a second on the heels of *that*:—"*And a most unprincipled knave, who rose into great consideration by filching his master's secrets.*"

Here, then, we read the true secret of his chicanery in replying to Sir R. Phillips. Had he been thoroughly determined to disavow Junius, could he have brought his heart to do so, we may be sure that he would not have needed (Junius would have known how to find clear language) to speak so obscurely as he *has* done in this short reply. Neither would he have contented himself with any simple denial; he would have recited some facts in his life circumstantiating his denial. But this was not in his power to do; nor did he sincerely wish it. Naturally he must have clung, with a perfect rapture of vanity, to his own too famous production. Respect for his own character forbade him to avow it. Parental vanity forbade him so to disavow it, as that he could never have reclaimed it. Sir Philip Francis had been a great criminal; but his crime produced its own intolerable punishment. The tantalization of his heart when denied the privilege, open to every other human being, of claiming the products of his own brain and of his own excessive* labour, must have been a perpetual martyrdom. And, in this statement of the case, we read a natural solution of two else inexplicable facts: first, why Sir P. Francis (supposing him Junius) did not come forward to claim his work. And, secondly, why Junius, the mysterious Junius, *old* "*Nominis umbra*," (supposing him Francis,) did not come forward to proclaim his own name. To presume Francis and Junius one and the same person, at once explains both mysteries. Upon the Taylorian hypothesis, all is made clear as daylight why Junius did not avow his name—why Francis did not claim his literary honours. Upon such an account only is it possible to explain the case. All other accounts leave it a perpetual mystery, unfathomable upon any principles of human nature, why Junius did not, at least, make his claim by means of some last will and testament. We cannot imagine that a writer, evidently under the most intense worldly influences of vain-glory and ambition, should voluntarily have made a sacrifice (and a sacrifice with no apparent motive) of what, in the pardonable exaggeration of an author's vanity, must, to him, have appeared one of the greatest works in political as also in rhetorical literature. Such an act of austere self-mortification is inconceivable, except amongst the most rapturous devotees of the Romish church: shame only or fear† can avail to solve the enigma. But fear, if at all admitted as applicable to the case, could not extend beyond his own term of life: that motive cannot explain the silence of his last will and testament. There, at least, he would have spoken out to posterity, and his own surviving compatriots. "If I live," says he, in his Dedication to the People of Eng-

* "*His own excessive labour:*"—"Is there no labour in these letters?" asks Junius, in a tone of triumphant appeal. And, on other occasions, he insists upon the vast toil which the composition cost him.

† "*Fear:*"—"Sir William would meet me in the field: others would assassinate."—*Junius to Sir Wm. Draper.*

land, "you shall often hear of me." And, doubtless, even in dying, if he *forgot them*, he would remember himself and his own really memorable pretensions. He would not forget, at least, to order some inscription on his own grave, pointing backwards to the gay trophies of him who had extorted fear from kings, and admiration from angry senates.* This he would have done: this he has not done; and a principle of shame only, operating in the way I have mentioned, is a case capable of explaining it. That case is precisely the case of Sir Philip Francis.

It remains only to say, that, by neglecting to press these facts and their natural construction against Sir Philip, Mr Taylor allowed the only powerful argument against his hypothesis to stand unanswered. A motive of kindness towards the unhappy Sir Philip himself, and consideration for the pious feelings of his son and daughter, may have influenced Mr Taylor in this forbearance. All are now dead; and these restraints can operate no longer. But even in the lifetime of the parties, surely enough might have been hinted to maintain the impregnability of the hypothesis, without seriously wounding the sensibilities of Sir Philip. These sensibilities merited respect; inasmuch as, though pointing to a past chapter of deep criminality, it is not impossible that they had long connected themselves with virtuous feelings of remorse, and a suffering sense of honour: most assuredly they brought along with them the bitterest chastisement, by that unexampled self-sacrifice which they entailed. But all this might have been met and faced by Mr Taylor: the reader might have been summoned in general terms, before allowing an unnecessary weight to the fact of Sir Philip's *apparent* renunciation of the claim made on his behalf, to consider two capital points; first, whether he really *had* renounced it, and in such terms as admitted of no equivocal construction: secondly, whether (even supposing him to have done this in the amplest sense, and with no sort of reserve) there might not appear some circumstances in the past recital of Sir Philip's connexion with the War-Office and Lord Barrington, which would forcibly restrain him in old age, when clothed with high state characters, of senator and privy counsellor, invested therefore with grave obligations of duty, I say, restrain him from seeming, by thus assuming the imputed authorship, to assume, along with it, the responsibility attaching to certain breaches of confidence, which the temptations of ambition, and the ardour of partizanship, might palliate in a young man, but which it would not become an old one to adopt and own, under any palliations whatever, or upon any temptations of literary gain. Such an appeal as this could not greatly have distressed Sir Philip Francis, or not more, however, than he had already been distressed by the inevitable disclosures of the investigation itself, as connected with the capital thesis of Mr Taylor, that Francis and Junius were the self-same person.

Here, therefore, was a great oversight of Mr Taylor; and over the results of this oversight—his discoveries, the unconquerable points of his exposure have not yet established their victory. I may mention, however, that Sir Philip so far dallied with the gratification offered to his vanity in this public association of his name with Junius as to call upon Mr Taylor. His visit seemed partly a sort of tentative measure, adopted in a spirit of double uncertainty—uncertainty about the exact quantity of proof that Mr Taylor might have accumulated; and uncertainty again, about the exact temper of mind in which it became him to receive the new discoveries. He affected to be surprised that anybody should ever have thought of him in connexion with Junius. Now, possibly, this was a mere careless expression, uttered simply by way of an introduction to the subsequent conversation. Else, and if it were said deliberately, it shewed great weakness; for, assuredly, Sir Philip was too much a man of shrewd sagacity to fail in perceiving that, were it even possible for presumptions so many and so strong to be, after all, compatible with final falsehood, still a case had been made out far too strong for any man unaffectedly to pretend surprise at its winning some *primâ facie* credit. Mr Taylor naturally declined re-arguing the case; he resigned it to its own merits, which must soon dispose of it in public estimation, but at the same time protested against having viewed his discovery in any other light than that of honour to Sir Philip; indeed, in a literary sense, who would *not* be honoured (he asked) by the imputation of being Junius? So closed the conversation substantially on the respondent's part. But the appellant, Sir Philip, gave a singular turn to *his* part, which thus far had been rather to him a tone of expostulation, by saying in conclusion—

"Well, at least, I think, you can do no less than send me a copy of your book."

This, of course, was done; and, with some slight interchange of civilities attending the transmission of the book, I believe the intercourse terminated.

Sir Philip suffered under a most cruel disease, which soon put an end to his troubled life; and my own belief is, that there ended as agitated an existence as can have been supported by frail humanity. He was naturally a man of bad and harsh disposition: insolent, arrogant, and ill-tempered. Constitutionally, he was irritable; bodily sufferings had exasperated the infirmities of his temper; and the mixed agony of body and mind in which he

* *He would not have forgotten, at least, to order some inscription on his own grave,*" &c. Accordingly, there is in *The Anti-Jacobin Review*, a story told of a stranger dying at a village inn, somewhere, I think, in Buckinghamshire, and directing that no memorial should be placed upon his grave, beyond the initial letters of his name, and the motto of Junius—"*Stat nominis umbra.*' So much weight was attached to the story, that Charles Fox is said to have visited his grave. Probably the whole is a fiction.

passed his latter years, must have been fearful even to contemplate. The Letters of Junius certainly shew very little variety or extent of thought; no comprehensive grasp; no principles of any kind, false or sound; no powers, in fact, beyond the powers of sarcasm; but they have that sort of modulated rhythm, and that air of classical chastity, (perhaps arising more from the penury of ornament, and the absence of any impassioned eloquence, than from any positive causes,) which, co-operating with the shortness of the periods, and the unparalleled felicity of their sarcasms, would at any rate have conciliated the public notice. They have exactly that sort of talent which the owner is sure to overrate. But the intensity, the sudden growth, and the durability* of their fame, were due, (as I must ever contend,) not to any qualities of style or composition—though, doubtless, these it is which co-operated with the thick cloak of mystery, to sustain a reputation once gained—but to the knowledge dispersed through London society, that the Government had been appalled by Junius, as one who, in some way or other, had possessed himself of their secrets.

The London Magazine, of whose two publishers (editors also) I have thus introduced to the reader that one who had also distinguished himself as an author was at that time brilliantly supported. And strange it is, and also has been to others as well as myself, that such a work should not have prospered; but prosper it did not. Meantime, the following writers were, in 1821-2-3, amongst my own *collaborateurs*:—Charles Lamb; Hazlitt; Allan Cunningham; Hood; Hamilton Reynolds; Carey, the unrivalled translator of Dante; Crow, the Public Orator of Oxford. And so well were all departments provided for, that even the monthly abstract of politics, brief as it necessarily was, had been confided to the care of Phillips, the celebrated Irish barrister. Certainly a literary *Pleiad* might have been gathered out of the stars connected with this journal; and others there were, I believe, occasional contributors, who could not be absolutely counted upon, and therefore I do not mention them. One, however, who joined *The London* in 1823, I think, calls for a separate mention—namely, Clare the peasant poet of Northamptonshire.

Our Scottish brethren are rather too apt, in the excess of that nationality, (which, dying away in some classes, is still burning fervently in others,) and which, though giving a just right of complaint to those who suffer by it, and though direfully disfiguring the liberality of the national manners, yet stimulates the national rivalship usefully;—our Scottish brethren, I say, are rather too apt to talk as if, in Scotland only, there were any precedents to be found of intellectual merit struggling upwards in the class of rustic poverty. Whereas there has, in England, been a larger succession of such persons than in Scotland. Inquire, for instance, as to the proportion of those who have risen to distinction by mere weight of unassisted merit, in this present generation, at the English bar; and then inquire as to the corresponding proportion at the Scotch bar. Oftentimes it happens that, in the poetry of this class, little more is found than the gift of a tolerably good ear for managing the common metres of the language. But in Clare it was otherwise. His poems were not the mere reflexes of his reading. He had studied for himself in the fields, and in the woods, and by the side of brooks. I very much doubt if there could be found, in his poems, a single commonplace image, or a description made up of hackneyed elements. In that respect his poems are original, and have even a separate value, as a sort of calendar (in extent, of course, a very limited one) of many rural appearances, of incidents in the fields not elsewhere noticed, and of the loveliest flowers most felicitously described. The description is often true even to a botanical eye; and in that, perhaps, lies the chief defect; not properly in the scientific accuracy, but that, in searching after this too earnestly, the feeling is sometimes too much neglected. However, taken as a whole, his poems have a very novel quality of merit, though a quality too little, I fear, in the way of public notice. Messrs Taylor & Hessey had been very kind to him; and, through them, the late Lord Fitzwilliam had settled an annuity upon him. In reality, the annuity had been so far increased, I believe, by the publishers, as to release him from the necessities of daily toil. He had thus his time at his own command; and, in 1824, perhaps upon some literary scheme, he came up to London, where, by a few noble families and by his liberal publishers, he was welcomed in a way that, I fear, from all I heard, would but too much embitter the contrast with his own humble opportunities of enjoyment in the country. The contrast of Lord Radstock's brilliant parties, and the glittering theatres of London, would have but a poor effect in training him to bear that want of excitement which even already, I had heard, made his rural life but too insupportable to his mind. It is singular that what most fascinated his rustic English eye, was not the gorgeous display of English beauty, but the French style of beauty as he saw it amongst the French actresses in Tottenham Court Road. He seemed, however, oppressed by the glare and tumultuous existence of London; and being ill at the time, from an affection of the liver, which did not, of course, tend to improve his spirits, he threw a weight of languor upon any attempt to draw him out into conversation. One thing, meantime, was very honourable to him, that, even in this season of dejection, he would uniformly become animated when anybody spoke to him of Wordsworth—animated with the most hearty and almost rapturous spirit of admiration. As regarded his own poems, this admiration seemed to have an unhappy effect of

* "*The durability*," &c. It is, however, remarkable that, since the great expansion of the public mind by political discussions consequent upon the Reform Bill, Junius is no longer found a saleable book: so, at least, I have heard from various persons.

depressing his confidence in himself. It is unfortunate, indeed, to gaze too closely upon models of colossal excellence. Compared with those of his own class, I feel satisfied that Clare will always maintain an honourable place.

Very different, though originally in the very same class of rustic labourers and rustic poets, (a fact which I need not disguise, since he proclaims it himself upon every occasion with a well-directed pride,) is another of that London society in 1821–3—viz., Allan Cunningham. About this author I had a special interest. I had read, and with not much pleasure, a volume called "Nithisdale and Galloway Song," which professed to contain fugitive poems of that country, gathered together by Mr Cromek the engraver; the same person, I believe, who published a supplementary volume to Dr Currie's edition of Burns. The whole of these, I had heard, were a forgery by Allan Cunningham; and one, at any rate, was so—by far the most exquisite gem in the volume. It was a fragment of only three stanzas; and the situation must be supposed that of a child lying in a forest amongst the snow, just at the point of death. The child must be supposed to speak:—

"Gone were but the cold,
And gone were but the snow,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where the primroses blow.

"Cold 's the snow at my head,
And cold 's the snow at my feet;
And the finger of death 's at my eyes,
Closing them to sleep.

"Let none tell my father,
Or my mother so dear:
I'll meet them both in Heaven,
At the spring-time of the year."

These lines of Allan Cunningham (so I call him, for so he called himself upon his visiting cards) had appeared to me so exquisite a breathing of the pastoral muse, that, had it been for these alone, I should have desired to make his acquaintance. But I had also read some papers on gipsy life, embodying several striking gipsy traditions, by the same author. These were published in early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine;* and had, apparently, introduced situations, and scenes, and incidents, from the *personal* recollections of the author. Such was my belief, at least. In parts, they were impressively executed: and a singular contrast they afforded to the situation and daily life of the same Allan, planted and rooted, as it were, amongst London scenery. Allan was—(what shall I say? To a man of genius, I would not apply the coarse mercantile term of foreman; and the fact is, that he stood on a more confidential footing than is implied by that term, with his employer) —he was then a sort of right-hand man, an agent equally for mechanical and for intellectual purposes, to Chantrey the sculptor: he was an agent, also, in transactions not strictly either the one or the other; cases which may be called, therefore, mechanico-intellectual; or, according to a pleasant distinction of Professor Wilson's, he was an agent for the "coarse" arts as well as the "fine" arts; sometimes in separation, sometimes in union. This I mention, as arguing the versatility of his powers: few men beside himself could have filled a station running through so large a scale of duties. Accordingly, he measured out and apportioned each day's work to the several working sculptors in Chantrey's yard: this was the most mechanical part of his services. On the other hand, at the opposite pole of his functions, he was often (I believe) found useful to Chantrey as an umpire in questions of taste, or, perhaps, as a suggester of original hints, in the very highest walks of the art. Various indications of natural disposition for these efforts, aided greatly, and unfolded by daily conversation with all the artists and amateurs resorting to Chantrey's *studio*, will be found in his popular "Lives of the Painters and Sculptors." His particular opinions are, doubtless, often liable to question; but they shew proof everywhere of active and *sincere* thinking: and, in two of his leading peculiarities, upon questions of *æsthetics*, (to speak *Germanice*,) I felt too close an approach in Cunningham to opinions which I had always entertained myself, not to have been prejudiced very favourably in his behalf. They were these:—He avowed an unqualified scorn of Ossian; such a scorn as every man that ever looked at Nature with his own eyes, and not through books, must secretly entertain. Heavens! what poverty: secondly, what monotony: thirdly, what falsehood of imagery! Scorn, therefore, he avowed of Ossian; and, in the next place, scorn of the insipidities—when applied to the plastic arts, (sculpture or painting)—embalmed by modern allegory. Britannia, supported by Peace on one side and Prosperity on the other, beckons to Inoculation—"Heavenly maid"—and to Vaccination in the rear, who, mounted upon the car of Liberality, hurls her spear at the dragon of Small-Pox-Hospitalism, &c. &c. But why quote instances of that which every stone-cutter's yard supplies in nauseous prodigality? These singularities of taste, at least, speaking of Ossian,* (for, as to allegory, it is rather tolerated by the public mind than positively approved,) plead thus far in any man's favour, that they argue a healthy sincerity of the sensibilities, not liable to be duped by the vague, the superficial, or the unreal; nor, finally, by precedent and authority.

Such were the grounds upon which I looked forward, with some pleasure, to my first interview with Allan Cunningham. This took place at a dinner given by my publishers, soon after the publication of the Opium Confessions; at which dinner, to say the truth, I soon after

* With respect to Ossian, I have heard it urged, by way of an *argumentum ad hominem*, in arguing the case with myself, as a known devotee of Wordsworth, that he, Wordsworth, had professed honour for Ossian, by writing an epitaph for his supposed grave in *Glen Almain*. By no means: Wordsworth's fine lines are not upon the pseudo-Ossian of Macpherson, not upon the catapbysical one-stringed lutanist of Morven, but upon Ossian, the hero and the poet, of Gaelic tradition. We scorn the Ossian of 1766. No man scorns Ossian the son of Fingal of A.D. 366.

suspected (and with some vexation) that I had myself, unconsciously, played the part of lion. At that time I was ill, beyond what any man would believe, who saw me out of bed: and, in the mere facility of unreflecting good nature, I had consented to attend, on the assurance that "only a friend or two" would be present. However, it proved to be a general gathering, "frequent and full," of all the wits, keen and brilliant, associated in the literary journal to which I had committed my earliest experiences. Dinner was fixed at "*half-past five, for six;*" and, from some mistake, it happened that I was amongst the earliest arrivals. As an invalid, or, as the hero of the day, I was planted inexorably, without retreat, in the place of honour by the fireside; for the month was deep November. Judge of my despair, when there began to file in one suspicious-looking fellow after another—(*suspicious* to me at that moment; because, by the expression of the eye, looking all made up for "play," and some of them for "mischief)—one after another, I say; annunciation upon annunciation succeeded with frightful rapidity, until the small back drawing-room of our host began to overflow. I believe the fashion of *not* introducing dinner visiters to each other was just then (1821) beginning to be popular: either for that reason, or not to overwhelm my weak spirits, I was not often summoned to this ceremony: but, on two or three more select arrivals, I *was:* in such cases I had to stand formal presentation to the parties. One of these was Mr (no, he will be as angry as O'Gorman Mahon or The Chisholm, if I say *Mr*) Allan Cunningham; and, from the light of a November fire, I first saw reflected the dark flashing guerilla eye of Allan Cunningham. Dark it was, and deep with meaning; and the meaning, as in all cases of expressive eyes, was comprehensive, and, therefore, equivocal. On the whole, however, Allan Cunningham's expression did not belie his character, as afterwards made known to me: he was kind, liberal, hospitable, friendly; and his whole natural disposition, as opposed to his acquired, was genial and fervent. But he had acquired feelings in which I, as an Englishman, was interested painfully. In particular, like so many Scotsmen of *his* original rank, he had a prejudice—or, perhaps, that is not the word: it was no feeling that he had derived from experience—it was an old Scottish grudge: not a feeling that he indulged to his own private sensibilities, but to his *national* conscience—a prejudice against Englishmen. He loved, perhaps, this and that Englishman, Tom and Jack; but he hated us English as a body: it was in vain to deny it. As is the master, such is the company; and too often, in the kind and hospitable receptions of Allan Cunningham and Mrs Cunningham, or other Scottish families residing in London, I heard, not from the heads of the house, but from the visiters, rueful attacks upon us poor English, and, above all, upon us poor Oxonians. Oxford received no mercy. O heavens! how my fingers itched to be amidst the row! Yet, oftentimes I had no pretext for intermixing in the dispute—if dispute it could be called, where, generally speaking, all were of one mind. The fact is this:—Far be it from me to say anything of Mr Allan Cunningham's original rank, had he not taken a pride (and a meritorious pride) in asserting it himself. Now, that granted, all is plain. The Scotch, (or, to please the fancy of our Transtweedian brethren, the Scots*) in the lower orders of society, do not love the English. Much I could say on this subject, having lived in Scotland for six or seven years, and observed closely. The Scotch often plead that the English retaliate this dislike, and that no love is lost. I think otherwise; and, for the present, I will only report my experience on last Sunday night but one, January 28, 1838, in a coffee-room of Edinburgh. I refer to a day so recent, in order that the reader may understand how little I wish to rest upon any *selected* case: the chance case which happens to stand last in one's experience may be presumed to be a fair average case. Now, upon that evening, two gentlemen were sitting in a box together; one of them an Englishman, one a Scotchman. High argument reigned between them. The Englishman alleged much and weighty matter, if it had been true, violently and harshly against the Scotch: the Scotchman replied firmly, but not warmly: the Englishman rejoined with fierceness: both, at length, rose, in a state of irritation, and went to the fire. As they went, the Scotchman offered his card. The Englishman took it; and, without so much as looking at it, stuffed it into the fire. Upon this, up started *six* gentlemen in a neighbouring box, exclaiming to the *soi-disant* Englishman—"Sir, you are a disgrace to your country!" and oftentimes giving him to understand that, in their belief, he was *not* an Englishman. Afterwards, the quarrel advanced: the Englishman, throwing off his coat, or making motions to do so, challenged the Scotchman to a pugilistic combat. The Scotchman, who appeared thoroughly cool, and determined not to be provoked, persisted in his original determination of meeting his antagonist with pistols, were it on the next morning; but steadily declined to fight on the coarse terms proposed. And thus the quarrel threatened to prove interminable. But how, meantime, did the neutral part of the company (all, by accident, Englishmen) conduct themselves towards their own countryman? Him they justly viewed as the unprovoked aggressor, and as the calumniator of Scotland, in a way that no provocation could have justified. One and all, they rose at length; declared the conduct of their countryman insufferable; and two or three of them, separately, offered their cards, as willing to meet him either on the next morning, or any morning when his convenience might allow, by way of evading any personal objection he might plead to his original challenger. The Eng-

* It is remarkable that, for what mysterious reason I never could discover, thorough *Scotchmen* feel exceedingly angry at being so called; and demand, for some cabilistical cause, to be entitled *Scotsmen*.

lishman (possibly* a Scotchman) peremptorily declined all challenges.

"What! six or seven upon one?"

"Oh no, sir!" the answer was; "not so: amongst Englishmen, if you *are* one, you must be well aware that no man meets with foul play: any one of ourselves would protect you against the man that should offer less than fair play to yourself."

The libeller, however, entrenched himself in his determination to hear of no pistol warfare; and hence, though two of the Englishmen were of colossal build, and well able to have smashed his pugilistic pretensions, yet, as all but himself were opposed to that mode of fighting, he, in fact, took shelter under his own limited mode of offering satisfaction. The others would not fight as he, nor he as they; and thus all openings being closed to any honourable mode of settling the dispute, at the request of the company, the master of the coffee-room, with his long "tail" of waiters, advanced to him with a quiet demeanour, but with words so persuasive as induced him quietly to withdraw. And so terminated the dispute.

And now, let me ask, Is an Englishman likely to meet with six Scotchmen, in London, starting up on behalf of calumniated England? O, no; painful it is to tell of men whom we, English, view as our brothers, and whose land, and institutions, and literature, have, in our days, been the subject of an absolute "*craze*," or, at all events, of a most generous enthusiasm in England, that nineteen out of twenty, among those who are of humble birth and connexions, are but too ready to join fervently in abuse of the land which shelters them, and supports their household charities. Scotchmen, you cannot deny it. Now, you hear from my story, which is not a fortnight old, how different, in the same circumstances, is the conduct of Englishmen. *All*, observe, joined, with one consent, in the same service—and there were six, without counting myself, who did not belong to either party; and not one of my countrymen stirred upon any principle of selfish honour; none had been wounded; but upon a generous regard to the outraged character of a country which at that moment was affording a shelter to themselves, which they loved and honoured, and which was accidentally without a defender.

Would that, upon such an impulse, I could have heard Allan Cunningham undertaking the defence of England or of Englishmen! But this I have *not* heard from any Scotchman, excepting only Professor Wilson; and he, to shew the natural result of such generosity, is taxed with Anglo-mania by many of his countrymen. Allan Cunningham offended somewhat in this point, not so much in *act*, as by discovering his propensities. I, for my part, quarrelled also with his too oriental prostrations before certain regular authors—chiefly Sir Walter Scott and Southey. With respect to *them*, he professed to feel himself nobody, in a way which no large estimater of things as they are—of natural gifts, and their infinite distribution through an infinite scale of degrees, and the compensating accomplishments which take place in so vast a variety of forms—could easily tolerate. Allan Cunningham would say—"I don't think myself worthy to be accounted an author in comparison of such men;" and this he would say, in a tone that too much had the sound of including, in his act of prostration, his hearer at the moment; who might very possibly disdain so absolute and unlimited an avowal of inferiority—a Chinese *kotou* so unconditional; knowing, as know he must, that if in one talent or one accomplishment he were much inferior, hopelessly inferior, not the less in some other power, some other talent, some other accomplishment, he might have a right to hold himself greatly superior; nay, might have a right to say—that power I possess in some degree; and Sir W. Scott or Mr Southey in no degree whatever. For example: *every* mode of philosophic power was denied to both of these authors; so that he who had that power, in *any* degree, might reasonably demur to this prostration, performed before their images. With respect to Sir Walter Scott, in particular, the homage of Allan Cunningham was the less merited, as Sir Walter had not treated *him* with the respect due to a man of so much original genius: the aristocratic phrase, "honest Allan," expressed little of the courtesy due from one man of letters to another. And, in the meantime, whilst Allan Cunningham was thus ready to humble himself before a countryman of his own, who had not treated him, in public, with the proper consideration, he spoke of Wordsworth [but certainly with this excuse—that, in those days, he knew nothing at all of his works] with something like contempt: in fact, he had evidently adopted the faith of the wretched journals. This alienated my feelings from Cunningham, spite of his own kind and liberal nature; nay, spite of his own natural genius.

One—opinion shall I call it, fancy, or dream—of Allan Cunningham's, is singular enough to deserve mention: he maintained that the Scottish musical airs must have an eternal foundation in nature; that is to say, must have a co-eternal existence with the musical sense, for the following most extraordinary reason; nay, considering that his veracity was unimpeachable, I may say marvellous reason: namely, that he, Cunningham, had, without any previous knowledge of these airs, invented all or most of them *proprio marte*; so that, like the archetypal ideas in some systems of philosophers, one might affirm, upon his representation of things, that Scottish airs were eternally present to the ear of the Demiurgus, and eternally producing themselves afresh. This seemed fanciful, if not extravagant; and one, at least, of Cunningham's works—that which relates to

* "*Possibly a Scotchman*," and very probably; for there are no more bitter enemies of Scotland and Scotchmen, and all things Scotch, than banished Scotchmen—who may be called renegade Scotchmen. There is no enemy like an old friend; and many a Scotchman (or Scotsman—let us not forget *that*) remembers Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, simply as the city that ejected him.

Robert Bruce—is also extravagant in an outrageous degree. And, by the way, on that ground, I should have guessed him to be a man of genius, were there even no other ground: for no man but a man of genius, and with the inequality of genius, can, in one state of mind, write beautifully, and, in another, write the merest extravagance; nay, (with Cunningham's cordial assent, I presume, that I may say) awful extravagance. Meantime, in practical life, Cunningham was anything but extravagant: he was, (as I have said,) in a high intellectual sense, and in the merest mechanical sense, the right-hand man of Chantrey, whom, by the way, he always spoke of with the highest and evidently the sincerest respect: he was his right-hand man, also, in a middle sense, or, as I have said, a mechanico-intellectual way. For example, he purchased all the marble for Chantrey; which might require, perhaps, mixed qualifications: he distributed the daily labours of the workmen; which must have required such as were purely mechanic. He transacted, also, all the negotiations for choosing the site of monuments to be erected in Westminster Abbey; a commission which might frequently demand some diplomatic address in the conduct of the negotiations with the Abbey authorities; a function of his duties which chiefly regarded the interest of his principal, Sir Francis Chantrey, as also a just eye for the effect of a monument, combined with a judicious calculation of the chances it had, at one point rather than another, for catching the public notice: this latter function of his complex office, regarding mainly the interests of the defunct persons or his relations, and those of Chantrey, only in a secondary way.

This aspect of Cunningham's official or ministerial life, reminds me, by the way, of the worst aspect under which his nationality, or civic illiberality revealed itself; an illiberality which here took the shape of bigotry. A Scotchman, or Scotsman, who happens to hate England, is sure, *à fortiori*, to hate the English Church; which, on account of its surplice, its organs, its cathedrals, and its mitred prelates, he has been taught to consider as the sister of the Babylonian Rome. Strange, indeed, that the Scottish Church should have been the favourite church of the poor, which began so undeniably upon the encitement of the rich. They, the rich and the aristocratic, had revelled in the spoils of the monastic orders, at the dissolution of the Romish Church. Naturally unwilling to resign their booty, they promoted a church built upon a principle of poverty and humility; a church that would not seek to resume her plundered property. Under their political intrigues it was that all the contests arose in the seventeenth century: first, by slight prelusive efforts during the long reign of James the Sixth or First; and, secondly, by a determinate civil war in that of Charles the First and Second. But in this last case, the "martyrs," as they are called—those who fought at Drumclog, &c.—waving all question of their real temper and religious merits, were, upon one single ground, incapable of founding a national church: they were too few: a small body, reckoned by hundreds, and not by thousands, never could pretend to represent the million of souls, or upwards, to which, even in those days, the Scottish nation amounted. What I maintain, therefore, is, that no matter how the Presbyterian Church came to have its legal establishment revived and ratified, it cannot be pretended, historically, that this establishment owed much to the struggles in Charles the Second's days, by which (so far as affected at all) it was injured. This church, dated from older times, went back to those times for sanction and for arguments of its conformity to the national taste; seeing that, in those elder times, it did really count upon the great majority of the nation as its affectionate and zealous supporters: whereas, in the Cameronian days, none but the very slenderest minority, and that minority, again, not numbering any people of weight or consideration for either property or intelligence or talent—no party of any known account—no party who were even nominally known to the people of Scotland—had chosen, at any crisis in the reign of the second Charles, to join these religious malcontents. Much more might be said with truth; but this may suffice—that the insurrectionary movements in Scotland, during that reign, were, relatively to the state and to the public peace of Scotland, pretty much the same as the rising in the cotton districts at the instigation of Edwards, in the year —, to the general stability of the British government at that era. The Church of Scotland, therefore, does not, in fact, connect itself—for any part of the impulse to which it owes its birth, however in words or false pretences it may do so—with any of the movements, whether prosperous for the moment, or hopelessly ruinous, made about 1677 by the religious Whigs of Scotland. In fact, like the insurgent cotton spinners, these turbulent people were chiefly from the west. The "Western" people they were then called, and the "Westlanders"—so little were they at that time supposed to represent Scotland. Such is the truth of history. Nevertheless, in our insurrectionary days, (insurrectionary, I mean, by the character of the pretensions advanced—not by overt acts,) it has been a delightful doctrine to lay the foundations of the Scottish Kirk in rebellion; and hence the false importance assigned to the Cameronian insurgents. And hence partly it has happened, that Scottish nationality and hatred of England has peculiarly associated itself with the latter church history of Scotland; for, as to the earlier, and really important era of Scottish Church struggles with the civil power, the English were looked to as their brethren and effectual allies: and as the Scottish Church necessarily recalls to the mind the anti-pole of the English Church, thus also it has happened, that all symbols or exponents of the English Episcopal Church, are, to a low-born Scottish patriot, so many counter-symbols of his own national or patriotic prejudices.

Thus, or in some such way, it happened that Cunningham never shewed his illiberal-

ity so strongly as with reference to his negotiations with Westminster Abbey. The "rapacity" and "avarice" of the Church of England is the open theme of his attacks in his paper upon Lord Byron's funeral; though, perhaps, he would find it hard to substantiate his charge. Notoriously the church, whether as Dean and Chapter, or as Collegiate Corporations, or as Episcopal sees, has ever been found the most lenient of all masters under which to hold property; and it is not very probable that the church would suddenly change its character under a treaty with a popular artist.

However, if all his foibles or infirmities had been summed up, Allan Cunningham still remained a man to admire and love: and by comparison with those of his own order; men raised, that is to say, by force of genius, from the lowest rank, (the rank, in *his* case, of a working mason, as I have heard him declare,) his merits became best appreciable. The faults of men self-taught, (the ἀυτοδιδακτοι,) and men self-raised, are almost proverbial. The vanity and inflation of heart, the egotism and arrogance of such men, were as alien from the character of Cunningham as of any man I ever knew; and, in other respects, he was no less advantageously distinguished from his order. Hogg, for instance, was absolutely insufferable in conversation. Egotism the most pertinacious might have been excused; but the matter of this egotism was so trivial and inane, seldom relating to any higher subject than a conflict with a "sawmon," that human patience could not weather the infliction. In Cunningham there was rarely an allusion to himself. Some people, it is true, might be annoyed by his too frequent allusions to his own personal strength and size, which he overrated; for they were not remarkable; or, if they had been, what does one man care about another man's qualities of person, this way or that, unless in so far as he may sometimes be called upon to describe them, in order to meet the curiosity of others. But Cunningham's allusions of this kind, though troublesome at times, seemed always jocose, and did not argue any shade of conceit. In more serious and natural subjects of vanity, he seemed to be as little troubled with any morbid self-esteem. And, in all other respects, Cunningham was a whole world above his own order of self-raised men—not less in gravity, sense, and manliness of thought, than in the dignified respectability of his conduct. He was rising an inch in the world every day of his life; for his whole day, from sunrise to bedtime, was dedicated to active duties cheerfully performed. And on this subject, one anecdote is memorable, and deserves a lasting record among the memorials of literary men. I have mentioned and described his station and its manifold duties, in relation to Sir Francis Chantrey. Now, he has told me himself repeatedly, and certainly, from my own observation and that of others, I have no doubt of his literal veracity, that, in the course of his whole connexion with that eminent sculptor, he never borrowed one single hour from his ministerial labours on account of his principal, either to compose or to correct one of those many excellent, sometimes brilliant, pages, by which he has delighted so many thousands of readers, and won for himself a lasting name in the fine literature of modern England.

CHANGE.

CHANGE! change! The mournful story
Of all that's gone before!
The wrecks of perished glory
Bestrewing every shore.
The shattered tower and palace,
That frown o'er every glen,
In broken language, tell us
Of the fleeting power of men.

Change! change! The scythe is sweeping
O'er many a cottage hearth;
The sickled hand is reaping
O'er some scene of household mirth.
The sheaf is bound where daughters
Round their mother used to spin;
And where little feet did patter
Full often out and in.

Change! change! for all things human!
Kingdoms, states of amplest wing
Have their flight and fall, in common
With the meanest mortal thing:—
With beauty, love, and passion;
With all of earthly trust;
With life's smallest wavelet, rushing,
Curling, breaking into dust!

Where arose, in marbled grandeur,
The wall'd cities of the past,
The sullen winds now wander
O'er a ruin-huddled waste.
Rent is the palace splendid;
The owl, in silence, wings
O'er floors where, eye-attended,
Paced the sandalled feet of kings.

Still change! Go thou and view it
All desolately sunk:
The circle of the Druid,
The cloister of the monk;
The abbey, boled and squalid,
With its grass-maned staggering wall:
Ask by whom these were unhallowed—
'Twas Change that did it all.

Yet, O Change! though the destroyer
Of earth's frail things, thou art not
The less the purifier
Of its ever-living thought:
The Druid star is shrouded,
The monkish overcast;
And the new, though still beclouded,
Is less clouded than the last.

Proud thrones, *now* ruling nations,
Ye would shun the common lot;
Even *now*, at your foundations,
Works the worm that dieth not.
Ye will perish, like your brothers
Of the elder world, all!
And others, and still others,
Will follow you and fall.

But Mind, the ever-living,
From Time's each succeeding birth,
Will receive some more of heaven,
Will retain some less of earth.
More of truth, and less of error;
Less of hate, and more of love;
Till the world below shall mirror
All the purity above.

A. M.

THE FEATS AND FORTUNES OF RICHARD THE REIVER; COMMONLY CALLED DOUBLE-RIBBED DICK.

PART I.—THE PURSUIT.

At no period of Scottish history did greater anarchy and misrule prevail, throughout the whole kingdom, than during the minority of James V. and the Regency of the Duke of Albany. The state of the country was miserable in the extreme. Of the nobility, the greater part, who possessed either experience or authority, had fallen in battle or were driven into banishment. The majority of those who remained at home were unfit, on account of their youth and incapacity for business, to undertake the management of public affairs in such turbulent times. The most powerful families, who possessed influence or talents, were ambitious, divided among themselves, and seeking their own aggrandizement rather than the public welfare. The wealthy Churchmen, growing daily more insolent, and not content with their own jurisdiction, grasped at every high office in the kingdom. Those intrusted with the offices of wardens and governors, some of whom usurped almost royal power, instead of repressing violence and crime, encouraged outrage and robbery; hoping to increase their own authority by favouring or conniving at the lawless rapacity of daring and desperate marauders.

To add still more to this general wretchedness of the nation's affairs, the revenues of the kingdom had been exhausted by the extravagances of the late King; who was fond of tournaments and shows, lavish in his gifts to friends, and expensive in his taste for ship-building and adorning his palaces.

The common people, left without education, and having no religious instructors but swarms of superstitious priests or mendicant friars, had become fierce and licentious in their habits; regardless of the life and property of their neighbours; and having before their eyes no reverence for either divine or human restraints.

For a course of years, this miserable and unsettled state of matters prevailed. The whole country, more especially the districts bordering on England, presented one scene of confusion, rapine, and slaughter. As for the administration of justice, or the protection of rights, or the execution of the laws, these important duties were either left altogether undischarged, or intrusted to the caprice of the nobles and barons who resided on their estates. These individuals united in their own persons the functions of legislators and judges; they had the power to dictate what was law, and to execute it in any manner they pleased. If the poor were oppressed, they had no tribunal to which they could appeal but the local courts; and these were so completely under the control of their superiors or chiefs, that justice was a mockery, and oftentimes a more grievous oppression than the wrongs for which they sought to obtain redress.

On special occasions, when daring outrages were committed, or when governors and wardens had been guilty of some flagrant breach of duty or of trust in the administration of their office, the Regent or the King made a personal expedition to the district, to investigate the matter, and inflict summary punishment on the offender. It was on a progress of this kind that James V. hanged the redoubted freebooter Johnnie Armstrong, with the greater part of his company; and it was to punish a case of gross negligence, that the same monarch paid a visit to Charteris of Amisfield, near Dumfries, and imposed upon him the heavy penalty of finding quarters for the royal troops, because he had failed to give redress to a poor widow, whose cow, her only property, had been stolen in some of the marauding incursions of the English borderers into Annandale.

Almost every year, visitations of this sort became necessary. The Sovereign, or some of his nobles, were obliged to proceed through the country, especially the south, in order, as old Pitscottie expresses it, in his own quaint and homely way, "to daunten all theft, reif, and slaughter, committed in the King's young age, at a time when there was no justice ministrate, for inlaik of a head to plaint to."

It was at this epoch, and under circumstances so favourable to the daring spirit of rapine and depredation, that the hero of our tale, Richard the Reiver, flourished. He was the son of a small heritor in Nithsdale, honest Sandy Kilpatrick, the Laird of Bruntick of Auchencairn, who had fought at Flodden, and was one of the few that returned to tell the tidings of that disastrous day.

To those acquainted with the geography of that part of Dumfriesshire, it is unnecessary to describe the localities of the vale of the Nith, which extends seven or eight miles up the course of the river, spreading into rich holms, bounded on the north by the braes of Tinwald and Kirkmahoe, and narrowing to a point above Dalswinton, where the stream gets land-locked by the hills of Blackwood and Auldgarth.

On the high ground that overlooks this charming valley, lay the birthplace of Richard. For soft and picturesque beauty there is nothing to surpass it in Scotland. To the south stretched the Solway, with its gliding ships; and behind it rose majestic Skiddaw, with the lofty range of the Cumberland hills. Midway in the landscape lay the town of Dumfries, with its three steeples towering above the smoke. On the west, this natural amphitheatre was bounded by the Galloway hills, terminating in the cloud-capt Criffell—the universal dial and weather-glass for the peasantry of Dumfriesshire. Its misty brow tells them when to expect droughs and when to prepare for rain; and, when the sun is in its zenith, the weary labourer knows it is time to dine. Immediately where the higher grounds begin to rise, and not above half-a-mile from the Nith, which winds its clear waters

through the whole length of this delightful valley, is situated the clauchan of Duncow, now reduced to a few scattered cottages; but three centuries ago a village of considerable extent and population. It is divided by a burn, which, in summer, is little else than a dry channel, but, in winter, is often swollen into a mischievous torrent, sweeping everything before it in its way to the Nith. About a quarter of a mile above the village, the banks become steep and rocky, covered with overhanging brushwood, and almost concealing three romantic waterfalls, or *leaps*, as they are called, by which the stream is broken in its descent to the lower grounds. Near the entrance to this precipitous linn, stood, and still remains, an establishment of corn-mills, erected, one above another, on the face of the bank, and all turned by one small cataract, which pours its foaming waters into the burn below. The sight was not a little picturesque, of three or four busy wheels, all plying their dizzy rounds, rising in successive tiers, each borrowing its liquid supply from the other; thus shewing how Nature, by a little application of human skill, if man will but avail himself of her gifts, may be made the minister of economy and despatch in the ordinary business of life.

The owner of this romantic meal manufactory was old David Corrie, whose hale and robust frame bore the load of fourscore winters; and who, even at that ripe age, seemed to have taken out a new lease of life, as a term of sixteen years of mortality was still to run. He had seen laid in the grave his wife and a numerous family;—all dead, save one son, who could only attend, however, occasionally to the duties of the mill, as he was frequently absent on raids and expeditions to the Border, in the retinue of his chief, the neighbouring Baron of Duncow. The sole companion left to shed a ray of comfort on the declining years of old David, was his little granddaughter, Marion, the only child of his son; and, as she had lost her mother in infancy, the tie that bound her to the old man's heart was drawn still closer by this misfortune.

It was the custom and the law, in those times, that all proprietors and farmers within the barony should be *thirled* to their own mill; that is, they were not allowed to carry their oats or barley to be ground beyond the bounds of the district. Among those heritors thirled to the mill of Duncow, was Sandy Kilpatrick the Laird of Bruntick; and it was to this incident that young Richard owed his acquaintance with Marion Corrie; a circumstance which had a most important effect on the destinies of his future life.

There was a difference of nearly two years in their ages; both were motherless; and, being thus left very much to the care of Nature, they soon contracted a fondness for each other's society that made them inseparable companions. They were constantly together, pursuing their amusements alone, and seeming to care for nothing else but how to make each other happy. On the greensward, by the burn-side, they would wander, day after day, pulling daisies and primroses, or laying small stones in rows and squares, which they called their house; and, while Dick was arranging the apartments, Marion was busy garnishing them with fragments of broken crockery. If a shower of rain came, Marion's little frock was turned into an umbrella to shelter them from the wet. If she longed for a bunch of the red rowan berries to string into a necklace—and these were the only diamonds and rubies she knew—Dick almost anticipated her wish; and, though the trees grew on the face of the rocky precipice, overhanging the roaring linn, he feared no danger; but, climbing with the speed of a wild cat to the topmost boughs, he bore the blushing prize to his playmate, who stood trembling on the brink, half expecting to see the reckless adventurer dashed in pieces down the cliff, or dropping from the crackling branches into the black pool beneath.

As a reward for this perilous exploit, Marion would plait her little hero a helmet and belt of rushes, with which a broad sedge, from the margin of the mill-dam was girt as a mimic sword to his side. Proud of these fanciful ornaments, they walked about with their hands locked in each other's, or ran home to surprise the old man with the display of their grotesque finery.

When tired of their amusements, they would sit half a summer day blowing the light white down from the dandelion, or looking in silent thought into each other's faces, as if their hearts could hold converse together without the necessity of words. "Surely," the old wives of the village would say, "surely they maun be strange bairns. What pleasure can they hae in sitting winlin' a' day on the cauld braeside, doing naething but glowring into ane anither's een?"

Sometimes they would extend their walk far up the linn, or over the moor, to gather wild strawberries, blaeberries, brambles, and raspe. And, on one of these occasions, when they did not make their appearance till after night-fall, a party was sent in search of them, and found them asleep under a bush of heather, locked in each other's arms. Like the babes in the wood,

> Their little lips, with blackberries,
> Were all besmeared and dyed;
> And when they saw the darksome night
> They sat them down and cried.

Thus passed their early childhood. The mountain breezes gave them vigour, and plain and wholesome food kept them in perpetual health. At twelve years of age, Marion's figure had begun to assume the form and gracefulness of womanhood. A profusion of bright auburn hair shaded her face; her ruddy cheek looked more beautiful from the delicate whiteness of her brow; her teeth were small but regular, and gave an air of inexpressible sweetness to her smile; her dark blue eyes sparkled with vivacity when she spoke, and seemed to reflect, as from a mirror, the purity and gentleness that resided within.

Richard, having the advantage in point of years, was taller than his fair playmate; his figure was

handsome and well proportioned, and gave indications of possessing extraordinary strength; his mouth was small, his nose slightly aquiline, and his large black eyes would have been almost too piercing, had not their brilliancy been softened by the long dark eye-lashes that shaded them.

Being remarkably athletic, and of a daring spirit, he soon learned to excel in all the manly exercises and perilous feats to which young men of his age were trained. In fencing, archery, and horsemanship, he was without a rival; he could throw the hammer or putt the stone far beyond any of his competitors; a seven-barred gate he would clear at a bound; and such was the muscular power of his arm, that he could double a horse shoe between his hands, and cut asunder an iron stanchel with a blow of his sword.

In raids and forays, none shewed more courage or did better execution upon the enemy. For running and dexterity in cattle-lifting he was altogether unequalled. On one occasion he undertook to drive off a dozen fine fat bullocks from beneath the very castle walls of Dalswinton, without awakening either the herds or their dogs. And how did he perform this exploit? He got Jock Tamson, the tailor of Aucbencairn, to make four-and-twenty pairs of cloth boots, two pairs for each of the beeves; and, having sewed a calf-skin round him, he crawled into the cattle-shed, without exciting suspicion or alarm, and, slipping on the boots on the bullocks, he quietly turned them out, one by one, to his companions, who drove them off with so little noise, even along the hard road, that they were all snugly folded on Bruntick Knowe before the Laird of Dalswinton missed them.

His exploits in the way of reif and spulyie brought him into numerous difficulties and dangers, from which he owed his escape entirely to his prodigious strength and his matchless skill as a swordsman. The Baron of Duncow, who had often found him a troublesome neighbour, and who conceived a deadly hatred for him ever since he had carried off the prize from his eldest son at the weaponshaw, laid many a snare to entrap him: but all his arts and stratagems were of no avail. Six of the baron's men, armed with bludgeons, waylaid him between Castlehill and Auchenrath; but five of them, in as many minutes, were stretched senseless on the ground, and the sixth saved himself only because the victor did not think it worth while to pursue him.

Another time, he foiled a trick of his enemies, who, when they could not master him by force, thought to get him into their clutches by artifice. Under pretence of shewing him some feat of strength which he could not match, they enticed him into a blacksmith's shop, where one of their number allowed himself to be bound with ropes, which he said he would snap asunder as easily as Samson did the green wythes of the Philistines. This exploit he certainly performed; though it was afterwards discovered that the ropes, in several places, had been damaged on purpose that they might be easily broken.

The experiment was next tried on Richard. His wrists were fastened with a thick cord, and his arms pinioned down tightly above the elbows. But during this operation, and behind his back, a noose of the rope was slipt over the iron anvil, which, in those days when heavy armour was manufactured, was of enormous size, and weighed often fifty or sixty stones. In the twinkling of an eye, Richard was pinned to the spot, and hauled up so close, that his feet slid, and he fell with his back resting against the huge block of wood that supported the anvil.

It was now that the wily device of the enemy flashed across his mind. They stood exulting over their dupe, and, perhaps, in half an hour, he would have been lodged in the deepest dungeon of the Baron's castle. But they had reckoned without their host. To snap the cord that bound his wrists was but the work of a moment; the next saw him on his legs, with the anvil on his back, wooden block and all, covered with pincers, files, horse-shoes, sword-blades, and other articles hanging by nails round about it. To wrench this immense pedestal from the floor in which it was fixed was to him but a single effort. A jerk of his arms burst the rope that pinioned him, as if it had been tow, and down fell the ponderous burden to the earth, amidst the jingle of its iron appendages.

The red-hot coulter of a plough lay conveniently on the hearth, and, seizing this formidable weapon, he was preparing to inflict summary vengeance on his tormentors; but the cowards saved him the trouble: they had fled the instant they saw his hands at liberty, and not a soul remained, friend or foe, to risk the consequence of this unsuccessful stratagem. This feat, which gained him the soubriquet of Double-Ribbed Dick, put an end to all attempts to seize him, except by the aid of an overwhelming force of armed men; and such an opportunity was not long in occurring.

It happened that the Baron's eldest son had had the temerity to vie with Dick in the affections of pretty Marion, who, though she had never heard the word "love" mentioned in her life, had, for some time past, felt her heart agitated with new emotions towards the playmate of her childhood; feelings altogether different from those which had made the years of their innocent sports and adventures so happy. Instead of flying to his embraces when they met, she looked downcast and confused, avoided his caresses, and scarcely dared to let her eyes meet his. When he touched her or spoke to her, she turned away her head to hide the blushes that overspread her cheek with the mantling tinge of a double crimson. Their attachment, in short, had grown insensibly, and almost without their being conscious of the change that had expanded and ripened the intimacy of childhood into ardent and deep-rooted love.

It may readily be imagined that no rival had the slightest chance of making any impression on a heart so wholly and so fervently devoted to its first object. Of this fact the Baron's son soon

became aware: but, from feelings of jealousy and revenge that the son of a petty laird should excel him in all the accomplishments of the age, and even bear away the laurel that should have graced his own brow, he resolved to persevere in his suit, more to vex and annoy his rival than from any hope of succeeding in his base design; base it may be called, for he had, not only the insolence to make dishonourable proposals, but, when these were rejected with scorn, to plot with his accomplices for carrying her off, and making himself master of her person by force.

Marion, whose virtuous heart recoiled with horror and indignation at the very idea of such wickedness, was, nevertheless, afraid to acquaint her lover with the danger to which she was exposed, and the gross insult that had been offered to her; being well aware of the fatal consequences which would inevitably ensue from the discovery. For a while, she tried to conceal her emotions; but, at length, the importunities of Richard, whose eagle eye had detected the workings of some hidden sorrow, which, like a canker-worm, had begun to consume the rose on her cheek, prevailed over her scruples, and she ventured to communicate to him the guilty proposal which his rival had dared to make, as well as her apprehensions that some farther stratagem, to destroy their happiness, was still intended.

At this intelligence, Richard's countenance seemed petrified into marble; the colour forsook his lip; his eye glared like the tiger's over his prey; and his hand involuntarily grasped the hilt of his sword. "Villain," he exclaimed, "before to-morrow's sun goes down, this blade shall reek with thy heart's blood." Without uttering another word, he tore himself from Marion's arms, who had thrown herself upon his breast in the convulsive agony of her alarm, and in a moment was out of her sight.

Her distress of mind, at what she now regarded as a most imprudent disclosure, may be more easily imagined than described. A day and a night were spent in feverish restlessness. Even in her waking fancies she thought she heard the clashing of swords and saw the grass dyed with warm blood. Perhaps a gleam of hope might occasionally break through the cloud of doubt and despair that hung upon her distracted thoughts; but, alas! too soon were the fond illusions dispelled. The morning of the second day put an end to all uncertainty; for the Baron's son was found murdered at the foot of the steep bank by the side of the burn, about half-way between the mill and the village of Duncow.

As no person had witnessed the accident, various were the rumours and surmises that prevailed as to how it had happened, or by whom the deed had been committed. Some supposed he must have fallen by the hand of an assassin, or perhaps been slain in a duel. Others alleged that, as a body of the King's troopers had arrived that same night to take up their quarters in Duncow, he might have come by his death in a quarrel with some of the soldiers. It may be readily presumed that all these conjectures were eagerly caught up and circulated by Richard's friends, who, though they could not prove them to be absolutely true, were glad to believe them at least probable.

But the general opinion took a different view of the matter. There was one person, and one only, to whom they conceived it likely the murder could be traced, and that person was Double-Ribbed Dick. There were so many presumptive circumstances: the notorious feud between the families; the personal enmity between the young men themselves; the rivalry in feats of arms, as well as in the love affair; all tended to confirm the suspicion that Richard was the murderer.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Baron of Duncow and his vassals were firmly persuaded of the fact; and, without losing a single day, the most active measures were resorted to for his apprehension. Tenants and retainers were levied over the whole estate, and summoned to be ready in arms at the castle. Their orders were, to scour the country, in strong parties, from the Solway shore to the top of Queensberry; and, to encourage them in the pursuit, a reward of 200 gold crowns was offered to the man who should bring him, alive or dead, into the Baron's presence.

While one party proceeded east and another west, a third searched the moors as far as Locherben. A strong patrol of horse hovered about the skirts of Duncow, as it was supposed he might be lurking in some of the houses; for he was a favourite with many people in the village, who would almost have laid down their own lives to save him. Every place was searched, every corner about the mill, every cave in the linn every scaur and bush that afforded even the suspicion of shelter; every house in Auchencairn and on his father's property was literally turned inside out; but to no purpose: the object of their vengeance had disappeared, and nowhere could they meet with the slightest whisper or trace of his retreat.

The secret was intrusted to one person, and but one, and that was Marion Corrie. As soon as the murder was committed, and before the rumour had time to spread beyond the immediate neighbourhood, Richard had paid a visit to the mill, where he found Marion bathed in tears, and almost distracted between alarm for the safety of her lover and remorse for having been, as she believed, the innocent cause of bloodshed.

"Calm your tears, my sweet maiden. I know my life is in jeopardy; I know I am blamed for the murder; in a few hours I shall be hunted by my enemies like the deer on the hill: but, keep up your heart, a few days will bring all to light, will expose the infamy of the villain, and tell the world that never did juster punishment overtake a guiltier wretch. Meantime the storm is gathering and I must fly. I shall hide myself in the old tower of Kaildykes till the discovery of the truth makes it safe for me to venture out, or, if that will not disarm the vengeance of my foes, till my father demand justice

from King James himself; and he is not the man that ever saw wrong done to a pretty maiden without bringing the gallows and the miscreant's neck together. You, my sweet rose, in the meanwhile, must be my warder and protector. Keep watch; have horses ready; give me the signal of a white kerchief on the Dawson Brae when there is an opportunity of escape; and if once my foot were in the stirrup and the heather before me, my pursuers will be fleeter than the hare is, and fiercer than the wild boar of the woods, if they make me their prisoner."

A few moments sufficed for this hasty interview: the chance of escape lightened the load of despair on Marion's heart.

"Go, go," she whispered; "for the Baron's men will be here; they are thirsting for thy life's blood. Go, go;" and, in a moment, Richard was off to his lurking place with the speed of the mountain roe.

The old tower of Kaildykes, or Crichton Peel, as it was sometimes called, stood within a quarter of a mile of Bruntick, and was one of those small Border keeps or fortresses intended as a shelter from any sudden local danger rather than a means of defence against the attack of an enemy. It was surrounded by a narrow moat, with a drawbridge and portcullis, and almost embosomed in a circle of stately beeches, which, at that season, were in full leaf. Every corner and cranny in the interior was familiar to the Reiver, who had often occasion, in the course of his freebooting exploits, to make it a house of refuge both for himself and his spulyie.

The place in which he now, as he had always, sought concealment on such emergencies—and which never failed to protect him even when the tower was searched from top to bottom by armed men—was a private staircase built within the heart of a thick wall. The entrance excited no suspicion, as it had the appearance of a common fire-place; and the outlet at the top could not be distinguished from one of the chimneys. Light was admitted by loop-holes in the wall; through which signals could be seen, and information obtained of what was going on without. This tower the Baron's men had searched with the greatest care, when ransacking the hamlet of Auchencairn: but they found nothing save empty walls, and traces of cattle having been penned in the lower apartments.

After remaining two days and a night, without food, in this invisible retreat, Richard began to hope the danger was over, and looked eagerly for the white signal of escape. Marion had been faithful to her trust; sleep had never visited her eyes; every word and every movement of the pursuers had been narrowly watched; and, to lull suspicion, she rode about, as usual, on her cream-coloured Galloway, seeming to take a deep interest in the event that had caused so extraordinary a sensation.

The old miller, (for her father was compelled to join one of the searching parties,) observed an unwonted restlessness and caution in all her movements. He could not imagine the cause; but his suspicions were awakened that some adventure was in contemplation, when he saw Marion, about the twilight, busy dressing herself in her riding kirtle, and snooding up her hair with the help of a pail of clear water—a substitute for a looking-glass, common enough, at that time, among the peasantry of Scotland.

"Bless me, dear child, what's a' this busking for; surely ye dinna ettle to tak a journey at this time o' night?"

"No, goodsire," said Marion, "not very far; only up the Wigan, where I promised to leave something, and forgot."

"Stay at hame, bairn, stay at hame: it's no canny to venture out in the gloamin'; the kintra's verra lowse."

"Hoo," replied Marion, forcing a smile that ill-suited with her heavy heart, "naebody will rin away wi' me; I'm no that tempting ware: but if am no back in a wee while, just suppose I am taking a reel wi' the fairies in Gill's Hole."

The old man was very superstitious; a firm believer in ghosts, brownies, kelpies, and goblins of every description. Often, he assured Marion, had he seen the fairies baking bread in some quiet dell, up the moor, or riding past the mill in green jackets, so near that he distinctly heard the jingling of their bridles. Sometimes they would mischievously set the water on at midnight, and grind away so furiously, that he thought every moment the wheels would take fire. A brownie, rough like a badger, would sift the meal, and have a large melter put in sacks before daybreak.

On one occasion, he said, he had the imprudence to order this hairy intruder about his business: but he had soon cause to repent of his rashness; for, in a few minutes, the offended sprite called to his aid a troop of fairies, well mounted on black geldings. The clattering of their hoofs rung through the air, and, fortunately, gave him warning in time to escape. Off he set through Duncow as fast as his legs could carry him, in the hope of crossing the keystone of Carield Bridge before they could overtake him. His pursuers followed, gaining upon him every moment. Thinking to hide himself, he ran into a field of corn in the Gallaberry holm, and crept into the heart of one of the stooks. The brownie, with his troop, followed hard after; and, in five minutes, every stook in the holm was overturned, except one, and that was where he lay concealed. It was saved in the nick of time, as he had just finished the Lord's Prayer when the emissaries of Satan were laying their hands on the hood sheaves.

The disappointed fiends instantly turned their horses' heads towards Gill's Hole; and Old David ventured to creep out, as soon as he saw them fairly over the Auchmony Hill, splashing through the Hassock Moss, above the Lightwaterford.

This long detail of glamoury and witchcraft Marion was obliged to listen to with great impatience.

"Weel, weel, goodsire, ye see they didna

grup ye, after a'. But ye ken there's nae fear o' me. I'm proof against them. My saddle is made of rowantree wood, and I aye keep the Pater Noster sewed in the corner of my gown-tail. Never heed me; I'll be back in time for my supper;" and, mounting her palfrey with a light bound, she applied the whip to his haunches, and was down the burn-side, out of sight in a twinkling, leaving the old man somewhat perplexed and alarmed at this unaccountable freak of his grandchild.

Marion's intention was to reach, by some by-road, the place where she had agreed to hoist the signal of escape. This she accomplished; and, before midnight, she had got, without being observed, to Pirie's Kist, a small rocky den, on the face of the Dawson Brae, resembling the mouth of an old quarry, and thickly covered with brushwood. Here she had trysted one of the swiftest of the Laird of Bruntick's horses to be in readiness to meet her early next morning.

After a wearisome night, the hour at length approached, when the white symbol was duly planted on the top of the brae, and within sight of the tower of Kaildykes.

The watchful eye of Richard soon caught the welcome signal; but an unforeseen difficulty had arisen, which threatened to render all chance of escape hopeless. Tempted by the bribe of the golden crowns offered for his apprehension, one of Dick's former comrades had undertaken, the very night before, to discover his secret retreat, on condition of sharing half the reward.

By daylight, a troop of the Baron's men, with the traitor at their head, surrounded the fortress. Leaving their horses outside the moat, they passed the drawbridge, secured the portcullis, barred the iron door of the castle, and proceeded to the chamber from which the concealed staircase entered, exulting in the certainty of apprehending their prey.

Richard beheld their motions with no small degree of perturbation; not so much, however, from any alarm for his own safety, as with indignation at the heartless miscreant who had betrayed him.

But there was no time for deliberation or delay. His only chance lay in escaping by the opening at the top; and, accordingly, taking with him a long rope, with a hook at the end, which he used in hauling in provisions through the loopholes, he mounted to the flat roof, and was in the act of letting himself down the wall, when he was discovered by the guard at the drawbridge, who instantly raised the alarm.

For a moment, he gave up all as lost; but, with that natural instinct which never failed him at a pinch, he flew to the opposite side of the roof, threw his hook round a branch of one of the beech trees, pulled it close to the bartisan, and, seizing hold of it, the rebound carried him fairly across the moat, and landed him in a convenient covert of thick leaves.

All this occupied only a few seconds; and while his pursuers were hurrying to the top of the castle, Richard was descending the tree, and preparing to make the best of his way to Pirie's Kist. But he had no sooner cleared the wood than his enemies again got their eye upon him. The signal for pursuit was given, and before he got to the Middleriggs, about half way to the Dawson Brae, twelve horsemen were after him at full speed.

He had only time to say to Marion—

"Let me fly. Stay you here till they pass." Then pointing his finger towards Duncow, and throwing himself into the saddle, Galloping Tam was off like a shot. He needed no spur when his master was on his back.

The enemy followed in close pursuit, and, taking a near cut (luckily for Marion) through the Windmill Park, they thought to overtake him before he reached Duncow. In going down the steep brae into the village, the parties were within three hundred yards of each other.

The horns were blown to sound the alarm, and rouse the inhabitants out of their beds; but before a single mortal had time to stir, the clattering of hoofs, the hollooing of the pursuers, and the barking of curs, told that the cavalcade had already entered the clauchan, and was sweeping, like hare and hounds, through the main street, which was very irregular, full of windings and turnings, and, in some parts, so narrow, that two horsemen could scarcely pass abreast.

Had the Reiver wished to continue the chase, he could easily have distanced his enemies: but then, as the country was traversed by scouts in all directions, to have run the hazard of open flight, was only incurring greater danger, and jumping, as it were, out of the fryingpan into the fire. What then was to be done? The bloodhounds were hard upon him. Life or death depended on the resolution of the moment.

They were now almost through the village, at the lower extremity of which the road made one or two very sharp turns in a zigzag line, so that passengers could not see above a few yards before them. Here the pursuers, for an instant, necessarily lost sight of their victim; but as they distinctly heard the sound of his horse's feet, they pushed on, sure of their prey before he reached the Nith, which they supposed he intended to cross.

Their disappointment and rage may be imagined when, on clearing the town, they observed Galloping Tam, without his master, quietly grazing on a little green nook where the burn crosses the road, called the "Farle of Bread," from its exact likeness to a triangular oat cake. It looked as if the cunning brute had been in the plot to deceive them; and, having put them on a false track, he betook himself to grass, as if conscious that he had, in a satisfactory manner, discharged his part of the performance.

Of course, the party immediately retraced their steps, determined to make strict search in the village, and to plant a strong guard at every outlet, so as to cut off all possibility of escape.

"What can hae become o' the bluidy rascal?" was the query which every one put to another.

"Surely he 's no santed. He canna hae gotten into a house, for the deil a door 's open at this time o' the mornin'; and he'll hae mair airt nor Auld Nick himself if he wuns out o' the clauchan without our gruppin' him."

Every precaution was taken to make sure work with the fugitive, whom they now firmly believed to be within their grasp. The inhabitants were put on the alert, and such of them as could handle their weapons were provided with arms.

A regular search then commenced: dwelling-houses, out-houses, stables, barns, peat-stacks, pig-styes, and even dunghills, were rummaged; beds and bedding underwent a thorough scrutiny, tubs and barrels, presses, amries, meal-girnels, &c., were inspected with prying minuteness; yet nowhere was the object of their research to be found.

They were now puzzled beyond measure where to look or what to think.

"I wadna wonner," says Rab Hog, "but he 's down some o' the lums; that 's a trick he has played us afore noo."

"Mair likely," quoth Kerricks, "he 's cruppen' under the broo o' the burn; for I've kent him hidden a' night in the Hassock Moss, wi' naething but his nose aboon the water."

"I'se warrant," cried Jamie Douglass of the Riddingwood, "the fairies 'ill hae a hand in 't. They 're gey unchancie fouk, they. Odd, they wad think naething o' santin' him i' the middle o' the road, or shuvin' him through the keyhole o' a door. I mind when he was catched stealin' sheep in oor park, up i' the muirs, a wheen o' us ran after him, and wad hae gruppit him; but what did the queer deevil do, think ye? Faith, he threw himsel' clean owre the linn, doon the very steepest o't; and when we gaed doun, expecting to find naething but a skinfu' o' broken banes, gudesake, there was he lyin' turned into a bundle o' sheepskins; as fack as death! They were hardly cauld, an' a' clotted wi' bluid."

There was a loud guffaw raised at Jamie's simplicity, as it was easily seen that Dick's escape, and the bloody skins, could be satisfactorily accounted for without the interposition of fairies, or any miraculous transmogrification.

"Bide a wee, bide a wee. I hae got it noo; I hae got it noo. We'll do for the buffer yet, hang him. He'll string, (drawing his finger across his throat.) Ay, whew! whew! hurrah! Listen to me."

While Geordie M'Cron was in the act of uttering these ejaculations, he kept snapping his thumbs, capering, dancing, and laughing, till his comrades thought he had fairly lost his seven senses.

"Is the man daft?"

"Has he ta'en a fit?"

"What is it?"

"Where 's Dick?" cried a score voices at once.

"Gie me time; gie me breath," said Geordie; "an' afore I tell I maun hae a tass of brandy, for we've haen hot wark, and maybe there 'll be twathree croons clawn or a's doon yet. But a wee drap brandy, ye ken, maks a body look sharper in a hurry, forbye keeping doun the pain, if ane should get a slash or a clour i' the bygaun."

As the liquor was the readiest key to open the important secret, a wooden caup, filled to the brim, was handed to him, which he drained without once taking it from his lips.

"Noo," continued he, "ye ken, Dick has a fine terrier they ca' Horneck, a fierce brute, but wi' a nose as keen as Magachen's elshin, that ran through the heel o' a buit an inch into his ain thum; I've kent him follow his maister's fit, or Gallopin' Tam's either—for it's the same to him—a' the way out o' Dumfries, and never miss him, though the roads were thranged wi' fouk, an' often droves o' nowt. Noo, the time we're takin' our knocket, an' a wee soup mair o' the *lixir vity*—we'll be a' the better o' that if it come to short grips—let Johnnie Halliday rin up to Bruntick and fetch doun Horneck. Just set him on the spot where his maister santed, and I'll wad a groat the creature will track him oot an' he be onywhere atween this an' Jerusalem!"

The plan appeared to be admirable; and, while the party were over at the Baron's, getting their luncheon, the messenger went up to fetch the dog, which he found keeping faithful watch at the drawbridge of Kaildykes Tower. A new trap was thus laid for Richard, which it seemed impossible for him to escape; and the danger was the greater, as he was not aware of the stratagem of his enemies.

Here it may be necessary to explain that, on turning one of the sharp angles of the street, he had thrown himself from his horse into a saw-pit, close by the roadside; and, while his pursuers were after Tam, he had buried himself completely under a heap of sawdust. By this means, he succeeded in eluding discovery; but the scheme of tracing him out with the dog would infallibly have betrayed his hidingplace, had he not been warned of his danger.

As soon as the tumult and bustle of the morning subsided, a voice, from a window that overlooked his retreat, cried, loud enough to be heard—"Away; the pit will be searched."

This friendly hint he knew at once proceeded from Marion, who, at the same time, threw a plaid into the pit; and, accordingly, the advice was acted upon without delay.

Fortunate it was that the crisis for escape had occurred so luckily; for, in less than half an hour, his pursuers had reassembled, and were ready to try the success of their new project.

"Oot wi' him, oot wi' him," exclaimed the whole troop, in the utmost impatience, as Johnnie Halliday was untying the sack in which he had carried the terrier.

"Here wi' him, here wi' him; just set him down; let him get his nose to the grun'."

Horneck snuffed about the road for a little, and, at length, set off, full canter, down the Wigan, to the Farle o' Bread.

"He's after Tam, stupid deevil; but he'll soon come back again;" and such was the fact. The sagacious brute then proceeded straight to Archy Rodan's stable, where the horse had been lodged until some intelligence was received of his master.

"Fetch him back to the auld spot, and, by jingo, unless Nanny Smith has witched the hale town, and the dowg into the bargain, we'll hunt the cutthroat sinner oot."

Horneck was again placed within twenty yards of the saw-pit.

"Seek him oot, seek him oot; hu, hu, hu, hu, tsit, tsit, tsit, tsit; seek him oot!"

After snuffing and snooking for a minute or two, the terrier caught the scent, and made his way into the pit; and, in a jiffy, was half buried in sawdust, scraping intensely with his forepaws, and making dirt and gravel fly out behind him.

A loud hurra testified the joy of the by-standers at this supposed discovery of their vanished prey.

"Stan' here." "Rin up there." "Gang yon'er." "He'll loup owre our heads." "Fetch the handcuffs;" was uttered by a dozen voices at once; when, to their utter amazement, not a trace or vestige of a human being was to be seen. The pit was empty, and Horneck, trotting through among their legs, with his nose to the road, took straight up the street.

"Ho, ho, I see it a'; I smell a rat," says one.

"Confound ye, rin after the dowg; watch where he gangs," cried Jock o' the Foryeth; and off set the whole crowd in full chase.

The terrier, by this time, had snuffed his way round one or two of the turnings, and down a narrow close, where he was found wagging his tail, and thrusting his snout into a small round hole below Mary Lindsay's door, giving both visible and audible demonstrations that his master had crossed that threshold.

No other proof was now required that they had hit upon Dick's lurkingplace at last. A consultation was forthwith held as to the best mode of securing their victim. A ring of twelve men, with drawn swords, was planted round the door; four, also armed, were stationed opposite the window, or rather casement, as it had not a single pane of glass; the two upper apertures being stuffed with a bonnet and an old drugget petticoat, and the two lower supplied with boards, which opened on leathern hinges, for the double purpose of letting in the light and letting out the smoke. There certainly was not much risk of the prisoner making his exit in that direction; but, as Dick was believed to have "mair airt nor his ain," it behoved to take every possible precaution.

All outward securities being applied, a more formidable question still remained—Who was to go in first, and apprehend the prisoner? Dick's prowess was universally acknowledged; and several of those who now surrounded the door, could bear personal testimony to the chances of having daylight let through their body, if they approached within arms'-length of him.

"Ye'll gang in first, Archy Crocket; ye ken the gait," said Elick Robson o' the Townhead.

This tempting offer was made to a stout, flabby-faced lad, of soft, sheepish appearance, in whose mouth butter would hardly have melted.

"Na, troth no; my business is to follow, no to lead; I aye gie the post o' honour to my betters."

Watty White, the weaver, was next asked to try his hand.

"Deed, atweel, nae sic thing; I was a wee fou yestreen, an' haena got the better o' my nervishness. This job wad need a clear e'e an' a steady han'. Ax Adam Whackmaloof the Laird o' Strawberry Ha'; he's the han' for a smaaher. 'Od, he ance knockit a man doun through a deal floor afore the tae neive kent what the tither was aboot."

"I'm the boy; here's your man; stan' back."

This gallant offer was made by Geordie M'Cron.

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted the rest, each more thankful than another, to all appearance, in having found a proxy to do the work for them. Geordie stepped forward with an air of undaunted courage.

"Tak' away the dowg!" he said, in a tone of command. "Aff wi' him; chain him up; for he's sure to loup at ony man's throat that he sees touching his maister."

The request was reasonable, and instantly complied with. Geordie then proceeded to examine his sword from tip to hilt, bending the blade with his finger and thumb, and making several desperate flourishes and cuts in the air.

"'Am no that clear about this billy, after a'; dever't he may snap at a pinch, and leave me to fecht wi' the stump. Rax me that aik saplin'; ecod, there's mair fushion i' that than a bit bruckle steel."

The sword was exchanged for the cudgel; and when Geordie, after spitting in his loof, grasped it like grim death, with a fierce look that might have spaened a two-year-old fillie, everybody understood that the business of the day was to begin in earnest.

But, lo! another demand remained: the inner man required fortification as well as the outer; and it was not until his resolution had been wound up to a proper pitch by a double quantum of the *lixir vity* that he ventured forward.

His first exploit was to look through the key-hole, to satisfy his own mind that nobody stood behind the door; his next was to lift the sneck, and push the door about two-thirds a-jar. At this stage of the process he made a sudden halt, as if uncertain whether to advance or retreat. His comrades naturally presumed he was reconnoitring the premises, or had perhaps made a dead set at his prey, until they heard him make a backward movement, looking not quite so courageous as at his entering.

"What's the matter; what hae ye seen?"

"Naething," was the laconic answer.

"Then why dinna ye gang in; ye may depend on't, we'll follow."

"Wait a wee," said Geordie; "its as dark as

pitch. I couldna see a styme; gie me a wee time till my een come to."

Another venture was now made; but it required a considerable hitch behind from Johnnie Cowan, before he could regain his former ground. A second shove sent him fairly into the house, when a shrill, husky voice demanded—

"Wha's there?"

This was the signal for instant retreat. Without waiting to make any reply, the intruder rushed out; and, in the hurry, upset four or five of the guard, apparently before he knew he was out of the door. From the plight he was in, it was obvious that the expedition had failed. Neither the brandy nor the cudgel were proof against the invisible terrors that presented themselves to Geordie's imagination.

"Coward! poltroon! pigeon-livered whalp!"—were the epithets which now assailed him.

"Afeth," growled the terrified volunteer, "if ye had seen what I saw, ye wadna hae stayed i' the house langer than ye could help it. I hae nae objection to meet ony man when I'm weel armed. Even Nick himself wadna hae frightened me; but, Lord preserve us! wha would think o' fechtin' wi' a thing that has een like saucers, and a blue lowe comin' out o' it's mouth? D'ye no smell brumstane? Did nane o' ye hear that yelloch, an' a queer, awsome soond, fuff, fuff, fuffin', like a cat i' the snifters?"

How long this fearful description might have lasted, it is impossible to say, had not the door been fairly opened by Mary Lindsay in person.

"What's a' the ado aboot, lads? Is there onything wrang that ye hae been keepin' up sic a gilravagin' i' the toun a' the forenoon?"

These interrogatories were uttered in a tone half in anger, half in apparent surprise.

Mary, the reader must know, was one of those pawky old dames, common enough in country villages in those days, who, though living in poverty and obscurity, contrived to learn everything that was going on, and to maintain with her superiors a reputation for that sort of wisdom which is called natural gumption; while her ignorant neighbours half believed she was endowed with some of the mysteries of the black art. She had seen upwards of threescore and ten winters of single blessedness; yet she had all the affection of a mother towards the rising generation; would amuse them with ballads, traditions, and fairy legends innumerable; and even enter into their little sports and pastimes with all the buoyant and hearty earnestness of childhood. She was perfectly well aware of the cause which had that morning nearly turned the clauchan topsy-turvy, and had a shrewd guess what brought a company of armed besiegers round her door.

"Is there onything I can do for ye, lads; d'ye want ocht i' my house?"

Here she was interrupted by cries of "Double-Ribbed Dick! Double-Ribbed Dick! He was seen comin' in here wi' a grey plaid aboot him. Ye hae him hidden somewhere; he has been traced here by his ain dowg. But we'll seek him oot: its time the tow and his thrapple were getting better acquant."

"Hoo, hoo, hoo! tut, tut, tut, tut! if that's a' ye want, ye're welcome to come in, and gang up and down through the house wi' a lighted can'le, gin ye like. Ye'll see nought here to frighten ye, tak' my word for't."

This latter assurance had a visible effect in rallying the nerves and restoring the equanimity of Geordie M'Cron.

"Gie me my sword," he demanded, with a resolute air. "Ye needna be feart; just follow me."

And immediately half-a-dozen of the stoutest of the company stepped in.

"Noo, tak' your wull, lads," said Mary, with an air of confident indifference, "an' satisfy yersels whether I'm harbouring reivers or rebels aboot me."

Their surprise may be easily conceived when, after rummaging but an' ben, not a trace of the object of their pursuit was to be found. The only other inmate of the house was a young woman, engaged in making some preparations for the dinner.

"Wha's this here? Is this your dochter or your servant? She's a very bonnie lass," said Geordie M'Cron, eyeing the girl with a half-drunken amorous smirk on his face.

"Puir thing," replied Mary, "she's weel eneugh faur'd, for that pairt o't, blest be the Maker; but she's sair fash'd wi' the teethac, and's obleiged to hae her chafts row'd up wi' a hoshen. It's just eneugh ado for her to shill a wheen beans for the denner."

Whilst this conversation was going on, the rest of the party had been making strict search in every corner.

"Look into the meal girnel," said Tam Magee.

"Prod the bed wi' ye'r sword," cried another.

"Is he no hidden amang the kipples?" asked Willie o' Kemyss Ha'.

"I wad wager after a'," observed Davie Corbet, "that Geordie's right; he's gane oot at the lum-head wi' a yelloch, like a flaught o' fire."

Baffled in their search, they now began to suppose that Mary had played a trick upon them, and set about interrogating her more closely on the point.

"Did ye no hear him come in?"

"Oo, a hantle o' fouk may come in withoot my kennin'. I'm no that gleg o' the hearing ever sin I got a cald in my head that awfu' snaw-storm when the roof was blawn in."

"Did ye no see him then?"

"See him! Deed I can tell ye my een's sair failed noo, an' whyles there's sic a reek i' this hoose, that I can hardly fin' the road to my ain mouth when I'm at my denner i' braid day light.

"Speakin' o' denner," said Mary, wishing to change the subject of discourse, "nae doot ye'll be hungry after galloping sae muckle aboot; maybe ye'll tak a ladlefu' o' my kail afore the beans gang in? Ye'll fin' them no that bad."

Her hospitable offer was declined; but Mary, still wishing to keep on good terms with her visiters, and to direct their attention from the

business on hand, made another tender of her good cheer, which she hoped might have the desired effect.

"Na, na, I might hae kent that sic like o' you wadna care aboot a jable o' sheep's-head broth; but I've some prime tryacle yill o' my ain brewin'; I'se warrant ye hae nae objection to try that?"

The offer was unanimously accepted, and while the bicker was going round, Geordie M'Cron, who had taken care not to lose his turn, amused himself in exchanging winks and grimaces with the girl at the bean-basket. His signs and kind intentions, however, were not reciprocated in the manner he expected.

"Hoot, toot," says he; "I've kissed mony a sonsier lass nor you i' my time: do't again's no forbidden." He was in the act of throwing his arm rudely round the wench's neck, when Mary interfered.

"Come, come, ye impertinent squeef, nane o' ye'r unciveelities i' my house;" but, ere the sentence was finished, a tremendous blow laid the love-struck swain sprawling on the floor.

This exploit, from the fist of a sickly girl, was rather a startling spectacle to the rest of the party. In a moment the suspicion flashed across their minds that this sonsie lass was no other than Double-Ribbed Dick in disguise; but ere they had time to draw their weapons, or rally their bewildered senses, three or four more of them were laid beside their prostrate comrade.

"Stand to yer arms there without; look sharp," roared Jamie Bell, who acted as serjeant of the company: "the villain's here; kep him as he comes out; kep him, kep him."

Had Dick been provided with any instrument of defence, the chances of escape were still ten to one in his favour; but he had no sword of his own, nor could he, in the hurry, seize one from any of his disabled pursuers. Trusting to his own energies and usual good fortune, he sprang forward and made for the door.

It was only now that he perceived the full extent of his danger; for, during the search in the house, a company of horsemen had returned from the moors, and were upon the spot ready to give their aid in securing the prisoner.

The scene was highly interesting. Dick stood about a couple of yards over the threshold, surveying with dauntless look the circle of naked swords all pointed towards his breast. Neither party moved a limb or a feature, seemingly kept at bay by their mutual fear of each other.

By this time the party in the house had recovered their legs and their weapons; and, being emboldened by the presence of a fresh reinforcement, they rushed out of the door, and, in the frenzy of their revenge, would have despatched their prisoner, had not their hands been arrested by the voice of the Baron—"Strike him not; he is unarmed; he must be reserved for a more ignominious death."

Seeing it now impossible to escape, and in vain to resist, Dick submitted, with the most perfect composure, to his fate. He was loaded with heavy irons, and conveyed in triumph to the great hall in the Baron's castle, that he might there be exhibited like another shorn Samson, for the sport and wonder of his enemies.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ASPIRATIONS.

Pulse of fame, say, beats it never?
Heart of Glory, sleeps it ever?
Ne'er again shall bards unfold
Deeds like those they harped of old?
Deeds of ancient days.
Shall the bosom, when it burns,
Cling for aye to ancient urns?
Quenched are hopes of old renown,
Scorned for 'tself the laural crown—
Blood-bought, honoured bays?

Feeling heart and fiery thought
Feel not, fire not, save when bought;
Patriot tongues are loud or mute
At the call of Mammon's lute,
Sounding loud or low.
Age of Mammon-withered souls,
Boast not that the life-blood rolls
Strong, and undecayed, and free
Through the heart of liberty,
Buried long ago.

Freedom died when fame was sold;
Pile its tomb with burning gold,
Pile the heart, the soul, the lyre,
Pile religion's sacred fire,
Scornfully upon it.

Honour give where honour's due;
On the pile let genius strew
Leaves, but golden leaves, and place
Mammon there: with blushless face,
Solemnly enthrone it.

Thunder-peal, awake the dead,
Echo earth, to freedom's tread;
Once again, ye harps of old,
Sound the praise unbought with gold—
Uncorrupted glory.
Once again let chivalry
Bear the crest of honour high;
Bound from dust thou fiery heart
Of old renown, and act the part
Of Greek and Roman story.

Setting sun, shall e'er thy ray
Dawn upon the hallowed day,
When a world of men shall live
Bright and fair like thee, and give
Glory to the Giver?
For the sunshine of the soul,
Gladdening earth from pole to pole:
Glorious old and ardent youth,
Stainless boys on brows of truth,
Freshly green as ever.

G. P.

ST STEPHEN'S AND THE KIRK.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

16th October, 1840.

Sir,—It is curious to contrast the comparative degree of interest or of apathy with which many religious or political questions are contemplated on the opposite banks of the Tweed. Of this remark, the present Scottish Church question affords a striking illustration. No subject is so much agitated in the one country, or so little cared for in the other. The Breadalbane dinner, which occupies whole columns of the Scottish papers, both provincial and metropolitan, does not obtain as much space in the English journals as the speeches of the Livery on any one day during the late contest for the civic chair. Your Scottish readers little dream of the difficult task which their representatives in Parliament have to perform, in obtaining even a hearing for a Scottish discussion. There are two ways in which disagreeable or uninteresting questions are, what is technically called, "got rid of." The first and most popular is that of contriving to have "*No House*;" or, in other words, to prevent a *quorum* of forty Members from being congregated at four o'clock. The other "approved method" of *burking* a debate, consists in getting so many pliant or weary Members to withdraw in the course of the evening, (and especially at or during the dinner hour,) that the House can be "counted out;" or, in other words, that, on a motion for counting the number of Members actually present, they shall be found not to amount to the magical number of forty. An attempt to give some notion of the way in which the former expedient is carried into effect may enlighten, or, at least, perhaps, amuse some of our friends; and will not encroach very largely upon your columns, as it only contains a sketch of what is supposed to be done during the space of about twenty minutes.—I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

S. M. P.

NO HOUSE.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

As performed at the Theatre Royal, St Stephen's, on Tuesday, the of , 1840.

Scene—*The Interior of the House of Commons.* Time—*Twenty Minutes before Four.*

From Fifteen to Twenty Members are seen standing at the Table, or sitting on the Benches, most of them with bundles of Petitions. Torywhip *and* Whigglewhip *are seated near the Gangway.*

Torywhip. I say, Whigglewhip, if it's a fair question, I wish you'd tell me whether you gentlemen mean that there should be a House to-night?

Whigglewhip. The question is *fair* enough, my good fellow, as far as that goes; but I can't say I think it a very necessary or a very complimentary one. Do you suppose we are gone stark, staring mad? or that we are so steeped to the very lips in bad taste as to wish to hear Sinclair palavering and prating for two or three hours about his —— Scotch Kirk, and then followed by a parcel of other long-winded Scotchmen, running the changes upon vetos, and anti-patronage, and non-intrusion, and what not? I should rather be asking *you* what *your* people mean to do; for Sinclair is one of your men, and I suppose you all mean to lend him a lift.

Torywhip. Lend him a lift?—why, so we do, my good man. The best turn we can do to a friend, (whether he himself thinks so or not,) is to prevent him from exposing himself, and getting his whole party into a dilemma; and, therefore, I've taken precious good care to leave strict injunctions at the Carlton, that none of our men shall, under pain of my displeasure, find their way down to the honourable House until five minutes past four.

Whigglewhip. One would almost fancy I had taken a leaf out of your book; for I have done precisely the same thing at the Reform Club and at Brookes'. I've used the additional precaution of stationing two "good men and true," as special constables, in the lobby, to declare the House in a state of blockade, and lay an embargo upon all and sundry who attempt to get in before the time you mention.

Torywhip. They'll find two very able coadjutors there, appointed by me for the self-same good work, which, I am sure, all parties must have equally at heart. We seem to have formed a sort of "Holy Alliance," in opposition to those wild vagaries of cant and methodism, and to punish Sinclair for trying to force on such an awkward and obnoxious question.

Whigglewhip. I should not have been here myself, I promise you, if it had not been that Wakley (or some equally officious, pragmatical fellow in his absence) has taken a craze for making out and publishing lists of the fellows who are present at four whenever there is No House.

Torywhip. One would almost fancy he thought it a part of his duty, as coroner, to annoy everybody, by coming down here every day for that express purpose.

Whigglewhip. I know it's a very inconvenient practice for me; because I am forced to be here very often when I had much rather be anywhere else, for fear it should be said, if I were absent, that the Government had been taking measures for preventing a House from being made. On such an occasion as this, for instance, where all the "gude folks" in Scotland will

be conning over all the lists, till they 're almost black in the face, I could not decently keep away; and, on the same account, you see a goodly sprinkling of officials on our benches. There's Macaulay, Plain John, Bob Steuart, and Fox Maule; not one of whom would be here any more than myself, if they could help it. I know several who would give both their ears if they durst only "make themselves scarce" to-day.

TORYWHIP. By ——, I'm down here, too, on the very self-same ground; and that's the reason why Clerk, and Pringle, and Colquhoun, and most of *our* Scotch troops, are attending the muster. I suppose, if there was No House, and Wakley's list were published to-morrow morning, every Scotch absentee would be excommunicated by the General Assembly, and compelled to do penance in a white sheet. As it is, I should be so provoked if a House should be formed in consequence of my being here, that I should almost volunteer to do penance myself for having been accessory to such a national misfortune.

WHIGGLEWHIP. It's a horrid bore, this publication of the division lists; it compels many fellows to attend, and sit up late, who abominate all speechifying, and would never cross the threshhold at all if their names were not trumpeted forth in the newspapers.

TORYWHIP. You may say that, indeed. And the reporting is another —— nuisance, which our ancestors were wise enough to steer clear of. If it weren't for the "gentlemen of the press," I do believe no debate would ever last above an hour.

WHIGGLEWHIP. It's a pity that both these pernicious practices can't be done away with by a standing order. It would save a vast deal of trouble to the Members, and prevent the whole country from being kept in hot water during half the year.

[*The folding-doors are thrown open, and the Doorkeeper roars out, in a stentorian voice,* "MR SPEAKER!" *All the Members present rise, and take off their hats. The Speaker makes three bows to the chair, takes his seat at the table, and exclaims, with much solemnity,* "CALL IN THE CHAPLAIN!" *Enter the Chaplain, reads the customary prayers, and withdraws. The doors are then opened. Several Members, who have been in the lobby during prayers, come in; and the Speaker begins to count the House.*]

TORYWHIP. Hollo! I wonder what these men mean by breaking the embargo, and coming in, when you and I have left such strict orders to keep them out?

WHIGGLEWHIP. Why, you know, my dear Torywhippy, there are always a few crotchety, troublesome, obstinate customers in every great party, who wont listen to the voice of the charmer, and insist on having their own way; and one must give them rope enough, whether one will or not.

THE SPEAKER. Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty.

TORYWHIP. I am afraid the game is up. It still wants five minutes and a-half of four, and only eight members wanting. [*A short pause.*

THE SPEAKER. Thirty-one, thirty-two.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Confound it! I'm afraid you're right; and yet, if you've a mind for a bet, and will offer five to one, I'll take it.

TORYWHIP. No, no. I know a trick worth two of that. Hang it, sir, you're most unreasonable to expect such long odds, especially as two minutes of the time are out since I made the remark. [*Another short pause.*

THE SPEAKER. Thirty-three.

TORYWHIP. Who the —— was thirty-three? for I was looking at the clock, and did not perceive.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Oh, that was Sir James Colquhoun, one of the stanchest and steadiest partisans in our whole Scotch brigade.

TORYWHIP. Well, I believe he's almost the only man in the house whom I don't know by sight. His visits here are few and far between: but they're quite frequent enough to suit me; for he never gives us a lift or lends us a vote by any chance; so that, if he comes here once in the Session, it's once oftener than I wish to see him. By the by, he's Member for Galloway; isn't he?

WHIGGLEWHIP. No, no; for Dumbartonshire, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county, to-boot; and has a splendid seat on the banks of Loch Lomond.

TORYWHIP. I wish he was at the bottom of the loch at this moment, instead of bothering us, by coming down to make a House on this, of all the days in the year.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Come, come, my good man, you're rather too hard upon the worthy baronet. If you had wished that he should be on the *top* of the lake, (instead of at the *bottom*,) in a comfortable punt, trowling for pike, instead of listening to all the blarney and balderdash about this infernal kirk, which his uncle will, I fear, be inflicting upon us all by and by, I dare say he'd feel very much obliged to you.

THE SPEAKER. Thirty-four, thirty-five.

TORYWHIP. Why, what the deuce has brought Hawes and Aglionby down here to-day, in all the world? My dear fellow, there seems to be a mutiny in your camp. You should have your troops under better discipline, and more under your thumb.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Why, these are just two of the unruly, unmanageable malcontents, whom I was anathematizing a little while ago. They make a great fuss about fair play, and not obstructing public business, and so forth; and, when once they reach the door at this particular moment, I believe a whole *posse comitatus* of special constables would not keep them in the lobby.

TORYWHIP. But why the —— did they come down at all? What can either of them care about the Scotch Kirk, or in what way its ministers are chosen, or whether it has any ministers at all?

WHIGGLEWHIP. You may say that, I allow. I dare say they didn't happen to know what was coming on. I should have, of course, expected them to be forthcoming on a Beer Bill, or a

Poor-Law Act, or any measure of that kind; but what attractions a debate on the Scotch Kirk can have for either of them, I am not such a conjuror as to be able to divine.

The SPEAKER. Thirty-six, thirty-seven.

TORYWHIP. By ——, we're floored, after all; the game is quite up, I am afraid; three minutes remaining, and only two Members wanting to make up the *quorum*.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, you see, Master Torywhippy, your men are just as untractable as ours. Gordon and Arbuthnot—the inseparables, as they may well be called—pay no more regard to your blockade than some of our people do to mine.

TORYWHIP. Oh, come, remember, my dear fellow, that they are Scotch Members, and that this is a Scotch question. Some allowance must be made for them. Did you observe four grave and grim-looking prigs, as stanch and sanctimonious as John Knox himself, standing in the lobby, and staring at every Member as he passed by?

WHIGGLEWHIP. I did; pray, who the —— may they be?

TORYWHIP. Neither more nor less (saving your presence) than the Moderator of the General Assembly and three of his inquisitor-like myrmidons. Now, if there should happen to be No House, these thumbscrewing dictators will put every unlucky Scotch absentee to the bar of the Kirk, and the poor fellows will never hear the last of it, from June to January.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, that may be all very true; but still I devoutly wish that Gordon was on board of a seventy-four, along with Commodore Napier; and that Arbuthnot, instead of being here at this time, of all others, when it was most desirable that he should make himself scarce, had a command at Seringapatam or Sierra Leone.

TORYWHIP. Well, well, we must just make the most of it: the time is really progressing, though less rapidly than I like; only two minutes now for Sinclair to come and go upon.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Why, yes, he has just got one more squeak for it, sure enough. I begin really to hope that the game is fairly up with him.

The SPEAKER. Thirty-eight.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Confound it, who was that?

TORYWHIP. Neither more nor less than my friend Sir William Rae! I wish I could have *vetoed* his being here, or that some kind friend had caught him by the buttonhole, and enforced, for three minutes, the observance of the non-intrusion principle upon him in the waiting-room.

WHIGGLEWHIP. "O Rae, Rae! wherefore art thou Rae?" or, at least, wherefore art thou here? Come, Torywhip, I do believe, with all your stock of "presence of mind," you would not have brass enough, if he came near us at this moment, to say, as Dan does to his Irish Repeal correspondent, "My *dear Rae!*"

TORYWHIP. Come, come, none of your okes, Master Whigglewhip; this is no laughing matter, I can tell you, and you know that yourself as well as I do; besides which, Rae's a —— honourable, disinterested fellow: he was longer Lord Advocate than any lawyer since the Union; and not one of your mountebanks, that has since stepped into his shoes, has been fit to hold a candle to him. I make allowance for him, and all the Scotch fellows who are here, because they can't help themselves, and who tremble like aspen leaves at the very name of a Presbytery or a Moderator. But I see there are just seven English Members, ourselves included, and two Irish; and, by Heavens, every man and boy of them should be hauled over the coals.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Ay, or flayed alive, for aught I care; no matter what side they belong to.

TORYWHIP. I say *amen* to that, and would not scruple, by Heavens, to execute the sentence with my own hands.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, I perceive there's but half a minute left. It's all over with Sinclair, I think, now.

TORYWHIP. Why, yes, thank ——; he's nearly at his last gasp.

WHIGGLEWHIP. I really begin to feel quite nervous.

TORYWHIP. We're just, as it were, neck and neck.

WHIGGLEWHIP. End as it may, it will be like winning the Derby by half a length.

TORYWHIP. Come, come, Mr Speaker, the hand of the clock is now on the stroke of four; the minute's out, as Tom Cribb would say, and fair play is a jewel.

WHIGGLEWHIP. If you'll only shew Sinclair "no favour," Master Lefevre, he'll soon have a "clear stage," I promise you.

TORYWHIP. By ——, this is —— unfair. Out with it, Mr Speaker; pronounce at once the House's death-warrant for this day; the time is really up, and this is too bad; one would fancy you had been bribed or browbeaten by the Moderator.

The SPEAKER. This House stands adjourned till to-morrow, at ten of the clock.

[*The bell rings*

TORYWHIP. Hurra, hurra; Sinclair's fairly floored now!

WHIGGLEWHIP. He's as dead as a door-nail, for the present, at any rate.

TORYWHIP. In less than ten minutes, they'll be singing "Oh, be joyful!" at every club in London; I'll be bound for it.

[*Exeunt, gradually, thirty-eight Members from the house, nineteen from the lobby, twenty-three from the library, and sixteen from the waiting-room.*]

TORYWHIP. What a relief this must be to everybody! There isn't a man going out at the door that doesn't seem to be as pleased as Punch; and only observe how happy the Speaker looks at this moment!

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, do you know, I question much, after all, whether the Speaker is as much delighted as you suppose. He always has a good-humoured, placid smile upon his countenance; and as he is so tenacious of the progress of pub-

lic business, I'll bet a trifle that, on the whole, he's rather disappointed than otherwise.

TORYWHIP. Oh, ho! Master Whigglewhip! Come, that wont do: none of your gammon, if you please. I grant you, that man's as good a Speaker as we've had either since the Revolution or before; but it's all stuff and nonsense, about the progress of public business, and so forth. Speakers are but men, after all, and flesh and blood, like other people; and it is not in human nature that he, or any other man who has half a grain of commonsense in his noddle, should wish to sit out a long and wearisome debate about the brawls and bickerings of the Scotch Kirk. Let's see: I dare say he has kept his groom and horses waiting in Palace Yard, on the chance of there being no House. Well, he'll now enjoy a snug ride in Hyde Park; make a graceful bow, *en passant*, to her Majesty; take, perhaps, a luxurious vapour bath at Whitelaw's; come home with an excellent appetite to an excellent dinner; and pass the evening comfortably in the bosom of his family, as a sober, steady Christian like himself is well entitled to do. And then, forsooth, you'd try and humbug me into the belief that, instead of rubbing his hands at the prospect of all these comforts, he would rather be stuck up here till three or four in the morning, to be stunned and stupified by a string of interminable set speeches, on a subject that he can know little, and must care less, about.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, I dare say you're not far wrong, after all. But only look at Sinclair! He seems to be quite chopfallen and woebegone.

TORYWHIP. So he does; and no wonder: but I have not a grain of compassion to waste upon him. He has nobody to blame but himself, for having got into such a hobble. Why the —— does he suffer a set of meddling methodistical parsons to lead him by the nose? He should just wash his hands of them all; they've got themselves into a fine mess, and he should leave them to get out of it as they best can.

WHIGGLEWHIP. That's all true; but, in the meanwhile, it's an infernal scrape for a man to be in, to have been at the trouble of getting up a tremendous speech on what *he*, at least, considers to be a great question, and then to be baulked at the very time when he hoped to have been safely delivered of it. It's no easy matter to bottle up in your memory enough to fill three or four columns of to-morrow's broad sheet; nay, I should not at all wonder if he has already sent it to *The Standard* beforehand; and perhaps it may be published this very evening in a second edition, although he hasn't had an opportunity to fire it off. That would be a —— of a sickener for him!

TORYWHIP. Well, it would serve him right, if it should be so. I see he's in close *confab* with William Ley, and fumbling away in the Notice Book; trying, I suppose, to fix some day for the grand explosion of his mare's nest.

WHIGGLEWHIP. What a deal of trouble it would save, if these self-reporting, set-speech men, would always furnish their lucubrations at once to the papers, and have them inserted in their proper place, without having been spoken at all!

TORYWHIP. That would be a capital plan indeed; and I give you great credit for having thought of it. I only wish we could bring it to bear: it would answer every good purpose; and I only wish it were a day old.

Enter SIR F. BURDETT.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Ah, Burdett!—what, *you've* been posting down, I suppose, at a railroad pace, by way of being one of Sinclair's "friends in need?" Well, you are within an ace of knicking it—you're only a minute after the fair; but, as it is, the game's up with your friend for to-day: he's fairly laid on his back; and, I suppose, you'll dub me one of Job's comforters, when I add, that this catastrophe would have been prevented if you hadn't been "a bar too late," as the fiddlers say.

SIR F. B. Why, I must own, I have not been so much annoyed, I don't know when. I'd give fifty guineas, with pleasure, to have been the means of averting this "untoward event;" for I know how much my friend George will be vexed at it; and the most provoking part of it is, that I actually was here in excellent time—it wanted rather more than a quarter to four when I passed by the Horse Guards—but, as ill luck would have it, when I alighted from my horse, I was accosted by a tall, gaunt, raw-boned youth, who introduced himself as what he called a "probationer" of the Scotch Church, and asked me, if I happened to be a Member of the *onerable Hoos*, to favour him with a "*teckit for the gawlery*," that he might hear the "debeet aboot the kirk;" and as I thought he would probably take a much greater interest in Sinclair's speech than ninety-nine in a hundred of the "yawners and yellers," who might be chattering or cheering in the body of the House, I stopped to write an order for him in the waiting-room, and it was some time before I could find a pen that would write, besides being still somewhat disabled, by the gout, in my right hand; so I have not a doubt that I lost nearly five minutes by this ill-timed interposition.

TORYWHIP. It's a —— lucky thing for that said probationer that the Moderator don't know who he is; for, as it was owing to him that you were too late to make a House, his Reverence would take away poor Jarvey's license without the least ceremony or compunction.

WHIGGLEWHIP. And as for *you*, Torywhippy, I suppose, if *you* could ferret him out, you'd volunteer to do him a good turn for having "done the State some service."

TORYWHIP. By ——, I'd recommend him to the Duke of Buccleuch for the next vacant Kirk, if he happened not to be one of Chalmers' wild, incorrigible bedlamites.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Why, it would be only giving the poor devil fair play, to write down Burdett's description of him, and announce to him, in an advertisement, that, on applying to you, he'll hear of "something much to his advantage."

TORYWHIP. Well, all I can say is, that many an honest man has obtained a good fat living for much less.

SIR F. B. But the worst of it is, that, notwithstanding the unseasonable stoppage, I still might have been "in at the death," or rather in *before* the death, and in time to have prevented it; but, first of all, I saw such a gathering of Members in the waiting rooms, and then a still more numerous phalanx in the lobby, which led me to take it for granted that there was "enough, and to spare," for constituting a *quorum;* and as Dudley Stuart was waiting to confer with me about patronizing a *fête* for the poor Poles at the Beulah Spa, I stepped with him into the vote office, and, before we had ended our conversation, the bell rang, and Serjeant Talfourd came in almost immediately, and told us there was No House!

WHIGGLEWHIP. Oh, yes, I saw Talfourd figuring away in the illustrious band of the thirty-eight punctual patriots. By the bye, Torywhip, how devilish ill all your people treated Talfourd last Session! You remember how handsomely he behaved to Stanley in giving up his right of priority on a Wednesday, that the adjourned debate might proceed without interruption.

TORYWHIP. I know he did: he conducted himself like a gentleman, as he always does; and that's more than can be said, with truth, of most of your people.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, then, what can you say of your own chaps, Master Torywhippy? Eh?—Why, when Talfourd's Copyright Bill stood first on the list of orders of the day on the following Wednesday, one would have expected that all your leaders, especially Stanley, ay, and all their followers, too, that had a grain of gratitude or good feeling about them, would have made a point of being at their posts at four, to have insured him a House; instead of which, with the exception of Sinclair—who, I suppose, was deputed to represent the Dilly, and whom Talfourd has this day been very properly repaying in his own coin—there was scarcely one of your men forthcoming; and, consequently, there was No House, and the Bill was obliged to be given up for the Session. Talk of us Whigs being unthankful or inconsiderate, indeed? I defy you to match such an instance of want of tact, and, I had almost said, common civility. I know, I only wonder how any of your people can look Talfourd in the face, after having so disreputably left him in the lurch; and, if I were he, I'd see you all—I won't say where—before I'd ever give way to you again.

TORYWHIP. Well, I do not pretend to say that we were not to blame for not standing by him; especially as, I'll be bound for it, your fellows all stayed away on purpose to punish him for accommodating Stanley; but, however, there's a good time coming: we'll be even with you some fine day, and secure a House for him in spite of you.

[SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR *advances towards them from the table.*]

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, Sinclair, why, you look as grave as the fellow who

"Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night."

Come, come—don't take it so much to heart—bad to-day and better to-morrow, you know. Accidents *will* happen; and you may rest assured that it's not from any disrespect to *you;* but you must allow yourself that it's unreasonable to expect the English and Irish Members to come down and be bothered and badgered about all your Scotch Church conflicts and conundrums, which they have no earthly interest or concern in. By ——! it's more than human nature is capable of. Members are but men, you know, after all's said and done.

TORYWHIP. Well, now, Sinclair, I do think you ought to thank your stars for what has happened. You've shewn your good will to the Kirk; you've, I dare say, got a speech ready as long as my arm, which you meant us all to have the pleasure of listening to by and by; now my advice to you is, either to publish it as a pamphlet, (if you're unwilling that it should be lost,) or, what would be still wiser and more to the purpose, chuck it into the fire. It's no fault of your's that there has been No House; and, mark my words, you may depend upon it, there never will be one, when your Kirk question stands at the top of the list; or, at least, if there is, it will be counted out, as sure as Burdett's name is Sir Francis; so just let the Kirk fight their own battles: they've got themselves into a pretty mess by their own folly; and now let them lay their own shoulders to the wheel, and see how they can best get out of it; and, if they choose, let them call upon their bosom friend Melbourne, whom they are all now pinning their faith upon, to act the part of Hercules for them in the hour of need. As for you, you've done your best; and if you only cut and run now, you'll come off with flying colours.

WHIGGLEWHIP. At all events, Sinclair, *we're* not to blame for your being baulked: our benches were much fuller than your own. Torywhippy must have made a cursed bad whip of it to-day for you. You saw there were at least four of our officials; and I assure you, honour bright, I spoke to not a few of our people myself.

[*Aside.*] And begged them to make a point of staying away.

SIR G. S. My good friend, I am exceedingly obliged to you. I've always found you disposed to serve me on all occasions.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Oh, don't mention it, my dear fellow. I shall be happy to do as much for you another time, you may rely upon it.

SIR G. S. [to SIR F. B.] Well, my dear Burdett, it's a great consolation to see *you* here. I was quite sure you would be true to your colours, and nail them to the mast rather than desert me.

SIR F. B. Why, to tell you the truth, George, I scarcely know what to say about it. I was here, and yet I was *not* here. I'll explain it all to you by and by; but I am as much chagrined at your disappointment as you can be yourself.

Sir G. S. Oh, I haven't the least doubt of that.

Whigglewhip. But, pray, my good fellow, have you fixed any other day for making a fresh attempt at a muster?

Sir G. S. Why, I looked at the Notice Book, and talked the matter over with Mr Ley, and I have at last fixed upon this day fortnight.

Lord ——. I beg your pardon, Sir George, did you say you mean to come on upon this day fortnight?

Sir G. S. Yes, my Lord; I hope you'll do me the favour to lend me a helping hand.

Lord ——. Why, I can't exactly promise; but I'll see what I can do.

[*Aside.*]—I'll go and tell Lady Percy of this arrangement; for she desired me to find out some day when nothing particular was coming on, some sort of *dies non*, that she might give a grand dinner to certain parliamentary magnates; and she could not have a more fitting opportunity, I am sure.

Lord E. B. Egad, I'll do Lady Ailerbury the same good turn; for she was anxious to ascertain what was the best day for asking six or seven of our great gems to meet his Grace of Wellington.

[*Exeunt* Lord ——, *and* Lord E. B., *who had come down from the library a few minutes before; having been there when the House was counted.*]

Sir F. B. Let's see, Sinclair. I think you said you had fixed this day week for coming on again.

Sir G. S. No, no; this day fortnight.

Sir F. B. Well, be sure you put up a legible memorandum about it upon the card-rack in my library; for you know I'm the worst hand in the world at remembering dates; and I shall, without fail, if you keep reminding me of it, be down on the day appointed, at half-past three. I'd rather be carried up the steps than that you should not have a house.

Whigglewhip. But, my good man, why the deuce, if you are to come on at all, did you not take an earlier day? It must be a d—l of a bore to have a long set speech bottled up in your memory for another fortnight.

Sir G. S. O, come, my dear Whigglewhip, you're too bad to keep roasting me in this way. But the truth is, I could not possibly have taken an earlier day: there are nineteen notices for Thursday, each of which may occupy a whole night; thirteen for next Tuesday; and eleven for the Thursday following.

Torywhip. Isn't that the day for which O'Connell's six notices about his justice to Ireland nostrums stand?

Sir G. S. Oh, yes, they are at the very top of the list; but I did not include them in my calculation; for, of course, every one knows that they never stand in any one's way. They'll never come on till the Greek calends. These notices are mere *placebos*, to keep the Repealers in good humour.

Omnes. Oh, of course.

Sir F. B. Well, I am often lost in wonder how the poor Irish dupes, who are so shrewd and sensible in other matters, can be still imposed upon by these mountebank *make-believes* and corn-exchange *claptraps*. Their faith in Dan's promises is far more surprising than their belief in transubstantiation.

Whigglewhip. But, my dear fellow, I believe, after all, you're out of the frying-pan into the fire. Why, Tuesday fortnight is, out of sight, the most awkward night you could have hit upon. It's the day of the Queen's grand banquet to the Foreign Ambassadors, and all the Cabinet Ministers will be there, of course; and then it's to be followed up by a grand ball, which, to be sure, can't much interfere with the Parliament avocations of *your* people; but all *our* men—your friend Joseph, and the Rads included—will be smirking and smiling at the palace, in their bags, wigs, and court dresses; and there isn't a chance of one of them being here, you may depend upon it, happen what may.

Torywhip. It's the night too of the Grand Gala at Vauxhall; and I know at least twenty of our best men who have made up parties for going there; and they would not stay away to prevent all your Scottish parsons, and all their glebes and manses to boot, from being made a kirk and a mill of, as the saying is.

Whigglewhip. And, to crown the whole, the new clown of the horsemanship at Astley's, whom the whole world has run wild about, has fixed his benefit for that night; and I could name several of our grandees who mean to take an early dinner at Brookes', and patronise *him*, before going to her Majesty's ball. My dear fellow, take my word for it, you have not a chance; if you try to come on in spite of all our warnings, your kirk will be floored again, as sure as fate, and then think how foolish you'll look.

Sir G. S. Well, I dare say you are right; but I really must try what I can make of it, in despite of all these discouragements. There is only one notice, on this day fortnight, which has the priority.

Torywhip. And, pray, whose is that, I should like to know?

Sir G. S. Why, it's Tom Duncombe's name that precedes mine.

Whigglewhip. Oh, what! is that the day Tommy has fixed upon to move for leave to bring in his bill for regulating the rates at the Hippodrome? Oh, well: that alters the case somewhat. You're sure of a House, at all events; for that's an affair which excites a very general interest, and is not a mere local or provincial squabble, like your Kirk question. There will be rare fun on that night, I promise you.

Torywhip. Oh, yes, to be sure there will. Inglis will be pitted against Duncombe,—the saints *versus* the sportsmen; and I hope the friends of our innocent old established recreations will make a strong muster, and drive your Plumtres, and Inglises, and, I suppose I may

add, your Sinclairs too, out of the field. You *supersanetified* gentry are really becoming quite intolerable as well as intolerant, and it is high time for sensible men to be putting a spoke into your wheel.

WHIGGLEWHIP. I wager any sum you please, that there will be, at least, 450 Members here by four o'clock. The chaplain wont have been honoured with such a crowded congregation for many a day.

TORYWHIP. Well, it's true enough that you're sure of a House at four; but it's not a whit less certain that you'll be counted out long before seven. Believe me, you'd better let it alone.

SIR G. S. Why, it's so far well to be certain of a House: that's one point gained, you know; and I must trust, for keeping it, to the aid of such a Scotch *corps de reserve* as I may be able to muster.

WHIGGLEWHIP. Well, Sinclair, if you don't choose to listen to reason, and will run your head against a stone wall, in spite of all our warnings, we can't help it; you must have your own way, and cut your own throat. Torywhip, are you going up to St James' Street? I've got my cab here, and can set you down wherever you please.

TORYWHIP. Do you think I can trust myself in your hands? Are you sure you wont break my neck?

WHIGGLEWHIP. Why, I don't know what I might do, if I were certain of not risking my own; but as it is, my dear fellow, you're safe enough. I'll ensure your life for one of her Majesty's four-pennies. Good-b'y, Sinclair, I wish you better luck another time. [*Exeunt.*

SIR F. B. Well, George, this has really been a very awkward and very bungled affair; but we must see and manage it better another time. I hope you'll come up to dinner. I intercepted Pringle in the lobby, just after the unfortunate *dénouement*, and he has promised to meet you. He had refused two dinner parties on purpose to be present at this debate, and seemed quite mortified at your disappointment, though less surprised at it than I was.

SIR G. S. I am sure he would feel it as much as I do myself.

SIR F. B. I'll send away my horses and walk up with you to the Carlton. I was there on my way down, and saw Jackson, Hardinge, Shaw, and several others, whom I intended to have invited to dinner; but I did not do so, on purpose that I might not interfere with your "benefit night;" but we'll now go and see how many of them we can still pick up. Come, "Let not your noble courage be cast down." I think you still may say, "*Et quondam pejora tuli.*"

SIR G. S. Why, it's true; but still it's very trying to a man's temper and spirits, after having primed and prepared himself to plead what he thinks a very important cause, to be "deserted in his utmost need," and find all "Love's labour Lost." But, however, there's no help for it, and I shall attend you with great pleasure; for you are, at all times, my chief resource and consolation under any difficulties and disappointments. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

LITERARY REGISTER.

Dr Bowring's Report on Egypt, Syria, and Candia, &c., &c.

SORRY are we, in one sense, to say that, from the Reports before us, an Englishman may obtain a more intimate and accurate knowledge of the political condition, and the resources and prospects of Egypt, than he has the means of obtaining concerning his own country, without incurring trouble and expense, which few can afford to bestow on such investigations. Would Lord Normanby request Dr Bowring to report, in the same manner, and with equal brevity, upon Great Britain, Ireland, and the colonies, for the information of the nation, he would perform a really useful service to the State.

Our present ticklish relations with the East, give the Report on Egypt great temporary importance. It developes the resources and policy of Mehemet Ali, and proves, upon the whole, that more is to be lost than gained to civilisation and commerce, by interference with him, or his dynasty, although any European State had a right to interfere. To his long struggle, and his insecurity, the greatest evils under which the people of Egypt are suffering, namely, the conscription and the destructive rapacity of the government, may be, in a great measure, attributed; for his time has been spent, and the resources of the country wasted, as much in securing what he has obtained, as in ambitious schemes of farther conquest.

The wonderful productive powers of Egypt, and its future importance to the manufacturers of Europe, but especially to those of England, whether as a producer or consumer, are unfolded; and the many and formidable obstructions and impediments to its prosperity are considered; but not hopelessly. In the comparatively greater, nay, we may say the complete security given to life and property, in every part of the Pacha's territory, in the Desert as much as on the banks of the Nile, in the germ of a higher civilisation, by the introduction of education and the arts, something has been accomplished, and a door of improvement opened, were it only through the number of intelligent Europeans now settled in Egypt. The greatest obstruction which Dr Bowring perceives to improvement in the East is the Conservative character of the Mahommedan religion, and "the untractable fanaticism of its priests;" though prejudice is giving way,—and in every part of the east, but especially in Egypt and Syria, Ali's dominions, toleration is creeping in. The appearance of so many Europeans, who cannot longer be ill treated, or reduced into a debased caste, is of itself an important circumstance.

The following passage could almost justify the worst

ills to which some politicians allege Turkey and Egypt to be exposed:—

Were there a class of men in Egypt sufficiently numerous to seize and develope the half-formed conceptions, the vague but civilizing purposes of Mahomet Ali, immense improvents would be speedily effected. The Pacha has not always a clear sense of what he proposes to himself. Earnest, impatient, and ambitious; desirous of seeing immediate results, he scarcely allows time for the thoughtful laying down of those foundations on which he would fain raise a noble superstructure. He is in haste to plant the tree, which is no doubt commendable, but he is in haste too to gather the flowers and the fruit. He unwillingly consents to watch, to train up, to water, and to wait. "I am old," he has been heard to say, "and cannot stop as younger men might do; what I would have done must be done quickly." Hence it is that many of the intentions of the pacha are thwarted; because instead of waiting for the gradual growth of time till the plants fix themselves firmly in the ground, he transplants the huge trees of the forest, which flourish, or seem to flourish, for a few hours, and then finally decay.

It must be long before the quiet influence of public opinion, and the calm administration of regularly awarded justice, can change the general character of oriental governments. In the absence of all organization for obtaining any adequate representation of the general interest, violence is the omnipresent instrument, the omnipresent evil. It seems to decide all questions; it begins in the seclusion of the harem, and it spreads through all the circles of society: everybody is trained to exercise it and to submit to it in turn, according as questions arise with superiors or inferiors. Force thus becomes the only representative of influence, reason goes for little, right goes for little, the rod is the arbiter. What men seek is not justice on their side but power, the power to inflict corporeal suffering; those who possess that power reckon for something in the community; those who possess it not are mere cyphers, victims upon whom that power is to indulge its caprices.

Mehemet Ali has evidently many laudable though vague desires after improvement, which, as might have been expected, he has forced rather than fostered, and so has failed; and it is to be feared, that though amenable to good advice (however self-willed and headstrong) he has too often, in the multitude of his counsellors, instead of wisdom, found distraction. The character and gradual rise of the energetic man with whom the destinies of Egypt are interwoven, is briefly and emphatically traced in the following passage:—

The growth of the power and sway of the Pacha of Egypt is not always traceable to any original purpose or policy and it has been the almost inevitable action of a stronger upon a weaker position, the energy of a better-directed against a worse organization. His progress was step by step. He originally created his army and navy for the purpose of strengthening himself against attack. Intercourse with Europeans suggested various improvements, and they were adopted slowly but perseveringly. What is created for defence becomes easily a weapon for aggression. In the East, a pacha generally holds his government for an uncertain number of years, and even though he should regularly pay the stipulated tribute, is invariably menaced with the advent of a successor whenever influence enough can be brought into play at Constantinople. But Mahomet Ali soon determined to make himself too strong for dismissal; and although many a firman has been fulminated against him, and he has been again and again deposed, it has always been found necessary to recognise his viceroyalty and to reinstate him in power.

The strong hand of Mahomet Ali removed the hundred oppressors who in various parts of Egypt levied their tribute from the people. With their oppressions universal anarchy was associated; but the amount of oppression which any one of them inflicted depended much on his individual character. By the side of a ferocious was often a benevolent Bey. The tyranny exercised in one province found a favourable contrast in the better government of another. In the present state of things order has no doubt succeeded to anarchy; the country is not broken as it were into discordant fragments; a centralizing government has united something like a community of feeling, but at the same time the powers of exaction have been immensely increased; protection and security have enabled the cultivators greatly to extend their productions, but have been used at the same time as instruments for enormous fiscal demands. Capital applied to agriculture has wonderfully augmented the harvests; but the result is mainly to be seen in the revenues of the government, which have been increased to an unexampled extent, not only by extended cultivation, but by the power of collection and exaction, which an improved system of administration has put into the hands of the government.

The restlessness which is almost the invariable companion of strong intellect, is prominent in Mahomet Ali's character. His passions and his powers must have a field of action. They have been engaged in surmounting enormous difficulties; yet notwithstanding his general good fortune he has been visited by many a severe disaster. The plague has frequently carried away his people by tens of thousands; his revenues have been absorbed over and over again by immense expenditure. Harassing wars have threatened his country with depopulation: yet he overthrew the Beys and destroyed the Mamelukes when they seemed irresistible; he delivered Egypt from its thousand tyrants and robbers; engaged with his master, the sultan, his every step was marked by victory; and his course of triumph was from the south of Palestine to the heart of Anatolia; the holy cities, lost to the caliphate, he reconquered, and has kept them in his possession. A merchant-governor, he has made the country one vast counting-house, and has stocked his own warehouses with cotton, and opium, and indigo, and other valuable articles destined to remote lands from soils to which of old such produce was almost unknown.

Nothing has so contributed to the formation of Mahomet Ali's character as that desire of information by which he is distinguished. He has had translated for his own use a great portion of the works published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. No intelligent traveller visits Egypt without obtaining access to his presence and adding to the stores of his knowledge. His curiosity is boundless, and he has the rare but felicitous art of abstracting from his visiters that species of instruction which they are particularly fitted to communicate. He converses with every one on the subjects they best understand; I have frequently known him to revert to topics in which his mind had been left in an unsatisfied state, either for the purpose of filling up some vacancy in the information itself, or of solving some doubt or perplexity which had occurred to him after meditating on what had occurred. With the names of almost every distinguished statesman in Europe he is perfectly familiar, and of the more eminent among them he knows the history. Nothing more awakens his attention than the progress of mechanical arts, and he will often require the most detailed descriptions of instruments or machinery whose operations have been pointed out to him.

In reporting some of the particulars of my personal interviews with Mahomet Ali, I shall give, for the purpose of exhibiting the character of his mind, (as nearly as possible,) an exact translation of his expressions.

"Do not judge me by the standard of your knowledge. Compare me with the ignorance that is around me. We cannot apply the same rules to Egypt as to England; centuries have been required to bring you to your present state, I have only had a few years. You have numbers of intelligent persons who comprehend their rulers and carry on their work. I can find very few to understand me and do my bidding. I am often deceived, and I know I am deceived, whereas many are deceived

but do not know it. I seek everybody who can give me information."

I have mentioned in a note (p. 145) an allusion made by Mahomet Ali to his suppression of the revolt in Palestin: on another occasion he thus spoke of it:—

"Practice and action are everything. During the Syrian insurrection, Colonel D—— and M. M—— recommended me to study history for the purpose of learning the art of government. I am too old to study history. My son wrote to me for instructions, as he was surrounded with difficulties. I thought the best instruction was to go myself. So I went to Jaffa and I put down the insurrection immediately—this was practical government." . . . . . .

"What Turkey wants is what England has got—men, men fit to govern: but the Turks are proud and ignorant, and their pride and ignorance will lead to their overthrow.

"I came to Egypt, and I found the country inhabited by barbarians; there was scarcely one person in the country able to read or write. In fact, only one man could I discover who was fit for a secretary. Now I have done what I can to civilize the country. I knew that Europe was more advanced than Egypt, and I endeavoured to bring to Egypt the knowledge of Europe.

"If I could devote myself for ten years to the improvement of Egypt, should I live so long, I would entirely change the appearance of the country. I have done something already, but nothing to what I will do.

"I have educated at my own expense some thousands of people. I have sent some of them to Europe, and I am told that even in the schools of Europe many of my young men have distinguished themselves.

"Your country, England, has reached its present eminence by the labours of many generations; and no country can be made suddenly great and flourishing. Now I have done something for Egypt. I have begun to improve her; and she may be compared in some respects, not only with eastern, but with European countries. I have much to learn, and so have my people; and I am now sending Edhem Bey with fifteen young men to learn what your country can teach. They must see with their own eyes; they must learn to work with their own hands; they must examine your manufactures; they must try to discover how and why you are superior to us; and, when they have been among your people a sufficient time, they must come home and instruct my people.

"The English have made many great discoveries, but the best of their discoveries is that of steam navigation." I told him the inventor of steam navigation was an American, and he replied, "Had they not had fathers like you, they would not have been such clever children.

"I had not the benefit of early education. I was forty-seven years old when I learned to read and write."

One could wish this eastern Napoleon a long lease of life, to correct his errors and develope his ideas. Dr Bowring gives a fearful picture of the slave trade of Egypt. Slave-hunts are eagerly practised by Ali's troops on the frontier, as their arrears of pay are paid by the sale of slaves. Many more of the unhappy Abyssinian and Nubian slaves are killed in the frays in which they are made captive, or perish miserably in the desert, than are brought to the slave market. Dr Bowring touches repeatedly upon the gentle, gay, and amiable character of the peasantry of Egypt; of whom in one place he says—

Nothing can equal the long-suffering patience of the fellahs of the Nile; their submission to authority; their cheerfulness under affliction; their buoyancy of spirit; their ever-during gaiety. In the public works, the men who wear the heaviest fetters seem to smile not less than any of their companions, even when crippled with the weight of the irons hung upon them, which have eaten their way to their very bones. Song and music are the perpetual accompaniment of the severest toil; and though amidst the groups the whip is seen, which is often laid by the overseer on the backs of the labourers, the song never ceases, the spirits seem never to flag. In the crowd it is difficult to discover anything of permanent melancholy or dejection. Nothing can break down, nothing destroy, that joyousness of mind which submits to evil because it is deemed inevitable; but at the same time seizes on everything that looks like happiness, whether its substance or its shadow. In Egypt, death itself is connected with gaiety: with rapidly-moving processions which look like triumphs; with shouts and music which have no connexion with gloom. . . . . .

The fellahs of Egypt are, of all races in the world, the most gentle and pacific. Of war and war-making they would never dream, could they be allowed to cultivate their fertile lands in peace. Indeed, why should they quit their country; their river which waters it, and which they still regard with something like idolatry? Where could they find regions so attractive and so fruitful? It is true they have from time immemorial been heavily oppressed, but oppression has not degenerated them: they have meekly bowed themselves to the yoke as their forefathers in all time have done; but never was a people, from their history, past and present, more calculated to awaken sympathies in their behalf.

The Bedouins find less favour with Dr Bowring. They seem, under the iron sway of Ali, to have lost some of their vices, and also some of their noble qualities. Among the mixed population of Egypt, consisting of Arabs, Turks, Copts, Armenians, and Negroes, the Turks form the aristocracy—the Norman lords. Their numbers are small and are diminishing; yet they retain their influence by that force of habit which makes the bear, though unmuzzled, shrink, and raise himself to dance if his master holds up his stick, and, by his air, menaces chastisement.

The waste and misdirection of capital caused by the Pacha forming manufactures in spite of nature and circumstances, are pointed out; but, in justification of his insane attempts, Mehemet Ali could cite the example of enlightened France and wise Britain, who also try to make themselves independent of other states and of foreign supplies. It was Ali's opinion, gleaned, probably, from some of our economists, that a National Debt developed the national resources. Dr Bowring told him he would be welcome to a share of ours. Once, in a like vein, when the Doctor remarked upon Pilgrims going to Mecca taking advantage of the Infidel steamers, Ali observed, laughing, that "There was nothing in the Koran against steam."

Dr Bowring's report, were the tables thrown into an appendix, and a little more latitude given to personal adventure, would make the most interesting, and certainly the most comprehensive and accurate book of travels in Egypt and Syria, which has yet been given to the world. Has Lord Palmerston a copy-right in it? Is it not a national work?

Portraits of Public Characters. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c.*

In glancing over this book, we have occasionally been tempted to think it, at least in part, the grave hoax of some solemn wag; but there are so many evidences of entire good faith and authenticity about it, that the idea, though a very natural one, must be given up. The "Portraits," however unlike some of them may be, are certainly intended for likenesses.

The portrait-painter sets out with the grave assurance, that to write "with the greater fidelity, fairness, and freedom, he has avoided all intercourse," while preparing his work, with such persons as Prince Albert, Lord

* 2 vols. 12mo. Saunders & Otley.

Hardwicke, Mr Adolphus, Count D'Orsay, or the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the other subjects of his sketches. This degree of candour was almost superfluous. For the accuracy of his information, or delineation, we cannot pretend to vouch in any one instance; but we may affirm that his mistakes, or blunders, are to the full as diverting as other people's facts. He hath, moreover, "a most mercer-like memory." Ask him about a man's parts, and he will talk of his trousers, "white kids," and the colour and cut of his whiskers. He divides mankind into parts—the angular-faced and the flat-faced; those who wear wide nether garments, and those who are spruce in their attire; and has a good word to say of every one; though, we fear, some of his "subjects" will hardly agree that "there is not an observation to be found in his book which ought to give the slightest uneasiness to any one." Mr Muntz may possibly be of this mind, but we should not answer for every other sitter. The author may not be set down by them as the witty Dr Arbuthnot did Dennis, as adding another to the calamities of death, from the certainty of his writing a man's memoirs; but as a new calamity of life, some public men will be simple enough to regard Mr Grant. However this may be, while "man is dear to man," gossip will never lose its relish; and it is wonderful how very slight a seasoning of wit or knowledge will render it palatable even to discriminating and nice tastes.

Prince Albert, of right and courtesy, opens the ball. His manners, his person, his dress, are highly lauded; and, to crown all, a specimen of his poetry is given. He has "a fine dark eye and beautiful eyebrows," and was major on the 26th of August last. The Duke of Cambridge is "the most loquacious person" ever our author saw—"the most incessant talker that ever opened a mouth;" and "he eats as well as he talks, the whole evening." When he has no other use of his mouth, he thrusts the top of his cane into it. He has small eyes, "of a light gray complexion," thick white eye-brows, and what Spurzheim would have called a bad forehead. For the rest, he looks very good-natured; or did so look on the day, probably the only one, on which our author ever saw his Royal Highness. He, moreover, dresses well, and would make an admirable president of "a Free-and-Easy." High praise for a Prince of the Blood; and we only wish his Highness may fully deserve it.

Mr Grant does not confine himself strictly to the man on his easel. He glances aside in every direction where he can catch a trait or make a hit; and, on this principle, has thus lugged in the Duke of Wellington along with Lord Hardwicke, engaged in a flare-up with Lord Melbourne in the House of Peers. 150 years after this, the following passage will obtain some credit, however it may be sneered at now:—

Here I may remark, by way of parenthesis, that the Duke of Wellington looked very odd in his appearance, and was very droll in his manner, while delivering his speech in reply to Lord Melbourne on the evening in question. Although I have heard almost every speech of any importance which the Duke has made for the last seven years, I never heard him deliver one in which there was not a greater or less number of what are called "screeching tones;" but on this occasion he did not utter a single sentence, in which he did not literally "squeak" one or more of the words. In many instances, a particular word was spoken in so low a tone of voice as to be little better than a whisper; while the very next was so loud and shrill as to startle the auditors in the most distant part of the House. What added to the oddity of his elocution, if anything coming from the Duke deserves the name, was the ludicrous gesticulation he exhibited on the occasion. He turned his back during the delivery of one part of his speech on the Lord Chancellor, and the great body of the Peers, and placing his arms across his breast, and standing as erect as if some one had been about to measure his height, looked towards two ladies who were sitting at the bar of the House, with as much earnestness and steadiness as if he meant to address himself exclusively to them, and sought only to obtain their approbation. His dress, too, was in perfect keeping with the oddity of his delivery and manner. Though in the depth of winter, and the weather had been unusually rainy for eight or ten days before, he was attired in summer's apparel. He wore a blue coat, with buttons which possessed more than the average amount of the "shining power;" his trousers were duckskin, and in the article of whiteness did infinite credit to his washerwoman: he rejoiced in a buff waistcoat, while his neck was encircled by a snow-white neckerchief, carelessly put on, and of such ample folds that it well nigh reached his ears. There were no symptoms of the collar of his shirt: it was buried; that is to say, assuming his shirt could boast of a collar, in "the deep ocean" of the folds of his neckerchief. Altogether, he looked quite smart on the occasion. His appearance, indeed, notwithstanding the circumstance of more than threescore and ten years having passed over his head, was almost boyish; and the occasional "wheel-abouts" he made with his body were performed with an ease and rapidity which triumphantly demolished the hypothesis respecting his alleged growing physical infirmities, which certain persons have thought proper to advance of late. This was immediately before the second of the Duke's recent attacks of illness.

The Duke had undoubtedly been meditating conquest that evening; but there are more dandies in Mr Grant's world of great men than Wellington and Lord Brougham; more coxcombs than Count D'Orsay, and the superlative Lord Advocate of Scotland; there is Mr Warburton, whom, unless it had been seen and sworn, no one would have suspected of such enormity as we find described along with the dinner given to the member for Middlesex.

But of all the members of Parliament whom I saw present, there was none whose appearance struck me more than that of Mr Warburton. True as ever to the clumsily-made blue coat, the large double-knotted neckcloth, and the collarless shirt in which he always rejoices, he yet contrived to give himself an air of unwonted smartness. Shall I tell the reader in what way? Why, by a more tasteful knot in his neckcloth, and by sporting—will his friends and constituents believe it?—*a pair of snow-white gloves*. I fancied I saw Mr Hume reproving, in his own mind, this act of foppish folly in one who glories, as Mr Warburton does, in his utilitarian philosophy, and who, moreover, confesses to an antiquity of threescore years. At any rate, the hon. member for Kilkenny cast sundry glances at Mr Warburton's white gloves, which must have meant something more than usual.

What could those glances mean? Has no one found the clue to the mystery? Sir John Campbell and Mr Fox Maule, on the same occasion, looked equally glum; while Lord Howick, usually "sour and sulky," as our author assures us, was, on this occasion, quite playful and frisky, and played a capital knife and fork.

Mr Grant is peculiarly felicitous on white kids. The only point of *swellism* which the Lord Advocate usually lacks, is white kids. But, one memorable day, that on which the fifteen judges gave judgment on the reserved points in the case of Frost and his fellow-prisoners, Mr Rutherfurd sported a pair,

Of as snow-white a complexion, and as unexceptionable a fit, as ever Beau Brummell himself could boast of in the high and palmy days of his foppery. And as if particularly anxious that the Judges and gentlemen in court should not be unobservant of his handsome gloves, he practised an almost uninterrupted series of movements

with his hands. At one time he touched his forehead, as if for the purpose of adjusting a rebellious tuft of hair which surmounted it; at another he placed both hands on his knee; but his favourite movement was to "mix" the fingers of one hand with those of the other, and, after allowing them to repose for a brief season in each other's embraces, abruptly to dissolve the union, and then to work with the gloves in precisely the same way as if he had been trying them on for the first time. It is due to the learned lord to add, that on the occasion in question, his "super-dandyism" was not confined to his gloves; he was an extra "swell" all over.

No man in England can touch our author on this kind of topic. He throws in a placebo when he concludes, "Had Count D'Orsay been in court, it would have been as nice a point to decide which of the two was sprucest, as to decide the case of Frost and his companions." Very well this for the Scotch lawyer, but what will the count say?

Were Mr Muntz to trim his hair and beard, subtract somewhat largely from the capacity of his trousers, and throw away his bludgeon, his identity, as a public character, would, for aught we see, be lost—here we find no other trace of him than those singularities which at first struck the House of Commons, and still, according to our authority, attract the public stare. Traits, such as those of whiskers, trousers, and walking-sticks, are better than the no-meaning generalities with which readers are sometimes perplexed, and kept as wise in the end as when they began to study the leading features of a public character.

In our author there is not unfrequently an unconscious *naïveté*, which has all the effect of wit. He admires Sir Peter Laurie exceedingly; and describes him as a great reformer in prison discipline, and a strenuous advocate for the silent system, because, he slyly adds, "I rather suspect that he judges in this matter, as in the case of others, from the extreme punishment the silent system would prove to himself were his mouth sealed. He is remarkable for his loquacity, and no punishment on earth would be so great to him as to enforce silence on him for any length of time."

He says that the ladies admire the Rev. Hugh M'Neille, because "it is a strange fact, all pugnacious preachers are favourites with the ladies." We shall say nothing whatever of the accuracy of the facts in the sketches of those eminent bibliopoles, Mr Murray and Mr Tegg; but they are, the latter especially, if not strictly correct, yet abundantly entertaining. Mr Murray, according to this authority, lost £5,000 by Byron's works, and made £25,000 by a Cookery Book, for which he repaid a Mrs Rumbold (?) with £500, and a long law-suit. There are more wondrous wonders of this sort, as that Mr Murray, on a princely progress in the North, gave the Edinburgh booksellers a dinner, which cost £108, and, in consequence, sold £20,000 worth of Byron's works before he left Scotland! Mr Murray travelled in a barouche and four, and was delighted with his Scottish jaunt. He has sold £25,000 worth of unpublished books at a trade dinner in London, and got rid of £30,000 worth at another. "Next day, it is true, many persons had misgivings; but that was their affair, not Mr Murray's. Besides, they would be as ready to repeat the error, whenever Mr Murray chose to favour them again with the best wines which the Albion could produce." Whether is it wine or sense that has become so scarce a commodity among the gentlemen of the Row? or, haply, is it our author that is slightly deceived? At all events, the astute Mr Tegg could not have been among the wine-bibbers. The history of his career is among the best things in the volumes. Mr Tegg is described as "the great champion of cheap literature, and the mortal enemy of copyright bills; not that he cares the fraction of a farthing about literature, but that he knows that, to prevent the right of republishing interesting works, would be to destroy a leading and lucrative branch of his business." In short, Sergeant Talfourd's bill is considered as for the author's shop; and Mr Tegg's opposition is for Mr Tegg's shop; and both opinions may be correct. Mr Tegg is a Scotsman, of the West, by this authority; for our author has an ear for provincial accentuation as delicate as that of Fine-ear, who could hear the grass grow. He knows no Scotch Member who has less of the accent than Mr Rutherfurd; while Sir William Rae has the most frightful Scotch accent he ever heard, always excepting Mr Carlyle's. But, on this point, our author being comparatively but lately from the north of Scotland, while these gentlemen belong to the south, he may be presumed fastidious. Dr Johnson certainly affirmed that he could perceive no difference between the accent of the natives of Mid-Lothian and that of Aberdeenshire; but Boswell could not comprehend this obtuseness of ear.

Our readers will already have a tolerably fair notion of the character of these sketches. They conclude with Mr George Robins, whom our author rightly considers a very great man, and also a very great author. He thinks that a tasteful selection of Robins' works, "in two volumes, would make a most *recherché* work;" and prophesies that "Mr Robins' advertisements will live after him. They will be treasured up and read with avidity by generations yet unborn. This is, at any rate, my conviction; and never (he adds) was I more firmly wedded to any hypothesis." Our author continues:—"It is related of a Frenchman, whose name escapes my recollection, that, having asked of an acquaintance the meaning of the word prose, he was surprised on finding, from the answer, that he had been talking "prose" all his life. This scarce does justice to the witty dramatist; but neither does Mr Robins get justice when his advertisements are described as "blank verse," and arranged as such. The selections should not be done in that style, whoever is editor.

Campbell and Moore have each a niche in this Temple of Fame. There are, we are told, some remarkable coincidences between them. Both are poets; both are Whigs; both have pensions; both are short, though the lesser Tom is triple broader than his twin; both have written prose as well as verse; and both are called Thomas, or "The Two Toms," which "is pleasant alliterations," as Sir Hugh might say. But the parallel does not end here. Both "The Toms" are courted by the great for the charms of their society; both are "good fellows;" and the portraits of both hang cheek by jowl in Mr Colburn's back shop; and, to finish, they are here stuck together in Mr Grant's book, which, we assure the world, is good reading now, and will be choice reading when it has got mellow, or about as ancient as Pepys' diary. Mr Campbell is, it seems, the author of a "Life of Mrs Siddons," and of "Letters from the East," and of nothing more in prose that his sketcher is acquainted with. "The Specimens of the Poets" was a somewhat goodly work, even in point of bulk; but we are not surprised that the present author has never heard of it, as we presume that no one else is ever to hear of it more. Serjeant Talfourd's copy-right bill will require a rider.

We shall finish our notice of a really amusing book,

which gives one, at least, some definite ideas of things, if not of men, with this contrast.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

His steed snorts and prances as if proud of its burden. That the servant who rides behind him is proud of having so handsome and elegant a master, no one who has seen him can doubt. Put to him any ordinary question, and you are fortunate if you get an intelligible answer at all. Ask him [as *we* have done?] who is that fine-looking gentleman who is riding before him, and he answers promptly, and with an aspect of decided self-complacency—"*The* Count—that is *the* Count!" Well, the answer is sufficiently definite, after all. He must be a very green personage, indeed, who would not at once conclude that, although there are scores of Counts in London, Count D'Orsay is the man intended. When ordinary dandies come into contact with the Count, they are fain to hide their diminished heads. Lord Monteagle, lately Mr Spring Rice, is, as every one knows, on remarkably good terms with himself. One Saturday in April last, about three in the afternoon, the Count, while making some calls in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, chanced to be observed by Lord Monteagle, though, I believe, the latter was not observed by the Count; and the moment his Lordship's eyes lighted on the fine form of Count D'Orsay, he looked as confounded and mortified as need be. If his countenance were a fitting index of what was passing in his mind, he must have been saying to himself—"Ah! well I am a tolerably becoming person, though rather short in stature; but, I must admit, I cannot match the Count." Lord Monteagle stole away in the direction of Parliament Street. On his way he met a Member of the House of Commons, and assuming the airs of familiarity he was wont to exhibit when Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his intercourse with M. P.'s, their votes being an object with him, he accosted him with—"Well, how goes it with you?" But the thing was a decided failure. It was a clumsy affair; he had not yet recovered from the effects of the total eclipse which he suffered when his diminutive person came in contact with the tall, finely-formed figure of Count D'Orsay. But I forbear to dwell on the contrast; for, if comparisons are odious, contrasts must be doubly so; at least to one of the parties.

It is obvious that a writer who possesses the powers of observation and penetration, indicated by this passage, enjoys advantages in delineating character with which Asmodeus himself could not compete.

> "He is a keen observer, and he looks
> Quite through the souls of men."

Two Summers in Norway. By the Author of the "Angler in Ireland."

After Switzerland there is no country in Europe so attractive to those who love to look upon the picture of a free and happy society as Norway. The primitive simplicity of manners among a kindred race, the equality of rank, and the general contentment of a people, where few are rich and none are destitute, together with the wild and majestic natural features of "the land of the Fjeld and Fjord," strongly interest the best feelings of the heart, and re-create to imagination the olden times of Merry England. Norway has, of late years, attracted the "brothers of the angle," who find in its rich waters, and its simple, kind, and hospitable manners, everything that the angler most prizes, a moderate rate of expense included. The author of this work is one of those enthusiastic anglers, who can only be appreciated, even among his brethren, by the masters of the craft. These have been nearly driven from the waters of Scotland and Ireland by that spirit of gain or *exclusivism* which has seized those who are called the owners of the streams; and, passionately fond of angling, this brother of the angle went to pursue the sport, where, whether as a science or pastime, it is still hardly known; the Norwegian fisher having no object in view save the fish-kettle. This work will be most precious to those who follow his footsteps, in order to pursue "the fascinating sport;" and it will also be of use as a guide-book to the traveller in Norway, whatever be his particular object. Nor to that omnivorous devourer, the Reading Public, is it without attractions; though it adds comparatively little to the sum of delightful information and description which has made all the world in love with Norway as it is represented in Mr Laing's enthusiastic pages. Passports, steamers, towns, inns, &c. &c., are of small value to those who are not about to visit the Scandinavian peninsula; and the rural life and social manners of Norway are already so well known from other recent travellers, and especially from Mr Laing, that we may safely leave them to those concerned; and, looking only to what is original, select this new and exquisite feature of a northern country, its summer nights.

If I may judge by my own experience, I should say there are few circumstances connected with a Scandinavian tour, that afford deeper enjoyment, not unmixed with surprise, than the exquisite beauty of the short summer nights. It has been beautifully said by one of their native poets, that, "At midsummer, on Norway's hills, the blush of morning kisses the blush of evening;" and so slight is the interval, at this season, between the fading of the setting sun's rays a trifle to the west of north, and the rapid reappearance of his orient beams, a little to the east of that point, that this pause between the two sweetest periods of the day might be compared to the balmy breath that parts the coral lips of the sleeping infant.

Those few brief hours are, indeed, surprisingly lovely in the further north: I say in the further north; for it is not until the Dovre Fjeld is crossed, that their full charm can be felt. On the southern side of the Dovre Chain, the nights are only shorter and lighter than those of the Scottish Highlands: when that barrier is passed, they seem to assume an entirely new character. There, at that season, the course of the sun is so oblique to the plane of the horizon, that while he never rises high in the zenith, he also never sinks far beneath view. Unlike, therefore, "the set of Tropic Sun," who "sudden sinks, and all is night," the glorious orb, for some time before and after the summer solstice, remains so few degrees below the horizon, that the refraction of its rays preserves a perpetual twilight: how holier, sweeter far than garish day, and yet how different from our own midsummer nights, sweet though they be! The light is strong enough to enable one to read or write in the interior of a room: and stars even of the first magnitude are invisible. Yet is it a chastened mellow light; not casting strong shadows, but throwing a golden mantle of tranquil repose over every object it touches and beautifies.

It is impossible to describe the peculiar effect it produces, not only upon the eternal snows of Sneehættan, or "the pine forest's immemorial shade," or the silvery cataract's ceaseless turmoil; but still more upon a sleeping city, like Trondhjem. The buildings lie so palpably stretched before the eye, yet so harmoniously blended together, their picturesque points heightened, their harsher defects softened down; the vast Fjord expanding distinctly without a wave or ripple to the feet of the distant blue mountains; the boats rocking idly by the shore; the scenes of labour silent as the grave; all the records of nature and of man so perceptible, yet so still: it needs but to follow the musings of the imagination to fancy one's self alone in a new world, or realizing the conceptions our childhood formed of Fairyland.

As we can imagine nothing to surpass the beauty of a midsummer night by the side of a loch, or on the sea shore of the west Highlands, we must be content to wonder, believe, and admire. Those must have been the kind of nights which gave the author of "Peter Wil-

kins" his idea of the delicious gloom, and beautiful atmosphere of the country of his flying men and women.

The author has neither the same understanding nor relish of the household life of Norway which inspired Mr Laing's descriptions, when that gentleman found the manners fast departing from Scotland revived to him in Norway. But if he is less competent to sketch homely *interiors*, which, without loving, he can charitably tolerate, he has a fine eye for natural scenery. We have here an example of his artificial disqualifications for roughing it in a primitive country, and also of his taste for the *picturesque*; which, he thinks, has been neglected by previous travellers:—

After thoroughly examining Krogkleven, I dined at Sundvoll, a small inn at the foot of the Pass. It was my first introduction to Norwegian fare, outside the capital: and it gave me a very unpleasant foretaste of what I was to expect in the remoter districts. Here, at a point of great resort, scarcely thirty miles from Christiania, and after giving three or four hours' notice, I could obtain nothing but a plate of insipid grayling, and a cake of fried eggs, with some hard, stringy, ill-flavoured bacon: the potatoes were scanty and bad; and I had not yet become accustomed to the sour rye bread. To wash down this indifferent dinner, there was only one bottle of wine in the house: it was labelled "Padus," a name I never heard of before or since; and reminded me of Tavel wine, of which most visiters to Switzerland will probably retain a disagreeable reminiscence.

I slept that night at the village close to the Falls of Hönefoss, which I greatly admired as well under the brilliant effect of the morning sun, as by the milder evening's light. There are many grander, many much loftier, falls: but I know none more thoroughly Norwegian. It forms, if I may so say, a long inclined plane of broken water, with rocks irregularly protruding in the midst. On these, so many sawmills are built, as to look like a little village floating on the wild torrent. The breadth of the river and the body of the water are very great: and across the very centre of the Fall, a long bridge of planks, scarcely raised above the rushing flood, offers an apparently very insecure passage to carriages as well as pedestrians.

In the above style the approach to Christiania forms a more ambitious and finished picture. The author is in a small steamer, sailing up the Fjord to that town.

This voyage is in the highest degree interesting and beautiful; and as the vessel crosses the Fjord from side to side, to leave or take in passengers at every town along its shores, there is ample opportunity of enjoying it. The first view of Norway presents a very favourable contrast to that of Sweden, which latter is (at least on the western coast) as bare and wild as can be conceived, and almost devoid of habitations visible from the sea. Whereas, on obeying the early summons to leave the "Prinds Karl," and embark on board the "Constitution," in the harbour of Fredericsværn, the eye opens upon abundant evidence of the presence and industry of man. The shore is lined with houses; adjoining are verdant, well-cultivated fields; in the back ground rise lofty mountains, partially bare, and partially covered with dark pine forests.

The town is entirely built of wood, with the exception of the fortress; and from its colour, as well as position, has a peculiarly picturesque appearance from the water. The little port is singularly embosomed in granite rocks: a short way from shore is moored the whole navy of Norway, consisting of a couple of corvettes, and some half dozen gun-boats, laid up in ordinary. I suppose this Lilliputian force is kept as a nucleus for their marine; otherwise it would seem to be either too much, or too little, being useless in war, and needlessly expensive in peace. . . . . .

I scarcely know a more enjoyable voyage, on a fine summer's day, than this up the Fjord of Christiania. At first the course lies among the thousand islands of all sizes that line the western shore, and is afterwards seldom far from one or the other coast. Wherever there is any level land, smiling hamlets and cultivation are sure to be seen: but even where the rocky soil seems to forbid all footing to man, in many a sheltering corner nestle small but well-built cottages, with their green patches of corn and potatoes close by; while the numerous boats shew that their hardy inmates consider the sea to be both their farm and high road.

In the course of his tour, the Angler was induced, by a respectable farmer, with the well-sounding northern name of *Thor Odegarten*, to ascend the high grounds in quest of a herd of rein-deer reported to be there. The cattle of the farmer had already gone to the mountains for summer pasture. The sportsmen ascended the steep mountains exactly at midsummer, on the strong, and sure-footed ponies of the country, carrying with them the provision necessary for a two nights' bivouac. They passed the line of fir and birch, and arrived among the stunted junipers, willows, and dwarf birch.

There were scattered patches of snow on the lower grounds; and the surrounding hills universally retained their wintry mantle. Here and there, cattle were roaming at large; while in the foreground stood several Sæters, consisting of neatly-built loghouses, with a green enclosure round each.

We entered into one of them, which belonged to Thor; and I was greatly pleased with the order and cleanliness that reigned throughout. A buxom maiden was employed in washing her numerous wooden utensils with a decoction of juniper branches, the best nostrum for keeping them perfectly sweet. She immediately arose to present us with a bowl of delicious milk. Her little dairy was a pattern of neatness; and already at this early season was well stored with butter: the furniture appeared simple, but sufficient, and beautifully clean. The Sætter life seems exactly to resemble that of the Swiss chalet; only it is not so far removed from the habitations of their fellow men. The Norwegians have the same affectionate names for their cows, the same songs in their praise; and, singular enough, precisely the same long horn as the well-known *Cor des Alpes*, only that it is straight, instead of being curved, at the end. The lonely, adventurous life of the Sætter, must have its charm, for a time at least; and their songs express this sentiment very strongly.

The rein-deer were discovered, but none were shot. The angler's good luck was all by water.

The following little anecdote shews very pleasingly how the links of social life are interwoven, so to connect those seeming extremes of European society, the occupant of the throne of France, with an old hostess in an ancient town of Norway:—

There is no inn whatever in this northern capital of Norway. An indifferent one was lately set up, but the experiment did not answer; and it was soon closed. There are, however, several lodging-houses; the best of which, especially for an Englishman, is that of Mrs. Homberg, a wonderful old lady, who has kept lodgings for more than half a century; and though upwards of eighty, still retains a green old age. The stranger will meet with every attention and reasonable comfort at her house. She had the honour of accommodating the present Ruler of France, Louis Philippe, during his expatriation in the early times of the French Revolution; and she has this summer (1839) received from him a very handsome musical clock, through the hands of the French Scientific Expedition lately sent to the North. It may be imagined how much the good old lady was gratified by this royal recollection of the treatment he had experienced at her house: and, all the time I was there, its tunes were kept almost incessantly playing for the amusement of her numerous friends, that called to see and admire it. Such useless elegances as musical clocks

are very rare articles at Trondhjem; where the ornamental is obliged to give place to the strictly useful.

The Namsen is to the Angler the river of paradise! Bruce approaching the source of the Nile, or a traveller in Africa imagining he had traced the genuine Niger, could not be more excited than our tourist, as he came near this enchanted and enchanting salmon river. He says, to any but an Anglo-maniac, (he must mean an Angler-maniac,) his feelings would have appeared incomprehensible and ridiculous. He had hitherto met with very indifferent sport in Norway; and this was his last and greatest venture. He proceeds—

It was therefore with a feverish excitement that I ran up a hill that overhung the Post-house of Spillum, and promised evidently to command the lower course of the Namsen, near its entrance into the sea. The very first glance satisfied me I had at last reached the real river for an Angler: a deep broad stream rolled majestically into a beautiful bay, that in its turn opened into a noble Fjord. For a long way up, I could see the river maintained the same equable course.

His anticipations were abundantly fulfilled, and the waters of the Namsen will henceforth never know peace from English fly-fishers. He ascended the river, and settled himself in a neighbouring farm-house, in the following comfortable style, before commencing operations on a scale that will excite the astonishment and envy of all British anglers:—

I was soon installed in the best rooms of the house. My host's name was Iver, of Mediaa; a worthy, kind-hearted man as ever lived: his family consisted only of his wife, a son of about 17, and a daughter 14 years old. I found them all cleanly, civil, and obliging in the extreme; and ready to do any thing in their power to conduce to my comfort; therefore, as the situation was most convenient, I made their house my head quarters, during both my visits to the Namsen: and if I were ever fortunate enough to get there again, should do the same. I had a neatly finished chamber, of just sufficient length to admit a twenty-foot rod to be hung on pegs, without being taken to pieces; a great convenience to the Angler. Beyond it, was a smaller room, where I could stow away my stores and valuables under lock and key: on the other side was a little kitchen, used only for my purposes, the family kitchen and apartments being under a distinct roof. The whole was very neatly boarded, and perfectly clean: what could an Angler wish for more? My brother enthusiasts, if such there be that peruse these volumes, will picture to themselves the delight with which I took possession of my wooden palace, and retired early to my humble little bed, in the almost vain hope of shortening the interval to the wished for morning, by courting slumbers that my anxiety scarcely suffered to visit my eyelids.

The salmon rivers—nay, the lakes and *lochs*—of the British Islands, must henceforth hide their diminished heads before the broad and majestic Namsen, on whose placid waters the Angler launched his boat, manned by two hardy natives.

Before five o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen; a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order; and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should no where else have dreamed of using even in March.

What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked: and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap on the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks: and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning reel, to my great alarm: many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made him fight hard for every foot of the line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land, with diminished energies after each struggle. My Swedish attendant being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed Fisherman would have considered certain: but at length, after three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the greensward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds, exactly the weight of the largest salmon I had ever before caught.

None but a brother Angler can appreciate my feelings at this success of my first essay on the Namsen: it seemed at once to justify all I had heard of its reputation. I afterwards rose four fish; two of which I killed without any great difficulty: each of them weighed fourteen pounds. The weather was sultrily hot, and by eight o'clock the sun was so powerful that no more fish would rise. I, therefore, returned to my breakfast not a little gratified with my morning's performance.

A tolerably good morning's work this; but he was at it again in the evening. And thus passed day by day; fish of nineteen or twenty pounds being considered no great shakes, and smaller salmon and grilse, which might make an angler's reputation at home, being almost despised. A hundred pounds was a common day's work. On other days, 117 pounds were taken. The fish were equitably and liberally apportioned. None but an angler can appreciate the record of each successive day's sport, of every rise, and the weight and measure of every poor fish that was taken. From the Namsen we turn to the inhabitants on its banks.

It was my constant habit to mix, and converse with people of all ranks, as well as my imperfect acquaintance with the language would permit; and nowhere, I conceive, can the primitive character and customs of the Norwegians be observed to greater advantage, than here. From their position, the natives of Nummedal have experienced little intermixture with others, and therefore live and think much as their forefathers did. Generally speaking, they are an extraordinarily fine race of men both for height and shape: and among the females I observed more beauty, than anywhere else in Norway.

Kindness of manner towards each other, and towards strangers; honesty; patience, industry, contentment, are qualities they possess in an eminent degree. As an instance of their honesty, I never saw a door fastened, and seldom shut, by night or by day: as a proof of their kindness of heart, I never witnessed a quarrel among them, except upon one occasion, when several expressed great indignation with one of their own body, who annoyed me a little by attempting to angle before me.

The people here were suffering severely from the successive failures of their crops, in the recent bad seasons.

The angler repeated his visit to the Namsen last year, his first visit having been in 1837. He, at this time, extended his tour in the country, and tried other fishing streams; and performed one of his very greatest feats on a salmon over forty pounds, three feet ten in length, and killed, if that be the word, in one half hour! Is it sar-

prising that he should break out in poetic raptures over the Namsen? Tolerably large fish may be killed in the Tweed, "but for how short a period does the fishing there last! and how immeasurably inferior is the easy capture of a score of *Kelts* in the Sprouston Dove, to the serious encounters with a glorious thirty pounder, under Fiskum Foss!" The Namsen will tolerate no trout in its mighty waters, nor is there any trout stream in the neighbourhood; but a sportsman, fond of shooting, may find capercailyie in the forests, and ptarmigan on the mountains. A bird, unknown in Britain, called the Hjerper or hazel hen, is "the most delicately flavoured bird" the Angler knows, and is without the layer of brown flesh common to the other game birds, having its breast of the purest white throughout. He also celebrates a berry of exquisite flavour growing low, called by the Norwegians the *Moltabear*, and resembling a white mulberry.

A considerable portion of the second volume of the "Two Summers" is devoted to the geology of Norway, which will, we fear, be still less attractive to the general reader than even the angling exploits. The author does not consider Norway a field for emigration, save to a hardy and industrious young man who has sufficient money to purchase an estate; and we dare say that he judges fairly. For mere labourers, Norway is decidedly bad, though wages are not relatively low, being considerably higher than in Ireland. One of his chief objections to the Norwegians is, that they have in too great abundance the common necessaries of life—too much to eat and drink; and that the ease with which their sensual wants can be supplied makes them neglect their minds. The force of this objection will, we believe, hardly be understood by the great majority of his countrymen at home. If scanty fare or starvation are the necessary stimulants to mental activity, and cultivation, and to the developement of intellectual energy, we might expect to find philosophers on the shores of Australia, and men of science in Magellan's Straits. "Knowledge cometh of leisure;" and where there is not an easy supply of the necessaries of life there can be little mental progression. Does he imagine that there is more reading in the agricultural districts of Midland and Southern England than in Norway? The author underrates the civilisation of Norway, which, if not found in the arts which adorn society, is nobly conspicuous in the morals, and manners, and civil institutions of a free and brave race, which the Angler likes, and whom all who have visited them both love and esteem.

I. The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar. II. The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The first of these works is published as one of Moxon's leviathan tomes. It forms a constellation of wits; a family group of dramatists. In the second work, Sheridan stands alone, probably because there was no room for him within the same boards with the elder wits, and that he belonged to a later period. To both the publications Mr Leigh Hunt has prefixed biographical and critical notices, which evince more power than relish for the task. He should have been the biographer of Goldsmith or Otway; Thomson or Collins; or a whole host of poets and dramatists: but not of the selfish and fastidious Congreve, or the specious, brilliant, profligate, and unhappy Sheridan. This ungeniality has, however, been provocative of truth. Mr Hunt's strictures, especially those on Sheridan, as a man and an author, do as much honour to his literary taste as to his moral feelings; though we cannot imagine why the ample mantle of his universal charity is found scanty only when it should be cast over persons like Sheridan, who have scrambled, by all manner of meannesses, to high places, and paid the full penalty of their low ambition. The "want of enthusiasm for the genius of Sheridan" which he acknowledges, is, we believe, not so rare as Mr Hunt may imagine. What was there in the genius of the clever and witty Sheridan to beget enthusiasm, or any high and warm feeling whatever?

Mr Hunt has not allowed his want of sympathy with Sheridan to make him forgetful of his duties as a biographer, though it is as a critic that he excels; a critic, we have said, of the man as much as of the artist. In the first place, he refuses to be astonished at the precocity of a man who, by the age of twenty-six, had written the *Rivals*, and *The School for Scandal*. Shakspeare had not written *Hamlet* or *Lear* until a much later period of life; but for this there are the good reasons that the "great world" of artificial society is a very little world to become intimate with compared with Shakspeare's world. "Passions there, like modes, run very much in patterns, and lie on the surface; and folly, which is the object of satire, is, by nature, a thing defective, and therefore sooner read through than the wisdom of the wise or the universality of nature. A man like Sheridan or Congreve may very well know all that is to be known in the circles of conventional grace or absurdity, by the time he has spent more than half his life. Feeling, he needs but little; imagination, not at all. The stars might be put out; the ocean drunk up; almost everything which makes the universe what it is, might vanish, including the heart of man in its largest and deepest sense; and, if a single ball-room survived, he might still be what he is. A little fancy and a good deal of scorn; a terseness, a polish, and a sense of the incongruous; are all the requisites of his nature—admirable in the result, compared with what is inferior to them;—nothing (so to speak) by the side of the mighty waters and interminable shores," &c. &c. But we wished mainly to draw attention to the justness of the criticism in the first part of this passage, and need not farther shew that Congreve and Sheridan are not Shakspeares; nor a drop's blood to the masters of the dramatic art *poetical*.

Mr Hunt's criticism on English audiences is surely unjust when he says—"It is painful to witness the depth of reverential silence with which the audience see Sir Peter Teazle give his wife a bank bill for two hundred pounds. The whole commercial heart of England seems suddenly to be on the spot, awed by seeing all that virtue going out of it." Now readers and audiences seem rather to enjoy a romantic extravagance of liberality in a book or on the stage; probably to restore the equilibrium of their feelings, though fictitiously. Sheridan's powers as a dramatist are comprised in few words. His wit is described as "more sparkling than Fielding's, but it does not go so deep." "Neither is it so good-natured. There is little intimation of tenderness in it, or of habitual consideration of anything but some jest at somebody's expense. The kindness of Sir Peter Teazle to his wife, is but a sort of dotage, and mixed up with the selfishness of unequal years. It was not in Sheridan's nature to invent a Parson Adams or Sir Roger de Coverley; much less to venture upon a heroical character in the shape of a footman." Of the *Duenna* it is said, "The dialogue is smart and unsuperfluous. Like some of his comic writing, the more humorous characters are not very agreeable, and there is too much jesting upon personal defects:

but they are very amusing; and if the poetry has very little claim to that abused term, it is very good *town* poetry—full of pretty turns and epigramatic points, and even as like earnestness of feeling as such art well can be. It is clear that the heart is generally subordinate to the will, and the passion little but a restless though elegant sensuality. His table songs are always admirable. When he was drinking wine, he was thoroughly in earnest." In the *Critic*, it is said, "Sheridan must have felt himself emphatically at home in a production of this kind; for there was in it every call for the powers he abounded in—wit, banter, and style—and none upon his good-nature. It is observable, however, and not a little edifying to observe, that, when those who excel in a spirit of satire above everything else, come to attempt serious specimens of the poetry and romance whose exaggerations they ridicule, they make ridiculous mistakes of their own, and of the very same kind." *Pizarro* and *The Stranger*, are called in evidence. The estimate of Sheridan's public character is not less acute. "He had not the cordial fellowship and overflowing good-nature of Fox. He did not become a partisan out of sympathy. Neither, on the other hand, has he egotism, pride, or passion enough to be capable of the resentments and apostacies of Burke. He had a strong, a sensual, and, therefore, essentially coarse nature; none the less so for a veil of refined language, which was his highest notion of the dress of the heart: but his very animal spirits, and contentment with the pleasure of the moment, served to keep him from dishonest aims. He stuck to his party as he did to the wine; and if he did not ultimately abide by it, in its corporate sense, when its public virtue was put to the test, apart from private considerations, he may still be said, in adhering to the Prince, to have stuck to the last man at the table, influenced by a certain jovial disinterestedness, as well as conventional vanity." Mr Hunt sees the prototype of Sheridan in his grandfather the protegé and humble friend of Swift. But Dr Sheridan if equally careless, was infinitely more good-natured and unselfish; and the real germ of the lower nature of the brilliant descendant, might, perhaps, rather be found in the grandmother, immortalized by the coarse, pungent verses of Swift.

Mr Moore's industry in disenchanting the world with regard to Sheridan's genius, has given Mr Hunt an opportunity of making this tart and crisp remark on a practice of Sheridan's, which would have afforded himself exquisite materials for a new scene in the *Critic*. "He kept memorandums of his wit, for use; pickled and potted up the sentences in which it was expressed; and now and then gave them a new turn to improve the relish." To improve the reader's relish for Sheridan's plays, this unpalatable memoir is closed by Hazlitt's glowing panegyric on Sheridan's comedies.*

Wycherley was even more precocious than Sheridan. His first play, *Love in a Wood*, was written at the age of nineteen, and the *Plain Dealer* at twenty-five. He had been, for a few years, in France before going to Oxford; and, while abroad, became what is called a convert to the Church of Rome. After quitting the university, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, and used the study of law as a decent pretext for following his own tastes. His father was a small landed proprietor. At the age of thirty-two, he had written his last play, *The Country Wife*. In the *Plain Dealer*, he shews his acquaintance with the courts of law, and, in the latter play, a thorough intimacy with "the town." The reign of Charles the Second was one in which a profligate dramatists could hardly miss Court favour. This he appears to have gained and lost, after marrying a rich widow of quality, who had once been a maid of honour, and who proved the plague of his life. After her death he ruined himself by a law-suit to obtain her fortune, and lay for seven years in the Fleet prison. James the Seventh has done one action of some merit. After his accession to the throne, he chanced to see the *Plain Dealer* performed; and seized with a generous fit, he paid the author's debts and settled a small pension upon him. The death of his father put him, late in life, in possession of the family estate, but did not relieve him from his difficulties. The biography is full of dramatic vicissitudes, which are very neatly told. So is the story of Congreve, for whom Mr Hunt has less charity though he does ample justice to his talents. He rather likes Vanburgh, and evinces strong sympathy with poor unlucky Farquhar. All of them are placed above Sheridan; and in this critical estimate, Mr Hunt, in all probability, only anticipates the fiat of posterity, if posterity gives itself any concern about the witty-manners painters and satirists of an age of bad manners and worse morals; an age for which it is a poor excuse to say that though more hypocritical we are very little better. If not more heart-pure, we, at least, begin to perceive what purity is. We are neither shameless nor unconscious in our vices.

Mr Hunt has discovered that Farquhar was the author of a novel entitled "The Adventures of Covent Garden," from which he is said by others to have taken some of the best incidents and characters in his comedies. Farquhar was duped into a marriage with a woman who pretended to have a fortune, and to have fallen in love with him. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but in the humble and humbling capacity (in those times) of a servitor; and he afterwards tried the stage as a profession. He was an indifferent actor; but his connexion with the stage stimulated and developed his dramatic talents. He procured a commission in the army through the favour of the Earl of Orrery; and necessity made him, after his marriage, an unceasing if not a very fertile writer. He died early, and left his children in want. Mr Hunt condemns the "luckier formalist," who, hugging himself upon superior prudence, "would not have led such a life, nor trusted so foolishly to a patron." The friend, Wilks the actor, to whom on his deathbed he bequeathed his two daughters in a very touching letter, consisting of only two sentences, was probably not "generous or romantic" in his conduct to the orphan girls. He procured a benefit for them, and put them out apprentices to mantua-makers; which might probably be what, under their mother's training, they were best fit for. They do not appear to have been of that class of mind which, in all circumstances, makes a *status* for itself, or else they were unusually unfortunate.

Mr Hunt thus sums up and delivers his judgment of his four dramatists:—

It appears to us that Wycherley was the most reflective for reflection's sake; the most terse, with simplicity in his style; the most original in departing from the comedy in vogue, and adding morals to manners; and the least so with regard to plot and character;—that Congreve was the wittiest, most scholarly, most highly-bred; the

* From Mr Moore's shewing, Sheridan practised exactly those methods of making wit, which *Sneer*, in the *Critic*, imputes to Sir Fretful Plagiary; in whose commonplace book, stray jokes and pilfered witticisms were kept, with as much method as in the ledger of the Lost-and-Stolen office.

most elaborate in his plots and language, and most pungent but least natural in his characters; and that he had the least heart;—that Vanburgh was the readiest and most straight-forward; the least superfluous; the least self-reverential, mistrusting, or morbid; and, therefore, with more freedom, the least scrupulous—caring for nothing but truth (as far as he saw it) and a strong effect; —and that Farquhar had the highest animal spirits, with fits of the deepest sympathy; the greatest wish to please rather than to strike; the most agreeable diversity of character, the least instinct in avoiding the revolting extravagances of the time, and the happiest invention in plot and situation; and, therefore, is to be pronounced, upon the whole, the truest dramatic genius, and the most likely to be of lasting popularity, as indeed he has hitherto been. He has far surpassed them all, we believe, in the number of editions; and is, certainly, ten times acted to their once. . . . . But all the works of these dramatists are still read, though they are not all acted: and that they are not longer all acted is not to be wholly attributed either to their own vices or to our virtues. Manners alone make some difference. Conventional pleasantries go out, and cease to be understood; conventional virtues are not always changed into others more real. We are not of necessity the better or more moral for thinking the worst we can of freer modes of speech, or even of conduct. Our ancestors may not have been so bad as we suppose them, even upon our own principle. Animal spirits often say more than they mean; and it is then our own dulness and want of spirits that misconstrue the speaker's.

More is said in the same strain; but this remark forms the apology of these wits, and is the quintessence of the whole:—

Again, the stage is not a mere copy of nature, not a *fac simile*, but the free running hand of genius, under the impression of its liveliest wit, or most passionate impulses, a thousand times adorning or feeling all as it goes; and you must read it as the healthy instincts of audiences always do, if the critics will let them alone, with a grain of allowance, and a tendency to go away with as much of it for *use* as is necessary, and the rest for the luxury of laughter, pity, or poetical admiration.

Yet the apology, at least for Wycherley and Congreve, is not made out even to the author's satisfaction. Their world was not much better for the heart or imagination than that of Sheridan, or of the modern fashionable novel-writers, their legitimate successors.

Mr Hunt has bestowed more than ordinary pains and care upon these prefaces. They are executed in his best style, and with just such a relish of what wont to be called the Cockney School—a title of honour, however meant—as heightens their gusto. We select a few specimens:—

WIT FOR WIT'S SAKE.

Having expressed indifference or weariness of the plots of Congreve, Mr Hunt gives little more quarter to the "wit."

Above all, we find the *wit* become tiresome. We love it heartily in its proper place, in Butler, Swift, and Addison, where it is serving some purpose greater than itself; and we love it still more when it issues out of sheer animal spirits, and is happy as a child. But wit for wit's sake becomes a task and a trial; and in Congreve's days it was cant, like the talk about "sense" and "reason;" as if all sense, and reason, and wit had been comprised in the substitution of the greater faculties of man for the less, and the critical for the unconscious. Everybody was to be "witty;" letters were to be full of "wit," and end in some "witty turn;" coffee-houses were to talk nothing but wit. Ladies were to have "wit and sweetness," and men "wit and fire;" not the old mother-wit of Shakspeare and his fellows, which was a gift from the whole loving frame of nature, but a trick of the fancy and of words, which you might acquire from the brother-wit of the tavern, and which dealt chiefly in simile, with a variation of antitheses. Everything seemed to be of value, only in as much as it could be likened or opposed to something else; till at length a simile and a metaphor come to be taken for a "reason," and "sense" itself was occupied, not in seeing into anything very deeply for its own sake, but in discovering how far it was capable of being split off into a couple of images.

WHY DRAMATIC WRITERS MAKE BAD ACTORS.

"It is probable that he [Farquhar] would have turned out no great actor. No dramatist ever did. He is said to have been a beautiful reader of his plays; but he arrived at no eminence as one of their performers. Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Lee, Otway, Murphy—all were actors, in their time, for a greater or less period; but none have left a reputation as such. Perhaps a better actor-dramatist never appeared than the author of *Virginius* and *William Tell*; and yet his sensible and manly performance on the stage by no means comes up to the height of his pen. Is it that the very sensibility of the poet baffles him in action? Yet how is it, in that case, that Ellen Tree is not hindered by her tears, or that Mr Macready can feel the father so well in *Virginius*, and yet act it better than the robust poet himself? Is it that the poet feels too many of minute shades of the part he is acting, to go well enough to the main points of it? Hardly that; otherwise he could not be great in proportion to their combination of these minute shades with general effect. Is it (to give one more conjecture) that the poet being always accustomed to meditation rather than action, and feeling that a double merit is expected of him, is perplexed between habit and self-love? Something, perhaps, of this; and more, in all probability, from the necessary counter-habits of that meditation, to the business and bustle, and practical everyday life of the rehearsing and reciting actor. Shakspeare might, perhaps, if he had chosen to set his wits that way, have been the greatest actor that ever lived; but then he could not have found time to be the poet he was. He would have missed the soft and still air in which poetry delights to grow." [This, we apprehend, is more ingenious than sound. The failures enumerated, and to the number Mrs Inchbald may be added, have chanced before the dramatists had either essayed their powers or discovered any consciousness of their possession. The poet and the mimic are originally and essentially different natures.]

MRS JORDAN.

The *Country Wife* will always be revived whenever such an actress appears as Mrs Jordan. Those who remember how that delightful woman seemed made for every trusting enjoyment; how she could unite boisterous spirits with a brimful sensibility; how she would come dancing on the stage at forty, a girl still in spite of her fat; what a breadth and music there was in her voice; and how the people loved it the moment they heard it; how she would wear a huge buxom pinafore; divide sobs of sorrow with the comforts of a great slice of bread and butter; anticipate a world of delight with rubbed hands and huddled shoulders; and how, with a cramming of all the powers of coaxing into one little syllable, she would utter the word "*bud*;" while, taking her guardian's cheeks in her hands, as though it sprung out of the fulness of her heart, and formed her lips into the very thing it spoke of; will sigh to think that circumstances rarely produce creatures made of such cordial human clay; or that anything should have made a life close in sorrow, which had given to others nothing but happiness.

WEAK SIDES.

Vanburgh laughed at heraldry; yet we have seen him apply to the college he ridiculed for the confirmation of a coat-of-arms. Men would fain be above their fellow-creatures on the side of intellect, yet are always resting the equilibrium on that of vanity and the passions; let us add, on that of the social affections also; for every conventional tendency, however sophistical, has a ground in it in the love of others; and it is well that it should be so. Charity is secretly ensured by it, as society proceeds; and it will ultimately secure the improvements that receive gradual assent.

Mr Hunt, who has been most zealous in the pursuit of "remains" of any kind, has made some hits; and, in particular, recovered a few rather racy morsels of Congreve's familiar correspondence.

Moore's Poetical Works.

The first volume of an edition of Moore's poems, collected by himself, has appeared. It is to be completed in ten volumes. The work is lightly, and very neatly, if rather sparsely printed, and well got up. Volume I. is embellished with an engraving from Lawrence's portrait of the author; so that no accomplishment of publication is wanting.——It is unfortunate that the order of chronology cannot, in this case, be inverted, as Moore's nearly forgotten Juvenile Pieces, and Translation of the Odes of Anacreon, place him at some disadvantage, both with critics and ordinary readers. The first poems of Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, &c. &c., were, if not always their best, not their worst; while those of Moore require large indulgence; and, though the future man appears in the boy, they could now only be tolerated for what they herald. To the great bulk of modern readers, they will, however, have the attraction of novelty. It is amusing to find the Odes of Anacreon dedicated, "with permission," to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became the favourite butt of the partisan satirical poet. This edition of the collected works, is more fitly dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdowne. If Moore be really the author of a great deal of beautiful fugitive verse of the rebel kind, which appeared during the troubles of Ireland, at the end of the last century, and which has generally been attributed to him, we may anticipate higher gratification from the second volume, which, if less classic, will be more patriotic and natural. Of the present one, the original portion cannot fail to interest, for it contains reminiscences of the poet's early literary history, from his own pen. So early as 1793, he had sent communications to a defunct Dublin magazine, which kindly welcomed the anonymous contributions of "our esteemed correspondent, T. M." And this introduces a well-turned compliment to the author of The Pleasures of Memory, from a gentleman possessing a very courtly memory. Moore's schoolmaster, Mr White, a rather popular character in Dublin, was inordinately fond of theatricals, and was often invited to superintend the private theatres, then the rage in Ireland, and to write prologues and epilogues. Mr White, of course, set his pupils to act plays; and Moore, in this line, was "long his favourite show-scholar." So long ago as 1790, "Master Moore" took a part at the private theatre of Lady Burrowes, in Dublin; and, at even an earlier date, he had first committed the sin of rhyme. Indeed he began to write verses so early, that he is now unable to remember when he first began "to act, sing, and rhyme." He was thus early sealed to his vocation. He relates—"To these different talents, such as they were, the gay and social habits prevailing in Dublin afforded frequent opportunities of display; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as, in heart and head, has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that present stimulus to exertion—the desire to please those whom we at once most love and most respect. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque, written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, was acted, under our humble roof in Aungier Street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young ——, now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of the orchestra at the pianoforte. . . . While thus the turn I had so early shewn for rhyme and song was, by the gay and sociable circle in which I lived, called so encouragingly into play, a far deeper feeling—and, I should hope, power—was at the same time awakened in me, by the mighty change then working in the political aspect of Europe, and the stirring influence it had begun to exercise on the spirits and the hopes of Ireland. Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slaves' yoke around my neck; and it was all in vain that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the bar, as opening a course that might lead her son to affluence and honour. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University was to him 'a fountain sealed.' Can any one now wonder that a people thus trampled upon should have hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand. I remember being taken by my father [1792] to one of the dinners given in honour of this great event, and sitting upon the knee of the chairman, while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round—'May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure!'"

In a few months afterwards, some of the remaining disabilities of the Catholics were removed, and Moore was among the first of the young emancipists who used the new privilege of entering Dublin University. In the following year, 1794, with fitting preparation, he began to write political satires. Moore's first attempts of this sort were in ridicule of monarchy, of the pomps and forms of which his circle had got up a burlesque imitation. Yet, in a very few years, we find the young Republican humbly dedicating the first fruits of his muse to the Prince of Wales. At the University, instead of following the usual practice of writing his theme in Latin prose, he one day gave in one in English verse, which was received and applauded by an indulgent judge; and this probably confirmed his vocation. He now began to make those translations from Anacreon, which, in due time, saw the light. After all, Mr Moore has not yet told very much of his earlier career. The original prefaces to the poems of the "deceased Mr Thomas Little" are preserved here; and to those who are disposed to take offence, they will, from their tone of levity, be no less offensive than the poems themselves. We shall wait with hope for those patriotic effusions which were born of "the deeper feeling"—the genuine power awakened in the young poet's mind by the stirring circumstances around him. A young Irishman of that time, who did not cherish hostile and rebellious feelings towards the oppressors of Ireland, must have been dull as the clod of the valley.

An Essay towards Discovering the Origin and Course of Human Improvement. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. Longman & Co. 2 vols.

"The plan of this work," it is stated by the author, "was suggested by the Archbishop of Dublin;" and it has had, throughout, the benefit of his assistance and superintendence. The subject of the work is the most comprehensive and important that the circle of literature affords. It is the entire History of Man in his barbarous and in his civilized states; and might be presumed to require much ampler space than two ordinary-sized volumes; though, by condensation, and confining himself to

results, the author has accomplished much, so far, at least, as regards the collection of materials for his comprehensive design. That design will be best defined by his own words:—It is "To determine, from the various forms in which society has been found, what was the origin of civilisation; and under what circumstances those attributes of humanity, which in one country become the foundation of social happiness, are in another perverted into the production of general misery." For this purpose, he has examined the principal elements by which society, under all its aspects, is held together, and traced each to its source in human nature; he has then devoted attention to the developement of these principles, and pointed out the circumstances by which they are perfected on the one hand, and corrupted on the other. Having thus, by a rigid analysis, shewn what the elements and conditions of civilisation are, he has tested the accuracy of his results by applying them to the history of civilisation itself, as recorded in the annals of the earliest polished nations, and has thus been led to consider the principal moral causes that have contributed to the growth and the decline of states, "thus giving an outline or a philosophical history of opinions, and their influence on life and action."

One main excellence of the work consists in the richness and copiousness of illustration derived from travellers, of every age, whose narratives are considered worthy of credit.

The first volume, after a few preliminary chapters, treating of general principles, is illustrative of the condition of barbarous and savage life, followed by one or two chapters of deep, if melancholy, interest, upon the evidences of lost civilisation found in North and South America, New Zealand, Siberia, &c. &c. The concluding volume treats of the civilisation of antiquity in Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome; and the introduction of Christianity, and its influence on society, naturally introduces the progress of civilisation in Europe during the middle ages.

Not the least important section of the work is the concluding one, in which are discussed the leading circumstances which are either rapidly advancing or retarding civilisation in Europe, and especially in our own society. This leads to the temperate discussion of many of those topics which may be called the more urgent questions of the day: such as the objects and end of punishments; the factory-system; indigence; national education; and the reciprocal duties which the different classes of society owe to each other. This section, however, is less likely to excite attention than the more brilliant chapters; though, of all others, it is the most important to "this England—and this now."

The work is composed in a vein which is likely to render it more generally popular than books of research and grave discussion are usually found, even in these times when philosophy is no longer required to enshroud herself in gloom and mystery; and to live, apart from the ordinary business of life, secluded in her cell.

As a specimen of a work of which we think highly, and which we regret that our limited and already preoccupied space prevents us from describing more at large, we select a passage from the chapter which treats of the influences produced by the introduction of the Christian system upon civilisation and the progress of society.

From the peculiarities we have noticed, it appears that Christianity preached to man a spiritual God—not attached to any nationality, whether of language, country, or custom—the Father of all men, demanding the obedience of a child from each, and requiring each individual, separately and for himself, to effect a renovation of all his moral feelings and principles of action. It was the first time religion addressed itself to man in his personality, and recognised that every individual had a moral being of his own; but Christianity did more: it shewed that high responsibility is attached to this individuality, and to it only; for it declared that the future eternity of happiness and misery would not be assigned by the Supreme Judge, at the final day of reckoning, on the ground of being born in a certain country, or descended of a certain class, but on purity of soul, producing purity of heart and conduct.

The moral value of the individual was thus immensely raised; and the influence of the State, as it existed in all the ancient systems of civilisation, was diminished in nearly the same proportion. The State was no longer all and everything; and a wider and more extended sphere of activity was opened, beyond its limits, in man's direct relations to the Divinity, and, consequently, in relation to all mankind, the children of the same heavenly Father. A twofold existence was bestowed on man at the same moment: he became something more than a citizen, he became *Himself*—a moral being, called upon by the Almighty to fulfil his duties, and receive his reward according to his works. And while his moral sensibilities were thus restricted to his individuality, he received a new being in his moral sensibilities, which were no longer confined to a single state, but extended over the wide fellowship of humanity.

The revolution was neither social nor political, but it nevertheless contained the elements of important changes in all the relations of private life, and in all the departments of public administration. The recognition of individual rights was not confined to one sex. Woman became a moral being as well as her lord. The relation between the sexes might not have been immediately changed by any open and public enactment, but the female sex was greatly elevated in influence and moral power. It is very probable that the greater freedom of thought and action tacitly conceded to the Christian women may have suggested many charges of immorality brought against the early believers by their pagan adversaries; just as Mahommedans, on their first visit to England, are so shocked by the exposure of the female face, that they believe and declare morality to be impossible in the country.

The *Slave* was a still greater gainer. Christianity did not break his fetters, but it recognised him as equal with his master in the eye of God; and it taught the master that the slave was a man. The being hitherto regarded only as a piece of merchandise, regained his personality when he was brought within the sphere of Christian charity—when he was confessed to be a sharer in the blessings of the same redemption, and a co-heir to the same glorious immortality. Christianity did not give him freedom, but it conferred upon him, and upon his fellows, the principles from which their freedom was eventually and necessarily derived. When all religions had made Rome their common metropolis, they neutralized each other. One power alone seemed real and independent, that of the emperor; and, a necessary consequence from the State system of the ancients, this power was invested with the attributes of Divine Majesty. Temples were erected, altars dedicated, sacrifices offered at his statues. In the general degradation in which alone such absurdities would be tolerated, there can be little doubt that the worship of the sovereign was, as Tertullian informs us, the most zealous and fervent, at least in outward shew. Here there is no religion of the State, but religion and despotism were actually one. Such degradation could not be endured by man, conscious of his individuality and responsibility, to believe the equality of all men before God, and persuaded that the person, who thus claimed the attributes of divinity, would stand at the Last Day unmasked and undistinguished in the crowd assembled to hear their doom pronounced by the Supreme Judge. While man was part of the State, and nothing more, it was possible for him to remain ignorant of the deep degradation and slavish abasement of such homage to the personification of

the State. It was far different when he learned he had a separate existence, and an immortal soul. He saw that there was something beyond the State—higher, greater, more ennobling—and he no longer felt willing to sacrifice the State to the moral dignity of his nature. The narrow limits of the ancient communities had generated the corrupting principle, that individuals existed for the State; but the enlarging power of Christianity evolved the truth, that the State exists only for its members. This was a principle of life and liberty under every and any form of government; absolutism was, as we have seen, a vice equally common to monarchies, oligarchies, aristocracies, and democracies; for the administration of each might be, and was so directed, as to serve a party, no matter whether a minority or majority, by a sacrifice of the rights of the rest of the community; but Christianity raised the man above the citizen. No longer limited in his view to the precincts of a single community,

> Man looked aloft, and with erected eyes
> Beheld his own hereditary skies.

This work, were it only from being more suited to the great body of readers than elaborate treatises on its most important subject, will, we have no doubt, meet with the attention which its great merits deserve.

The History of the Jews, from the Taking of Jerusalem by Titus to the Present Time. Pp. 304.

This volume is well timed; though we see too little of the present social and moral condition of the Jews in the various countries wherein they sojourn; and much of the work is as properly a history of the attempt made to convert the Jews, as a history of them as Jews.

Free-Will Offerings versus *Tithes and Teinds.* By Thomas Dixon, Esq.

This Reply to the Lecture of Dr Chalmers on the duty and necessity of religious establishments, and the immediate extension of national churches, is, of course, a lengthened argument for Voluntaryism. We wish we could cite at length one pertinent query put to Dr Chalmers. He has said that Establishments, even in the days of Popery, "at least made sure of a pulpit and a minister in every little district of the country." But, for three centuries these blessings have been continued by the Protestant Establishment in England and Scotland; and what is the result even in those places in which the agricultural population has decreased or remained almost in a stationary state? What is the actual condition of those small corners of the vineyard which were easily cultivable by the labours of one stated priest?

This author takes considerable pains to shew how near of kin, or how closely allied, are Popery and Episcopalianism, especially as expounded by Dr Pusey and his orthodox followers. If Dr Chalmers holds to the opinion expressed in his Lectures on Establishments, that for the Established clergy to surrender their tithes and teinds "would be tantamount to the surrender, in its bulk and body, of the Christianity of the nation," the Non-Intrusion ministers, may not be quite prepared for the hillside just yet.

Tracts for the People.

An admirable, cheap volume, much of which is worth its weight in gold. Among the tracts are Milton's, "Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes;" shewing that it is not lawful for any power on earth to compel in matters of religion; Sir Mathew Hale's Judgment of the Nature of True Religion, and the causes of its corruption, and of the Church's calamity by men's corruptions and violences; with the desired cure; Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr John Milton for the liberty of unlicensed printing; and a selection of pieces entitled "Golden Testimonies in behalf of Religious and Christian Liberty." Bishop Hoadley's celebrated sermon, which almost, until our own time, gave a blow to High Church principles, forms one of the tracts; another of them is Dr Hare's Letter on the Study of the Scriptures in the way of private judgment; all publications of peculiar value just now, when the new sect of Puseyites are diligently diffusing their heterogeneous doctrines.

Narrative of the late George Vason. By the Rev. James Orange.

This person was one of the first missionaries sent out in the *Duff* to the South Sea islands. Like too many of his brethren, he was unworthy of the high vocation on which he was permitted to enter. He speedily deserted from the missionaries, adopted the dress and manners of the natives, and copied their vices. His apostacy led to a more intimate acquaintance with the characters, manners, customs, and superstitions of the natives, than would otherwise have been attained; and information on these topics constitutes the value of the little volume, which was taken down in substance from the mouth of Vason. His personal adventures are also of some interest. He finally returned to England, and was for many years Governor of the Town Gaol of Nottingham, an office which he discharged with strictness, propriety, and kindness. He appears to have recovered his character in the religious world, but to have had the good sense and modesty, after his fall, to make no flaming public profession, but to let his life speak for him.

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Colburn: 3 vols.

The first series of the history of the English Queens commences with the Conquest, and it is intended, in a second series, to come down to our own times. The volumes already published bring down the Memoirs to Anne of Warwick, the first Princess of Wales, and, as the Consort of Richard III., the last Plantagenet Queen.

Very great pains and research have evidently been bestowed upon the work; nor does it come into collision with the work of Miss Lawrance, who has given herself wider scope in tracing the progress of society in England, and describing social manners; while Miss Strickland has closely adhered to the history of the royal ladies, their consorts, and courts: the one writer evolving more of the philosophy of history, the other displaying minuter antiquarian lore, and giving more attention to those rude paintings, effigies, tapestry, and other existing relic of antiquity which illustrate history and costume; and to those traits recorded by contemporary chronicles that elucidate individual character. This gorgeous historical tissue, woven and embroidered by female hands, is a much prouder achievement for the sex than even the famous Bayeux tapestry, although that had been the undoubted production of woman's genius.

Symmons' Popular Economy.

This brief treatise is intended to popularize and bring down, to every mind of ordinary intelligence, the leading doctrines of political economy and public morals, and those principles which determine or influence the relations of the different classes of society. The work is so full of matter, (of which, however, we consider some part questionable,) and is, withal, so cheap, that, without attempting to analyze its contents, we merely recommend it to the attention of the public.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. James William M'Gauley, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Irish Board of Education, &c. &c.

To furnish the teachers of the Irish National Schools with a suitable treatise, the author of this volume has arranged his scientific Lectures for publication in the form which he considered best adapted to his rather comprehensive design, which embraces nearly the entire circle of the physical sciences.

Peace with China.

This is a letter, addressed to Mr Macaulay, by the Rev. Robert Philip. The substance of the letter is "*No Opium War;*" Peace with China! in order that China may be evangelized; and that free access for missionaries may be obtained among her three hundred and sixty millions of human beings. He addresses himself to Mr Macaulay, because that gentlemen is the "son of such a sire." But Mr Macaulay is something more: he is a Cabinet Minister, and therefore cannot afford to become a Demosthenes and a Milton all at once, as Mr Philip eloquently adjures him. Perhaps when the Whigs go out of office, he may think, among other things, of being the champion of China; but when did a gentleman in place attempt such a Quixotic part as that suggested here to the right honourable gentleman?

Remarks on Occurences in China. By a Resident in China.

This pamphlet takes a very different view of the Chinese question from that maintained by Mr Philip in his letter to Mr Macaulay. The Resident in China would deal in a very summary way with the Chinamen. "There is," he says, "no security for us in future but the strong hand of power, such as we can wield for our own protection, and, in case of need, for their repeated punishment whenever they break faith with us." This settles the matter so far as the author of the pamphlet is concerned.

Reasons for Impeaching Lord Palmerston. By R. Monteith, Esq.

This is not exactly the title of the pamphlet, but we adopt a slight change more easily to explain its object. Lord Palmerston is roundly charged with being the co-operator and agent of Russian policy. The charge is not new; but Lord Palmerston pursues his own course, and remains obstinately and provokingly dumb. Mr Monteith states that, if he were Lord Palmerston, and innocent, he would demand research into every part of the charge; and that, on the other hand, if he were the nation, he would demand the exposure of the whole truth; and whether or not it be the fact that Russia has found the shortest road to Constantinople and the Indus through the Foreign Office in Downing Street, or in some Government office or other, where the phrase is to be heard—"*It pleases, or it would displease the Emperor.*" The charge against Lord Palmerston is at least boldly and roundly made; and though Mr Monteith has no hope from St Stephen's, if the one half that is alleged appears tenable, we make no doubt but that one righteous man may yet be found in Sodom.

A Patriot's Fourth Letter to the British People.

Sir William Boyd's fourth Letter sets forth a sort of co-operative scheme for preventing indigence and increasing the comforts, the mental cultivation, and enjoyments of the working classes. The idea of his system is not new. He who will first succesfully exemplify it will be the real discoverer, and the benefactor of his kind.

Murphy's Bible Atlas.

This little book has obtained the *imprimatur* of the Rev. Archibald Bennie, minister of Lady Yester's church; which, as the engraver has set the fact conspicuously forward, ought, we presume, to be held conclusive of the excellence of the work. A great deal of information is certainly given in the explanation of the tiny maps and plans, and that too about places which can never cease to interest.

Poems, Radical Rhymes, and Tales. By John Mitchell.

A volume of some merit, dedicated to Ebenezer Elliott, by an admirer and imitator. But Elliott is not easily imitated, though this comes something near to him:—

Toil, Millions toil! mid want and wo,
That priests and lordlings may devour;
Though burning tears of sorrow flow,
Toil on! and love thy tyrant's power.

What though your wives and children die
Upon pale Famine's toiling rack!
'Tis but the *fiat* from on high
To make the *population slack!*

Speak, Millions! wherefore were you made?
Hath Heaven desired your misery?
No! by God's bounty round us spread,
The thought were blackest blasphemy!

. . . . . .

Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands. By Major E. Napier. 2 vols. Illustrated by numerous Lithographs.

This is a collection of articles, the most of which have appeared in the *Old Sporting Magazine.* The scene is India, in which the author seems to have passed the early part of his professional career. These sporting adventures will form pleasant reading enough in the window of a club room, or for a rainy day in the country, particularly to old Indians. The characteristic dedication to "Old Charley Napier," is the best part of the book.

Popular Errors.

This is a kind of commonplace book, referring to practical affairs and vulgar errors; many of which errors are, by the way, already exploded.

The Third Report of the Aborigines' Protection Society,

Makes many painful statements; those, in particular, referring to the slaughter of the Zoolas by the British settlers at Natal. There are also reports of some interest from South Australia and New Zealand.

The Hand-Book of Trade and Commerce.

This is the epitome of a commercial dictionary, accurate so far as it goes, but upon rather too limited a scale for general use, though desirable as a temporary substitute for a comprehensive work of the same nature.

Principles of Scientific Physiognomy. By George M'Ewan, Surgeon.

This is an epitome of the doctrines and fanciful speculations of Lavater, Cross, Walker, and also of those older physiognomists whose names are forgotten, while their opinions are substantially embodied in the works of the modern writers on this fanciful subject.

A Word to the Cotton Manufacturers of Great Britain.

A most desponding view is taken, by this writer, of the prospects of the cotton trade; though we regret to say that we are not able to pronounce it exaggerated.

Oliver & Boyd's Threepenny Almanac,
Is the very best bargain of the sort going, from the quantity, value, and arrangement of the mass of every-day information which it contains.

The Equestrian; a Handbook of Horsemanship.
A sensible, practical treatise, containing plain directions for riding, driving, and the management of horses, by one who evidently knows his subject. The illustrations, by FRANK HOWARD, are spirited; and are some for ornament and some for use. There is an excellent address to female equestrians, containing valuable directions for promoting their safety and grace in riding.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1841.

The first flight of these gay butterflies is over. "The Forget-me-Not," the elder born of the family, comes forth in great force, whether in tale, verse, or picture; boasting a full list of literary names, and some sketches without names, such as *Phœbe May's Dream*, a piece of charming fantasy, which would do honour to the highest on the roll. As we cannot give an account of the pieces, we may mention a few of the names of the contributors. Among them are Miss Agnes Strickland and Miss Lawrance; Charles Swain, Esq.; Major Calder Campbell; Mrs L. H. Sigourney; Edward Howard, Esq., the author of "Rattlin the Reefer;" Mrs Lee; Miss Pardoe; G. P. R. James, Esq.; Miss M. A. Browne; Laman Blanchard; and the Countess of Blessington. The frontispiece, designed by Parris, and engraved by Scriven, is a plate of *solid* merit, not a sketchy Annual engraving. The vignette or Presentation Plate is light and fanciful.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.—This volume is so like its elder brothers and sisters, that it is not easy to designate it save by the year of its birth. It abounds in well-told tales, grave, gay, and romantic; pleasing verses, and pretty scenic pictures. What more would the purchaser of an Annual have?

THE JUVENILE ALBUM.—This, so far as we can recollect, is a first appearance. The work is of quarto size, and edited, and indeed entirely written, by Mrs R. Lee. It is published by Ackermann, in a very neat and even elegant style, whether in letterpress, binding, or pictorial embellishment. The stories are eight in number, and are generally memoirs of children, narratives of peril and adventure, or traits of animal instinct, affection, and sagacity. To every chapter or section there is affixed an appropriate design by Woolnoth, quite of the kind which captivates children; for they are about children, dogs, flowers, and *pets* of all sorts. The work, as a whole, is well fitted for the proposed end, and will form a charming gift to young people.

NEW EDITIONS AND SERIAL WORKS.

PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE, Part 24th, King Henry VIII., and Part 25th, Vol. II., Introduction to Histories. [The entire part is occupied with an elaborate critical essay upon the Parts of King Henry VI., and the various hypotheses adopted as to their real authorship, and the share which Shakspeare may have had in remodelling them. King Henry VIII. is peculiarly rich in illustrations, and Richard VII. in annotation.]

THE CONVERSATIONS LEXICON. PART LV.—[This is the last Part but one of the Supplement to this popular Encyclopedia. It includes several biographies; among others, that of Dr Murray the eminent Hebrew scholar and Professor of Oriental Languages in the Edinburgh University, the Late Lord Napier, and Dr Morrison the Chinese scholar and missionary. The Part contains an additional article on Music, and on North America, and an attractive paper on *Pilgrimages.*]

THE COLONIAL MAGAZINE. No. X.—[A good number this; containing valuable papers relating to colonial affairs, and, in particular, a strong demonstration against war, supported by arguments of great moral force and economical propriety.]

NEW POEMS.

POETRY by THOMAS OLDHAM.—[A gentleman who has been writing poetry for many years, has at last yielded to the advice and persuasion of his friends, and published, for the delight of the world, what has charmed them.]

The CHIEF of GLENORCHY. A Poem illustrative of HIGHLAND MANNERS and MYTHOLOGY.—[Those who, not being poetical, may fancy the poem tedious, may yet find amusement in the notes.]

The LAST ANGEL, and the HISTORY of the OLD ADAMITES.—[So mighty an interest hinges upon the opinions pronounced by the critics on this poem, that we shall cultivate humility, and say nothing on the subject.]

FLOWERS of my SPRING.—[If these be truly the blossoms of the poet's seventeenth and eighteenth years, they give fair promise of fruit in due season.]

FINE ARTS.

*The Best Pictures of the Great Masters.**

Such is the title of a splendid serial work of art, begun in a style of magnificence which makes us long for, and yet doubt whether its success is likely to be commensurate to its merits, and to the outlay it must cost to bring it fairly before the public. It may be, that the public is now fairly sated with meaningless pictures, and pleased to fall back upon those sterling works of art upon which Taste and Time have placed the stamp of honour; instead of being attracted by flimsy novelties which have no recommendation save a certain smooth and pretty inanity, and a temporary vogue.

The prospectus of this work is one of considerable pretension; but the first Part certainly bears out its promise. The work is to consist of plates, engraved in line, and in the most finished style of modern art. The size of the plates is between that of the largest of the National Gallery and of the *Musée Français*, or about thirteen inches by ten. The subjects are to be, in the first instance, selected chiefly from the masterpieces of Raphael, Rubens, and Claude, Da Vinci and Rembrandt; and the prospective list comprehends all the great masters, those of England included; or, in other words, "the most celebrated pictures that have ever been painted."

Nothing can be more worthy of the approbation of the lovers of art than this liberal purpose; and we believe that the project only requires a little time to become known, in order to be highly appreciated. Who could not but desire to possess, were it but a few engravings, which truly rendered the spirit of those noble pictures, and in a high style of art. Three plates, with accompanying letterpress, critical, biographical, or descriptive, form a Part; and the parts are to appear as rapidly as the plates can be got ready, or about two in the year. The first Part fulfils every promise held out in the prospectus. It contains *The taking down from the Cross*, by Rubens; ad-

* Colnaghi, Puckle, & Ackermann, London; Hill, Edinburgh.

mirably engraved by Haig, and the gem of the Part. A *Landscape, with Cattle*, by Claude, very well engraved by Forrest; and *Raphael's Charge to Peter*, from the Cartoons. Each of the engravers appears to have felt that he was indeed an artist; and to have had the honour of Art at heart in his contributions to a work which, we hope, will tend to effect a happy revolution in pictorial publications.

Fisher's Historic Illustrations of the Bible.

Several Parts of this new periodical work have appeared. The plates, chiefly after the biblical pictures of the old masters, are well engraved, and the work is altogether handsome, and of solid merit. A brief description in English, French, and German accompanies each plate. Among those already published we may enumerate as of superior excellence Poussin's *Deluge*; Leon Spada's *Prodigal Son*; *The Raising of Lazarus*, by Rembrandt; a lovely *Hagar in the Desert*, by Malas; *The Calling of Samuel*, by Copley; and the *Lame Healed*, by Poussin. The plates are printed in different sizes and in different qualities of paper, to accommodate purchasers; and the work altogether forms a desirable family book of elegant art.

*** In the present month, we had hoped to overtake or get a-head of the current of publication: but a number of romances, novels, and annuals are unavoidably delayed until the first of January, when we trust to give a good account of them.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PEACE MEETINGS.—The majority of the British nation is averse to war as a matter of taste. Many entertain the conviction that our differences with France, and the occasion out of which they have arisen, are too insignificant to justify a war; many are of opinion that, even in this trifling dispute, we are in the wrong. And yet this well-founded and pervading disinclination to be plunged into hostilities to please Lords Palmerston and Ponsonby, has found a very inadequate public expression. The London daily press (with the exception of *The Times*, which, after trying alternately a warlike and a peaceful tone, has settled into the mood pacific) has done its best to sneer down every effort likely to ensure peace. With the exception of the *Examiner*, *Spectator*, and *Statesman*, the cause of reason and humanity has been very inadequately supported by the weekly press of London. The provincial journals have evinced (as they frequently do) truer superiority to mere partisan feeling; but even among them the true policy of this country—peace and non-intervention—has been advocated, on the whole, with but half a heart. Amid all this indifference, the real public opinion of the country has, on one or two occasions, found a voice. On the 30th of October, Mr Thomasson, a member of the Town Council of Bolton, suggested, in a meeting of that body, "the importance of its making, as the most appropriate medium through which the opinions of the people of Bolton could be expressed, some demonstration in favour of peace." After shewing the imminent danger this country was in of being seduced into a war, the untenability of the pretexts alleged in favour of war, and similar topics, he intimated that "he had prepared a petition to her Majesty, and had couched it in the mildest terms he could bring himself to use, with a view to its passing unanimously." The address, excellent as a whole, is chiefly valuable for the strong way in which it expresses sound views of national policy. It declares:—"That were any foreign power forcibly to interfere in the domestic affairs of this country, your petitioners believe that such is the attachment of your Majesty's subjects to your person and government, that they would rise as one man to repel the aggression;" and "that common justice and true national honour equally demand that this country should avoid, towards any other nation, a course of aggression which it would so strongly resist if practised towards itself." The address adds:—"That all former experience has clearly shewn that the system of intervention in the political arrangements of other countries, which has so long prevailed in our national councils, has been highly injurious to the interests of Great Britain." Mr Darbishire, in seconding the motion, reminded the Council that "Canning had truly said, however good the object might be for which a nation entered into war, it was impossible to keep that object until its conclusion." The address was carried unanimously.—On the evening of the 4th of November, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall of Manchester, "for the purpose of giving expression to an opinion favourable to the preservation of peace at the present crisis." The advertisement calling the meeting, was signed by the most influential merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, of all parties. Among them were Mr J. C. Dyer, the chairman of Poulett Thompson's committee, and Mr T. B. Smith, the chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The meeting was held at six in the evening, and the Chartists, as usual, mustered for the purpose of distracting the proceedings of the middle classes. For the first time, however, since these tactics have been adopted by the Chartists, the two parties came to a compromise: the friends of peace were allowed to terminate their proceedings in their own way, and the Chartists held a meeting of their own afterwards. The friends of peace passed resolutions expressive of a conviction of the benefits of peace to all nations, as well as of a belief that a rupture of the friendly relations, which have, for a quarter of a century, existed between France and England, would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall mankind; and calling upon their fellow-countrymen to co-operate with them in offering such an expression of opinion as would contribute to the preservation of peace. An address to the French people was also approved of, embodying these sentiments, reminding them that, in 1830, the inhabitants of Manchester had deputed a body of their citizens to convey their sympathies to the inhabitants of Paris, and calling upon them to unite with those who addressed them "in the use of every honourable means to preserve peace and friendship between France and England." The resolutions subsequently passed by the Chartist meeting, form a valuable supplement to these doctrines: they deprecate impressment for the navy, and liability for the militia; and declare that no government has a right to compel service in the army or navy, or to go to war with a foreign nation, without the consent of the people obtained upon the principle of Universal Suffrage. On the 7th of November, Sir William Molesworth addressed a meeting in the Cloth Hall of Leeds, which he had invited by placard, to hear his opinions regarding the existing prospects of war, and "to manifest their approbation or disapprobation of those opinions." Sir William was obliged to have recourse to this method of eliciting the opinion of the people of Leeds, by the Ministerialists, who, afraid that an explicit utterance of public opinion might "damage the Whigs," had induced a preliminary meeting, after passing a resolution to the effect that a public meeting ought to be held to express the sentiments of Leeds on the question of peace or war, to stultify itself by passing a contrary resolution. Finding that Sir William was not to be deterred from his purpose by their incessant solicitations, they, at last, had recourse to the device of selecting the day and hour on which his meeting was called, for the purpose of nominating the magistracy, Leeds being at the time violently excited by the municipal elections. Notwithstanding Whig intrigue

the meeting was numerously attended, and the expression of aversion to the idea of going to war, more especially with France, about a matter which could in no way affect the interests of either country, was most unequivocal. Sir William Molesworth's long and argumentative speech was listened to with breathless attention, and, when he put the question to his auditors, whether they were in favour of a war with France, a loud indignant "No, no; no war with France!" ran through the meeting. Resolutions were passed, declaring *inter alia*, "that the people of England ought to be more closely allied with the people of France than with any other European nation, and approving of an address to the Queen, "deploring the contest in which her Majesty's forces are engaged on the coast of Syria, and beseeching her Majesty to make use of all honourable means to bring that unhappy quarrel to a speedy termination." An address to the French people was also agreed to.—These meetings are important, not so much on account of their being means of obviating a threatened war, as on account of the broad ground of true national policy upon which they have based their proceedings. They are unequivocal declarations, from important portions of the manufacturing community, that peace and a respect for national independence are the true policy of this country. Through the instrumentality of these meetings, a valuable part of the community has taken its stand as advocating peace, and non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other nations. In Westminster, Birmingham, and many other places we can name, the sympathies of the majority go along with those who have spoken out in Bolton, Manchester, and Leeds; and that there have not been peace-meetings held in the places we have named, has been solely owing to the want of *one man* to take upon himself the responsibility and trouble of originating a meeting, as was done by Sir William Molesworth, and Messrs Thomasson and Cobden. The opinions espoused by those who called the meetings which have been held, are now, however, before the public as elements of public opinion: not all the affected superciliousness of the Whig-Tory press can prevent their being more agitation from day to day. (See page 812.)

THE LEGISLATION OF THE PAST SESSION.—In the Statute Book for 1839, will be found some glimmering of a reform in the drawing of the act; swhich have, from the days of Henry VIII. to those of Queen Victoria, been growing more complicated and obscure every year. There were some instances, during the session alluded to, in which sections were broken down into paragraphs; these paragraphs consisting of single sentences, having each but one enacting verb. The legislative wisdom, in fact, on this occasion, had condescended to express itself as clearly as if it had only been giving by-laws to a friendly society, or laying down directions for military operations. We are accustomed in this age to see improvement progress; and, when the prejudice against an inveterate habit has once been infringed, we expect to see it quickly melt away. But the reverse has been the course of events on the present occasion, and every vestige of the insidious improvements that adapt a portion of the Statute Book of 1839 to the comprehension of the public, has been swept away in that of 1840.

For regulating the penny postage system, one of the most signal triumphs of the civilisation of the age, we have one of those clumsy, complicated, lengthy statutes which bear so strongly the tinge of its lingering barbarism.—As an instance of the confusion and blunders that so frequently arise and pass uncorrected, under the present incongruous system, take the commencement of clause 3d of the Tobacco Duties act:—"And be it enacted, that it shall be lawful for any officer of excise, at any time, but between the hours of ten of the clock in the evening and six of the clock in the morning only, with the assistance of a constable or other peace-officer, to enter into any warehouse," &c., of a manufacturer of tobacco. Now, the intention of this clause was, undoubtedly, as in the case of the other excise acts, to restrict the forcible visitation of excise officers to the daytime. Let the reader peruse it again, and see if it effectuates this purpose.—There is an act for an increased duty on timber, which bears to have passed on 3d July, and enacts, that the additional duty "shall" be charged "from and after the 25th day of June." Then there is another clause providing for adding the duties to the price of timber purchased before they came in force, and delivered after; and this clause commences with the preamble—"Whereas contracts may have been made before *the fifth* day of June, 1840, for goods on which the additional duties of customs hereby imposed will attach, to be delivered on or after that day." How these dates are reconcilable with each other, we are not sufficiently imbued with the mysteries of statutary language to divine; but if they be simple mistakes, as we suspect they are, we wonder how it is that under the present system—which there are sometimes sentences of several pages long, with a nominative at the beginning, a verb at the end, and a mixed collection of copulas and predicates in the body, altered every now and then by people who have no responsibility in the matter, and no communication with each other—the acts should not contain more blunders than they do. It would be a characteristic of a rational method of drawing statutes, that, in the enforcing sections, there should be one clause directing the procedure for England, another for Scotland, and a third for Ireland. At present, three separate codes of procedure for the three different countries are generally twined up with each other in one inextricable sentence; and, as the acts are generally drawn by English lawyers, who are not aware of the existence of a place called Scotland; and it costs a great deal of trouble to find whether that country is provided for in any bill when it is just about to pass; all provision for enforcement here is frequently omitted. There is, this year, a very excellent act for the regulation of railways. By a clause, which keeps England alone in view, the servants of a railway company, guilty of dangerous misconduct, are liable to be imprisoned for two years, *on conviction before the justices at quarter sessions.* [Now, in as far as respects Scotland, this is merely an accidental lodgement of so much arbitrary power in the hands of a few private gentlemen. The justices at quarter sessions know nothing about law; they have no means of knowing anything about it; and they do not pretend to know anything. Their powers have been, except in the case of one or two accidents like the above, of a fortunately attenuated kind, but when they are told to imprison for two years, they are not the men to refuse. In England, where the quarter-sessions is really a very important and powerful court, the judgments are led by a chairman, who is looked upon as having considerable responsibility, and who is generally a retired lawyer.]

During the past session, no fewer than twenty acts have been passed relating solely to Ireland. The Irish Corporation act occupies sixty-eight of the dense pages of Roughhead's edition, and of itself occupies a sixth part of the whole legislation of the Session, of which it was the engrossing subject. On the contents of this statute we need not dilate. The bitter disappointment that has attended the result of so many years' excitement, hope, and exertion, is well known, with the causes that produced it, and the seed it is now sowing. There is another very important statute relative to Ireland, by which the law of insolvency in England is extended thither. It is not creditable to those who take charge of such matters for Scotland, that we have not an equivalent enactment. Independently of the benefits of uniformity, it would confer many positive and distinct internal advantages. It is much more full and distinct in its clauses, and has a far more precise operation than our Cessio act, which, in truth, appears to deal with the persons and property that come under its provisions as matters not much worth attending to. Moreover, the Cessio act is a thing only to be taken advantage of, and is only had recourse to in cases of despair. The English act, as now extended to Ireland, gives means to the creditors to compel their debtor to strip himself, and enables them to procure a division before everything is gone. There are the most careful provisions for realizing and dividing the landed property, or real estate, as it is technically called.

Among the acts generally applicable to the empire,

there is one for altering the regulations of excise as to the tobacco duties, that will probably be very efficacious in the hands of informers, and a sad instrument of torture. A penalty of £100 is imposed on the hawking about of tobacco, whether smuggled or not, or its sale in other than entered premises. This will apply to those who have been in the habit of purchasing cigars of the tobacconists, to be hawked at fairs and other gatherings, and to the practice of tavern-keepers supplying their guests with pipes or cigars. There is also a penalty of £100 on all who vend leaves stained or otherwise prepared in imitation of tobacco: in short, adulterated tobacco. The stringent application of this rule would exterminate four-fifths of the cigars at present in use. There are indeed moments when one could feel his temper roused to the execution of such a clause. Such is that when the too heedless youth before leaving the haunts of civilized men for a ramble in the desert, has deposited in his pocket a dozen or two savoury looking cigars, which, at the moment when he expects to let himself loose upon the full luxury of his store, he finds to be a perfidious composition of salad leaves, stained and perfumed with tobacco juice.

There is a humane and apparently well-concocted act for the protection of young apprentices from being coerced into the dangerous labour of chimney-sweeping. It imposes a penalty between £5 and £10 on those compelling any young person, under the age of twenty-one years, to ascend a flue. It strikes too at the root of the evil, by making regulations that, when chimneys are built in future, or those presently existing are repaired, the work shall be so done that there can be no occasion for the inhuman practice against which the act is directed.

In somewhat a similar tone there is an act, which we are sorry to say, was incapable of being made applicable to Scotland. It is part of the great effort that so many active minds are now engaged in for ameliorating and purifying the working and poorer classes—a work in which Scotland has not yet taken the first great step of acquiring an improved Poor Law. The purpose of this act is to "extend the practice of vaccination." It makes stringent regulations for prohibiting the too prevalent practice of inoculation with small-pox, and establishes a counter machinery for pushing the practice of vaccination. Through the officials connected with the administration of the Poor Law, both objects are attained in a very simple form.

We have but a very small share of legislation applicable to Scotland alone. The principal act of this class is the one for altering the law of evidence, which abolishes some of those absurd ceremonies by which a man's own word was taken as to whether he intended to tell truth or not, while it opens the door against some of those exclusions of interested witnesses founded apparently on the supposition that, when people are in a suspicious situation, their word has so much apparent claim to credit, that judges cannot hear them without believing all the lies they tell. There used to be an absurd practice, that, when a witness happened to be in court when other witnesses, in the same case, were questioned, his evidence was held tainted, and was thrown overboard without a moment's consideration. The man could have, it was thought, no other design than that of perjuring himself, if he happened to hear what his fellow witness said. The rule is by this act relaxed and made discretionary; there are cases in which it may be well to separate the witnesses.

THE CHARTISTS.—During the months of September, October, and November, a triumphal progress was made, by two of the Chartists who have been imprisoned in consequence of their connexion with the Chartist movement, through a considerable part of Scotland. They were welcomed with public meetings, dinners, and soirées; received addresses, and delivered exhortations to perseverance. The readers of the "respectable" newspapers see no trace of these things in their journals; and they believe that Chartism is extinct. "Chartism," a belief in, or anxiety about, "the Charter," which was promulgated by the London working class Radicals, or the National Petition, embracing all the points of the Charter, which was originated at Birmingham, and signed by a million and a-half of people, may be asleep. But the conviction among the unenfranchised classes that they are oppressed, and that their interests are overlooked by the Government; the opinion that this oppression and neglect are caused by their having no voice in the election of the members of the legislature; and the ardent wish and steady determination to be admitted to participate in the electoral franchise, is, if anything, growing stronger. The opinion that their condition may be bettered by obtaining a share of political power, obtained possession of the mind of the unenfranchised in this country, as far back as the time of the French Revolution: from that time, down to the present moment, it has never been lost sight of. The Chartist movement was merely one of many indications of the power of that opinion over their minds, of many efforts to obtain the object of their desire. Even although *the Charter*, and those who framed, and those who advocate it, were forgotten, the determination of the unenfranchised to obtain the franchise would survive and must ultimately be successful. The ovation of Collins and M'Doual, which we have noticed, is only one of the many indications of the vitality of this principle. If the sceptical on this point would occasionally look at *The Northern Star*, they would be convinced of this. The journal we have named (Mr O'Connor's, published in Leeds) is read by the unenfranchised in every part of the empire. We know that, among the agricultural labourers in one parish in Dorsetshire alone, twenty-five copies of this paper are regularly received, and, not read by the subscribers—for, in that district, the schoolmaster has made little progress—but read to them at the alehouse, or wherever they hold their meetings. It is full of short paragraphs, narrating every Chartist meeting (however insignificant) that takes place in any (the most unimportant) village. The parties to the meeting see their doings chronicled, and are flattered into perseverance; the Chartists, everywhere seeing so many evidences of the general participation in their sentiments, are buoyed up to hope and perseverance. Nor is this all: mere sentiment and opinion are not sufficient to keep a party together; it must have something to do. The publishing office of *The Northern Star* is the centre of a perpetual working. There are subscriptions to be raised for this or that martyr or his family—the receipt of the sums that drop in from different quarters are duly acknowledged—accounts of their application are rendered—correspondents are appointed in different localities—Chartist missionaries are appointed. All this keeps a great many people busy in a great many different places. They may not be making much progress, but they are working; and that keeps them in good humour and united. *The Northern Star* is only the consequence of an advance made by the unenfranchised in combination and power. The Black Dwarfs of the earlier part of this century, were an emanation from London alone; the country readers were disciples, not co-operatives. *The Liberator* was evidence of the increasing power and co-operation of the working classes of the west of Scotland. *The Northern Star* is a bond of union, and an organ of a numerous and influential party among the unenfranchised, diffused throughout the whole nation. It does not embrace all the unenfranchised; there are local leaders, and other parties, more or less numerous, sometimes in friendly, sometimes in hostile relation to it. There is a whole world of politics among our unenfranchised, of which the enfranchised know nothing, and seem determined to know nothing, and yet have a deep interest in knowing something. They are learning the art of exercising their combined power by practice—the only way in which men ever learn it. It is all very well to say that their political theories are crude and incoherent; if that were a bar against men obtaining political power, where is the party or individual, recorded in history, who ever would have obtained it? Political power can be obtained, and has been obtained and exercised, by men who have no sound philosophical views of politics, nor, indeed, any general political opinions, sound or unsound. To speak of deferring the enfranchisement of the working classes

till they attain knowledge, or of giving it to them then, is idle talk. They will take a share of political power as soon as they can, and the present monopolists of that commodity will not concede an inch to them till they are powerful enough to take it. It is much to be desired, that they should be wise when they obtain the franchise they pant for; but wisdom will be no necessary prerequisite to their obtaining it when the time comes. Those who take an interest and an active part in politics ought to consider these things, and to watch attentively the growth of the unenfranchised classes in conscious power; not with the spy-like irritable disposition of a few uneducated capitalists, not with the exclusively self-seeking spirit of a few place-hunting diplomatists who awkwardly attempt to flatter a body they can neither understand nor appreciate; but with the steady, dispassionate, friendly inquiring gaze of men, who, wishing to promote the happiness of the whole human race, know that their ability to do good mainly depends upon their knowledge of the residence and distribution of the POWER inherent in society.

PEACE.—We have noticed, above, the Peace Meetings in England. In Scotland there has been no meeting; but the popular mind and voice are equally strong against war; though the late peaceful symptoms, visible both in France and England, have temporarily, at least, made their public expression, to many, appear unnecessary. The fact is, the country has been stunned by the mere idea of a general war, and has not yet altogether recovered its faculties. In the populous manufacturing districts of the West of Scotland, as well as in Dundee, Aberdeen, and the other seats of trade, enlightened reason and commercial prudence—every motive, in short, which ought to influence the Christian, the patriot, and the citizen—unite in the desire for maintaining peace. It is perceived that, by war, nothing is to be gained in honour or advantage, and everything dear to this country and to the whole civilized world put into imminent peril. "War is a game which, were the nations wise, governments would not often play at;" and, at last, subjects are profiting by former dear-bought and still unpaid lessons; and fancying it may be quite in good time to indulge Lord Palmerston in another aggressive war with France, when the consequences of the wars of Pitt and Castlereagh are in some degree mitigated. One could almost, at this crisis, rejoice that "England is bound over to keep the peace in penalties of eight hundred millions." Though there has, as yet, been no public meeting in Scotland to protest against war, (and the Ministerial press here is like the same press everywhere,) many have felt that we were slumbering on a volcano; and, among those who have, at this momentous juncture, had the courage and patriotism to step forward and sound the alarm, is Dr Nichol, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, and, we believe, a Whig; who has addressed an able letter to Mr Alison, the Sheriff of the county, and the historian of the last tremendous European war, who is a Tory; giving timely and solemn warning of the evil which may be stealing upon the nation; whose understanding and energies seemed for the moment paralyzed by the very magnitude of the mischief incurred by the position which the War Minister has so unjustifiably assumed. We are still unwilling, in this untoward affair, to identify the Government with Lord Palmerston. It is solely as a citizen of Glasgow that Professor Nichol steps forward to point out the danger and give the warning. A Whig citizen, a man of science, calls upon a Tory citizen, an official functionary, and a man deeply learned in European politics, for aid in that national emergency when "*promptitude*, as well as energy, is the first duty of all who desire the permanence of Western civilisation." Dr Nichol may have some slight taint of the Russo-phobia, which is rather prevalent in Glasgow; but this is, after all, an extremely natural affection in a sincere lover of freedom: and who could endure to see England dragged into another aggressive war, with Russia for her ally, and France for her enemy?

The stunning effect of the threatened evil might, for a few weeks, have been mistaken for apathy; but, thank Heaven, there has been no sign of any mad, headlong, war party arising in the country, diligent as the Ministerial press has been in inflaming the pride and latent pugnacity of the People of England, and retaliating insult on the French; and Ministers, now seeing how the public pulse beats, may yet re-consider their proceedings.

LETTER FROM MR DEMPSTER OF SKIBO.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

SKIBO CASTLE, 19*th Nov.*, 1840.

SIR,—The frequency of the repetition of my name, in the article in your Number of this month upon the condition of the Poor in Scotland, and the implied accusation of selfish views in the part I have taken in the discussion of that subject, entitle me, perhaps, to ask the insertion of a denial that such a charge is well-founded; and to mention that, on the contrary, my direct expenditure on the poor in my neighbourhood—in money, in food, and in clothing; in two permanent soup-kitchens, eleven miles apart, for those of my own property; and in that which is, beyond all doubt, the aid of which they stand most in want, medicine and medical advice in sickness; not to speak of the indirect expenditure and assistance which a landlord has in his power—exceeds the sum which, as far as I can calculate, I should have to pay as my share of the compulsory assessment proposed by Dr Alison.

The accuracy of this assertion cannot, of course, be fully known to more than myself and a few others; but I am not afraid to refer you to any intelligent person in the neighbourhood, as to its probability and general correctness.

And why do I state this? Not, surely, to blazon the performance of an obvious duty, but for two different reasons: the first, to induce you to believe that there may be strong opposition to a new Poor Law from other than selfish feelings; and the second, to express my hope that you will, in your next Number, give a due consideration to the argument which results from my conviction that I do no more than numberless others; and that, generally through Scotland, there is an amount of charity flowing from every class of the community, from the lord of the castle to the occupant of the cottage, which is very much the cause of the lowness of the amount of legal relief on which you dwell so strongly. All this sound and healthy charity would quickly cease, and with it the good feelings which prompt it would be lost, under a compulsory assessment. And though I am sensible that my individual opinion can add no weight to the argument, I am not without hope that the clear and just views which so often appear in the pages of your able periodical may induce you to modify the opinions which you have imbibed on this subject.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

GEORGE DEMPSTER.

** The above letter has reached us too late in the month to appear in any other part of this month's publication, or to admit of the few remarks we had to offer upon the subject. That a few, or that very many, landed proprietors are "a law unto themselves," does not in the least supersede the necessity of legislation.

From the STEAM-PRESS of PETER BROWN, 19, St James' Square, Edinburgh.